

# The BULGE BUGLE

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

VOLUME XIV NUMBER 3

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

AUGUST 1995

## THE SURRENDER OF GERMANY

*[Following are the words of the authoritative  
surrender of Germany.]*

### ACT OF MILITARY SURRENDER

1. We the undersigned, acting by authority of the German High Command, hereby surrender unconditionally to the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force and simultaneously to the Soviet High Command all forces on land, sea, and in the air who are at this date under German control.

2. The German High Command will at once issue orders to all German military, naval and air authorities and to all forces under German control to cease active operations at 2301 hours Central European time on 8 May and to remain in the positions occupied at that time. No ship, vessel, or aircraft is to be scuttled, or any damage done to their hull, machinery or equipment.

3. The German High Command will at once issue to the appropriate commanders, and ensure the carrying out of any further orders issued by the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force and by the Soviet High Command.

4. This act of military surrender is without prejudice to, and will be superseded by any general instrument of surrender imposed by any general instrument of surrender imposed by, or on behalf of the United Nations and applicable to GERMANY and the German armed forces as a whole.

5. In the event of the German High Command or any of the forces under their control failing to act in accordance with this Act of Surrender, the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force and the Soviet High Command will take such punitive or other action as they deem appropriate.

*[The following are the signatures  
on the document.]*

Signed at *Reims 0241* on the *7<sup>th</sup>* day of May, 1945.  
*France*

On behalf of the German High Command.

IN THE PRESENCE OF

On behalf of the Supreme Commander,  
Allied Expeditionary Force,

On behalf of the Soviet  
High Command,

Major General, French Army  
(Witness)

*Other stories are included herein regarding the  
surrender of German Forces.*

**IT'S SAN ANTONIO IN SEPTEMBER ... BE THERE!!**

(See Page 11)



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**If you live in one of these areas,  
please contact these gentlemen .**



## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings!

Hope all of you are enjoying the warmer weather. It sure makes the old bones and joints function much easier.

Since my last message to you, we have welcomed three additional chapters, bringing the total number of VBOB chapters to 45. Charters and flags for these new groups are in process--Congratulations to our new chapters.

There are several more chapters in the works. (We have listed them at the end of the chapter listing on the inside cover). My hope is that we will have 50 chapters on board by the time we all arrive in San Antonio. I ask that you respond favorably to the letters you receive from those who are trying to get a chapter started. Membership in a chapter is a very rewarding experience, affording you the opportunity to meet and enjoy those with whom you served. The activities of the chapters and many and varied.

April, May and June have been very busy months with Victory commemorations and celebrations taking place all over the world, and especially in the Washington, D.C., area. These 50th Anniversary events will end about November 11, 1995.

**San Antonio:** Everything is progressing apace for the "commemoration." In addition to our meeting, the 90th Infantry Division will be concluding their annual meeting there as we begin ours. All 90th BOBers are invited to come on over. "Yawl come."

Every effort is being made to make the dedication of the plaque for all veterans of the Battle of the Bulge a memorable occasion.

In this issue of *The Bugle*, there appears a Christmas story (circa 1944). We would like to identify the American pictured therein: Harry, Robin and a third unnamed member of the trio. It is believed they were from the 106th Infantry Division or one of its affiliated units. We would like to publish the results, the American version.

Looking forward to seeing you in San Antonio. BE THERE!



Grover Twiner

## The End of World WAR II ...

While, we do not like to stray too far from information about the Battle of the Bulge, you will find several articles in this issue dealing with the end of World War II. We thought this appropriate for this issue as it will arrive in your home near the 50th anniversary of the end of the war. It also ties in with our September 3-6, San Antonio Meeting, which will observe the end of the war.

We hope you will be with us in San Antonio to enjoy the observances and the dedication of the plaque honoring all who served in the Battle of the Bulge.

## BATTLE OF THE BULGE CD-ROM

The computer age has caught up with the Battle of the Bulge with a recently released CD-ROM (Compact Disk-Read Only Memory) from LAMBERT and BOW (a collaborative project of Capt Scott Lambert and Major Steve Bow). This Multi-media CD-ROM plays only on computer and contains a wealth of information on the Bulge. For those of you with a computer which has a CD-ROM drive this item would make an excellent addition to your collection. For those of you who do not have a computer but have a grandchild or son or daughter that does, this particular CD-ROM on The Battle of the Bulge, would be a great gift to give them. You might also want to purchase one for the local school in your area and present it to them as an outreach to spread the word and perpetuate the history on that greatest land battle that you fought in and survived. Most schools today, in their libraries, will have a Computer with a CD-ROM drive. You might contact the Principal and the Librarian.

This new media is marvelous when you realize that on the CD-ROM they are able to contain books, audio, video, and still photos all of which can be displayed on a computer screen. Specifically this CD-ROM contains four books including the recently released book on the Malmedy Massacre, as well as a research level bibliography, glossary, codeword list, chronology and color maps. The Malmedy Massacre book alone is worth the cost of the disk. In addition, the CD-ROM contains 45 minutes of audio sound clips (including actual front line coverage), 800 images of combat photos on the Bulge as well as 30 minutes of video from combat footage motion pictures of the US Army Signal Corps from the collections of the National Archives and the US Army's Military History Institute.

The CD-ROM, also contains Insignias and Army Art Activity of over fifty-five images of art. The descriptive text is fully searchable. The real treat is the personal accounts from over eighty Bulge veterans in hundreds of pages of reading. There is also a perspective from the German side of the battle as a series of interviews of German Officers made after the war by the European Theater of Operations Section is also included. This is the equivalent of over 700 pages of material. It is just amazing what you can fit on one of these CD-ROMs.

To order the CD-ROM, which is for Windows Only, you may purchase them for \$20.00 plus \$8.00 shipping from Quanta Press, Inc, 1313 Fifth St SE, Suite 208C, Minneapolis MN 55414, Tel 612-379-3956 if you tell them that you are a veteran. This is half the suggested retail price of \$39.95 The shipping charge is a one time charge per order so that if you order two or three at the same time the shipping is still \$8.00.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### ONLY MEANT FACETIOUSLY

OMIGOD! John Phillips Richardson in the May 1995 *Bulge Bugle* takes my previous letter in the February *Bugle* describing what nice guys those Nazi bastards really were seriously!

The whole thing was meant to be totally facetious, a play on current attempts to rewrite history. You know: The Holocaust never happened, it is a myth dreamed up as a Jewish conspiracy, the Japanese were only defending their homeland and culture (at Pearl Harbor, yet!) and all that.

The Ardennes fracas was a really grim thing, but there were still a few things that Bill Mauldin missed, and I thought the pages of *The Bugle* could use a little humor.

For Mr. Richardson's information, I WAS THERE, and though I was certainly never one of the Battered Bastards, I was near enough to the action to know damned well the utility and capability of those 88's and how many firecrackers Adolph shot off on the Fourth of July!

And, you know, I had another thing that I think is funny that I was thinking about writing up and sending to *The Bugle*, but if people are going to misinterpret such efforts, maybe I should relegate it back into the fog of all those other unwritten annals of the time.

Robert W. Shaw  
654 ENGR TOPOGRAPHIC BN

### THE BLACK CORRIDOR

I walked a dark corridor for a half century.

Then I joined your membership, and wrote two letters you were good enough to print.

It was like placing a flashlight in the hands of Henry H. Coombs, Joseph Pilleteri, Joseph Malta, Randy Kerry, [and] Dorothy S. Davis, R.N.

I have seen the light, and remember the tragic, the marvelous bravado, and the silly or comic incidents.

Thank you most sincerely,

Benjamin L. "Lee" Ebert  
114 STATION HOSP

### TOO MANY GOOD MEN LOST

[As a member of the 629TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, I remember the liberation of the people of Sadz very well.] I am still very upset by the whole thing: we lost too many good men in that and many other actions. The contributions of those victories were too great to be ignored.

...I remember finding an ambulance that had been hit by a bazooka on the way to a reconnaissance mission and stopped to see what had happened. I was told a man that was on guard duty had knocked it out the night before. [It] was a unit new to combat. We didn't just have the krauts to fear but green troops. It was a very bad situation all over the place. From then on, I kept my machine gun cocked and not locked and slept very little. Thank God I made it out of that mess.

James M. Collins  
629 TK DEST BN

### FLAG BURNING

Flag burning (or any desecration) of our flag by a 16 year-old, or by anyone, is intolerable! These offenders should be punished! My suggestion is caring! Simple, but effective and it would leave an impression that a flag-burner or flag-desecrator would long remember!

It's about time to stop this disgraceful downfall of our wonderful United States of America! After being lucky enough to return to our beautiful United States, the first thing I did when I got off of the troop ship, *Queen Mary*, was to kneel down and kiss the U.S. soil, and so did practically every GI around me! So glad were we to be back home in this best country in the world. Leaving behind--defeated Nazi Germany, and all the horrors of war--piles of unburned human bodies in all of the Nazi death camps--Dachau, Buchenwald, Auschwitz, etc., etc. So many of our buddies, relatives, fellow Americans, etc. have given up their lives, suffered unbearably for our flag and country!

Burning our flag is unforgiveable! There are so many other ways to protest.

Stanley A. Dunal  
17 ABND 680 GIR A

### RATIONS

I got to looking over some old *Bulge Bugles* the other day and ran across an article about "K" rations in the February, 1992, issue. I don't know where they got the "K" rations pictured but that sure wasn't the "K" rations I ate in WWII in 1943-44.

Breakfast--Chopped ham & eggs, soluble coffee, date bar, toilet paper, four cigarettes (Lucky Strike, Camel, Old Gold, Chesterfield), hard candy (Charms, Life Savers), crackers.

Dinner--Cheese, lemonade powder, crackers, toilet paper, cigarettes (four), hard candy.

Supper--Stew, chocolate (complete with sugar), toilet paper, cigarettes (four), chocolate candy, crackers (sometimes hash instead of stew).

All the cans were round. You had a small can opened (which are collectors items today). There was a small round wire stove grill that kept your canteen cup a couple of inches off the ground and you used a sterno tablet for heat.

We were issued Halazone tablets to purify water. YOU put one tablet in a full canteen. Then one capful of that water would purify another full canteen of water. In bivouac there was always the Lister Bag with purified water.

When I was in we had the old gas mask that fit flat under your left arm. There were two plastic bags that could be shaken to tent size to crouch under in case of an air gas attack. There was a slick of something to rub on the inside of your mask lenses to keep them from fogging up. There were two pair of plastic goggles.

To protect your eyes, one clear, one tainted. When you fired the first bazookas you wore a pair of those goggles to protect your eyes from powder burns. Our fatigues and OD's had gas flaps both in shirt and pants. Our clothes were gas impregnated. We were issued a can of shoe impregnate (although they created a lot of soot, a can of impregnate would burn for hours. I played many a game of poker on those dreary English nites during the rainy season). We were issued a can of Dubbin to waterproof our boots. Try shinning a boot covered with Dubbin and shoe impregnate.

We tried to whiten our leggings, cartridge belt, and garrison belt in that athletes foot solution when going in or getting out of a shower. How many remember the Pro Kit which was a mandatory pass item in Europe?

Howard Peterson  
4 ARMDD 51 AIB

### TIME WILL TELL

I wish I had read General Patton's review of the book *The Last Assault* by Charles Whiting in the February 1995 *Bulge Bugle* some time before I did.

(Continued on Page 5)



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 4)

The trouble is, I already bought it!

Actually, I have long somewhat doubted that VonRunstedt's attack was as complete a surprise as conventional history describes it, but trashing one of our units that bore the brunt of it is sure as hell not the way to go.

I haven't read the book yet, so we'll see.

Robert W. Shaw  
654 ENGR TOPO BN

### ONE DISAPPOINTMENT

Last December, a magnificent commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge was held in St. Louis. Obviously, intensive planning for this great undertaking was necessary, as it included many memorable events that the large number of attendees would enjoy.

One disappointing aspect I did not enjoy was the program's failure to deal adequately with Patton's Third Army contribution to this great battle. True, the Germans broke through in First Army sector and they and the Ninth Army bore the initial brunt of this mammoth offensive by the best the Germans could offer. The magnitude of the German thrust was shrouded in secrecy at the early stages of the battle--at least, secret enough to those of us that were down in the Saar region at the time. We were part of Patton's 250,000-man army that was hastily moved northward (as much as 120 miles) to help stem a break-through that proved to be the costliest battle in American military history.

First and Ninth Armies suffered huge casualty losses during this battle, but so did the Third Army. Hitler and his high command were aware that Patton's Army would be coming up to relieve the Bulge and were waiting for this expected effort. The ensuing battle losses were so huge at the height of this relief that General Patton was quoted as saying, "We could lose this war!"

One of the features of the 50th Anniversary program was the showing of the film *Battle of the Bulge, Brave Rifles*. This showing was accompanied by the presence of its producer, a former infantryman in one of First Army's divisions. The program billed this film as the "most honored WWII documentary." It certainly was a remarkable document--from a First Army perspective. Practically no mention of Third Army's participation was made. Even in the segment describing the initial relief of Bastogne, there was no Third Army identification of the heroic feat of a Fourth Armored Division armored infantryman, Jimmy Hendrix. This 19-year-old farm boy from Arkansas individually knocked out two 88 artillery emplacements that were obstructing the Fourth Armored's dash to Bastogne to relieve the gallant defenders there. Hendrix was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his amazing valor there.

The documentary continued to focus on the brutal battles the 83rd Infantry Division suffered throughout. Appearing almost as an after thought, it mentioned there was a First and Third Army link-up in the middle of January 1945. *Brave Rifles* should have indicated its history was mainly confined to the military exploits of the 83rd Infantry. Certainly it did not qualify as a balanced and comprehensive documentary of the Battle of the Bulge.

As an example of the effects of what I considered a deliberate slight of Patton's army's contribution to the great battle was visited to me personally at the gala banquet my wife and I attended on Saturday night. We were seated at a remote table with a couple of other Sixth Armored veterans. The rest of the table's occupants were various First and Ninth Army veterans and their wives. The wife of one 83rd Division veteran eated there asked me in a very snide way, "What was all this stuff about

Bastogne--what was it really like?" Containing my temper as best I could, I responded in no uncertain terms that "it was Hell"! The ignorance shown by her question appeared so alarming to me since I realized that this woman must have heard General Shali's memorable speech to the group a day before. General Shali had appeared in St. Louis with a vial of dirt he had collected the day before from Bastogne, where he attended a 50th Anniversary Commemoration there. He gave a vivid description of the failure of the Germans to break the siege of Bastogne and the 101st Airborne's General McAuliffe's "NUTS" reply to the German demand for Bastogne's surrender. General Shali described the relief of Bastogne's siege by Third Army as being vital to the destruction of the Bulge.

In fact, when you go to Europe it is surprising how Patton is universally recognized. Now I realize how awkwardly this unbalanced recognition sits with First and Ninth Army veterans that suffered so heavily through the Bulge. It's unfortunate that the "glory" is distributed that way but the fact of the matter is that Patton's Army did get up there and succeed in relieving Bastogne. Again, it is most regrettable to have attended such a marvelous function in St. Louis and feel such a tremendous slight of Third Army's contribution to the great battle.

Ahren Jacobson  
6 ARMDD 50 AIB A

*[Editor's note: This organization would NEVER, in any way, deliberately demonstrate any bias with respect to one group over another. Quite simply, our purpose is to see that the bravery and sacrifices of ALL who participated in the Battle of the Bulge is never forgotten.]*

### REVISIONISM ADDRESSED

This letter concerns a subject that might be of interest to *The Bulge Bugle* namely historical revisionism regarding the Battle of the Bulge. Included is a review [published elsewhere in this issue] of Charles Whiting's just released *The Last Assault: 1944 - the Battle of the Bulge Reassessed*. It is a first for me in an area I have extensive knowledge of but in which I am not an expert. The issue got under my collar in no small degree because I am a native of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, born in Ettelbruck (a city which shares with West Point the identical statue of General Patton), and deeply grateful for what the American soldier did in WWII. I care enough about the anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge to plan on being at Bastogne on December 16 this year for the commemorative ceremonies and to teach a course on it at my college this January. As a scholar, I was bothered by the laxness of the case which underlies Whiting's serious allegations against Eisenhower.

Perhaps, the best approach would be not to accord Whiting the attention of a review. But that leaves his book unchallenged with audiences whose knowledge of the events surrounding the Battle of the Bulge is increasingly indirect or non-existent. The book is clearly targeted at the mass-market, not at specialists.

[In this review] I have included page references for ease of verification. I do not seek publicity, my self-esteem and professional career are not at stake, I am not looking for controversy. I am, however, deeply troubled by this anniversary "present." I believe the veterans of the Bulge have reason to be troubled as well.

Joseph M. Dondelinger, PhD.

**PLEASE CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL TO SEE IF YOUR DUES ARE DUE.**



# MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

Veterans of **7TH ARMORED DIVISION, 203RD AAA AW**, where are you? Lynda Ardis is looking for anyone who served with her father, **S/Sgt ARMON W. "RED" ELDER**, who passed away April 11, 1992. Please write or call her collect. Lynda (Elder) Ardis, 5700-12 Baltimore Drive, LaMesa, California 91942-1614, telephone: 619-463-2968.

Stephen Garrington would like to receive experiences you may have had during your military service with the Salvation Army. Please send any recollections, photos, notes, etc., to: LTC Steve Garrington, USAR, 3530 Ridge Court, Davenport, Iowa 52806.

H. L. Wohlfort is seeking information for his brother **LEONARD J. WOHLFORT, 134TH INFANTRY, COMPANY C**. Leonard was a prisoner in Montabaur, Germany, and, along with fellow prisoners, a few days after liberation was interviewed and photographed by various media. At Camp Butner Convalescent Hospital in North Carolina he received a military newsletter. One issue contained the group picture in which he appeared, along with a message from a mother who thought she recognized her son who had been reported missing in action. She stated she had seen the picture in a popular magazine and was asking if anyone could provide her with further information. Did you receive such a military publication or know anything about it? If so write to Henry at: 3213 Fleet Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21224.

**JOSEPH GALANO** writes to offer his thanks to **JIM AMOR's** for his offer in the February, 1995, issue. Due to Jim's help Joe's outfit located its CO after 50 years. Captain **JOEL T. JOHNSON** led the **135TH ORDNANCE** in three battle campaigns and across the Rhine at Remagen. Hopefully he will be well enough to attend our "Ruptured Duck" Reunion in August.

**AL PRICE, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION**, is doing a study and research on the massacres by Hitler's armies during the Battle of the Bulge. Any information you can send on any massacres anywhere in the area will be greatly appreciated. Write to Al at: 3732 East 58th Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74135.

**R. KEITH OSTRUM, 87TH CHEMICAL MORTAR BATTALION**, would like to hear from men in his group who, in addition to the Battle of the Bulge, were also involved in D-Day. The 87th recently had its first-ever reunion and would like to contact others who would be interested in attending a second reunion. Write to Keith at: 2931 Burton Avenue, Erie, Pennsylvania 16504-1443.

Barbara Ledbetter writes to ask if some one can recommend a book that follows the **104TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, for her husband, **HORACE R. LEDBETTER**. Write to her at HC 60, Box 409, Graham, Texas 76450.

Found in Harsin (Near Marche-en-Famenne) an American soldier's identification tag with the name: **RILEY D. TYREE, #37071612 T41 42**. If you can help write to: J-Claude Little, Kleine Ommegangweg 28, B-9420 Erpe-Mere, Belgium.

Albert Sellen is looking for anyone who knew **WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 110TH INFANTRY, COMPANY H**. Known as "Old Folks," he was captured December 18, 1944, near Clervaux, Luxembourg. Write to Albert: 2452 Missouri Street, Lawrence, Kansas 66046.

**ALBIN F. IRZYK** has announced the future publication of his book entitled, *He Rode Up Front for Patton, A Very Personal History of*

*WWII*. Write to Albin for information: 2527 South Flagler Drive, West Palm Beach, Florida 33401.

Stacy Trotter Lemons is looking for anyone who may remember her father, **JERRY ERNEST TROTTER, 41ST INFANTRY DIVISION, 162ND INFANTRY, COMPANY I**. Jerry was wounded in the BoB. Stacy's address: 2504 Martinshire Court, Columbia, Missouri 65203.

Karen Lucas Martins is looking for someone who remembers her father, **JOSEPH T. LUCAS, 7TH ARMORED DIVISION, 48TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B**. If you can help write to Karen at: PO Box 385, Blue Jay, California 92317.

Truda Underwood's brother, **BURLEY HIVELY (HINELY), 7TH ARMORED DIVISION, 48TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B**, was wounded in bush fighting and died January 26, 1944. If you can provide her with further information write: Truda Underwood, HC 82, Box 221, Marlinton, West Virginia 24954-9525.

Theresa Paolucci would like to find someone who remembers her father, **EUGENE O. PAOLUCCI, 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION, 325 GLIDER INFANTRY, COMPANY F**. Write to her at: 5945 Hyslop Place #207, Hammond, Indiana 46320.

Nan McCowan Sumner-Mack would like to contact those who served in the **82ND** and **101ST AIRBORNE DIVISIONS**. If you're not "NUTS" about writing, give her your telephone number and she will call you. Her address is: 60 Nohea Street, Hilo, Hawaii 96720.

**ROBERT J. WALSH, 451ST AAA AW BN**, would like to know if anyone recalls his having been frost bit on both feet during the Bulge. Robert is among those whose records burned and he is unable to obtain any verification. *[Robert, you might wish to try again to obtain the records. We understand they have located many missing records. Information (and address) is contained elsewhere in this newsletter.]* In the meantime, if you can help Robert write to him at: 93 Spruce Street, Milford, Connecticut 06460.

Lorena J. Zanker writes to tell us that her brother, **LAURENCE JAMES HENDERSON, 90TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, had among his personal effects a German flag. All around and on the swastika were the names and addresses of the men who were with him at the time of his death. Her brother was killed in Habshied, Belgium. If you were with Laurence and signed that flag, Lorena would be happy to send you a picture. Write to her at: Route 2, Box 34-A, Hamburg, Iowa 51640.

**ROBERT LATZ, 264TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, would like to hear from anyone who served with his group. Bob's address is: P.O. Box 654, Racine, Wisconsin 53401. Telephone: 414-681-1998.

**R. P. ZWISLER, 561ST FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, sent a notice regarding his battalion's reunion and just missed the May issue. He would be interested in hearing from anyone who served with his battalion. Write to him at: 2810 Heidelberg Drive, Boulder, Colorado 80303. Telephone: 303-494-6284.

Danny Parker is working on a new book about Jochen Peiper (1SS Panzer Division) and the U.S. units which fought him in the Bulge. He requests that veterans from the units mentioned in the May 1995 issue of *The Bugle* contact him to provide first-hand accounts of their experiences. Write: Danny Parker, 139 West Leon Lane, Cocoa Beach, Florida 32931.

(Continued on Page 7)



## MEMBERS SPEAK OUT

(Continued from Page 6)

**ALBERT F. AHRENHOLZ**, 609TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, has sent us a copy of his unit history for our Library/Archives. [Thank you, Albert, we are most grateful for this publication.]

**STAN C. BELLENS, JR.**, a CRIBA member, has written to offer his assistance to veterans returning to the Ardennes area. Write to him at: rue Jules Destree, 2; Box 1; 4040 Herstal, Belgium. [What a gracious offer. Thanks very much, Stan.]

**CHARLES BRIGHT**, BATTERY A, 193RD FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, writes to the GI from the 16TH INFANTRY, 1ST INFANTRY DIVISION, who advised him to throw away his shoes and put straw in his overshoes. This occurred somewhere near Bulligen, Belgium, in a cellar of a bombed-out house just before the GI's unit jumped off. Charles' frost-bitten feet recovered thanks to this GI. Shortly after, Charles moved out a jeep with a wounded man being sent to a field hospital and he thinks it might have been the same man. Write to Charles at: P.O. Box 264, Fort White, Florida 32038.

**ANTHONY (JAKE) J. JACOLA**, 282ND FIELD ARTILLERY, would like to hear from anyone who may have trained with him at Camp Rucker, Alabama. Upon reaching England Jake worked with General Patton's Divisions (attached to the 69TH SIGNAL BATTALION). Write to Jake at: 93 Carnegie, Youngstown, OH 44515.

Stanley Phelps would be grateful to hear from anyone who knew or served with her father, **HENRY M. PHELPS**, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 229TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION. He was an artist and portrait painter who often sketched and made small paintings of soldiers to send home to loved ones. Write to Stanlee at: 17 Encinitas Court, Laguna Beach, California 92651.

**ROBERT LATZ**, 264TH FIELD ARTILLERY GROUP would like to hear from anyone who served with his group. Write: PO Box 654, Racine, Wisconsin 53401.

**MG JOHN H. KLINGENHAGEN** and Col. **JOHN A. MOHLER**, 1102TH ENGINEER COMBAT GROUP, are searching for fellow members. An article, hopefully to be published in *The Bugle*, is being prepared about the unit reforming as a division with multinational troops swept up from the battlefield under VIII Corps in the Bulge. Former engineers of the unit are asked to respond. There is a location available in northern New Jersey in late October, 1995, or in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in late June, 1996, when former 1102 personnel can gather together. Please contact Col. Mohler at N217, 9120 Belvoir Woods Road, Fort Belvoir, Virginia 22060 (703-780-9122). Please let Peter F. Leslie, P.O. Box 41, Changewater, New Jersey 07831, know you have made contact and your name can be placed in the 1102 data base for further communication.

"I couldn't help having a funny feeling about them," **Ernie Pyle** wrote of a group of young fliers who had become inured to death. "They were all so young, so genuine, so enthusiastic. And they were so casual about everything—not casual in a hard, knowing way, but they talked about their flights and killing and being killed exactly as they would discuss girls or their school lessons."

Everyone is always talking about our defense effort in terms of defending women and children, but no one ever asks the women and children what they think.

PATRICIA SCHROEDER

## UP FRONT

Bill Mauldin



"I'll let ya know if I find th' one wot invented th'88."

## VA publishes new handbook

The VA has published a revised version of "Federal Benefits for Veterans and Dependents" including changes in law for 1995. The 111-page handbook describes federal benefits for veterans and dependent family members such as medical care, education, disability compensation, pension, life insurance, home loan guaranty, vocational rehabilitation and burial assistance. The handbook, which sells for \$3.25 a copy, includes addresses and phone numbers of all VA facilities. For copies, ask for GPO stock number 051-000-00205-9 from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402-9325. To order with VISA or Master Card, phone (202-512-1800).

## VA Q's & A's

**Q** — How can I obtain copies of my VA records?

**A** — You should send a written request to the VA regional office maintaining your records. Request only the records that are needed and be sure to specify the types of records you are requesting. As with all correspondence, include your VA file number, Social Security number or other identifying information. If you do not know the address of your VA regional office, call 1-800-827-1000 to be connected to that office. (Note: If you have never filed a claim with VA, they may not have a file on you.)

Alongside a road entering Stavelot, Belgium stands a monument built as a tribute to the American defenders of the town. Its inscription could stand as an epitaph for all GIs killed in the Battle of the Bulge:

*"For our Liberty  
they gave their all."*



# WITNESS TO THE SURRENDER

## As Germans Laid Down Their Arms

By Mitchell Kaidy

*[The following article was submitted by Michael Kaidy, who has been a generous contributor to The Bulge Bugle. He also authored the article "Loud Voices Making War on Our Battle," which appeared in the November, 1994, issue.]*

Signs were everywhere of the enemy collapsing. By contrast to Belgium, where progress in the Battle of the Bulge had been measured in blood-spattered feet, the drive into Germany was being measured by dozens of kilometers daily.

Splitting open the vaunted Siegfried Line, the Third Army then leaped two immense rivers, the Moselle and Rhine, in broad daylight, the latter under a smoke screen.

Once across those rivers, we ran wild--the Nazis couldn't stop us; they couldn't even find us.

In late April, the 87th Infantry Division stood astride the autobahn, an hour and a half south of Berlin. Had we been ordered to keep driving, little organized resistance blocked our path to the outskirts of Berlin.

War-weary and nicked, however, we gratefully pitched pyramidal and pup tents near the Czechoslovakian border as an antidote to the foxholes and barns that had been our constant living companions.

The booming howitzers and rattling machine guns, the growling tanks and whistling mortars which had furnished the eerie accompaniment to the war, were noticeably falling silent. As the silence grew palpable, small units of German soldiers of the Wehrmacht and Volkstrum began leaking out everywhere, begging for food and offering to surrender.

A German truck belching smoke pulled up to our kitchen encampment and the ranking officer leaped out. Waving his arms, he explained that he and a truck full of Wehrmacht soldiers had taken a long detour from the Eastern Front to escape the Russians and surrender to the reputedly more humane Americans.

That was a plea that we were to hear 1,000 times. Facing the grim end, the Germans would take any chance, suffer any privation, yield any armament, even promise a bribe, to avoid the Soviets and surrender to the Americans. That's why I believe they would have surrendered Berlin to us.

But, in fact, by the time the Germans began arriving in numbers, there was no Soviet front. That had been expunged when American and Russian forces, a week before, had linked up near the Elbe River, closing the ring on Germany.

Everything--including our breathing--paused in anticipation of an official proclamation on May 7. But nothing happened, as it turned out, because the Nazis were seeking to conclude a separate peace excluding the Soviets. This was rejected.

On officially proclaimed V-E Day, May 8, the sun rose early. We stood on a rise outside Falkenstein and watched as hordes of khaki-clad figures organized a liquid panorama. The surrendering troops had been ordered by German-speaking Americans where to stockpile their weapons and ammunition and

to surrender in double or triple files.

In plain view, large signs had been arrayed in German directing units what to do: "Machine Guns," "Rifles," "Tanks," "Bullets," "Buses," "Cars and Trucks," even "Bicycles."

And that's the way they came, flowing in endless double and triple streams--and joining the incredible amoeba-like panorama, contingents of helmetless young men, some blond, many dangling cigarettes, advancing toward our wired prisoner-of-war pens.

At first, they emerged apprehensively with arms stretched high overhead, looking at us sideways. At first, we were just as apprehensive as they. A shot could ring out and nobody would know from where--then pandemonium--the O.K. Corral could be magnified thousands of times.

One hundred American fingers tightened on their triggers when the first contingent of Waffen SS, the ruthless warrior class, trudged into view. These were Hitler's triggermen whose reputation as butchers preceded them. Their insolent manner was intended to signal us that they had not surrendered; their weak leader had. But ultimately there would be a reckoning for them--some would appear at war crimes trials.

I remember that day, having worn a field jacket from which I holstered both a Luger pistol and an American .45-caliber pistol. In a nearby jeep, I had stashed an M-1 rifle next to a sergeant who sat in a jeep with his hand on a heavy machine gun. The safety catches were in the off-position on all my weapons; the machine gun had no safety catch.

Disgorging from trucks, buses, bicycles, staff cars and on foot, the khaki-clad Germans sifted out of the woods and roads for days and into the evening, when we were forced to order a stop. Their loaded and groaning trucks or buses would arrive, the khaki-clad passengers unload, march in rows, receive a quick frisk, dump their weapons, march away and be ordered to lie on the ground. And as fast as we could reload them and rush them to the rear in American trucks, they still overwhelmed our ability to watch and contain them.

Even the civil affairs officers who were charged with interrogating and separating the known fanatics became quickly backlogged, which gave the other Germans a head start on finding their way home. After a few days of hungrily downing American field rations, nearly all the Germans, except for identifiable Nazi henchmen, were allowed to leave.

A final accounting saw 63,000 German soldiers and airmen having capitulated to the 87th Infantry Division, perhaps 50 percent on V-E Day. Multiply that by 14 divisions that comprised the Third Army and you have some idea of what a vast, dramatic and incredibly heady panorama V-E Day, 1945, was. It took days for the Nazi surrender to ebb, but May 8 still stands out in the mind as the high-water mark for panoramic drama.

The man, who more than any other human, had engineered this day, General George S. Patton, wrote us: "From the day you entered the line in the blood-splattered mud of the Saar Valley throughout the bitter struggle of Bastogne, and then across Germany, the 87th (Division) always lived up to the highest traditions of American valor, patriotism and efficiency. It was a proud privilege to have had such a unit in the Third Army."

*[Kaidy served on the front lines in Europe from November 1944 to the end of the war. He was awarded the Combat Infantry Badge, the Bronze Star and three battle stars.]*



## Memorial to Battle of the Bulge Veterans

*To those We Left Behind —  
To let you know we care  
now, even more than then.  
Hard to believe its been fifty years  
since we left you behind — went on to win.  
We moved on then, reluctantly,  
for the need to finish the job  
where you left off — just as,  
for us, you would have done, without a sob.  
Those whom He allowed to return  
built lives based on our shared dreams  
— for a better life and lasting peace —  
you helped make possible - part of His scheme?  
Our belated thanks to you  
won't square the score.  
There would never be enough  
nor would you ask for more.  
The world you died for  
is not here yet.  
But there are many signs  
you've not lost your bet.  
The dull landscape you viewed  
through cold and misty gloom  
is back alive, its beauty renewed.  
You'd be proud it wasn't doomed.  
Reverently, we lay these flowers  
here, next to you — a small gesture  
to let you know — we remember —  
you paid the price, for evermore.  
Without 'you all' and all of us  
the Fuhrer's timetable might not have missed.  
With your final stand he was disable.  
Nevermore to conquer — (he was really miffed)  
How different this World might be  
Had you not held at Elsenborn  
Rest in Peace — your life restored —  
for being in Heaven is your great reward.*

The above verse was written and delivered at the U.S. Henri Chapelle Military Cemetery in Belgium by Jack Rue, former Director of the Baltimore VA Regional Office during the 50th Anniversary American Ceremonies to Commemorate the Battle of the Bulge. Mr. Rue is a survivor of the battle.



San  
Antonio?  
**Si!**



### **Voulez Vous... you fill in the rest**

An American soldier uses the French-English dictionary to get his message across to ze French mademoiselles. Mon Cherie! July 9, 1944.

National Archives  
U.S. Army Signal Corp Photo



### **Ike's Car...Bogged in Mud**

Eventually a wrecker had to be called. Ike walked and engaged troops in conversation, his favorite pastime. After the Bulge.

US Army Signal Corp Photos





## V ... Undermining the Axis

[Article by Martin Steven Jacobs which appeared in the March 21-27, 1994, issue of *Stars and Stripes*.]

In a radio broadcast from London on 14 January, 1941, a Belgian refugee urged people of all oppressed nations during WWII to use the "V" sign to undermine Axis morale by waving two fingers in a "V" shape. Soon after, the "V" sign incorporated the morse Code--dot-dot-dot-dash--with sound.



Even though battles were being fought far from U.S. borders--on Pacific islands, in Europe and in North Africa--on the home front the war was never far from anyone's mind.

After the surprise attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor, Americans in the United States staged wild recruiting rallies, cheering our departing GIs. With patriotism at a fever pitch, the "V for Victory" sign could be seen everywhere. It soon became an icon.

The "V" was found on war propaganda, posters, ration books, food labels, license plates, photo albums, book covers, stationary, postcards, envelopes, scrapbooks, cookbooks, cigarette labels, match covers, garden seeds, music sheets, hankies and scarves, pinback buttons and ladies' dress pins.

Even funny-paper characters of the day got involved. Joe Palooka joined the Army and wore the "V" patch, (Victory Task Force) while Little Orphan Annie persuaded real kids to hand out leaflets proliferating the "V".

In the midst of the war, more than one million babies were born. It was common to see the "V" sign emblazoned on baby carriages and even diapers. It was fashionable to be patriotic. At the request of the Treasury Department, Walt Disney designed "V" emblems, casting Disney stars Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse to promote U.S. Savings Stamps.

During the war, farmers were busy supplying food for our troops. But on the home front, food was in short supply. The Secretary of Agriculture told Americans that if they wanted fresh vegetables on their tables, they should plant "victory gardens," using "victory seeds." Victory gardens sprang up in unlikely places like Chicago's Arlington Racetrack, the Portland, Oregon, Zoo, and even on Alcatraz Island. In Tennessee, farmers who grew 75 percent of their own food received V-Certificates ("Vitamins for Victory") from the government.

In the windows of many American homes, banners read, "This is a Victory Home." Inside, "V-Home Certificates" were prominently displayed. For Americans to qualify for these certificates, they had to comply with air-raid wardens' instructions regarding protection and blackouts and must have purchased U.S. War Savings Bonds.

The Automobile Club of America distributed "V" auto tags that clipped onto license plates, and stickers that read,

"Drive for Victory."

During the war, the government encouraged letter-writing to our troops as it boosted their morale. Because of the enormous amount of letters and postcards mailed, the U.S. Army Postal Service introduced "V-Mail." By microfilming letters onto negatives, or film reels, precious cargo space was saved. Once the reels arrived, they were printed and delivered at home and abroad.



Airlines turned over 50 percent of their planes to the Army Transport Command. Painted on the fuselage of DC-3 cargo planes was "Victory Velocity." On American Airlines' domestic flights, the "V" design was printed on their place settings, napkins, glasses and cups. At bomber command bases called "Boom Towns," bombardiers carefully painted the "V" sign on the nose fuse pocket of their bombs. Later, they would give the "thumbs up" for "bombs away."

The most popular "V" item was the "V" dress pin and pinback button, worn around the clock at home or at work. Slogans like, "Buy Victory Bonds," "V-Food for Freedom," "V-for Victory," and "V-Stars and Stripes Forever" were common. The dress pins were made of plastic, pewter, copper, brass, sterling silver, pot metal, marcasite and gold. They were encrusted with pearls, rhinestones, amethysts and diamonds which were adorned with eagles, lions and flags flanking the "V." A favorite of mine is of brass with a painted silhouette of ice-skater Sonja Heine, the Olympic skater who charmed Hitler and conquered Hollywood during the war. Another is a fold-over tin "V"-shaped pin reading, "Long Ranger Victory Corps."

Today, "V" mementos are valued treasures. Items occasionally can be found at collectors shows, antique and military shops, auctions, flea markets, garage sales, or even dresser draws in the attic. But I've found the best source is word-of-mouth.

[Martin Jacobs, is a "V" collector, can be reached at P.O. Box 3106, Rohnert Park, California 94928.]

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



**50TH VICTORIES COMMEMORATION PROGRAM**  
**SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS**  
**September 3-6, 1995**

**•SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3•**

9:30 a.m. - Noon	Registration at Airport Hilton
Noon - 2:00 p.m.	Lunch on your own
2:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Registration and Socializing
7:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Reception - Ballroom and Hospitality Room open

**•MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4•**

9:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.	Registration
11:00 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.	Lunch on your own
12:30 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Tour: Alamo, Fort Sam Houston Mission, San Jose, King William District
6:30 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Texas Hill Country/Ranch Bar-B-Q

**•TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5•**

8:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Tour #1: LBJ Ranch, Bavarian Inn, Nimitz Museum (Shopping after lunch at the Bavarian Inn) <b>OR</b>
9:30 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Tour #2: Shopping in Fredericksburg, Nimitz Museum and lunch at the Bavarian Inn
6:00 p.m.	Dinner on your own and Hospitality Room open

**•WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6•**

8:00 a.m. - 9:30 a.m.	Registration for late arrivals
9:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.	Business Meeting - Ballroom
11:30 a.m. - 12:45 p.m.	Lunch--On your own
1:00 p.m. - 1:30 p.m.	Bus to Plaza for Plaque Dedication in Veterans Plaza
4:30 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Bus Returns to Hotel
7:00 p.m. - 11:00 p.m.	Banquet: Speakers and Entertainment - Ballroom

**•THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7•**

Times to be announced	Religious services
	Head for home



**BATTLE OF THE BULGE  
50TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION  
of the Victories of 1945: Bulge, VE Day and VJ Day  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS - SEPTEMBER 3-6, 1995**

## COMMEMORATION REGISTRATION FORM

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Wife/Guest Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Division: \_\_\_\_\_ Regiment: \_\_\_\_\_

Unit or Company: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

	Number of Persons	Cost per Person	Total
<b>Sunday, September 3, 1995:</b>			
Registration, Buffet and Dedication Transportation	_____	\$45.00	_____
<b>Monday, September 4, 1995:</b>			
Alamo City Tour: 12:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.	_____	\$21.00	_____
Ranch Bar-B-Q: 6:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.	_____	\$50.00	_____
<b>Tuesday, September 5, 1995:</b>			
Tour #1: 8:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.			
LBJ Ranch, Bavarian Inn, Nimitz Museum (Shopping after lunch at Bavarian Inn)	_____	\$49.00	_____
<b>OR</b>			
Tour #2: 9:30 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.			
Shopping in Fredericksburg, Nimitz Museum and lunch at the Bavarian Inn	_____	\$45.00	_____
<b>Wednesday, September 6, 1995:</b>			
Anniversary Banquet with Registration	_____	\$38.00	_____
Anniversary Banquet for Those Who Attend Banquet ONLY	_____	\$45.00	_____
<b>Total Amount Enclosed</b>			<b>\$</b> _____

Mail Registration Form and check to:  
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge • P.O. Box 11129 • Arlington, VA 22210-2129



# SAN ANTONIO HOTEL/TRAVEL INFORMATION & INFORMATION ON LOCAL TOURS

## HOTEL INFORMATION

### Airport Hilton Hotel • Headquarters Hotel

611 N.W. Loop 410, San Antonio, Texas 78216-5504

Reservations: 210-340-6060 OR 1-800-HILTONS

Rates\*: Single/Double \$79; Executive Single/Double \$94; Alcove \$129; or Penthouse \$325

### Holiday Inn-Airport Conference Center

77 N.E. Loop 410, San Antonio, Texas 78216-5855

Reservations: 210-349-9900 OR 1-800-HOLIDAY

Rates\*: Single/Double \$75

\* Rates do not include state and local taxes.

Each Hotel furnishes transportation to and from SAT Airport as well as free shuttle between hotels--shuttle service is provided to the several nearby shopping malls. Parking facilities at both hotels are free.

Make your reservations early for September 3-6, 1995. There is a three-day window on arrival and departure. Please identify yourself as an attendee for the VBOB Commemoration to obtain the above rates.

If you attempted to make your reservations for hotel stay at the Holiday Inn in San Antonio and were unsuccessful in obtaining the special VBOB rate, please try again. Apparently, there was a misunderstanding and the matter has now been clarified.

## AIRLINE INFORMATION

Southwest Airlines has been designated the Official Airline for the BoB Victories Commemoration. To take advantage of their special discounted fares call Southwest Airlines Group Desk at 1-800-433-5368

before August 23, 1995, and refer to Identifier Code N1495. Discounts available only by using this number.

Or, call Bridget Pierson, 1-800-323-2167 for reservations.

Other 800 Numbers for Airlines:

Delta: 1-800-221-1212

Northwest: 1-800-225-2525 (ID #QA14SW 4/NCAAN)

United: 1-800-241-6522

American: 1-800-433-7300

Continental: 1-800-468-7022 (ID #ZEVN ref: 19MF41)

USAir: 1-800-428-4322



## AIRPORT TRANSPORTATION INFORMATION



**Star Shuttle:** (Reservations: 210-366-3183)  
24-hour shuttle service. Departure from all

designated hotels downtown will be on a request basis. Fares: One way \$7 adults; \$4.00 each additional person traveling with one full paying passenger. Senior citizens \$4.00. 24-hour advance reservation recommended.

**Taxicab:** Metered service based on \$2.80 for the first mile and \$1.10 for each additional mile. Four ride for the price of one. Prices subject to change.

## RAIL PASSENGER SERVICE

**Amtrak:** Service available from some locations. Call: 1-800-872-7245.



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## \*TOUR DESCRIPTIONS

### • Monday, September 4--An Afternoon in the

**Alamo City:** Transportation by motorcoach. **IMAX:** A 45-minute feature film which will bring the battle of the Alamo to life. **Alamo:** the most famous spot in Texas where all 188 defenders fell on March 6, 1836, at the hands of General Santa Anna's army.

**Fort Sam Houston:** The home of the 5th Army and Brooke Army Medical Center which was established in 1876 and the site of the first military flight.

**Mission San Jose:** Established in 1720, the mission became the most beautiful, most prosperous and best fortified of all Texas missions.

**King William District:** Drive through this historic area which was established by German immigrants in the middle to late 1800's.



### • Monday, September 4, Evening--Texas

**Hill Country/Ranch Bar-B-Q:** Travel by motorcoach to the tiny town of **Welfare, Texas**, to visit one of the loveliest ranches in the Texas hill country. There will be open bars and the sound of country and western music throughout the evening. A Texas barbecue with all the trimmings will be served. A very special Texas evening.

• **Tuesday, September 5, Tour #1:** Travel by motorcoach for tram accommodations to the **LBJ Ranch**. You will visit the one-room school house attended by Johnson in 1912, tour his reconstructed birthplace and the nearby Johnson Family Cemetery where Johnson is buried. The LBJ itself is an working ranch with cattle and other ranching operations. On to **Fredericksburg** which was settled by German immigrants in the early 1800's. There will be a lunch at the **Bavarian Inn** which has an old German atmosphere, customs and good food. After lunch and shopping there will be a visit to the **Nimitz Museum** and the Nimitz Steamboat Hotel which contains a three-story museum of the Pacific War.

• **Tuesday, September 5, Tour #2:** Same as Tour #1 with the exception that it does not include the trip to the LBJ Ranch and it's related sites.

*\*Please bear in mind that prices are contingent upon 40 persons occupying a motorcoach. It is necessary for us to handle these on a first-come first-served basis. It will be necessary for us to advise the company each time we require an additional bus and it will also be necessary to cancel when we do not have a sufficient number.*



I request an 11" x 17" Certificate (shown in previous newsletter issues) and certify that I received credit for the Ardennes Campaign during my military service. Certificates are available to **all** who served in the Battle of the Bulge.

First Name	MI	Last Name	Serial Number
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Organization: Company, Battalion and/or Regiment, Division	Rank (Optional)
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☐ Hold for framing\*      ☐ Killed in action \_\_\_\_\_      ☐ Died of Wounds Received \_\_\_\_\_

\*Cost of simulated walnut framing with plastic overlay and four decorative tacks will be \$30.00 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling. The frames will be available early June and will measure 13" x 19".

Name	Telephone Number
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Street Address	Apt No.
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip + 4 Code \_\_\_\_\_

Signature and date

**Make checks or money orders in the amount of \$15.00 for each certificate payable to VBOB and mail to: VBOB, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129. (We can process your order quicker if you provide a separate check.)**

Please direct all questions to John D. Bowen, 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20904-3331 or call 301-384-6533.

Several months ago we announced that a video tape of the VBOB 50th Anniversary Bulge tour of Belgium and Luxembourg which took place in late October 1994 and the VBOB tour of the Normandy beach area in early November would become available. We are happy to announce that the tape should be in the hands of all who ordered by the time you receive this newsletter. If not, please write to John Bowen and he will check into the matter. The tape included six hours of video regarding Luxembourg and Belgium and two hours relating to Normandy. Requests, along with your check or money order for \$33.75, should be sent to: John D. Bowen, 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20904-3331, telephone: 301-384-6533. Maryland residents should add \$1.50 to cover sales tax.

A video tape of the highlights and ceremonies of the VBOB 50th Anniversary Commemoration in St. Louis, Missouri, this past December will be available by the end of June, 1955. It was originally announced they would be available in May, but work on other projects has necessitated delay. If you have not yet ordered and would like to receive this tape please send your check or money order payable to John Bowen in the amount of \$33.75 to: John D. Bowen, 613 Chichester Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20904-3331 Phone: 301-384-6533. Maryland residents should include \$1.50 State Tax.



## INVOCATION

*The following invocation was offered by Joe Zimmer, VBOB member, at the dedication of the Bulge Memorial Conference Room, Ft. George G. Meade, May 19, 1995.*

Heavenly Father whom we all worship, we invoke thy name on this dedication day of the Battle of the Bulge Memorial Conference Room, here at historical Ft. George G. Meade. The table and chairs and the room will stand for many years as an example of an incomparable legacy, we Americans at our very best, a distant 50 years ago. O Lord, we are indebted to Vincent Gasper, Craftsman, and to all those principals who planned, worked, and contributed to make this memorial site possible — all of us are in their debt. Nothing really truly happens until we share it with friends and fellow comrades of the Foundation, members of VBOB, 1st Army, Fort Meade, Belgium and Luxembourg. **Valor, Courage, Bravery, Sacrifice**, all are coins in the currency of all those who fought and died, and each of us in that currency are very wealthy indeed. The harshness of life's lottery that took the fallen from us has been balanced by some gently compensating thumb on the scale of chance that gave us survivors life.

This memorial provides a basis for all of us to go back in that moment when we were young again, in the only vault where anyone or anything truly lives: the mind that remembers. Those who served - to a man or woman, did the ordinary things of life in an extraordinary manner. We desire to stand one last time at your choosing, in the embrace of these weathered friends - a rendezvous with memory. Even though all wars are hateful and horrible, we may try occasionally to intellectualize about them but that only cheapens them.

As believers, we believe that everything happens for a reason. What that reason is, we do not know. Only you do Dear God. We keep waiting for it to appear, even after fifty years; our survival, our lives since the great conflict of WWII, and particularly the Battle of the Ardennes, and our state in life and health, as we enjoy these late late years. The ultimate meaning of life, for those who died, the wounded, the prisoner of war, is relative to how much we have given to others. Each of us Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge can be very proud this day. There was only one deadline for those many heroes who carried in their clutched hand only what they had given away - a valuable and splendid life. So many are in their debt, and the crosses and Stars of David at Hamm, Henri Chappelle, here at nearby Arlington, and every military cemetery - these gardens of stone, are constant reminders of the futility of war and the waste of such splendid man and womanhood.

Help us to keep the memory of what we see here in this symbol, and it is our prayer that future generations never forget the cost of liberty and freedom exemplified in the Battle of the Bulge. We ask this in thy name.

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## NEW MEMBERSHIP CARDS

When our supply of current membership cards expires, we will be sending you a new style of card. The new, attractive card will be sent in advance of your dues being due and will serve as a reminder to you of the date when your dues will soon be due. So please help us make this transition smoothly, by paying your dues promptly. Check your mailing label used to mail this issue to determine the date upon which your dues were due.

## School Interview

Recently, one of Sam Silverman's neighbors called and asked if he would be willing to give an interview to their daughter (11 years old). Her class of 30 had an assignment for each student to interview a World War II veteran with a tape recorder and a parent present to ask a few questions.

*The questions were:*

**Q.** When did you get into the service?

**A.** Drafted in January 1941.

**Q.** Where did you get your training?

**A.** Fort Riley - U.S. Horse Cavalry - and assigned to the 11th Cavalry, Camp Lockett, CA.

**Q.** Did you like it?

**A.** Yes, I was assigned my own horse and we went on maneuvers in the Laguna Mountains and learned how to assemble different types of guns and patrolled the border from Tijuana to Arizona. In July 1942, all Cavalry were dismounted and converted to Tank Battalions and assigned to Armored Divisions. 11th Cavalry became 11th Tank Battalion assigned to the 10th Armored Division.

**Q.** Did you go overseas?

**A.** Yes the 10th Armored Division landed in Cherbourg and was assigned to General Patton's 3rd Army and we captured Metz in early December 1944.

**Q.** Were you scared?

**A.** No, because I felt nothing would ever happen to me.

**Q.** Were you wounded?

**A.** Yes, the Germans made a big breakthrough - called the "Battle of The Bulge" starting December 16, 1944. We left Metz and drove 75 miles that night and arrived in Luxembourg City early December 17. We assisted all units who were there from Luxembourg City to Echternach and Berdorf to Bastogne, as we had tanks, artillery and Armored Infantry. A panzerfeist hit my tank in Berdorf and I was wounded.

This class assignment resulted in experiences from 30 different veterans and from different branches of the services.

1941 - '42 11th Horse Cavalry, Troop "F"  
Sam Silverman 1942 - '46 11th Tank Bn. "C" Co.  
Tenth Armored Division

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I was very careful to send Mr. Roosevelt every few days a statement of our casualties. I tried to keep before him all the time the casualty results because you get hardened to these things and you have to be very careful to keep them always in the forefront of your mind.

GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL



## BOOK REVIEW

### BATTLE OF THE BULGE REVISIONISM TARGETS EISENHOWER

**The Last Assault: 1944 - The Battle of the Bulge Reassessed.** Charles Whiting. New York: Sarpendon, 1994. 238 pages; photographs; bibliography; index, \$24.95

By Joseph M. Dondelinger, PhD.

Few World War II events remain as controversial as the Allied failure to anticipate the German attack in the Ardennes in December 1944. Charles Whiting's *The Last Assault: 1944 - Battle of the Bulge Reassessed* adds a revisionist twist based on a conspiracy theory to a rehash of old debates such as the controversy between Eisenhower and Montgomery over "broad" versus "narrow front" strategy and evaluations of the generalship of Eisenhower, Montgomery, Bradley, and Patton.

Whiting's core thesis is that the German attack in the Ardennes was no surprise at all, that Eisenhower knew "exactly" where the attack would come, (p.86) inter alia through ULTRA decodes of Luftwaffe and Reichsbahn communications, "Magic" decodes of Japanese ambassador Oshima's messages from Berlin to Tokyo, and through the super-secret Number 100 Group Royal Air Force ground-scanning reconnaissance squadron. Whiting does not seem to admit to the possibility of misperception and multiple interpretations of intelligence data. Furthermore, Whiting adds a conspiratorial twist, supposedly revealing "how thousands of young American lives were sacrificed for a strategy." (p.xvii) From Eisenhower down to Bradley, Patton and VII Corps Commander Troy Middleton, the Americans "wanted" the Germans out in the open" after months of heavy casualties assaulting the Siegfried line. Thus, after a November 8, 1944, visit with Bradley and Middleton in Wiltz, Luxembourg, Eisenhower "purposefully weakened" VIII Corps to "bait" the Germans into attacking. Only that, according to Whiting, can explain why Middleton ordered no aggressive patrolling behind German lines because the plan required that no evidence of the German build-up be spread. (p.139)

A major problem with the thesis is that the original idea for the Ardennes attack was formulated by Hitler himself in August and early September 1944, predating the Westwall carnage and any notion of a bait and trap arrangement. Hitler's idea was dismissed by professional German soldiers including Model and von Rundstedt as unrealistic, given resources, and understood as a potentially self-inflicted trap. But it was never substantively altered. If the German generals discounted the possibility of success why not American generals? Perhaps the "something" "going wrong with Eisenhower's scheme" (p.133) was that there was no scheme in the first place and the German attack did not develop as Ike has "imagined" (p.141) because he never quite imagined it.

Such arguments are lost on Whiting. When the assault came, Eisenhower's response was not sluggish, as "cover up" logic would have it. Ike was "untroubled" as if he knew what was unfolding and could "profit" from it. (p.78) He swiftly sent "conveniently" available reinforcements. (p.xvi and p.64) Unfortunately, the unexpected fury of the German assault unhinged his plan. It rattled Eisenhower and "depressed" Bradley because he had "failed to execute the deception correctly." (p.163)

The key Verdun conference of December 19 becomes a "tense"

meeting, with the British representatives doubting Americans' ability to cope, (p.128) where those not in the know could not understand the real meaning of the discussion, especially Patton's boastful pledge of a quick reaction. Patton's counterattack against the southern shoulder of the Bulge is interpreted not as the result of foresight but of prior knowledge. (p.107) Nevertheless it was slow in execution, proving Montgomery's prediction it would be a "bit of a dead duck." (p.188)

Whiting leaves the reader wondering what Patton would have revealed had he lived to deliver a statement billed as explosive, following his resignation from the army. Whiting is sure it "had to be about Eisenhower's conduct of the war." (p.224) Even if that is granted, it is no proof of a conspiratorial strategy prior to the Bulge.

But a conspiracy is precisely what Eisenhower allegedly "got away with," (p.228) engaging in a successful cover-up which made it "almost impossibly difficult for the researcher" to get at the truth. (pp.viv-xv) After all, "[w]hat would the Great American Public say if it ever found out that the Supreme Commander and future President of the United States had known the Germans were coming, but had done nothing because he wanted them to come?" (p.xvii) On the basis of such arguments, Whiting turns the American soldiers who fought in the Bulge into expendable "bait" and sacrificial "victims" of "deceit in high places." (p.xvii)

Such grave accusations require careful documentation. Whiting provides no footnotes to double check the sources, contexts and timing of key quotes on which his arguments rest. Conversations are related in quotation marks with no source documentation. Despite references to important information which Whiting credits himself as forcing into the public domain under the Freedom of Information Act, no precise new sources are cited clearly and the documents piled loose are then conveniently dismissed as "harmless," an obvious "whitewash job." (p.xiv)

As a result, the book's sensationalist allegation are reduced to mere conjecture starting with a spurious interpretation of a photo (curiously not reproduced in the book) of the meeting, important to Whiting's argument, in Wiltz during Ike's allegedly mysterious three-day front-line tour. The actual photo does not match Whiting's conjectural description of Bradley "listening attentively" to Middleton's key point. (p.15)

There are large and small logic and inference problems. If baiting the Germans out of the Westwall was indeed the strategy then did it not ultimately save Allied lives and shorten the war? On the one hand, Whiting credits Eisenhower with finally showing "some fortitude" in risking his soldiers to make the Germans come out and fight. (p.141) On the other, he labels it an "evil" plan. By Whiting's own admission, the fall 1944 attacks against static defenses resulted costly battles. How high would the "butcher's bill" have been had an Allied Westwall breakthrough been counterattacked by refitted SS and Wehrmacht panzer divisions?

(Continued on Page 17)



## BOOK REVIEW--REVISIONISM

(Continued from Page 16)

Eisenhower should at least have attempted "to prevent the tragedy" (p.90) and redeploy the overexposed US 106th Infantry and the widely dispersed 28th Infantry Divisions. But the 106th was sitting astride the Westwall, a position surrendered only at a cost. In war, a calculated risk, exposing some troops, will cause battle casualties. To label such casualties "victims" requires a rewrite of much military history.

Messages that describe the confused situation as perceived by commanders in the field and untidy command structures around St. Vith, involving remnants of divisions and the US XVIII Airborne corps under an arrogant, "hook-nosed" Ridgway, a "prickly subordinate" for Montgomery, become in Whiting's mind indications of "just how badly Eisenhower's plan had gone." (p.160) A Special Order of the Day on December 21 by Eisenhower encouraging his hard-pressed troops and detailing an opportunity to strike back, becomes an order which "unwittingly, revealed his strategy and plan all along." (p.181) This is conjecture, not evidence.

Montgomery is lauded for tidying up the front against an "almost pathological" American concern to give up ground (p.175), yet soldiers of the US 106th Infantry Division are approvingly quoted questioning their officers' willingness to retreat. (p.171) If Middleton's Corps was to be deliberately weakened why, in early December, try to fool the Germans "into believing a new division, the 75th Infantry, was moving into VII Corps area"? (p.16)

Whiting's circumstantial evidence includes the fact that no Allied armored division was actively engaged at the time of the attack (p.92) and that British XXX Corps was "conveniently out of line" (p.64) in anticipation of its use. More plausibly, XXX Corps was used because it was out of line.

Whiting's book also rests on a simplistic whitewash of Montgomery's generalship which colors his assessment throughout. Thus, the calm, "rapid," competent response by Montgomery averted a disaster at the Meuse and on the northern shoulder of the Bulge. With the controversial resubordination of the American First Army, Montgomery "was in" and could "shape the battle to come." (p.142) He set about his job, "smiling and alert," "Paternal and unhurried." (p.152)

If on December 7, Eisenhower, Bradley and Montgomery had met in Maastricht to plan strategy, (p.91) does that mean Monty was in on the plan? Whiting avoids the question because it could tarnish Montgomery's reputation. He describes Montgomery's early reaction to the German attack as "apparently" made without Eisenhower's prior approval. Montgomery who "radiated confidence," set about correcting the long predicted "mess" the Yanks had made. (p.152) Unlike the callous Americans, he was always "mindful of his soldiers." (p.153) In the Bulge, Monty's first concern was for the men of the US 28th and 106th Infantry Divisions. (p.153) He had "no intention of wasting any further American lives for the sake of prestige." (p.154) Unlike Ridgway, he would "not tolerate any further loss of life" in the St. Vith salient. (p.192)

The man who wanted the narrow attack, then set upon the "tidying up" of the lines into a continuous front, giving up ground the American's had paid for so dearly and would have to pay for again. Monty led from the front, personally touring the area with a small escort and a visibly marked Rolls, (p.190) unlike Eisenhower and Bradley who did not visit the front and

operated in a security cocoon. The legacy of General Montgomery, a complex and controversial man, is not well served by Whiting's simplistic logic. Readers interested in Montgomery should read the careful new biography *Monty* by Alistair Horen and Montgomery's own son David. (Harper Collins Publishers).

Having savaged the performance of the US 106th Infantry Division in previous works, Whiting now seemingly seeks atonement from the soldiers, whose trials deeply touched him, by turning them into "abandoned," "suffering," unsuspecting "victims" of top-brass treachery, sacrificed to "an evil, ill-conceived strategy." (p.200) Of the "green young" defenders of St. Vith he writes they "unwittingly served Eisenhower's purpose and were no longer needed." (p.93)

Whiting's book has merit when it confines itself to extensive and a sometimes gripping battle narratives. But stories of great valor are punctuated with references to American officers, unconcern for their men, incompetence, womanizing, partying, laxness, unprofessionalism, vanity, spit-and-polish instead of substance, and panic. Overall, American soldiers were served poorly by their superiors, some striking exceptions notwithstanding.

Knowledgeable readers can make their own assessment of Whiting's arguments. Less informed readers will come away with a distorted version of history. Conspiracy theories are insidious because mere publication gives them some currency. On the 50th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, all readers deserve a better book such as Trevor N. Dupuy's new *Hitler's Last Gamble: The Battle of the Bulge, December 1944-January 1945*. One need not revel in the glory of war nor forget the horror of war and the failings of men in combat to remember the veterans of the Bulge for what they accomplished, not as "victims" of some dark conspiracy that remains very much unproven.

[Mr. Dondelinger is a tenured Associate Professor of Government and International Affairs at Augustana College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.]

[We present this book review to you in its entirety due to the fact that on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, many articles appeared in publications which attempted to rewrite the history of this historic battle. As those who served in this battle, it is up to you to be prepared to rebut these articles. BE PREPARED or your grandchildren and their children may not recognize the stories which you pass down as a part of this important occurrence. Elsewhere in this issue is a "Letter to the Editor" of *The Star-Ledger*, which also attempts to rewrite history.]

### NO SWEAT Jake Schuffert

"Well, Achingback,  
we finally got you  
all patched up.  
Now relax,  
take it easy,  
and don't do  
too much laughing."





# Memories of an American POW

By FRANK SHELTON  
SPECIAL TO THE ROANOKE TIMES & WORLD-NEWS

*A cousin of ours, Charles Wesley Lawrence, was captured and made prisoner during the Battle of the Bulge. When Charles finally got home in April of 1945, he told us this story:*

"It was Christmas 1944, and a few of us with our commanding officers were directed to man an old farmhouse near a crossroads close to Bastogne. The next morning we saw several tanks coming toward us. Suddenly there seemed to be tanks coming from every direction.

"We were surrounded, and now — what would be our next move? One of my buddies became very excited and said that he was making a run for the woods near the farmhouse. 'No! No! If you run you will be killed,' I said. My buddy would not listen and out the back door he went.

"He had not gone 50 yards when he was literally cut in two.



Lawrence

"At this time our commanding officer found an old white sheet, tied it to a broom and stuck it out the door. We were ordered to come out with our hands up. We were manhandled, roughed up, mistreated and ordered to get in a truck.

"We were taken back a few miles and ordered into a railroad car where we were forced to stay without water, food, warm clothing or blankets. There was snow on the ground and the weather was cold. Some of the German soldiers poked some snow through the cracks for us.

"Our commanding officer climbed up the inside of the car so that he could see and asked for food and water. A few seconds later he was shot and he fell back to the car floor.

"We were gradually moved back from the front lines and got to a prisoner of war camp where we got soup made from potato peelings. We were starving for food. Another buddy became weakened and said that he was not going to make it — and died.

"I remember on one occasion that one of the prisoners found a tiny crust of bread and they fought over it. There were some British soldiers in camp with us and they acted differently. If one of them found a bit to eat, they would divide it among their soldiers.

"Then, one morning, we noticed that everything was unusually quiet. Very soon someone yelled that the Allies had taken our camp. The men who were able to yell did and gave thanks that we were finally rescued."

*Charles never talked about his experiences as a prisoner of war and we understood. I do remember that Charles would say that his division in the army was the "hungry and sick," meaning the 106th.*

*Frank Shelton is a retired Christiansburg insurance agent. Charles Wesley Lawrence came back home, moved to Salem and worked for the General Electric Credit Union. He died in November 1993.*

CHRISTMAS 1944 (BELGIUM)

1st SQUAD  
3rd PLATOON  
COMPANY "E"  
401st GLI INF  
82nd AIRBORNE DIV

MENU  
1 small chicken  
1 loaf bread  
1 can cold coffee  
12 men



Jim Burns (82nd A/B.)

20 Saratoga Road, Stratford, NJ 08084

*(This is one of many war-time drawings by Jim Burns. Jim says this should stir up the memories of any old dog foot of World War II, especially those who participated in the Battle of the Bulge.)*



## Mail Call

T/4 Harry H. Hymes and Pvt. Frank Benicasi read their mail in a barn near the front lines Belgium, 1/9/45.

US Army Signal Corps Photo



# "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward (Seven) Men!"

## An Unsolved Mystery of The Bulge

A boyhood memory by Fritz Vincken

The following story was provided by the "young boy" in the story, Fritz Vincken, who contacted John Bowen, our Historical Researcher, for assistance. Parts of this story aired on the TV program "Unsolved Mysteries" a few months ago. In research thus far at the National Archives, John has determined that the most likely larger unit in this area would have been the 106th Infantry Division. However, by 24 December, the lines had been pushed so far west by the Germans, from this spot, that it is likely that the Americans had been lost for days and searching for American lines. They could have been from other units that were attached or in the area of Prüm. If you have heard of this story or a similar incident, or were in the area of Prüm, back during the Bulge or thereafter, even if you don't think it is related, please contact John at 301-384-6533 so he can pursue the lead. You can also write to him care of our VBOB HQ Office. If anyone wishes to communicate directly with Fritz Vincken his address is 1336 Dillingham Blvd, Honolulu HI 96817.

I was twelve years old, when on a night in April, 1944, a heavy bombing raid on the city of Aachen left my family homeless. Together, we were evacuated out of the smoldering ruins to a village near the river Rhine, where we found shelter. Ten miles away was Neuwied, a town where my father was placed to supervise the operation of a large bakery, owned by the head master of the local bakers' guild. Then, a few months later, this bakery too, was war damaged beyond immediate repair. Father, 48, was about to be drafted to become a soldier, but to our relief, the head master knew the right people and was able to have him conscripted as a civilian baker, to bake bread for the German army. He was ordered to report for work at a "Field Bakery", somewhere along the border of Belgium. It was late summer, the allied invasion was rolling towards Germany and seemed unstoppable. There was an assumption among many, that the war would be over before the end of autumn, and plans were made to go into hiding, while waiting for the front to pass by.

One evening, my father arrived in our village with a small army truck, picked up mother and me, and drove all through the night to take us to be in his proximity. There, about 20 miles from where he was housed at the bakery, deep inside the Ardennes Forest on a wooded mountain, there was a clearing on whose edge stood a lonely cabin, uninhabited and unclaimed. One of father's fellow bakers had shown him the way to this hidden refuge, and helped to prepare for our arrival. "Here, you'll have to spend the next three to four weeks," father told us hopefully, "then the war is behind us." It was not to be.

Weeks turned into months as the front stiffened, and in December Hitler surprised the Allies with a last bold offensive history was to call the Battle of the Bulge.

We were still living in our cabin, deep snow had compounded our isolation and cut us off from the outside world. My father, who had supplied us with provisions until well into November, couldn't get through to us anymore.

Our cabin had two small glassed windows, an oven built from bricks for heat and cooking; ample firewood was stored in a nearby shed. Our basic foodstuff would last us a few more weeks. Before the big snow fell, I would make my way down into the valley to a potato clamp, where wild boars had dug a hole through the heavy cover. I went there with my knapsack as often as weather permitted. And there was a deserted farmhouse with its gate wide open. It had been pillaged thoroughly, except for some candles, scattered on the floor. Knowing how much we needed them, I couldn't resist to pick them up. There was also a lonely inhabitant, a scrawny rooster, that followed me in his search for something to eat. Mother named him "Hermann", and he became our boarder for a while. His appetite was voracious, our oatmeal supply dwindled fast and he became very plump. Hermann's frequent

crowing grew louder too, which was worrisome in our lonely hideout.

About a week before Christmas, all hell broke loose. Up from the valleys came the sound of heavy fighting, machine gun staccato and the howling of rockets. We felt safe in our cabin, but as a precaution, Hermann was silenced. It was hard not to worry about father. We hoped for the best, which in his situation was to have become a Prisoner of War. For him, that would mean relative safety in an American Camp.

By the 24th of December the weather cleared up. Temperatures dropped overnight to below freezing, but the sun rose on a cloudless blue sky. All day long, many hundreds of Allied planes flew on their deadly missions undisturbed. The gloomy, heavy, roar of their engines, would remain forever entrenched in my mind. When darkness fell in late afternoon, the sudden quietness was conspicuous, as countless stars reclaimed the heavens. Long icicles had formed outside our windows. One single candle lighted the vicinity of our stove, where mother was preparing a delicious soup, of which Hermann was the most substantial ingredient. Our thoughts were with father, whom we missed now more than at any other time. "It's Christmas Eve," mother said quietly, "he must feel we're thinking of him."

At that moment, we could hear some noise outside, quiet human voices. Mother hastily blew out the candle and we waited in fearful silence. There was a knock, careful and full of anxiety, then another. My mother went to the door. I slipped behind her and when she opened it there were two men in the doorway, like phantoms against the endless white background. They wore steel helmets and mother asked them where in God's name they'd come from on a night like this. One answered in a strange language and pointed to a third man, sitting in the snow. We knew by then they were American soldiers.

My mother paused. She realized very well how dangerous the situation was, they were armed and could have forced their entrance, yet, they stood there and asked with their eyes. And there was someone on the ground, who seemed more dead than alive. "Kommt rein," said my mother and made an inviting gesture toward the door. The soldiers carried in their comrade and placed him on my mattress. One of them had a little knowledge of French and, assuming we were French speaking Belgians, tried to communicate. Fortunately, my mother had learnt to speak French as a child, while attending a convent school in neighboring Belgium. Now she was told about the German offensive and how they had lost their battalion and wandered for days through the snowy Ardennes Forest, carrying their wounded buddy who was shot in the leg.

We relit the candle. It was warm in the cabin and now, after I had helped the soldiers to take off their heavy coats, they looked like big friendly boys. And that was the way mother treated them. We learned that the stocky, dark haired fellow was Jim; his comrade, tall and slender, was Robin. Harry, the wounded one, was now sleeping on my bed. "Get me some more potatoes," mother told me, while she lit an additional candle, "we need more soup."

By that time there spread a very tempting smell through our room and before long, dinner was ready. I put plates on the table and we all sat down to eat, when suddenly again someone knocked at the door. Without hesitation I rushed to open, expecting more straggling Americans outside. There were soldiers, four of them, all armed to their teeth. With one look I realized they wore the uniform familiar to me after five years of war. They were men of my people. Germans! I was paralyzed with fear, for though I was still a child, I knew the harsh law of war: anyone giving aid and comfort to the enemy will be shot. Would it all come now to a horrible end?

(Continued on Page 20)



While I stood and just stared, my mother stepped behind me in the doorway. I couldn't see her face, but her calm voice eased my fear at once. "What a freezing night to be out in the open," she said to the men, followed by "Froliche Weihnachten!" wishing them a Merry Christmas.

The soldiers seemed surprised at the sight of a woman and a young boy at this time and place, but happy, to have found a German family in this borderland. They returned mother's greeting with a friendly smile. "We have to wait for daylight," explained one, who wore the shoulderstraps of a corporal. "Do you have a little warm space for us to get some rest and perhaps a bit of sleep? We won't trouble you too much." Of course, you can stay with us," mother replied as cheerfully as she could, "I wouldn't leave you outside in a cold like this." She appeared very motherly and her friendly reception obviously impressed the weary warrior. "You can also have a good Christmas dinner with us and eat until the pot is empty." Through the half open door drifted the overpowering aroma of our chicken stew into the clear winter night and the men sniffed with enthusiasm. "We also have three other half frozen guests who came a little while ago, asking for shelter." Then mother's voice became very firm as she spoke directly to the corporal: "This is Christmas Eve and there will be no shooting around here!" "What is this?" the corporal protested gruffly, catching mother's hint at once, "Who's inside? Amerikaner?" Disaster seemed just moments away. Mother looked at their faces and said, with a calmness born of panic: "Listen to me, boys, all of you could be my sons, and so could those three in there. One of them is badly wounded and they're just as cold and hungry as you are. Let there be peace tonight!"



GI returns from woods after securing firewood during Bulge.  
PFC George Bobish, Dunglea, Ohio, near  
Camp Elsenborn, Belgian 1/25/45.

111 SC 199470 National Archives

The corporal was speechless. Two, three endless seconds of silence followed. No inkling of support came from his little group, who seemed more than ready to accept this unexpected invitation. Mother broke the stalemate. "Enough talking," she commanded with convincing authority. "Place your weapons here in the woodshed and hurry up. Dinner is almost ready." That did it. The soldiers stepped toward the shed and placed their arms on a pile of firewood. It was quite an arsenal when I covered it with an old blanket. Mother had hurried inside already, when we approached the door. I could hear her rapidly speaking French, then Jim said something in English. Never before had I felt my heart throbbing as at that moment. The Americans, realizing who the new arrivals

were and uncertain about their hostess' negotiation, had turned to their guns. Meanwhile, the Germans had entered, looking at them with suspicion, but apparently unarmed. Mother, with her left hand got a firm hold of Jim's rifle, with her right she took a pistol from Robin. What a relief!

Never losing her motherly smile, she now tried to find a seat for every one. We had only three chairs, but mother's bed was big, and two of the newcomers were placed side by side with Jim and Robin. For two minutes, perhaps three, there was a strain in the room, you could almost feel the tension this unique situation emanated. When all were assembled around the table, cautious glances were exchanged, then suddenly, Harry moaned in his sleep. One of the Germans inquired, in what seemed to be fluent English, about the American's injury. While inspecting Harry's upper leg, he told Jim and Robin the good news: It was a flesh wound, no bone was hurt, and coldness had prevented infection. "Are you a doctor?" mother asked him. "No, but I hope to be one some day," he replied with a smile. Then he proceeded to apply some dressing and a bandage from his first aid kit. "His weakness is caused by a severe loss of blood. What he needs now is rest, liquids, and good nourishment. He'll be all right!" By now, the strain had disappeared and all seemed relaxed. While Harry was being attended to, I had added water and some more potatoes to increase the soup's volume. Hermann wasn't growing any bigger at this stage and, besides mother and myself, we had seven hungry mouths to feed.

The corporal unscrewed the cork from a bottle of red wine and one of his men brought a large loaf of rye bread on the table, whose slices mother put on a plate. From the wine mother reserved a small portion for our patient, the rest was equally divided. At last, the soup was ready to be served and the heavy, steaming kettle, was placed on the table, flanked by flickering candles. Mother finally sat down on an improvised seat on the table's head. All eyes were looking at her. The mood had become somewhat festive, almost solemn, and even though they were hungry, no one would start eating. Jim took the hands of those sitting next to him, Robin did the same, and all of sudden we were holding each other's hands like they do it in America, when giving thanks to God. Mother spoke a spontaneous prayer for all of us, thanking not only for our meal, but also for this night of peaceful togetherness. "And bring an end to this terrible war, so that we all can go home, where we belong. Amen." There were tears in her eyes and as I looked around the table, the soldiers were filled with emotion and their thoughts were many, many miles away. Now they were boys again, some from America, some from Germany, all far from home.

After dinner we had American instant coffee and pineapple pudding in small olive-green cans. Then, cigarettes were passed among our guests, but before the smoke, there was my mother, who went to the doorstep and asked us to join her to look at the Star of Bethlehem. It was a wonderful winter night with thousands of stars sparkling and the brightest of all was Sirius, which was our Star of Bethlehem that Christmas Night. No one spoke. All had their private thoughts and might have dreamed of a time when there would really be peace on earth.

The soldiers slept on their heavy coats, while I found space in my mother's bed. Harry woke in the early hours and was fed an invigorating drink of red wine and sugar. Morning came soon enough and our patient felt much stronger. For breakfast he ate with all of us what was left of the chicken soup. He couldn't walk, of course, so a stretcher was made with two strong sticks and canvass from a German tent square. Then the corporal explained to Jim and Robin, how to find their way back to the American lines, while the medic translated his words into English. A



German compass changed hands. "And watch your step, there may be mines out there. And if 'Mustangs' come your way, wave with your arms like madmen."

After this, they all received their weapons back, and the time for departure had come. It was a farewell like among old friends, they hugged merrily and promised to meet again "once this damn war is over." Jim and Robin kissed mother's cheeks, Harry was placed on his stretcher and with big smiles on their faces the three American were on their way. Sometimes they turned their heads toward us and waved. We waved back until they disappeared between the trees; happy for the encounter and sad because it was so short. "They're people just like us," I heard the corporal mumble to himself.

Now it was time for the German soldiers to return to their regiment when my mother, to my and the soldiers complete surprise, asked the corporal: "Please, take us along!" This impulsive decision was based on sound reasoning. Isolated for many weeks, hoping father was in safe American captivity at best, we could not remain in this lonely cabin for much longer. Now was the chance to leave this inhospitable wintery woodland in the company of four strong men. To the corporal it was "a sacred duty" to honor mother's request to escort us civilians out of no-man's land.

We trudged in a row through the deep snow down to the valley where it was easier to walk. Darkness had fallen when we arrived at a small, badly ruined town. It could have been Prum, but I am not certain. It was here, that our new friends had to say good-bye to us. Of this, I have no memory. I was asleep walking on mother's hand.



SGT J.B. Hodkinson of Houston, Texas dries his heavy winter underwear in a log cabin drying room built w/timber from forest in Germany.

111SC 327118 National Archives

Both my parents had the address of a relative who had been evacuated from the war zone to a place in central Germany. That's where we were heading now. The following night a German army truck gave us a ride to Koblenz. From there we went by train on a journey of many detours and several days, through ruins and destruction, to the city of Gotha. Now, only a few more miles and we would reach our destination. But first mother and I went to a soup kitchen, next to the railroad station, where ladies from the Red Cross attempted to feed many hundreds of refugees who arrived at all hours from the eastern provinces. Here, amidst the countless hungry, like in a fairy tale, we were reunited with father. We were jubilant, even though he was not easy to recognize. "You look like a vagabond!" mother exclaimed. "And so do you!" father replied and we all had a good laugh.

He had been on the road for two weeks, heading for the same address as we. Somewhere on his way, he had "appropriated" the brand new bicycle of a local Nazi party official, who had detained him as a potential deserter. Father got away by his wits and incredible luck. The modern, glistening bike, was a bounty he well deserved. His old squeaking two-wheeler was left behind. That same day, we arrived in Herrenhof, a small village on the edge of the Thuringian Forest. Here on April 8, 1945, we were liberated from the horrors of war by the soldiers of General Patton's 4th Armored Division. Weeks thereafter, we returned to Aachen, our home town. Many years have passed since then, but each winter, I look up to the sky to find Sirius, which was our Star of Bethlehem that shone on Christmas Eve, 1944, right in the middle of the Battle of the Bulge.

NO SWEAT

Jake Schuffert



"I got an Oak Leaf Cluster!"

A revealing light is thrown on this subject through the studies by Medical Corps psychiatrists of the combat fatigue cases in the European Theater. They found that fear of killing, rather than fear of being killed, was the most common cause of battle failure, and that fear of failure ran a strong second.

S.L.A. MARSHALL

**ARE YOUR DUES DUE?**



# KAMPFGRUPPE PEIPER

## A Young, Ruthless, German Officer Spearheaded the Battle of the Bulge

[The following article by Michael R. Craddock appeared in *The Stars and Stripes* December 30, 1992. It was sent to us by A. A. ALVAREZ, 1ST INFANTRY DIVISION, 16TH INFANTRY, COMPANY C.]

By the fall of 1944, the once-vaunted German Army had been pushed back to its own borders.

So fast and furious had been the Allied breakout from Normandy that many predicted the war would be over by Christmas. The offensive power of the German army was gone. The only reasonable course of action for the German commanders was to husband their resources for defending the "Fatherland."

But wars are not predictable, and no one could anticipate what was being planned by the Supreme Commander of the German Army, Adolf Hitler. At 5:30 a.m. on December 16, 1944, 1,900 German guns erupted along an 85-mile "quiet" front of the Belgium-Luxembourg-German border. The barrage ended after 90 minutes, replaced by the new Nazi fright weapon, "artificial moonlight"--searchlights that provided an eerie moonlight as they reflected off the snow.

Soon the German war machine emerged from the darkness while Hitler's latest secret weapon, the Messerschmitt jets, streaked overhead at unbelievable speeds. Germany's latest great offensive, in what the Americans have come to call the Battle of the Bulge, had begun.

Americans most commonly associate the Battle of the Bulge with Bastogne, Belgium. But while Bastogne became a rallying point of American resistance, it was not a crucial part of Hitler's plan, *Wacht am Rhein* (Watch on the Rhine). In fact, on December 18, the second day of the offensive, the 2nd Panzer Division could have easily taken Bastogne but was ordered to bypass the city. Not until the offensive came to a halt did the Germans turn their wrath against the surrounded town.



Americans inspect a tank demolished near Elsenborn Ridge.

Of more significance was the clash in the northern sector of the Battle of the Bulge between the 1st U.S. Army and the German 6th *Schutzstaffel* Panzer Army. The gallant stand of V Corps, especially by the 2nd and 99th Infantry Divisions, is considered among the greatest in American military history.

Hitler had given priority in men, equipment and supplies to the 6th SS Panzer Army and its heavy tanks, for it was assigned the *Schwerpunkt*--main point of attack--for the entire offensive. Within the army were powerful battle groups called *Kampfgruppen*, organized for penetration and the deep attack.

One *Kampfgruppe* was selected to be the main armored spear head for the attack. Its mission: break through the thin American lines and drive deep to the Meuse River and then on to the port at Antwerp. It was under the leadership of the dynamic and resourceful SS *Obersturmbannfuhrer* (Lt. Col.) Joachim Peiper.

Though just 29, Peiper brought to the Ardennes offensive long months of combat experience in Russia. He had earned the admiration of his troops for bravery and ruthlessness. In one battle on the Eastern Front, his panzer regiment claimed 2,500 Russians killed and only three captured. This was testimony to the brutality, fanaticism and mounting desperation that characterized the war in the east, at least as Peiper practiced it. Many of the men who came with Peiper to the Ardennes had also experienced that savagery.

Peiper's 4,000 men (another 1,800 would join later) and tank-heavy task force (72 medium tanks and 20 Tiger tanks), hit the thin American lines at the boundary between V and VIII corps east of Malmedy, Belgium. Soon Peiper was in V Corps' rear area. Outside the town of Honsfeld, Peiper's column came upon U.S. vehicles in retreat. Peiper's column calmly pulled in behind them and completely surprised the Americans in Honsfeld.

At Honsfeld, the first of the *Kampfgruppe* Peiper massacres took place. Near the center of the village, an SS officer prodded eight sleepy Americans, barefoot and in their underwear, at gunpoint from a house. They were lined up and shot down with a burp gun.

From another house, five Americans emerged under a white flag. A group of German soldiers opened fire, killing four of them and wounding the fifth. As the wounded soldier cried for help, a tank rolled over him and crushed him.

Running short of fuel, Peiper headed north to the town of Bullingen and captured 50,000 gallons of fuel. In taking Bullingen, *Kampfgruppe* Peiper had seemingly trapped the bulk of the 2nd and 99th Infantry Divisions. Most of the divisions' men, artillery pieces, supporting tanks and tank destroyers were located along or near the road leading northeast from Bullingen through the twin villages of Krinkelt-Rocherath and on north to the Wahlerscheid crossroad area.

If Peiper headed north out of Bullingen, he could roll up two divisions. However, if he continued on three miles west to Butgenbach and then turned north to the town of Elsenborn, he could come in behind everyone--possibly 30,000 men.

Peiper decided to press forward along his assigned route toward Ligneuville and Stavelot, for time was crucial in reaching the bridges on his drive to the Meuse River and beyond.

At a junction known as Baugnez (the Americans called it Five Points because of the five roads that spread out from this intersection), near Malmedy, Peiper's column collided with Battery B of the 285th Field Artillery Observation Battalion.

(Continued on Page 23)



## KAMPFGRUPPE PEIPER (Continued from page 21)

The German half-tracks and tanks veered off the road and charged across the open fields toward the Baugez Crossroads with their runs firing along the American column.

The wheels of the lead American truck were blown, halting the entire column. From the moment the Germans opened fire, confusion descended over the convoy. Most of the men dove for cover in the ditches or behind abandoned vehicles. Some tried to run to the nearby woods—but German fire cut them down.

As the firing died down, American soldiers emerged from ditches, their hands in the air. The Germans herded all the prisoners to a field.

The prisoners, approximately 130, were tightly grouped into eight rows and stripped of their possessions—cigarettes, watches, glasses, etc. Then a command was given to shoot.

A gunner in one of the Mark IV panzers fired one shot that hit a prisoner in front, knocking him backward and toppling men behind in an accordion fashion. Some of the officers yelled for the men to stand fast on the hope of preventing more shooting. But another shot was fired, killing a medical officer, 1st Lt. Carl R. Guenther, and then somebody shouted, "Mach alle kaputt!" ("Make all dead"), and machine guns on both tanks opened fire.

Men fell in all directions, many diving to the ground and trying to bury themselves under fallen comrades. The firing continued, the machine guns racking back and forth across the fallen bodies. This carnage lasted 15 minutes amid screams, groans and cries of agony. For the next two hours Germans in passing vehicles amused themselves by firing into the dumps of bodies.

Soon, German engineers' 1st SS Pioneer Co. moved into the fields to finish off survivors. Any sign of life was met with a shot point-blank in the heart or head. Some Germans asked men to speak up, promising medical treatment. A few made the mistake of responding.

Still, some of the Americans were alive. They tried desperately to control their breathing, not only to keep their bodies still, but also to prevent vapor from showing in the cold as they exhaled.

To the survivors, it seemed the pounding of their hearts would surely give them away. Shot in the calf and foot, Lt. Virgil T. Lary recalled that a German came his way, shooting here and there.

"A bullet went through the head of the man next to me. I lay tensely still, expecting the end. Could he see me breathing? Could I take a kick in the groin without wincing? He was standing at my head. What was he doing? Time seemed to stand still. And then I heard him reloading his pistol in a deliberate manner...laughing and talking. A few odd steps before the reloading was finished and he was no longer so close to my head, then another shot a little farther away, and he had passed me up..."

Of the 130 men, 43 escaped. Five days after what came to be known as the Malmedy Massacre, a heavy snow fell, covering the bodies and temporarily concealing the slaughter.

Historian Charles B. MacDonald called the massacre at the Baugez Crossroads the "most heinous crime inflicted on American troops during the course of the war in Europe."

Peiper, who had moved on before the slaughter began, rolled into the next town, Ligneuville. He entered the Hotel du Moulin, where he finished the still-warm lunch of U.S. Gen. Edward Timberlake, whom he had missed by only 10 minutes.

After a two-hour delay in Ligneuville to reorganize, Peiper's battle group moved on. But in Ligneuville, another war atrocity

was happening. A German sergeant, Paul Ochmann, detailed eight American soldiers to dig graves for three dead Germans. Once they had finished, Ochmann lined them in a row and systematically went down the line shooting them in the head.

Ahead in the town of Stavelot, *Kampfgruppe* Peiper secured one of the bridges (not all bridges could withstand the weight of tanks) crucial to its success—the bridge over the Ambleve River at Stavelot. American engineers from the 202nd Engineer Combat Battalion attempted to destroy the bridge, but the charges failed to detonate. What they did not know was that in their midst were two Germans disguised as Americans who had sabotaged the attempt.

North of Stavelot was a fuel dump. Contrary to the portrayal of the incident in the film *The Battle of the Bulge*, Peiper did not know about the fuel dump. Only a small patrol approached the roadblock before turning around because Peiper was focusing on his westward push.



*P-47 air strikes were costly to Peiper's armored column. This tank was hit just after crossing the Ambleve bridge (background.)*

Next was a town where the rivers Ambleve and Salm were bridged at three points—hence the town's name Trois Ponts. But, as Peiper neared Trois Ponts, the engineers blew up the bridges.

After studying his map, Peiper moved farther down the valley, and found a loophole in the American defenses. The bridge at Cheneux, close to LaGleize, was captured intact, but as the column was crossing, it was attacked by 16 P-47 Thunderbolt planes and for four hours the column was halted. Finally the Germans moved on, but this crucial two-hour delay gave Company A of the 291st Engineers time to rig explosives on the next bridge over the Lienne Creek, five miles away at Habiemont.

As Peiper's column neared the creek, the bridge went up in a cloud of smoke and debris. Only a few vehicles behind the leaders, Peiper saw the bridge collapse. Legend has it that Peiper pounded one knee with his fist and muttered "The damned engineers! The damned engineers!"

Unknown to Peiper, the American command was reacting rapidly to his threat. Ordered forward to stop Peiper were units from the 82nd Airborne, 30th Division's 119th Infantry, and portion of the 3rd Armored Division. *Kampfgruppe* Peiper was in for a fight.

By December 22, Peiper had pulled back to LaGleize, where the American artillery began an almost constant barrage. The Germans would later call the village of LaGleize *Der Kessel* (The Cauldron).

Peiper could not maneuver because he was out of supplies. The stands by American troops

(Continued on Page 24)



**KAMPFGRUPPE PEIPER** (Continued from page ) in front of Elsenborn Ridge and at Dom Butgenbach had cut his supply route, and an anticipated airdrop netted only some containers of cigarettes and schnapps.

On the afternoon of the 22nd, Peiper reached his headquarters by radio to apprise them of his predicament and to request permission to pull back. Instead, he was told that there were six Tiger tanks that belonged to him near Stavelot. What did Peiper want done with them, asked the radio operator. Peiper, disgusted with the question, replied sarcastically, "Send via airlift to LaGleize."

**Composing himself**, Peiper again asked for permission to break out of the siege. At 5 p.m., the reply came back: "You may break out but only if you bring all wounded and vehicles."

Peiper angrily pointed at the radio car. "Blow up the damn thing! Permission or not, we're breaking out of here on foot."

Soon, the code words were being passed around, "*Frohe Weihnachten*" ("Merry Christmas"), meant "immediate escape--blow up your tanks and follow."

By 2 a.m. on December 24, Peiper was leading remnants of his once-powerful task force out of LaGleize. At 11 p.m. Christmas Eve, Peiper's group ran into an American patrol. In the ensuing firefight, Peiper was grazed by a bullet.

Finally, at 10 a.m. Christmas Day, just under 800 weary men--out of a total of 5,800--crossed back over German lines. For over a week, Peiper and his men had been constantly engaged in combat. Peiper fell asleep for nearly 24 hours.

"But as I did so, I knew it was all over. We'd lost...not only the Battle of the Ardennes, but also the war."

Maj. Michael R. Craddock is with the 89th Medical Detachment in Stuttgart, Germany.

Sources for this article include: *A Time for Trumpets--The Untold Story of the Battle of the Bulge* by Charles B. MacDonald; *The Battle of the Bulge: Then and Now* by Jean Paul Pallud; *The March to Victory* by John T. Brookman and Stephan T. Powers; and *Battle: The Story of the Bulge* by John Toland.

## 81ST FIELD ARTILLERY PROFILE

[The following was extracted from the history of the 81st Field Artillery. It was submitted by H. Dean Fravel.]

The 81st Field Artillery Battalion was originally organized at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, 21 June 1917 as the 23rd Cavalry. After undergoing several name and designation changes, it was redesignated the 81st Field Artillery Battalion on December 16, 1940.

**December 16-28, 1944:** [The] Battalion holds southern hinge of The Bulge, by denying enemy crossing in strength of the Saur River North and East of Luxembourg city by destroying bridges, harassing crossings, and by breaking up enemy tank and infantry attacks. During this period all battalion installations were subjected to heavy counterbattery fire from 210mm, 190mm, 150mm, 105mm and 8mm guns. Hundreds of rounds landed in battery areas, some within 10 yards of howitzers. Shells landed in "B" Battery and Headquarters Battery kitchens. No serious battle casualties suffered. Battalion area defended by infantry platoon of 70 men spread along 3 mile front. Battalion assigned to General Patton's famous Third United States Army.

**December 28, 1944:** Battalion marches 70 miles to take up firing position southwest of Bastogne, Belgium, in blinding snowstorm. Greets 1945 with battalion volleys against German attack on the escape road from Bastogne.

**December 31, 1944-February 4, 1945:** "The Battle of the Ardennes." Battalion fights thru Belgium and northern Luxembourg in zero weather, blinding snowstorms and over impassable roads. Supports 11th Armored Division, 17th Airborne Division, and 87th Infantry Division.

The 81st Field Artillery was:

Assigned to: 1st, 3rd and 9th U.S. Armies.

Attached to: XIII and XII Corps and the 174th, 333rd and 422nd Field Artillery Groups.

In support of: 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th 28th, 83rd, 87th and 89th Infantry Divisions, along with the 11th Armored Division and the 17th Airborne Division.

## UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER RHEIMS, FRANCE--MAY 7, 1945

The crushed remnants of the German government had been established in Flensburg as authorized in Hitler's testament under the supervision of Grand Admiral Doenitz.

On May 4, word reached Eisenhower that Admiral Hans Georg Friedelburg (head of the new German navy) was enroute to Allied headquarters to negotiate a surrender. It soon became apparent that the Germans had intentions of surrendering only to the Western Allies. Eisenhower was quick to inform them that nothing less than unconditional surrender to all the Allies would be acceptable. This included the Russians.



Jodl, with pen in hand, signing the Unconditional Surrender. At his left is Wilhelm Oxenius.

At 2:41 a.m., on May 7, 1945, Generaloberst Gustav Alfred Jodl, accompanied by Generalmajor Wilhelm Oxenius, signed the surrender at Eisenhower's headquarters in Rheims, France. At 11:01 p.m. (Central European Time) on the 8th of May hostilities officially ceased.

Forty-five hours later in Berlin, the ceremonies were repeated at Russian headquarters.



## BULGE VIDEOS AVAILABLE

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## PEIPER: After the War

During the war crimes trials in Dachau, Germany, in May 1946, Joachim Peiper--who accepted responsibility for the actions of his men--was among those sentenced to death for the Malmedy Massacre.



In 1949, his sentence was changed to life imprisonment. And in 1956 shortly before Christmas, Peiper, the last prisoner in the Landsberg fortress, was released. He had served nearly 11 years.

He first worked for Porsche, in charge of American sales, and then later for Volkswagen. He was forced to leave both jobs because of publicity stemming from his connection with war atrocities. Public attention was generated once by John Toland's 1959 book *Battle: The Story of the Bulge*, and then by the movie *The Battle of the Bulge* in which Robert Shaw portrayed Peiper.

Finding the environment hostile in Germany, he moved his family to the small village of Traves in the Alsace region of France. There he supported himself by translating military books from German into English and vice versa.

He lived quietly in the Alsace until the summer of 1976 when a sensational article on the "notorious" resident of Traves appeared in a French communist newspaper. Peiper began receiving hostile phone calls telling him to leave France.

Once again the former Nazi Commander made a stand. He sent his wife and daughter to Munich, but stayed on in Traves.

Two weeks later firebombs destroyed Peiper's house and killed the former commander of *Kampfgruppe* Peiper.

[This article by Michael R. Craddock, appeared in the December 30, 1992, issue of *The Stars and Stripes*.]

Joachim Peiper (picture on the left) was 29 years old when given command of his own *Kampfgruppe*.



## THE JEEP: 53 YEARS OLD

[The following article was written by John Reichley, *Military Magazine*, and was reprinted from *Military Review*, a publication of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.]

"The jeep, the C-47 Dakota and the landing craft were the three tools that won the war," said General Dwight D. Eisenhower. His boss, General George C. Marshall, said the jeep was "America's greatest contribution to modern warfare."

High praise indeed and well deserved. But, for such a well-known vehicle for so long around the world, tracing the lineage of the name jeep proves quite elusive. Different

companies, notably Ford, WillysOverland and Bantam, vied to design and produce the vehicle for the U.S. Army in 1940 and 1941.

Although all companies produced prototypes, Willys-Overland won the first Army contract on 23 July 1941, 53 years ago. The contract was for 16,000 jeeps at a cost of \$739 each.

Back to its name. One of the mysteries of the ubiquitous vehicle has been the origin of its name. The definitive book, *The Jeep*, by J. G. Jeudy and M. Tararine, offers several possibilities for the origin, but it does not state, with finality, just where the name originated.

In 1936, the Popeye comic strip introduced a new character called Eugene the Jeep. He was an animal from Africa about the size of a dog, ate only orchids and could make himself invisible. Eugene the Jeep quickly became popular with readers who soon called anything astonishing a Jeep. Within a few years, the new vehicle was certainly astonishing to the public.

### Name?

Another popular thought was that jeep was coined from part of the vehicle's Army nomenclature of "GP," for general purpose. That makes sense, but Jeudy and Tararine discount it as doubtful. They didn't explain why.

No less than H. L. Mencken, superb wordsmith and author of *The American Language*, was puzzled by jeep. Even he offered no clue and asked, "Jeep--can anybody give me the exact etymology and the history of the word?" If Mencken didn't know, you won't find the definitive answer in this article.

Some other early names that were proposed for the 4 x 4 vehicle were Bug, Midget, Peep, Blitz Buggy and Quad. Can't you just hear a World War II battalion commander telling his driver to "bring around the Blitz Buggy?" I can't either.

Jeep was first mentioned in the press by the *Daily News*, a Washington, DC, paper in February 1941. From

wherever derived, the name stuck. Actually, the name jeep has always been a registered trademark and the exclusive property of American Motors.

Having arrived on the military scene shortly before Pearl Harbor, the venerable jeep went on to serve many armies on virtually every battlefield. The Soviets asked for motorcycles with sidecars but changed their minds and asked for jeeps instead. The four-wheel-drive vehicle performed so well in swamps, on the poor Russian roads and in all types of miserable Russian weather that the Soviets asked for all they could get. Before the war ended, that was more than 20,000 jeeps.

### Gearshift

The jeeps were everywhere else around the world as well. The gearshift diagram was produced in four languages--English, Russian, Chinese and Spanish.

Although it has always been called a "quarter-ton" vehicle (for its load-carrying capacity), its actual weight was about 2,500 pounds, or a ton and a quarter. During World War II, WillysOverland and Ford, which also later received a government contract, jointly produced some 660,000 jeeps; a record in military vehicle production.

The worldwide workhorse could carry five people, haul a trailer with 800 pounds cross-country or haul one with 1,200 pounds on good roads. Many had a .50-caliber machinegun mounted between the front seats that made them rather lethal, as well as highly mobile. Or take out the machinegun mount, and you could rig three litters atop one.

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## America's greatest contribution to modern warfare.

--General George C. Marshall

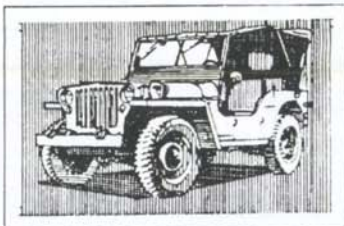
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Bill Mauldin used a jeep in many of his memorable cartoons for *Stars and Stripes*, and America's most beloved war correspondent, Pulitzer Prize winner Ernie Pyle, was killed while riding in one during the Okinawa Campaign in April, 1945.

The Smithsonian Institution has a World War II jeep in its impressive vehicle collection, as do many other military museums. A captain assigned to the U.S. Army Combined Arms Command at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, drives an original World War II model around the Leavenworth area.

But, as with the equally venerable steel pot of World War II, Korea and Viet-Nam, the jeep of World War II, Korea and Viet-Nam has passed into the history books as far as the Army is concerned. You didn't see any of our Desert Storm commanders churning through the sands of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait or Iraq in a jeep, did you? They were in the larger more protected high-mobility multipurpose wheeled vehicle, or HMMWV, called a "hum-vee" by the troops.

There is one good thing about the HMMWV that writers 50 years from now won't have to wonder about. They'll know where the name came from!





## BOOKS YOU MAY ENJOY

The authors of the following books have sent VBOB a review copy for our library:

*The Conquest of the Reich: D-Day to VE-Day - A Soldier's History*, by Robin Neillands. The book recounts the effects of many of the most crucial events of the conflict on soldier and citizen alike: Battle of the Bulge, liberation of Auschwitz, Malmedy Massacre, destruction of Dresden, death of Roosevelt, Russian/American meeting at the Elbe, last days of Hitler and the surrender of Germany. Price is \$24.95. Write to: New York University Press, 70 Washington Square South, New York, NY 10012-1091.

*To Win the Winter Sky: Air War Over the Ardennes, 1944-45*, by Danny S. Parker. A compelling narrative about the airmen on both sides in the last desperate days of World War II. Includes interviews with wartime airmen, 100 rare photos, German MIAs, Luftwaffe jets and other secret weapons, losses in men and aircraft. Write to: Danny Parker, 139 West Leon Lane, Cocoa Beach, Florida 32931.

*Shangri-La for Wounded Soldiers: The Greenbrier as a World War Army Hospital*, by Louis Keefer. A high-quality paperback full of oral history, descriptions of the hospital, and personal glimpses of wartime White Sulphur Springs, the little West Virginia town that did so much to help the hospital's mission succeed. The author spent two years transcribing the stories of people who had known the hospital intimately. Price is \$19.95, plus \$2.00 shipping and handling. Write to: COTU Publishing, PO Box 2160, Reston, Virginia 22090-0160.

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## "RUPTURED DUCK"

### Lost, Strayed, or Stolen?

If you would like to replace the "Ruptured Duck" which was presented to all returning to civilian life after WW II, please write to: U.S. Army Reserve Center, ATTN: DARP-PAS-EAW, 9700 Page Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63132. It takes about eight months to receive the replacement; however, the process can be speeded up if you will send a copy of your discharge papers. You must have served between September 8, 1939, and December 31, 1946, to be eligible for a free replacement.

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## FINALLY!

...a memorial for World War II Veterans.

Representative Marcy Kaptur (D-OH) sponsored legislation for the construction of a WWII Memorial in December 1987, which was finally passed May 1993. Scheduled for completion in 2000, the memorial will be dedicated November 11--Veterans Day.

## 1995-96 EXECUTIVE COUNCIL NOMINATIONS

VBOB Past Presidents and Nominating Committee, chaired by Immediate Past President William P. Tayman, present the following nominations for VBOB's 1995-96 Executive Council:

President: Stanley A. Wojtusik, Sr.  
Executive Vice President: George C. Linthicum  
Vice President, Membership: Neil B. Thompson  
Vice President, Chapter Coordination: Grover C. Twiner  
Vice President, Military Affairs: Etlurino L. Loiacono  
Treasurer: Peter F. Leslie, Jr.  
Corresponding Secretary: Dorothy S. Davis  
Recording Secretary: Beverley VanHouten  
Trustees (3 year term):  
Fredrick R. Carmichael  
Louis Cunningham  
Richard C. Schlenker

Official election will take place during the September 6, 1995, general membership meeting of the VBOB in San Antonio, Texas. Elected officers will assume their duties on December 1, 1995.

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## HELPING DEAR ABBY

VBOB Charter Member and Trustee Neil Thompson has been diligently trying to solve a puzzle which appeared in the February 3, 1995, "Dear Abby" column of *The Capital* of Odenton, Maryland. The column read:

Dear Abby: I was a demolition specialist in the 99th Division that held the northern shoulder in the Battle of the Bulge.

Around January 20, 1945, our supply lines had been re-established, and we were on the offensive again. The next village had been taken, and I was clearing the road of mines so our tanks could move up, when shells began to fall nearby. I took refuge in a bombed-out building, where I found a New Testament opened to Psalms 20. There were two bloody thumbprints on the pages. Evidently, the soldier had been reading the *Bible* when the medics picked him up.

An inscription in front says, "From the Young People of Cyclone Union Church." Abby, I have tried for years to find a community called Cyclone, but have been unsuccessful. If anyone reading this knows of a Cyclone Union Church that existed in the '40s, please contact me. Someday, whether here on earth or in heaven, I will meet that veteran and return this *Bible* to him.--E. G. Jackson  
Abby advised Mr. Jackson of the Cyclone in Pennsylvania. If any of you can help, please write to: E. G. Jackson, 6135 Indigo, Houston, Texas 77074.

Thanks, Neil, for being so caring of your fellow veterans. We are glad to help too.



# REUNIONS

**3RD ARMORED DIVISION, 32ND ARMORED REGIMENT, COMPANY D**, October 6-8, 1995, Sheraton World, Orlando, Florida. Contact: Dale Daubenmeyer, 1112 Beacon Road #180, Lakeland, Florida 33803. Telephone: 813-688-6204.

**7TH ARMORED DIVISION**, September 7-10, 1995, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Contact: Glenn Fackler, Sr., 23218 Springbrook Drive, Farmington Hills, Michigan 48336.

**8TH FIELD ARTILLERY OBSERVATION BATTALION**, October 6-8, 1995, Holiday Inn Holidome, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Contact: Les Bushman, 666 West Germantown Pike, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania 19462.

**11TH ARMORED DIVISION**, September 10-13, 1995, San Diego. Contact: Duane Mahlen, 11542 Harrisburg Road, Los Alamitos, California 90720. Telephone: 310-596-4363.

**30TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, August 30-September 3, 1995. Contact: Leonard Wilkerson, PO Box 2049, Malakoff, Texas 75148-2049.

**36TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON, 11TH CAVALRY GROUP, TROOP C**, September 28-30, 1995. Contact: Robert C. Hess, 425 South Lorraine Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90020. Telephone: 213-939-1639.

**78TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, October 27-29, 1995, Plaza Hotel, Killeen, Texas. Contact: Charlene O. Simank, Route 2, Box 2608, Kempner, Texas 76539. Telephone: 817-547-3282.

**106TH INFANTRY DIVISION**, September 7-9, 1995, Lake Buena Vista, Florida. Contact: Ted Slaby, 1103 Arbor Glen Circle, Winter Springs, Florida 32708. Telephone: 407-695-6164.

**128TH AAA GUN BATTALION**, September 14-16, 1995, Holiday Inn, Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Contact: George Koch, 246 Cayuga Avenue, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126-4505. Telephone: 708-279-6999.

**277TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, September 7-8, 1995, Anderson, Indiana. Contact: John T. Edwards, 8401 West Bethel Avenue, Muncie, Indiana 47304. Telephone: 317-759-6037.

**285TH FIELD ARTILLERY OBSERVATION BATTALION**, September 21-23, 1995, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Contact: K. N. Baumgartel, 1571 Nottingham Road, Charleston, West Virginia 25314.

**296TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, September 26-28, 1995, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Contact: Robert T. Williams, 61 Cedar Street, Newington, Connecticut 06111-2632.

**398TH ENGINEER BATTALION**, September 8-9, 1995, Hilton, Inn, Orlando, Florida. Contact: Robert Gibson, PO Box 398, Wauchula, Florida 33873. Telephone: 813-773-4545.

**482ND AAA AW BN (SP)**, September 17-October 1, 1995, Williamsburg, Virginia. Contact: Chuch Gregorovich, 908 Williams Street, St. Marys, Ohio 45885-1562.

**583RD AMBULANCE COMPANY**, September 14-15, 1995, Sheraton Hotel, Atlantic City West, New Jersey. Contact: William H. Smoyer, 109 Rockwood Road, Newtown Square, Pennsylvania 19073. Telephone: 609-272-0700.

**745TH TANK BATTALION**, September 8-10, 1995, Oakbrook, Illinois. Contact: Bud Spencer, 760 Glen Avenue, Marsailles, Illinois 61341.

**750TH TANK BATTALION, COMPANY D**, October 19-21, 1995, Branson, Missouri. Contact: Valerie Brown, Route 3, Box 147Aa, Mountain Home, Arkansas 72653. Telephone: 501-491-5937.

**945TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**, October 5-8, 1995, Holiday Inn, Athens Georgia. Contact: Bill Gosgrover, Route 1 Box 196, Arnoldsville,

Georgia 30619. Telephone: 207-742-7331.

**1056TH ENGINEER PC&R GROUP**, September 22-23, 1995, Savannah, Georgia. Contact: Thomas E. Finnegan, 420 South Webster Avenue, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18505. Telephone: 717-344-6966.

**1252ND ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**, September 20-24, 1995, Red Lion Hotel, Austin, Texas. Contact: Don Sperry, 1807 - 36th Street NW #D, Rochester, Minnesota 55901.

**VII CORPS HEADQUARTERS**, October 11-14, 1995, Red Lion Sacramento Inn, Sacramento, California. Contact: Art McGown, 6157 Beckwourth Way, Oroville, California 95966. Telephone: 916-589-2578.

**SHAEF & HQ, ETOUSA**, October 6-9, 1995, Holiday Inn O'Hare, Chicago, Illinois. Contact: Alan F. Reeves, 2301 Broadway, San Francisco, California 94115. Telephone: 415-921.8322.

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## HELP! HELP! HELP!

We received a desperate call for help from Clifford G. Amsler, Jr., Assistant Director for Medical Records of the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis. He asked that we assist in setting the record straight with respect to the reported "lost" military records being found.

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### 10,000,000 "LOST" MILITARY RECORDS HAVE NOT BEEN FOUND.

The Records Center very much regrets the confusion and misunderstandings that have occurred as a result of these reports. The fire which destroyed so many military records on July 12, 1973, destroyed the major portion of records of army military personnel for the period 1912 through 1959 and **there were no duplicates.**

Many veterans had filed claims with the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) before 1973, with the result that their original medical records were loaned to the VA. Therefore, these records were not destroyed in the fire. If the records were in the Records Center on July 12, 1973, and stored in the area where the fire occurred, it is probable that they were destroyed. The Records Center can verify hospitalization and some types of outpatient treatment from alternate records sources; however, the medical records cannot be reconstructed from these sources.

The Records Center has been flooded with requests as a result of these reportings and they have asked that we help them in advising our members.

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## THE LOST--NOT FOUND

The items which were found at the St. Louis observances have never been claimed by their owners. They were: 84th Infantry Division baseball cap, two umbrellas; two pair of prescription glasses; one man's leather glove, ladies Isotoner gloves and a pocket knife. All you need to do is describe the article and we will put it in the mail to you.

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*In 40 hours I shall be in battle, with little information, and on the spur of the moment will have to make most momentous decisions. But I believe that one's spirit enlarges with responsibility and that, with God's help, I shall make them and make them right.*

GENERAL GEORGE PATTON



# The legacy of the GI generation

**N**ow and for months to come, much of the world can celebrate the achievements of the generation of men and women who fought or endured World War II. It was a famous victory for our side, and the Americans, the British and the Russians of a certain age deserve these garlands of praise and thanks. But enough is enough.

It seems significant to me that in the United States, the political debate of the moment is about the cost of Medicaid, a program timed to reward and protect the GI generation. And the most powerful lobby in the country, the American Association of Retired Persons, was really created as an institutionalization of that generation.

They lived in extraordinary times and did great things, as did their fathers, the generation celebrated in a new book by David Fromkin of Boston University, "In the Time of the Americans — The Generation That Changed America's Role in the World."

In Fromkin's definition, that generation is symbolized and was led by the greatest of them, Franklin D. Roosevelt. "Born in the 1880s," he writes, "FDR and his peers were old enough to fight in the First World War and to command in the Second." True.

And the generation of Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, George C. Marshall and Dwight Eisenhower, were also wise enough and generous enough to give their children and allies the GI Bill and the Marshall Plan, rewarding combat and suffering with the tools to build a better world.

But remember, too, that the GI generation kicked out the command generation the first chance they got.

A Navy lieutenant from Boston ran for Congress in 1946 with the slogan "The New Generation Offers a Leader." Fourteen years later, that lieutenant, John F. Kennedy, was running for president as a Democrat against a Republican, Richard Nixon, who had also been a young lieutenant in the Pacific.



**Richard Reeves**

Syndicated  
Columnist  
May 14, 1995

The GI generation went on to hold that political power for another 32 years. The symbolism of the presidency passing down from the World War II's supreme commander, Eisenhower, in 1952 to the youngest lieutenant in the Navy, George Bush, in 1988 tells a great deal about the United States and its view of the world over those decades.

The mind reels in wonder and admiration at the thought that an Army lieutenant from those days, Robert Dole, might grab the gold ring for his generation for another eight years.

They were a mighty bunch, a mighty oak that has shaded or stunted the generations trying to grow under their canopy of sacrifice, bravery and triumph. They persevered and ultimately won their ideological struggle with their disagreeable allies of the Soviet Union — though part of the price of victory was the crippling of their children (or perhaps the nation itself) in Vietnam.

Nothing and no one seemed to grow very tall after them.

The in-between, silent generation, the Americans who grew up in the 1950s, did wonderfully well for themselves — because there were so few of them produced by the low birth-rates of World War II and the Great Depression before it — but could not even manage to produce a single president. Walter Mondale, Michael Dukakis, Jack Kemp, Mario Cuomo — none made it.

The baby boomers, the generation born after the GIs came home to wives and sub-

urbs, could not break the political hold of the war generation until 1992, when Bill Clinton, a Vietnam war protester, won over Bush with just 43 percent of the vote. Clinton was, he said, anti-authoritarian — and so is much of his cadre. They doubt themselves.

Newsweek columnist Joe Klein, a peer of the president, wondered recently whether anyone of their generation deserved to govern because their common life experience was so thin compared with the generations that survived the Great Depression and World War II.

That is quite a question. Fromkin ends his book with the collapse of the Soviet Union and with an unflattering contrast between Roosevelt's time and generation and our own:

"The United States that was personified by Roosevelt thrived on challenges, and had learned from the president to try to do what others said was impossible. Had FDR been told over dinner by ambassadors from former Soviet bloc countries that they were unable to find the American financing needed to reconstruct themselves as constitutional democracies, he would have thrown back his head and roared with laughter. 'Come by my office tomorrow morning,' he would have said, 'and we'll take care of it.'"

Maybe. But FDR can't help now, and neither can nostalgia about famous victories.

When this golden anniversary party ends, it will be time for the rest of us to grow up and take a new look at the world as it really is. It's our world now!

Reprinted from

The Worcester Telegram

Submitted by John McAuliffe  
Central Massachusetts Chapter

## MORALE

Yesterday morning US troops occupied a red house in Vic 006762 while the Germans, including Capt Geisel, CO of CT Geisel, hid in a white house a hundred yards down the road. Geisel felt aggressive and wanted to throw the Americans out of the red house. One of the men realizing that the Capt had his fighting spirits bolstered unduly by a half bottle of a Schnaps tried to dissuade him. "Nothing to it" said the Capt. He ordered a counterthrust under his personal leadership, rallied his two messengers and a straggler around him, and with the command "Charge!" he took off. The three others preferred to wait and surrendered when Geisel was riddled by bullets from the red house. Asked whether Capt Geisel died for the Fuhrer, PW said, "No, he died for Schnaps!" Said the PW: "Did they waste ammunition on him!"

Source: VIII Corps



Luncheon was held by National VBOB and Delaware Valley Chapter at Ft. Myers Officer's Club on 13 June 1995 to honor Brig. Gen. DeSmet of Belgium and Minister Munchen of Luxembourg for their many contributions to the Veterans of the Battle of Bulge programs. L-R BGen. DeSmet, Grover Twiner, Pres. VBOB, Luxembourg Ambassador Bern, Belgium Ambassador Adams, Minister Munchen.





## Relief of Bastogne

Colonel Thomas D. Gillis,  
USA Retired



It was December 19, 1944, the third day of the German drive into the Ardennes. General Eisenhower had summoned his senior commanders to the 12th Army Group's rear headquarters in Verdun. After a discussion of several plans of attack, the decision was made and Eisenhower asked Patton when he could start. Patton said that he could attack the morning of December 21st with three divisions. This in spite of the fact that Third Army was engaged 150 miles to the southeast. Patton, upon given the go-ahead for the 22nd, reached for the field telephone, cranked the handle, and was connected with LUCKY FORWARD. When one of his staff officers answered all Patton said was, "Put Plan A into effect!" Within the hour the Reserve Command (CC-R) of the 4th Armored Division was on the road northward.

The march of the 4th Armored Division of 151 miles, starting in the southeast from Fenetrangle in French Lorraine to Vaux-les-Rosieres in Belgium was made in 19 hours and was the longest made by a division. Third Army moved its front 90 degrees with a speed that astonished the Germans. I was then LTC, the deputy commander of the CC-R (the reserve command). Efforts of CC-R to contact the 101st Airborne Division by radio had been fruitless, so on December 21st I volunteered to drive into Bastogne to determine the situation first hand and learn what supplies the 101st needed most. Arriving at the C.P. of the 101st I reported in to BG Anthony C. McAuliffe, Asst. Div. Comdr., who was acting commander, and LTC (later Lt. General) Harry W.O. Kinnard, the G-3 of the Division. I also had a reunion with LTC Hank Cherry, C.O. of the 3rd Tk. B., 9th Armd. Div., a West Point (1935) classmate of mine. Having determined that the 101st was in dire need of medical supplies and ammunition primarily, I was about to take my leave. I told Gen. McAuliffe that I had to get back to apprise my people of the problems.

In response I was told, "How are you going to do that? We are surrounded!"

I replied, "The same way I got in here. I am going to drive back!" As we left the perimeter defenses, I told my jeep driver, Harry Moritz, a gung-ho lad from Chicago, to put the pedal to the metal and not to stop for anything. With my carbine cradled in my arms and our backs bent low in the jeep, the forest was a blur of green as we sped southward. No one fired at us, although I saw some figures vaguely in the background. Apparently the Germans figured we were the point of a larger force and planned on ambushing the main body. They waited for a better target. We later learned that we had gone through the lines of the German 5th Parachute Division. As soon as my report reached 4th Armd Division headquarters that the 101st had lost its collecting station, along with most of its surgeons and medics, and that it was in dire need of ammunition, the division G-4, LTC Bernie Knestrick, started planning the composition of the relief column for the 101st Abn. Div. At 0600 hours on December 22nd, CC-A and CC-B started the drive to Bastogne, pushing to Burnon and Martelange respectively. It was that day the General Patton issued his Christmas prayer: Miraculously, starting on December 23, and continuing to the 27th, there was a break in the weather. Christmas Eve 1944 was bitterly cold, as the thermometer plunged below zero. The gently rolling hills and snow covered patches of pine woods just south of Bastogne glistened under a brilliant full moon, and one could imagine the Star of Bethlehem among the myriads of stars gleaming in a cloudless sky. The

Reserve Command was ordered at two o'clock Christmas morning to pull out of the line on the east flank of the Fourth Armored Division and march from Bigonville around the division's rear to its west flank at Bercheaux, preparatory to launching a surprise attack north to relieve the beleaguered 101st Airborne Division surrounded in Bastogne. In spite of the beauty of the night and the brilliance of the moon, the 30 miles were torture for the G.I.'s who were poorly equipped for such biting cold. Even though I wore mittens sewn from three thickness of a GI blanket and fleece lined boots, I could feel my hands and feet getting frostbitten. Every time the column stopped momentarily we would all dismount from our vehicles and double time in place trying to restore the circulation in our feet. But, in spite of this, many of us had our hands and feet frostbitten.

At a sudden stop in the column, Col. Wendell Blanchard, the C.O. of CC-R was projected thorough the windshield of his jeep just in front of me. With great difficulty because of my stiff fingers, I was able to remove his helmet and work his head back between the shards of glass without his suffering any more cuts. He refused medical attention until 0600 that morning when the command surgeon sewed up his neck and forehead at our new C.P. at Bercheaux, while he issued his verbal attach order up the Bastogne corridor. The last 16 miles into Bastogne were the toughest the 4th A.D. ever fought.

The exploits of LTC Creighton Abrams and his 37th Tank Bn., and his side-kick, LTC "Jigger" Jaques, C.O. of the 53rd Anti Tank Bn., in blasting their way into Batogne are well documented by historians. In succession, the Reserve Command captured Vaux-les-Rosieres, Nives, and Remoiville. Chaumont changed hands three times. Remichampagne was cleared by noon. They charged Assennois with all guns firing, and the tankers moved in under the barrage of four friendly artillery battalions. The final attack jumped off early the next morning as tanks and halftracks charged into Clochimont. Our tanks then burst through the outer defenses of the 101st Airborne before the Germans could react. The road was open at 1645 hours December 26th.

At 0200 hours the next morning I led the relief column of doctors, nurses, and some 200 ambulances and trucks into Bastogne. Mission accomplished, the three days and nights without sleep took their toll, and I collapsed in my sleeping bag. When I awoke that afternoon, I glanced out of the window and saw that the large building across the street had been reduced to a pile of rubble while I slept soundly. Harry Kinnard and I were boyhood playmates at the Presidio of Monterey. He wrote to me later, "I was worried as hell about how you would fare dodging *krauts* on the way back to Arlon. But our needs were so desperate that I wouldn't have tried to dissuade you even if I could. I only wish I had seen you to thank you when you arrived with the manna from heaven. But if late is better than never, let me say all these years later—from the bottom of my heart — THANKS FOR YOUR SUPERB DELIVERING OF THE LIFESAVING GOODS! WELL DONE!" (his caps.)

LTC Creighton Abrahams, who later became a four star general, commanding the 37th Tank Battalion, of the CC-R, followed through with the initial break through. Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, who also later became a four-star general, commanding the 101st Airborne, didn't get back until the whole thing was over.

Colonel Gillis is a distinguished retired career Army officer who won two Silver Stars for his bravery, the Legion of Merit, Purple Heart, Bronze Star, Air Medal, and the Combat Infantryman's Badge (unusual for an officer of the Armored Branch). In 1958 he was in command of a Missile Command in Italy equipped with the Honest John and Corporal missiles. He is in the process of writing a remarkable book entitled *Sabers And Spurs—Vignettes In The Life Of A Cavalryman*, which he has been working on for the past two years. He is a national leader within the Sons of the American Revolution. His family has a remarkable history of military service to the country dating from the Revolutionary War. Thomas Gillis is a Life Member of VBOB.





Dixon Poole, National Quartermaster  
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge



Name Tags  
\$9.50 ea.



License Plates  
\$21.50 ea.

1. Official VBOB Patch
  - 3" ..... \$4.50 ea.
  - 3" w/clutch ..... \$6.00 ea.
  - 4 3/4" ..... \$6.00 ea.
  - 4 3/4" w/clutch ..... \$8.00 ea.
2. Decals - VBOB Logo
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  - 4" windshield ..... \$1.25 ea.
  - 1 1/8" sticker ..... 8/\$1.00
3. 8" x 10" VBOB Color Logo  
for framing ..... \$4.50 ea.
4. Hats: Baseball style - one size fits  
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Scrambled eggs, gold or silver add ..... \$3.00 per cap
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