

The BULGE BUGLE

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FOR THE RECORD

Remembering The *Leopoldville*

Rep. Gary L. Ackerman (D-NY) speaking in the House 20 March on the sinking of the troopship Leopoldville in 1944.

Today I would like to pay tribute to 802 brave American soldiers who lost their lives while defending freedom during WWII. Until recently, the tragic story of the 66th Infantry Division remained untold in U.S. history. These men made the ultimate sacrifice for their country and are worthy of much greater tribute than the statistics or the footnotes in history books that have already been granted to them. As the worst troopship loss in WWII, and the third worst naval disaster in U.S. history, the story of the sinking of the *Leopoldville* deserves full recognition.

On Christmas Eve, 1944, 2,235 American soldiers were crossing the English channel as reinforcements to fight in the Battle of the Bulge when their Belgian troopship, the *Leopoldville*, was torpedoed and sunk 5 1/2 miles from Cherbourg, France. The result was a tremendous loss of lives—almost one-third of the division was killed.

All Bulge-related casualties were not a direct result of the fighting in Belgium & Luxembourg - 802 brave American soldiers died crossing the English Channel as reinforcements to fight in the Battle of the Bulge...(Editor's Note)

There were 493 soldiers that were never recovered from the English Channel. Most of the soldiers who lost their lives were young boys, from 18 to 20 years old, barely out of high school. They represented 46 out of the 48 states that were part of the Union at the time.

However, the most tragic and troubling part of this story is the American public's general ignorance of the facts. All of us, and particularly the family members of the lost soldiers, should be told the full story of their loved ones' valiant efforts in their fight to preserve democracy.

Therefore, I ask my colleagues to join me in remembering and honoring those who gave their lives in protecting the ideals that all Americans cherish. I would also like to remind my colleagues that this story should hold a special place in every state's history. Simply put, the 802 soldiers who lost their lives deserve the proper respect and remembrance for their sacrifice, and those who survived need to be recognized for their valor.



16th ANNUAL VBOB REUNION
Hyannis, Massachusetts - September 8-11, 1996

PLYMOUTH
ROCK VISIT

• CLAM BAKE

• WHALE WATCH
BY BOAT

• BUS TOUR

• AND MORE

• BE THERE

See Pages
11-12-13

**VETERANS OF THE
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CONTACT THE CHAPTER IN YOUR
AREA. YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU DID.



President's Message

During my years as a member of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, I have been awed by the dedication of so many of you in making VBOB stand out as an active leader among other veterans' organizations. Whether it is visiting our hospitalized veterans in the hospitals, passing on our heritage to future generations in the classrooms, or flying our banners in countless military parades and ceremonies, we are keeping the memory of our battle alive.

And the public likes what it sees. I saw that for myself when we marched in the annual St. Patrick's Day parade in Washington, D.C. The crowds along the way gave us the biggest hand of all the units. As we paraded along, I noticed men walking along the sidewalk beside us. At the end they came over, told us they were veterans of the Bulge, and wanted to sign up as members. The same thing happened on April 16, when we represented you at the Holocaust observances in the capital rotunda, and met other candidates for membership.

These are just two signs that we are growing--growing toward our goal of reaching fifteen thousand members again. Your former president, Grover Twiner reports that more chapters re in formation: the Golden Triangle unit in Florida and the Central Indiana in the Indianapolis area.

You can help spread the word, just by your presence as a unit at Memorial Day ceremonies, Flag Day observances, Fourth of July celebrations, and by participating in other special events in your communities. I know I have enjoyed my association with the men and women I have met through VBOB. We share a bond that can never be forgotten, and yet there must be thousands across the country who would welcome the opportunity to be a part of VBOB if they knew about us. Let's make them aware of what we have going for us, and welcome them into our ranks.

They would meet people like John McAuliffe, president of the Massachusetts Chapter, and Tom Grillo of the Connecticut Yankee Chapter. Working with your national officers, John and Tom are going all-out to guarantee that our Battle of the Bulge Reunion in Hyannis, on Cape Cod, will be a memorable one. There will be quite a few attractions for all of you planning to attend from September 8th to 11th, including the dedication of our first monument to the Battle of the Bulge in the New England area. Thanks to the enthusiastic support of Hyannis' Town Manager Warren Rutherford, this monument will be placed on the Common Green, in the very center of town, adjacent to the John F. Kennedy Museum. This large granite monument has been designed by the noted architect Charles DeChristopher, who designed and built our national monument at Valley Forge.

Speaking of our annual reunion, we will welcome quite a few distinguished friends of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge to our gathering. Among those who will honor us are His Excellency Andre Adam, Belgian Ambassador to the United States, and Luxembourg's Ambassador, His Excellency Alphonse Berns. I know quite a few of you have met these friends of



VBOB at past events. We have all been impressed by their deep feelings for the United States, and also for their affection for all of you who helped free their countries in that dark winter of 1944-45.

I urge as many of you as possible to be with us for this reunion. New England holds such an important place in our American history, and is especially beautiful in early September. Please look for more details in the following pages, and make your reservations soon.

In closing I want to thank all of you for your letters and phone calls with ideas on how we can keep VBOB getting better each year. Your input is very important to me, and to your national officers. This really is your organization.

Stanley Wojtusik
VBOB President

I Sometimes Wonder...

...AND I'M SURE YOU DO, TOO: What's going to happen to the patriotism and honor that was instilled in us as children so many years ago?

I was recently passed a story from the American Legion's *Free State Warrior*, February/March, 1996, issue, as a consideration for a story for this newsletter. This article dealt with facts around the case of a principal of a Bel Air, Maryland, high school trying to reincorporate the **Pledge of Allegiance** into the observances at the start of each school day. This was to have been something that the students did voluntarily. Those who did not wish to participate were not required to do so. Those not wanting to participate were not even required to stand.

Those who participated in the observance were soon ridiculed by those who wanted no part of this. The principal then required that all would stand, whether they participated or not. The next day the principal was contacted by the American Civil Liberties Union: a student or his/her parents felt that *rights* were being violated.

Our United States Senate recently defeated a bill which would provide a Constitutional Amendment to protect our flag from desecration. I can't believe that these people are representing the majority of their constituents. Do they represent you? I, for one, intend to find out how my Senators voted on this bill and, if they didn't vote for passage of the bill, my vote and any that I can influence will be in opposition to them the next chance I get. How about you? We give the Senate and the Congress the power they possess. Are they using it the way you would have them use it? If not, let them know: you can write and you can vote.

I'm not a political person and I wouldn't begin to put anything in this newsletter that would ask you to vote one way or another, but, I am a patriotic person who is deeply grateful to this country

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TROOP RATIO

As an indication of seniority (old age) I intended to comment earlier on the article "A German's Account of the Bulge," May, 1995. I procrastinated so long I forgot to do it until reminded by the comments in the November 1995 issue.

The issue of ratio of troops has been manipulated several times. Suffice it to say that in the initial contact period the Germans out-numbered the American troops by several times. It would have violated one of the main principles of warfare--the massing of troops too rapidly over power your enemy--if the Germans had not done so. Later in the battle when American troops had been massed the Germans were defeated.

I do find Ketter's explanation of the massacre of the Americans a little lacking in substance. If as he states in his last paragraph that the Americans tried to make a break for it why were the bodies found in such a compact area? It would only seem reasonable to assume that some of them would have been strung out over some distance.

However, the statement that caught my eye was at the end of his third paragraph which stated the American desertion rate was eight times higher than the German desertion rate. I've seen this ratio before and he didn't identify his source of information. However, the German desertion rate could easily have been lowered because of the tremendous number of prisoners we took. A German soldier did not have to desert to get out of combat. He could surrender to us. He didn't have to fight anymore and he had a safe place to stay with reasonable food. If he deserted into Germany he was shot if caught, exposed to Allied bombings and subject to food and other shortages if not caught.

None of these comments are made to denigrate the German soldier's fighting ability. Under a given set of circumstances both were formidable foes. I think it is unjustifiable to cut down the American infantryman, also. Especially since I was one.

Dick Jepsen
30 INFD 120 INF D

K RATION CATASTROPHES

It's been interesting reading all the letters recently in *The Bugle* and I couldn't resist passing along a little more information. I am one of the few, I hope, that had to fill out a casualty report on an injury to one of my men where a "K-Ration" was the culprit.

For one reason or another, most of my men had acquired a lineman's set of pliers and a knife. The pliers were used to hold a "K-Ration" can while it was being heated over the waxed box. If you remember, the lunch meal was cheese and really tasted better if it was melted and eaten with the crackers. With snow on the ground, the men always tried to heat up their ration and many were doing so. I heard a man screaming as if he had been shot and tore out of my hole. I found the man who was screaming and jumping around and saw that he had cheese spread across his face. We tried to calm him down and one of the men put some snow on his face to try to cool the cheese. The damage had been done though and you could see from the red around the edges of the cheese that he had a bad burn.

While waiting for the medics, I found out what had happened. You might recall that the cheese ration had a liner of a waxed paper around the inside of the can. The usual way the men would heat the can was to open the can part way before they heated it over the fire. In this instance, the man heated the can and then lifted up to eye level with his pliers. I guess to see if it was melted, when the boiling cheese broke through the paper liner and hit him in his face, thank God it missed his eyes. This was one more thing to caution the men to be careful doing.

The few times that we were off the line in Normandy and while we were still on "K-Rations," we would turn in our fruit bar, commonly called "---- stick," to the cooks and they would boil the lot in a pot and make syrup to put over some pancakes that they baked. Where they got the flour or whatever, I don't know, but they were good.

The 10 in 1 ration, I saw once or twice. "C" rations were used back at the kitchens to make soup, which was brought up to us most of the times at night along with coffee and water. We had a wonderful Battalion S-4, who looked out for the troops.

Charles D. Curley, Jr.
2 INFD 38 INF 2 BN E

MORE ON "OLD FAITHFUL"

Herman Hoffman's "Ode to the Faithful Raincoat" in the February 1996 *Bulge Bugle* on page 15 shows a person who knew the (dis)pleasures of Army life. I took my basic training at Camp Roberts, California, and we had a formation known as "raincoats and shoes."

I lit up a many a butt under "Old Faithful" and then choked for air while my eyes watered from the smoke.

To those who have seen the movie "Battleground" or not, Scottie Beckett and Marshall Thompson are bidding their goodbyes and if you will look, in the background is a column of "raincoats and shoes," and when Scottie Beckett leaves, he temporarily gets in line until he notices the attire of the GI's.

It's nice Herman can see the humor in a situation, something we all need to engage in once in a while.

Howard Peterson
4 ARMDD 51 AIB

LA REID HOSPITALITY REMEMBRANCE

I read the article by Leo F. Walker, 275th Engineer Battalion on page 13 in your February issue. One sentence caught my eye: "We moved to LaReid, Belgium, January 1, 1945."

I'm so very happy to see the name of that little town in print. I was in Battery B, 551st Field Artillery Battalion, stationed at LaReid during the BoB. We were a 240 mm bastard (corps) group sitting on top of that mountain, firing on the outskirts of Bastogne, etc. Walker was so right about the weather. Perhaps Walker met or heard about the town's wonderful baker Ernest Damseaux.

I was standing guard, and freezing when he came out of his bakery and handed me a big, hot loaf of bread. He laughed when he saw me tuck it inside my coat, rather than eat it. We talked a bit and he expressed remorse over the death of five of our cannoners on December 28th. He invited me to spend the New Year's celebration at his shop, and bring my buddy. Including our medic, we spent a warm New Year's along with his two gracious sisters-in-law. The pastry was flawless and we were able to find a small bottle of cognac.

I'm afraid Mr. Walker was at LaReid at a later date than he remembers. But that's OK because I'm so glad that he was there.

I've returned three times of LaReid. Ernst Damseaux has died, but his son still runs the bakery. His two sisters-in-law still live in LaReid, and are very lovely ladies. My wife calls them "Hal's Angels."

The people of LaReid and its neighbors have erected a monument to the five cannoners, and hold ceremonies on the anniversary of their liberation, for the past 50 years. I've had the pleasure and honor to stand by this monument, which lists the five names, silently salute and wish them to rest in peace.

Haskel "Hal" Heimlich
551 FA BN B

GOT 'CHA (MAYBE)

I noticed an error on the front cover of the February 1996 issue of *The Bugle*. The listing of the National Cemeteries show Henri-Chapell is in France. As you know it is located in Belgium near Aubei. I have visited the Ardennes and Henri-Chapell Cemeteries and both are beautifully maintained, their beauty will break your heart, but at the same time make you very proud.

[Editor's Note: Three or four members called this to our attention, and we knew it when we went to press. The beginning of that front page story says that the material was excerpted from the official program. What was used was quoted exactly from the official program. We should have made a note that we knew better about this cemetery, but thought that stating it was from the Official Dedication Program would free us from accountability. Apparently, it didn't. Incidentally, there is another error that no one called to our attention.]

I thought Howard Peterson's letter to the editor in the February issue, "Modern Day Spam," was great. He told it like it was, he and I ate the same type K-rations. If a Ten-in-One ration box had fallen off a tank, the rifleman couldn't carry it because he was already loaded down with all his fighting gear and he surely didn't have the time to stop and heat it up.

B. C. Henderson
99 INFD 394 INF B

BETTER USE OF SPACE

Just received the VBOB *Bugle* February issue. Why do you folks give so much coverage and photo of the world famous C, K, and 10-in-1 rations?

(Continued on Page 5)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 4)

Any GI who was in Europe at the time of WWII knows what these rations are, and everything about them.

The space you use for this drivel can be used to a much better advantage, give us news of the organization, letters to the editor, and personal ads to seek people and friends, etc.

Space can be used to a much better advantage, and to relate more news concerning the organization, not rations.

Leonard N. Schafenberg
174 FA BN HQ

9TH ARMORED WHEREABOUTS

...Might add, from the historical side, that the Ninth Armored Division was the only armored division on the line when the Germans hit on the morning of 16 December, 1944. And, that we did not fight as a cohesive division during the Bulge, as Combat Command B was up at St. Vith, Combat Command R was just east of Bastogne, and my unit, Combat Command A was south in the Eternach/Biegelbach, Luxembourg area. Also, rarely do the historians make mention of it, but my CCA was attached to the left flank of the 4th Armored Division, when the breakthrough to Bastogne was made. Most writings, give only the 4 AD all the credit.

Reginald L. Sawyer
9 ARMDD 60 AIB C

BOOK CATALOG AVAILABLE

In looking through *The Bulge Bugle* (August, 1995, page 16), book review--Battle of the Bulge Revisionism: The Last Assault, 1944 the Battle of the Bulge Reassessed by Charles Whiting, New York, Sarpendon 1944, 238 pages, etc, for \$24.95. You can order #389439, The Last Assault, Battle of the Bulge Reassessed, 238 pages for \$17.46 plus \$3.00 postage and handling from: Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller, Falls Village, Connecticut 06031-5000. They also have a catalog of books available for free.

Walter F. Marezko
75 INF 289 INF SVC

THE PEEP

I read *The Bugle* and have some comments to make. [Jack gave us some very good details about rations--but we've had enough about rations--so these remarks are not included.]

I was drafted February 4, 1943, and went to Camp Polk, Louisiana, to receive training from the 3rd Armored Division. We were forming the 16th Armored Division. I would like to tell you about a particular vehicle, "The Jeep." The so-called Jeep in the armored divisions was a 1/2 ton 4x4 Dodge vehicle, it had two leather bench-type seats and a canvas top with medal bows which could be put down. I also had a map board on the back of the front seat. The 1/4 ton 4x4 vehicle was called a "Peep." So there.

Jack J. Mocnik
526 AIB A

ANGRY, BITTER, VEXED, PERPLEXED...

I am angry, bitter, vexed, perplexed and you name it. History is being distorted, twisted and maimed. Thank God, we still have hosts of people who lived through World War II and can verify facts:

First: Some people came out and said there never was a holocaust despite thousands of people living through it and seeing the ovens and the gas chambers.

Second: We were the aggressors against the Japanese in World War II and never should have used the Atomic Bomb. Think they wouldn't have used it against us? Ha.

Third: There never was a Battle of the Bulge. It should only be known as Bastogne. Think I am kidding--read on.

I started to write this letter in December 1994 but seeing all the slop and hogwash in the papers and on TV, I scrapped it. Then I wrote my letter again and said to myself that if I am the only voice crying out of the wilderness--so be it. Strangely, that letter disappeared without a trace. Now after a year, I am writing again.

For 50 years whenever people spoke of the Bulge, Bastogne, Nuts, Patton's 3rd Army, 101st Airborne were always spoken of in awe. History books, military studies, military analysts would speak of the entire story but the public was fed

the pap that would make good copy. I calmly waited for the 50th anniversary in 1997 of the Battle of the Bulge. The results were worse than ever.

For 50 years I thought I made my small contribution at St. Vith. Now I found out I was in Bastogne. Read on.

Most newspapers and magazines had special stories to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the big battle. *The New York Sunday News*, one of the largest papers in the country, came out with this ridiculous statement, "at one spot, near Bastogne, 8,000 American soldiers were overrun and surrendered.

Everyone that was there knows that St. Vith is 40-50 miles northeast of Bastogne, likewise the Schnee Eifel is 10-12 miles east of St. Vith. Since the 8,000 troops surrendered on the Schnee Eifel and it is considered as part of Bastogne then St. Vith must also be part of Bastogne.

I contacted the co-author of the record story and he told me they received their information from the wire service. Egads, how many more papers must have printed this error and no body checked this out.

Back to the *New York News*... "allied armies were in complete retreat except for the troops holding the City of Bastogne." Tell that to the 2nd Infantry Division, the 99th Infantry Division, the 1st Infantry Division at Elsenborn Ridge, the 7th Armored Division with attached units from the 106th Infantry Division, the 28th Infantry Division and the 9th Armored Division. The 30th Infantry Division was thrown in wherever they were needed as was the 82nd Airborne. Tell that to the 2nd Armored, 3rd Armored, and other units that make that statement a preposterous lie. If the statement was true, Bastogne would have been taken in 48 hours. Somebody had to be holding up the German army.

Now I know why the Germans did not take Bastogne. There was no room for them. The 600,000 American troops were all in Bastogne. Whenever you mention to people that you were a participant in the Battle of the Bulge, they ask, "Oh, were you in Bastogne?"

The *Bulge Bugle* is our voice--ours--not Bastogne. I believe you could have a voice in letting the public know that Bastogne was not the entire Bulge. When I make out my check to VBOB, it is not to Veterans of Bastogne.

When I saw that 1994 World War II stamp come out and it showed GI's in the snow and it said "Bastogne and the Battle of the Bulge," I almost threw up.

When the postal department printed the Civil War series they did not say Pickett's charge and Gettysburg. They just said Gettysburg, which is what it should be.

Back in 1945, Robert Merriam became a member and then chief of the Ardennes section of the Historical Division of the U.S. Army in Europe. He spent 8 months poring over all the records, battles, sites, etc. He interviewed allied and German leaders and wound up with five long, detailed volumes describing the Battle of the Bulge. (1945)

From all this he wrote his book *Dark December*. Even then he could see that Bastogne was to be consecrated. He said that a great, great many people believe the Battle of the Bulge was won by Patton's Third Army.

"Patton's initial fighting was conducted against the German Seventh Army composed of four mediocre infantry divisions."

"While Patton was battling the infantry divisions, four panzer corps with 1,200 tanks and 250,000 men were pounding 60,000 Americans of Hodges' First Army."

The real battle of Bastogne began on December 26 when both sides built up their forces. The battle of Bastogne was a great defensive battle but it was not "the Battle of the Bulge."

Being a member of the American Legion, I receive their monthly magazine. Their story of the Bulge was in the November and December issues of 1994.

The November issue had about 6 to 8 pictures of the action, and, you guessed it, only about Bastogne. So here we had two stories supposedly about the entire Bulge and it was all about Patton, Nuts, 101st Airborne, 3rd army. They did say in the November issue that the town of St. Vith was being held by the 7th Armored Division. I should be happy with a scrap but I want credit to everybody that deserves it. How can a veterans magazine in two issues write about the largest battle in American history and not print one lousy, stinking word about Elsenborn Ridge. I would love to have every VBOB member that was part of that great defensive battle on the north write to you in protest.

Then we had those two television shows, "Turning Point" and "American Experience--the Bulge." I won't call them documentaries because that is supposed to show the entire picture. They showed little or nothing of the northern half of the Bulge. Did not the north suffer the same snow, cold, frozen feet, determined enemy? You would never know it watching those shows. I know of several people that complained to Public Television that produced one of them.

Getting back to Robert Merriam's book (page 183). The defense (Bastogne) was epic, spectacular, but viewed in the light of the entire picture, it fades into proper perspective--an important

(Continued on Page 6)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (Continued from Page 5)

defeat for the Germans but not the only one in the Battle of the Bulge. Jodl, Hitler's chief advisor, pointed out that Bastogne could be by-passed while St. Vith could not.

In closing I would like to commend the 101st Airborne on their heroic stand, but let us put things in their proper perspective. Give them and Bastogne their credit due but do not give them more than they deserve and let us give other units the credit they do deserve.

After all, I was not in Bastogne so I do not want to be called a Battered Bastard of the Bastion of Bastogne.

Just call me a scared stiff survivor of the siege of St. Vith. That is what I was and where I was, not Bastogne.

Oh, well, Nuts'd again, and again, and again....

John H. Durba
7 ARMDD CC A

CORRECTION

Not that it makes any difference but in the February issue of *The Bulge Bugle* (page 13) concerning the 90th Infantry Division. The name should have been: Palmer Pierce, 84th Infantry Division: Not Palmer Price. Thanks.

Palmer L. Pierce
84 INFD

BATTLE OF GRAND HALLEUX

Read with interest the article on the battle of Grand Halleux by Peter G. Dounis. He said their exhausting, forced march through cold and snow began the night of January 14, 1945. Ours began 1:00 a.m. January 4, 1945. Tanks tried to follow us but got stuck in the deep snow. Finally got to our position late that night.

Next day, January 5th, spotted Germans in front of us and captured some back of us... guess we were surrounded. From our position we had a view of Petit Halleux. On January 7th at 5:00 a.m. the 2nd platoon attacked the town. A staff sergeant and medic were killed, the lieutenant in charge and several others were wounded. Our lieutenant from the 3rd platoon took over the attack. He returned later okay but no details.

January 8th I was picked to take three men with me on a patrol that evening to see if the Germans occupied Grand Halleux. This is what I wrote in my diary: Stopped at CO H CP, the CO gave me what information he had. A guide took us through Petit Halleux to the river that divides the two towns. We crossed the River Salm over a blown out log bridge to Grand Halleux. It was snowing and the wind blowing, heard all kinds of noises--shutters and doors banging. The snow being on the ground made it light as day. I walked, the fellow following, along a green fence to the main drag. Passed a large church onto the road junction, turned around and came back. Not a sign of a German for which I was very thankful. Came back across the bridge and purported to CO H and had a cup of coffee. Sure was a long grind back to our CO CP. Then I was told to report to BN. Took one of the fellows with me and back in the snow we went. Reported to a Lt. Col. and a Capt. Was given two cups of coffee and piece of jelly. Back into the snow topped off with a dark, dark woods we had quite a time finding our positions. finally got in a fox hole, by the end of a wet and miserable night.

We were relieved by the 75th the evening of January 10th and trucked to Sougne-Remouchamps, Belgium, and put up in houses, a first for us. I was lucky to be with a nice family with three children, small. When it was time to say goodbye on January 26th, it was like leaving family....

In 1964 I returned to Sougne-Remouchamps to visit the family--the father and mother had died. The three children, now adults and one married with children, made me welcome. They took me back to Grand Halleux which has a cement bridge across the River Salm. The green fence is still standing and the church was still there. Also took me to Bra but I didn't recognize a thing....

Earl S. Oldfather
82 ARBND 504 PIR 3 BN G

IT'S A PEEP FOR SURE

Only a "Jeep," otherwise known as a "re'croot," would call a Peep (1/4 ton GP) a Jeep.

A Jeep is the original military style 1/2 ton WC (weapons carrier) replaced by the 3/4 ton WC, both Dodges. That's why Lee Iacocca (then Chrysler Motors president) had the ad saying the Jeep finally came home when Chrysler bought

out so-called Jeep. Probably because of confusion the name Jeep did not carry over to the 3/4 ton. Perhaps it did in the outfit that originated the term Jeep. When I left to go to OCS they still had 1/2 tons. That outfit was Battery B, 157th FA Regiment, later Battery A, 157th Field Artillery Battalion.

The term Jeep, for recruit, lingered on at Fort Dix after we left. Many years later it was still in use there in the basic training center.

The term Peep was stolen from us by the Armored Force Center, and used by many armored force people for years. They also stole the wearing of the overseas cap on the left from us. The 157th was a direct descendent of the 112th FA which was awarded that distinction in WWI for actions in battle.

The C&R (command and reconnaissance car) was the one with the cut out doors. It started out on the 1/2 ton WC chassis, was later built on the 3/4 ton WC chassis, and was called the Blitz Wagon until it was replaced by the Peep.

All the above slang terms originated in early 1940, most before call-up to active duty. Jeep, for recruit was after the first draftees arrived. Anyway, it was long before the 1/4 ton GP arrived on the scene (which, incidentally, was designed by Bantam Motors Co., not Willys or Ford). Battery D, 157th was an Atlantic City outfit, and the kids in AAC had names for everything. Later, when we heard of the amphibious Peep, that one became the Seep.

Battery C, 592 FA Battalion personnel may remember me jumping on them during basic training for calling a 1/4 ton a Jeep!...

Ralph R Balestrieri
58 AFA BN HQ

EVERY CHRISTMAS SINCE...EXTRA SPECIAL

Referring to "First That I heard of That"....[February issue] by Ed Bredbenner, he hit most all the high notes of that action by the 1st Battalion of the 318th (Old Virginia Never Tires). He left out that we were pulled out of the line at Eitelbruck on the 24th and married-up with CCA, 4th Armored along the Arlon-Bastogne highway just south of Warnach where we picked up our sleeping(?) bags and laid them on top of the snow for a Christmas Eve nod or two--there was no way to dig a hole in that frozen ground. Our cooks somehow gave us pancakes for Christmas morning breakfast although the syrup froze soon as it hit the mess its.

We jumped off in the attack at daybreak (about 0800 DDST). Our LD was a fence line on the edge of a deep draw which was right under the Krauts' outpost line and they opened up on us before we'd cleared the LD. Our objective was now secondary to restoring some kind of cohesive attack to clear the road from Warnach to Tintange which wound through hilly terrain with a high granite wall on the north side and a relatively gradual slope on the south of the road. Unfortunately, it was thickly wooded serving as host to a tree farm.

Bredbenner's "B" Company had the right flank and truly took a beating from tree bursts by Kraut assault guns and mortars firing from the high ground in the vicinity of our objective. Tintange.

Capt. Sam (?) McAllester in an effort to get his company out from under this terror, got permission to deviate from the battalion's plan by going farther to his right with an envelopment which succeeded in getting the scenery changed. With this aggressive action and help from an airstrike on the objective by XIXth TAC, the emergency from "The Valley of Death" was accomplished about 1530 hours. The battalion had lost its trusted veteran CO, LTC Mike Tosi in a bloody Eitelbruck encounter during 22-23 December and had a new man at the helm on the 25th. We got an even newer guy on the 26th who turned out to be an outstanding combat leader for the remainder of the war, then Capt. Charles Gakin.

I don't recall the reports of various companies' unit strength when the 1st Battalion was relieved by elements of the 35th Division on the 28/29th, but heard consensus reports that the whole kit and caboodle was hauled out with 6 ducece and a half, so 20 men per company average including headquarters personnel sounds about right.

As I was being evacuated on a medic jeep about noon on the trail enroute to relieving the 80th's representatives in the "Relief of Bastogne," the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 318th, and each of which received the Presidential Unit Citation for their efforts.

I was a replacement second lieutenant assigned to "D" Company in early September and with intermittent absences received my mail at "DOG" Company until July 1945.

Being there on December 15, 1944, has made every Christmas Day since...extra special...and painful when remembering those guys who didn't make it through that tree farm enroute to Tintange.

R. J. Trammell, Jr.
80 INFD 318 INF 1 BN D

Members Speak Out

MYRON HALPERN, 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 425 (or 426) AFA BATTALION, would like histories and/or to make contact with any who might have been with him before being shipped out of Philadelphia. Write to him at: Old Glen Road, Convent Station, New Jersey 07961.

PATRICK KEARNEY, 55TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, 11TH ARMORED DIVISION, writes to advise that the College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Washington, intends to erect a plaque in memory of the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) soldiers who were stationed there prior to being assigned to the 21st, 55th and 63rd Armored Infantry Battalions, of the 11th Armored Division in March 1944 at Camp Cooke, California. For further details write him at: 33-21 172 Street, Bayside, New York 11358.

Joris Reyniers would like to hear from BoB veterans who would be willing to share some of their experiences for a book he is writing about the Battle of the Bulge. Write to him at: Salviastraat 17; 9040 Gent; Belgium.

ALFRED E. BEINEMANN, 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION, 331ST INFANTRY, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, writes to offer his services to you to prepare for a presentation about the Battle of the Bulge for school children. Write to him at: 2405 North 25th Street, Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53083. *[A great big thanks to Al from the office for this kind offer. We hope he will hear from lots of you and you'll help get the story to the kids.]*

Andre Flamion writes to see if anyone can advise him of the whereabouts of Ray Massey. Andre doesn't know Ray's unit but does know that his father was a farmer from Dallas. Can anyone help? Write to Andre at: 45, rue de la Couture; 5570 Beauraing, Belgium.

AL PRICE, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, would like information for a study regarding massacres. He would also like to hear from anyone from the **14TH CAVALRY GROUP**. Write to him at: 3732 East 58th, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74135.

Claire Yarber would like to hear from anyone who may have known her uncle, **ROBERT A. WHELAN, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**. Robert (or Anthony) was killed in the Battle of the Bulge on December 21, 1944. Claire believes he may have been "executed--lined up and shot along with others." Write to Claire at: 102 Shady Nook Court, Cantonsville, Maryland 21228.

Larry A. Stephan would like to hear from anyone who served in the **755TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**. His father, who passed away in 1971, never mentioned his war experiences and Larry is very interested in learning more about the battalion and its activities. Larry's address is: 1427 Kemman, LaGrange Park, Illinois 60525.

ANTHONY J. ARRA, 416TH MEDICAL COLLECTION COMPANY, would like to know where he can locate a copy of

his unit's history, a unit personnel roster and/or other information. Please contact him at: 1330 Viewridge Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78213-3129.

Walter Olson is trying to find information about his uncle, **T/5 WILLIAM ALHOLM**. Walter does not have unit information. He knows that his uncle was reported missing in action in Luxembourg on or about December 18, 1944. He has the following information from a newspaper clipping: "Before going overseas in August 1944, he (William) was trained at Fort Riley, Kansas; Camp Polk, Louisiana; and in California." This is all the information the family has ever had. If you can help write Walter at: 3570 South Ritzen Road, Poplar, Wisconsin 54864.

Samuel V. Tannenbaum would like some help in locating **DAVID BOOKS, 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION, 331ST INFANTRY, COMPANY F**. David served with Sam's father **HENRY IRVING TANNENBAUM**, who was reported KIA "somewhere" in Belgium on January 11, 1945. If you can provide information regarding David or provide Sam with information regarding his father, please write to him at: 4931 NW 65 Avenue, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33319.

MILLAGE WALKER, 125TH AAA BN, would like to hear from anyone who served with him during the war. Write to Millage at: Route 1, Box 272, Roanoke, Alabama 36274.

Wolfgang Nitsch is seeking veterans of the **9TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 39TH INFANTRY**, who captured the town of Stolberg in the Harz Mountains of Germany on April 14, 1945. This was the home town of Wolfgang and he remembers the day very vividly. He was 14 years old at the time. A few years later, he had the opportunity to move to the United States and served in the U.S. Army at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. He would like to hear from any veterans who recall that time. Contact: Chuck Gregorovich, 908 Williams Street, St. Marys, Ohio 45885-1562.

MICK "PAPPY" CONNER, 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 592ND FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, wants to know if anyone from the **82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION** remembers losing their lemonade and a black and white photo of men from the 82nd. If you did, Pappy has them. Write to him at: Arlington Villa, Room 272, 2601 West Randol Mill Road, Arlington, Texas 76012.

RALPH YOUNGMANN, 9TH ARMORED INFANTRY DIVISION, 52ND ARMORED INFANTRY, 1ST BATTALION, COMPANY A, would like to hear from members of his unit or members of the **60TH ARMORED INFANTRY REGIMENT**. Write to him at: 7608 Pleasant Hill Drive, Parma, Ohio 44130.

"**UNCLE BILL**" are you there? David, Ron and Iris Blachie are looking for the wonderful man they called "Uncle Bill." They were billeted in Blackawton (three miles from Slapton Sands) in England. Bill and other men from his unit played with and fed these three children during their stay. But as suddenly as the Americans appeared, they also disappeared. They would like to find Uncle Bill to express their appreciation. Incidentally, Uncle Bill had an American

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MEMBERS SPEAK OUT *(Continued from Page 7)*

bald eagle tattooed on his chest. If you are Uncle Bill or remember anything about this, please write to: David Blachie, care of Bob Cox, 700 North Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

Anyone know where SGT SCANLON, 411TH INFANTRY, COMPANY L, is? HOWARD C. BARISH, 103RD INFANTRY DIVISION, 411TH INFANTRY, COMPANY C, would sure like to find him. It seems that Barish and three other men were hit and hiding in a basement in Sessenheim for over 22 hours. Sgt Scanlon got some volunteers to sneak into town and rescued all four of them. Howard has been looking for him for 51 years. Write Harold t: 625 Arkell Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

FRANCIS W. BERRY, 78TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 309TH INFANTRY, 3RD BATTALION, COMPANIES K AND HQ, is still looking for anyone who trained at Camp Fannin, Texas, April to August 1944. Write him at: 1622 East Broadway, Anaheim, California 92805-4320.

FRANK PAGLIUCA, 75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 899TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS, wants to know how many of you were thankful for the nice warm place you had during this extremely cold, windy, snowy winter. He also wants to thank all who let him know how to get a copy of *A Time for Trumpets*. He's enjoying reading it.

Gene A. Keys would like to hear from someone who may remember his father: FRANK ALVERN KEYS, 104TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 414TH INFANTRY, COMPANY C, who served in the Bulge. Frank was killed in action in Germany and is interred in Henri-Chapelle Cemetery. Write to Gene at: 2995 Jefferson Davis Highway, Stafford, Virginia 22554-1729.

AL PRICE, 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION, would like to have unpublished photos of men, equipment, buildings, etc., taken in the BoB. Please do not send originals--copies only. Write to Al: 3732 East 58th Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74235.

WAYNE R. MERRICK, 10TH PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE GROUP, would like to hear from others who have attempted to do oral histories of WWI vets. Wayne cites that this should have been done years ago, considering the ages of the survivors. Write to Wayne at: 146 Linda Lane, Meadville, Pennsylvania 16335-1109.



Up Front Bill Mauldin

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

THE PEACE ROSE (Appropriately Named)

[The following was sent us by JAMES R. BIRD, 45TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 160TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, A BATTERY.]

The Peace Rose was developed in France by the Meiland family. Mr. Whittinghill, American Consul in Lyon, brought shoots to the U.S. when France was taken over by the Germans. The shoots were delivered to Robert Pyle. Within nine years 30,000,000 peace rose bushes were flowering around the world.

On April 29, 1945, in Pasadena, California, "As two white doves soared into the California sky, a new rose...was given the symbolic name of "Peace" at a christening ceremony. And just as fact is so often more compelling than fiction, on the very day, which had been planned so long in advance, Berlin, the key city of the European War, surrendered to the Allies. For the first time in six years peace reigned in Europe. Stranger still is the fact that a few months later the most discerning of American judges or roses gave the highest honor, the All-American Award, to the Peace Rose at the same time the war with Japan ended. *My Book of Flowers* by Princess Grace of Monaco.

[How very fitting that the Peace Rose is scheduled to be planted at the VBOB National Monument located at Valley Forge Military Academy in Pennsylvania.]

LETTER FROM GERMANY

[The following letter was sent by a VBOB member. (Thanks to the computer problem, we can't locate his name.) Parts of it have been edited and the parts that we are not sure about have not been changed.]

I noticed in a newspaper article that former American soldiers who landed and fought in Normandy in 1944 are interested in learning about German soldiers that participated in the same battles.

As a survivor of those terrible battles, I am interested to meet my former so-called enemies now as friends, even if only in correspondence.

I was Unteroffizier in the Parachuters 2 Division, 13 Regiment in the Cherbourg region when the invasion started. Our fighting withdrawals Saint-Lo, Saint-Malo, LeMans, Angers and then to Belgium, Luxembourg and the Ardennes offensive, followed by Hospital in Falador/Rhein.

On April 14, 1945, I was a prisoner in Prison Camp in Bad Kreuznach.

In November, 1946, I was released from American imprisonment in the former Russian Zone.

As POW I was a truck driver for an American Trak-Company by Reims in France and had a very nice time there.

So, now I have introduced myself and told you my tale of sorrows. but I would like to add one more thing: I wish no human being on this earth would ever have to endure horrible wars like the ones that happened in Normandy and the Ardennes.

With heartfelt and sincere regards,
Siegfried Mai
from Mellenbach Blumenau 30
PLZ 98746, Deutschland

CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL!

On the mailing label used to address this copy of the newsletter you will find your dues date directly above your last name.

RATIONS...the last word...please

We have received some criticism for "too much about rations," but as usual your letters and responses are so good that we are venturing forth with a couple more articles that we believe you will enjoy. Our biggest concern is that you will enjoy what we select for you to read and it's a difficult chore--you provide so many, many things that are good reading.

R. L. SAWYER, 9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 60TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, C, sent the following *The Wall Street Journal* article, May 1, 1984, "He Gave Soldiers a Can-Do Attitude," by Carl Kern.

The man responsible for the daily diet of millions of American servicemen in World War II died shortly before Easter. He was Samuel F. Hinkle and he invented C rations and K rations, staples of the troops in the field. I imagine they've long since been replaced, along with some other ill-conceived products that were government issue in World War II.

Mr. Hinkle's C and K rations had the characteristics of goods produced for captive consumers. C rations came in bronze-colored soup cans and contained either hash or stew or a half-dozen tough, round biscuits, a few pieces of hard candy and a powdered drink mix--cocoa or coffee. K rations were packed in brown cartons about the size of a book, designed to be carried by troops beyond the regular supply line. They held a couple of small cans, one containing a rubbery cheese and the other compressed chopped ham. The box also had a small ingot of a kind of chocolate, extremely hard, dry and unmeltable at any temperature tolerable to man.

Samuel Hinkle became production manager and president of Hershey Foods in 1956. Apparently, he had other culinary qualifications, though it must be admitted his C and K rations were the first safe military foods. Veterans of World War I have recounted finding maggoty meat in their mess kits, and the late New York Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia told how his father, on duty with the Army on the Mexican border in 1916, died from meat canned by a careless provisioner.

C rations could be deliciously satisfying if you were hungry enough. In 1943, I was one of some 60 or 70 soldiers on a Liberty ship whose purser hoarded the food for our journey and sold it at our destination. For 29 days our fare consisted of watery farina, a slice of bread and butter, and weak coffee or cocoa at midmorning, and watery stew and another slice of bread, and coffee, with occasionally a puny portion of canned fruit, in the early evening.

When we finally reached Oran, Algeria, a few of the ship's officers, including the purser, promptly debarked, and not long afterward a civilian truck pulled up on the dock and the Algerian driver and his helper carried cases of canned goods and other cartons out of the side of the ship and loaded them on the truck.

We left the ship that afternoon and were trucked to a tent city outside Oran, arriving in time for dinner. The mess was a line of galvanized cans over roaring fires in the middle of the camp. The cooks fished cans of C rations out of the boiling water and dropped them on our mess kits. We devoured the thick stew, the thicker hash, and went back for more.

After a week, however, the C rations' smell alone was cloying. When we moved out, life on K rations was almost a relief. Both rations, as I recall, had a peculiar excess, a density of taste and texture, so it was not surprising to learn that the two products came from the same inventor.

Gen. Mark Clark died the same day as Mr. Hinkle. I served in

Gen. Clark's Fifth Army in Italy while subsisting on Mr. Hinkle's rations. The general, too, went onward and upward after the war, notwithstanding the protracted folly of the Anzio beachhead. In my mind, the accomplishments of both men deserve a grade somewhere between C and K.

RONALD DONALD WINKLER, 87TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 346TH INFANTRY, SERVICE COMPANY, sent the following.

Most of the writers [in the newsletter] were quite correct, but there were a few things that were not covered. I hope you will forgive one more letter about rations.

In the beginning, there were only three kinds of food in Can #1 of the C rations. They were: meat and vegetable stew; meat and vegetable hash; and meat and beans.

Of the three, only the "meat and beans" was fit to eat, unless you were starving. After the war, the variety and the taste improved. I have before me an unopened can of beans with Frankfurter chunks in tomato sauce which I am saving until after the elections in November. Packed with it is a small can (B-2 unit) of crackers and cocoa beverage powder, a can containing "chocolate nut roll" and a small tin of "jam, apricot," which shows the progress that evolved.

None of the "Letters to the Editor" mention that toilet paper was included in the C ration. If you had a bad case of the "GI's," the amount was insufficient.... One writer wrote about using the "K" ration cheese to stop the "GI's," and he said they called it asshole putty. We were more refined, we called it "choke-ass."

Nowhere did I see any mention of the "instant lemonade" in the C rations. It must have been pure citric acid crystals because there wasn't enough sugar in the world to make it sweet! It would pucker up your mouth like eating a green persimmon.

The instant coffee was Nescafe and the cigarettes were Wings, either 3 of 'em or 6. I didn't smoke and can't remember.

You could heat the C ration cans in boiling water, but if heated over an open flame or in a fire they would explode. The 6x6 truck drivers would put their can of C rations on the exhaust manifold of the GMC engines to warm the contents.

The D ration was a bar of bitter chocolate. It was meant to be eaten as food, not candy and was therefore deliberately made unsweet. The best use for the D rations was to trade it to the little kids for fresh eggs, wherever possible.

Mention is made of the "10 in 1" rations, which were considered a giant leap forward in field rations. The small can opener included was placed on the chain that held your "dog tags." It was an effective little tool that is available yet today from sporting goods catalogs and stores.

Nobody mentioned the fig bar. It was edible (barely), but was best used like the D ration and traded to little kids for eggs. I recall that once Ted Viergutz used a bunch of the fig bars to make a pie! A real pie!

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RATIONS...

(Continued from Page 9)

Do you remember powdered eggs? They came in a one gallon can and did not require any refrigeration. They couldn't spoil because they were already spoiled! Some cooks could make them edible, some cooks didn't even try! The eggs were dried and canned by the Fairmont Creamery in my home town of Crete Nebraska. I never told a soul that they were made in my home town for fear of reprisal! I'm not so sure I should reveal this even today!

Preparing food for a company of men in the field is always difficult. Combat makes a bad situation even worse. Washing and rinsing mess gear in boiling water is a MUST, or the entire company will get the "GI's." The device used to boil water in a 30 gallon GI can (garbage can) was a gasoline-fueled immersion heater. It was fast, it was efficient, and it was treacherous! The cook or KP would start the flow of gasoline and toss a lighted match in the fuel. But in cold temperatures, the gasoline wouldn't always ignite.

Later the cook or KP would return to find the soapy water or rinse water still cold. So he would light another match and drop it into the accumulated pool of gasoline in the bottom of the immersion heater. This time the gasoline vapors would ignite and explode, sending a column of fire up into the man's face, burning off his hair, his eyebrows and even his cap, wool knit, OD if he was wearing one!

Finally, one last word about the C Ration can. It was opened with a key used on the side of the can, peeling a narrow strip all the way around. This left a razor sharp edge on the top of the can. If a truck ran over an empty C ration can on the road, that razor shap edge would cut a neat, round rubber plug right through the tire and tube, causing a flat and ruining the tire. It was just as effective as any cookie cutter in mother's kitchen and caused much misery for truck drivers.

One thing that puzzles me to this day is why the last truck in a long convoy often got a flat tire (or tires)! Why didn't the first truck run over the C Ration cans and shrapnel! Was it because it was an ARMY convoy?

Now the C Rations and K Rations and D rations and "10 in 1" Rations have been replaced by MRE rations. That's supposed to stand for Meals Ready (to) Eat. But you hear that it really stands for Meals Refused (by) Everyone (and other things).

A BUZZ BOMB EXPERIENCE

"We had run into the buzz bomb, the V-1, before as we came across France, but we had never seen it in such quantities as we did at Butgenbach. I know they always gave me the creeps; you know there is a human pilot guiding a plane and you don't mind it so much, but somehow the buzz bomb didn't seem real, but the effect was real enough.

I remember one night I lay in my hole and timed them: all night long they came over at the rate of one every 20 minutes. Sometimes they had a weird sort of orange flame; sometimes they made a whirring or chugging noise, then were silent, then started up again, and they would weave in an arc past you and you never knew where they were going to land.

Just before we left Butgenbach they started coming in low and dropping near our position. They weren't accurate but when they hit, they hit. The effect on morale wasn't too good. We would joke and say, open the window and let him through, but no one thought it was very funny."

Loren W. Gast, 1st Infantry Division
26th Infantry, 2nd Battalion, G Company
December, 1944

150TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION...RESURRECTED

[The following information was extracted from articles which appeared in The Meridian Star and the Clarion Ledger, both papers originate in Mississippi. The Star article was written by John Surratt.]

The 150th Engineer Combat Battalion, which was disbanded after World War II, has been reactivated as a unit of the Mississippi National Guard. For 15 years the 150th Quartermaster Battalion existed at the Montgomery Complex of the Army National Guard. With the order "Retire the Colors," that unit ceased to exist and the 150th Combat Engineers received life.

Approximately 100 people attended the ceremonies, including 12 members of the old battalion. Congressman G. V. "Sonny" Montgomery, who was the 105th commander when it was a transportation unit, watched the changing of the colors with mixed emotions.

"You're happy to see the unit continuing," he said after the ceremonies, "but you're retiring a unit. I don't think there will ever be another (quartermaster) unit with that number. It's like when we retired the 31st Dixie Division colors (after the Korean War)."

PHOTOGRAPHER SOUGHT

Erma Jean Armstrong has come into possession of a box of slides and photographs that she would like to return to the person who took the photos. One photo has on the back of it: Nino Martini & Grace Moore, Jones Bowl near Mayen, Germany, June '45, USO Show. There are other USO pictures. Below is a picture which bears the caption:

*U.S. Military Govt. HQ
Eupen, Belgium - 3 July 1945*



If you can help, write to Erma at Route 1, Box 293A, Moberly, Missouri 65270.

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.
REUNION PROGRAM
Hyannis, Massachusetts
September 8-11, 1996

• **SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1996** •

12:00 Noon - 5:00 p.m. **Registration, Headquarters Hotel, Cape Codder Hotel, Hyannis**
The registration desk will be open the majority of the day.

7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. **Welcome Wine & Cheese Reception**
Hosted by the Cape Codder Hotel (Attendees must be registered)
Welcome Address: Township Manager Warren J. Rutherford

• **MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1996** •

As needed **Registration, Headquarters Hotel, Cape Codder Hotel, Hyannis**
The registration desk will be open the majority of the day.

8:10 a.m. - 12:00 noon **Whale Watch Trip by Boat**
Buses depart the Cape Codder for a morning of whale watching on Cape Cod Bay. A naturalist will be aboard to highlight the marine life. Bring your camera. Vessel equipped with indoor and outdoor seating, plus galley. Bus back to hotel.

12:00 Noon **Lunch on your own and the afternoon free**
6:00 p.m. - 9:30 p.m. **Clambake Buffet**
Meal consists of garden salad; New England clam chowder; steamed clams; 1-1/4 pound native lobster; broiled chicken; corn on the cob; seasonal fruits and melons; garlic roasted potatoes; drawn butter; clam broth; corn bread; strawberry shortcake; and coffee/tea. Cash bar.

• **TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1996** •

As needed **Registration Desk**

8:30 a.m. - 10:00 a.m. **Hyannis Harbor Port Tour by Boat**
One hour cruise featuring beautiful scenery of Hyannis Harbor and Lewis Bay. After the cruise you have the option of shopping for some Cape Cod souvenirs.

11:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon **Plaque Dedication/Memorial Service** (Tour bus will deliver you to the site and is also available from the hotel at 11:00 a.m.)

12:15 Noon **Lunch on your own**

Time to be announced **Membership Meeting at Cape Codder Hotel**
Annual membership meeting. All are welcome to attend.

• **WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1996** •

As needed **Registration Desk**

8:30 a.m. - 3:00 p.m. **Tour of 'Plimoth' Plantation, Plymouth and more**
Motorcoach tour of 'Plimoth' Plantation complete with costumed interpreters portraying 17th century colony residents. You'll view Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower. Also you will visit the Cranberry World Museum.

12:00 Noon **Lunch on your own and the afternoon free**

6:30 p.m. **Annual Banquet with guest speaker, dinner and dancing**
Cash bar. Dinner includes choice of roast sirloin of beef OR baked scrod; New England clam chowder; chef's potato and vegetables; roll/butter; Boston cream pie; and tea/coffee.

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, INC.
Hyannis, Massachusetts
September 8-11, 1996

**COMMEMORATION
REGISTRATION FORM**

Name _____

Address: _____

Wife/Guest Name: _____

Division: _____ Regiment: _____

Unit or Company: _____

Signature: _____

Please provide the name of the hotel where you have made reservations _____

	Number of Persons	Cost per Person	Total
Registration Fee (All attendees must register)	_____	\$35.00	_____
Monday, September 9, 1996:			
Whale Watch Boat Tour	_____	\$23.00	_____
Clambake Buffet	_____	\$36.00	_____
Tuesday, September 10, 1996:			
Hyannis Harbor Port Tour	_____	\$23.00	_____
Wednesday, September 11, 1996:			
'Plimoth' Plantation and Plymouth Rock Tour	_____	\$31.00	_____
Banquet	_____	\$35.00	_____
Please indicate whether you prefer: Beef # _____ OR Scrod # _____			

Total Amount Enclosed \$ _____

Mail registration form and check payable to "VBOB" to:
Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge • P.O. Box 11129 • Arlington, VA 22210-2129



Tara's
Cape Codder Hotel
THE FLATLEY COMPANY

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1996 – THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1996

PLEASE RESERVE THE FOLLOWING ACCOMMODATIONS:

PLEASE CHECK ONE: EUROPEAN PLAN

_____ \$84.00 PER ROOM, PER NIGHT, SINGLE/DOUBLE OCCUPANCY, + 9.7% STATE TAX
 SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1996 THROUGH THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1996

_____ \$90.00 PER ROOM, PER NIGHT, SINGLE/DOUBLE OCCUPANCY, + 9.7% STATE TAX
 EARLY ARRIVALS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6 & SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7
 LATE DEPARTURES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13 & SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

**ALL ROOM REQUESTS HAVE BEEN NOTED ON YOUR RESERVATION
 AND WILL BE HONORED BASED ON AVAILABILITY**

*A LIMITED NUMBER OF NON-SMOKING ROOMS ARE AVAILABLE--PLEASE CHECK YOUR PREFERENCE:
 SMOKING _____ NON SMOKING _____

(I) (WE) WILL ARRIVE ON _____ AND DEPART ON _____

NAME (1) _____ GROUP TITLE _____

NAME (2) _____ GROUP TITLE _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP CODE _____

DAY TELEPHONE: (____) _____ TODAY'S DATE: _____

ONE NIGHT'S DEPOSIT OR A CREDIT CARD GUARANTEE IS REQUIRED PER ROOM PLUS 9.7% ROOM TAX.
 (PLEASE ENCLOSE CHECK, MADE PAYABLE TO THE CAPE CODDER HOTEL.) FOR THOSE USING
 CREDIT CARDS AS A GUARANTEE, PLEASE COMPLETE THE SECTION BELOW. YOUR DEPOSIT WILL BE
 APPLIED TO THE LAST NIGHT OF YOUR ROOM RESERVATION. **A BLOCK OF GUEST ROOMS IS BEING
 HELD AT YOUR GROUP RATE UNTIL AUGUST 6, 1996. PLEASE NOTE THAT THE NUMBER OF ROOMS
 BEING HELD MAY BE SOLD OUT PRIOR TO THIS DATE. WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO MAKE
 RESERVATIONS EARLY TO ENSURE GROUP RATE AND AVAILABILITY. OUR FAX # (508) 778-6039**

CREDIT CARD TYPE: _____ CREDIT CARD NUMBER: _____

EXPIRATION DATE: _____ SIGNATURE: _____

NO REFUND GIVEN IF:

- A. RESERVATION IS CANCELLED OR CHANGED WITHIN 72 HOURS PRIOR TO ARRIVAL.
- B. IF GUEST DOES NOT ARRIVE ON DATE SPECIFIED, ROOM IS CANCELLED AND REINSTATEMENT AT GROUP RATE IS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.
- C. NO REFUND GIVEN FOR EARLY DEPARTURE. DEPOSIT IS APPLIED TO THE LAST NIGHT OF YOUR ABOVE RESERVATION.

CHECK-IN TIME AFTER 3:00 PM -- CHECK-OUT TIME BY 11:00 AM

PLEASE COMPLETE AND SEND WITH YOUR DEPOSIT TO OUR RESERVATIONS DEPARTMENT
 OR

CALL US AT 1-800-THE TARA

WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR VISIT!

Route 132 & Bearse's Way ■ Hyannis, MA 02601 ■ (508) 771-3000 ■ FAX: (508) 771-6564

Golden Acorn Division to Erect Four Plaques in Belgium

By Mitchell Kaidy

Chairman, 87th Infantry Division Monuments Committee

Invited by the Belgian reserve officers group, CORLUX, 87th Infantry (Golden Acorn) Division veterans will erect four plaques on June 8 and 9 commemorating their victories in the Battle of the Bulge.

The provincial Governor, village Mayors and a representative of the U.S. Ambassador will attend. In remarks prepared for the main ceremony at Pironpre (The Bloody Crossroads), chairman Mitch Kaidy will say:

What can be said at a dedication ceremony for men who lived and died in the bloodiest battle in American history...our friends who were struck down while standing or running right in front of our eyes?

What can be said about a jeep driver who drove over roads dozens of times...then...once the ice wore thin...struck a mine?

Or the medic who charged into an artillery barrage to rescue a rifleman...and lost his legs?

Or an infantryman who engaged in hand-to-hand combat?

The occasion utterly stifles thought and defeats rhetoric.

I suggest that anybody who's moved to tears here at the Bloody Crossroads...as I am...let the tears roll...let them roll. One thing's for sure...only you, my fellow infantrymen who survived this grueling victory...should even attempt to frame this towering occasion.

Until the Battle of the Bulge...The battle of Gettysburg had stood as America's bloodiest single engagement. At a ceremony after that Civil War battle, U.S. President Abraham Lincoln declared: "We cannot dedicate...we cannot consecrate...we cannot hallow this ground...the brave men, living and dead, who fought here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract."

It's a solemn...noble...and overwhelming task finding words...to salute our glorious struggle here...and erect memorials to our Third Army unit which...in snow...sleet and sub-zero cold...prevailed in this extremely critical battle.

Standing in the Ardennes Forest in which American blood...in that fierce winter of 1944-45...was so copiously shed...how can anyone convey the profound admiration the world still feels for what was accomplished here?

In that harrowing winter, it wasn't just an attack we faced...it was a mass offensive...A surprise mass offensive devised by the mind of a certified madman...Adolph Hitler...and cloaked by deceptively-dressed paratroopers plus initially-superior Nazi forces.

Attacking with other Third Army units...our division cut the German supply line and accomplished the first actual shrinkage of the Bulge salient. By doing that, we helped lift the siege of Bastogne...a city which was almost completely surrounded when we arrived here after a bone-chilling 350-mile ride from the Saar Valley.

When the Nazis...using the English word annihilation in their ultimatum...demanded that the 101st Airborne Division surrender...we met their SS and Panzer forces headon...and when the Nazis boasted of holding several strongpoints around Bastogne...we attacked those strongpoints...including Saint Hubert, Libramont and Tillet...only a few kilometers from where we stand today at the Bloody Crossroads.

Our leader who knew this battle best...Lt Gen George S. Patton...gave voice to the Third Army's deeds...standing before the press in January...1945...he declared: "When you think of what they did...you will realize it was one of the greatest exploits

in military history...it was executed under the most difficult and trying conditions against tremendous odds."

I conclude by repeating his most eloquent testimonial, which is enshrined on this plaque: "None of us will ever forget the stark valor with which you and your corps contested every foot of ground during Von Rundstedt's attack."

In a very real sense...therefore...my fellow infantrymen...artillerymen...medics and attached troops...we are here today to rediscover and celebrate ourselves...what we did here a half century ago...to give evidence...once again...that the United States of America is...truly...the land of the free and the home of the brave.

God bless you all.

•••

SPECIAL EVENTS PLANNED FOR COMMEMORATION OF 52 ANNIVERSARY BATTLE OF THE BULGE

The Sheraton National Hotel, Arlington, Virginia has been selected as the site for activities commemorating the 52nd Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, December 15 and December 16, 1996.

Tentative schedule includes:

December 15, Sunday

1:00 pm — National Archives — Ceremony and viewing of the memorial box of earth from the Battlefields of Bastogne, Belgium which was presented to President Harry S. Truman by the people of Belgium in 1946.

After this ceremony, the group will go by bus to the Holocaust Museum for a special tribute to the veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and the liberators of the concentration camps. The afternoon activities will include an orientation to the museum, an opportunity for a brief visit of the exhibits, and conclude with a candlelight ceremony in the Memorial Auditorium.

6:00 pm — Social Hour in the beautiful roof-top Galaxy room of the Sheraton, followed by the Commemorative Banquet.

December 16, Monday

11:00 am — Arlington National Cemetery — Wreath Presentation at the Tomb of the Unknowns and the VBOB Memorial. VBOB will host a sit down buffet brunch at the NCO Club Fort Myer, Virginia after the ceremonies.

Arrangements have been made for over night accommodations at the Sheraton National Hotel for \$72.00 plus tax for either a single or double room.

PLEASE LOOK FOR THE COMPLETE SCHEDULE AND REGISTRATION FORMS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE BULGE BUGLE.

If they've been put there to fight, there are far too few.
If they've been put there to be killed, there are far too many.

ERNEST F. HOLLINGS

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

HISTORY BOOK

- 360 Page 9 x 12 inch hardbound coffee table style book
- Full color battle map and insignia chart of combat divisions
- History of the Battle of the Bulge
- Previously unpublished historic photographs
- War Stories from veterans who were there!
- 1,000 biographies of Bulge veterans
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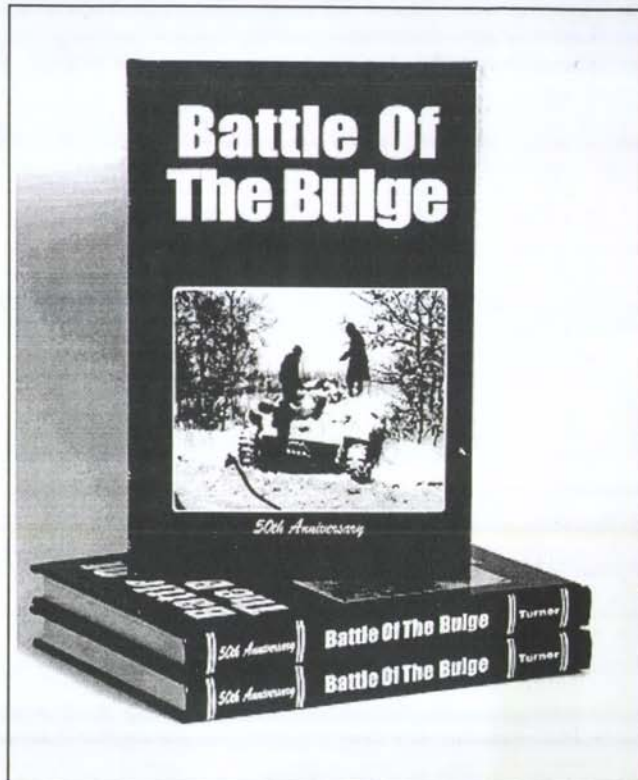
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Tenth Armored Div.	11th Armored Div.
17th Airborne Div.	78th Infantry Div.
362nd Fighter Group	386th Bomb Group

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I Sometimes Wonder...

(Continued from Page 3)

and the persons who have sacrificed so much to keep it safe and free for me and mine. I believe we have relented too much. We have given away *our rights*. What ever happned to majority rule? Or, are we, who would have the Pledge of Allegiance and our flag honored, the majority? I believe we are, and if we don't like what's going on in this respect, we have to do something about it. I don't think they (the legislators) know the wants and wishes of the majority. It is up to us to let them know and if they do not heed our majority voices, send them the "help wanted" ads.

Those who have minority opinions are entitled to them and we should respect and honor their feelings and beliefs. We should help to protect their right to have their feelings. However, our whole society has been remolded to fit the whims and beliefs of a few. Is this what we want?

The Pledge of Allegiance shows our individual respect for our country. Our country provides us the freedom to have our beliefs and feelings, be they majority or minority. Few countries allow the minorities a voice to express themselves, but we have this right.

Where else could a basketball player making millions of dollars a year, show such contempt for the national anthem of a nation which has sacrificed so much to ensure that he could be so disrespectful? He should stand for the anthem if only to say, "Thank you for my bounty and the opportunities this country grants me to enjoy it."

Therefore, I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Let's do what we can to ensure that we always have the *right* to recite this pledge when and where we want. I am grateful to each of you, veterans of VBOB, for your efforts and sacrifices to guarantee me the right to make this pledge.

Nancy Monson
Administrative Director

Searching for Someone?

Would you be interested in finding someone?

A long lost buddy perhaps?

1. Fill out Information Slip below. (If you have more than one request, make a copy of Information Slip and use for each request.)
2. Payment of \$5.00 either cash or check for each name (make check payable to Nancy C. Monson).
3. Self-addressed stamped envelope (32¢ postage.)

Mail completed Information Slip, payment (\$5.00 each name - make checks payable to Nancy C. Monson), and self-addressed stamped envelope to VBOB-Name Search, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210.

Keep in mind, we will be sending you a list of possible addresses and phone numbers for the person whose name you provide. There is no guarantee that the list we send you will be the person you are looking for. If no information is found for the name you requested, your money will be returned.

INFORMATION SLIP

Name of person to locate: (Include a middle initial, if possible)

List possible U.S. area (state) where this person might be located:



MEMORABLE

**BULGE
INCIDENTS**

UNEDITED AND HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED

Accounts of events and experiences in the Battle of the Bulge as recalled and expressed by veterans of the greatest battle ever fought by the U.S. Army in the greatest war ever fought are of much historical significance. These "close-up" combatant accounts are a complement to the study of strategy and logistics and are a legacy of an important battle and victory in the U.S. military annals.

These are priceless first-person recollections by living legends in what General Dwight D. Eisenhower foresaw as our greatest victory and Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in speaking before the House of Commons, characterized as an ever-famous American victory.

I MOSTLY REMEMBER THE WALKING

December, 1944

Louis R. Sandini
83rd Infantry Division
322nd Field Artillery Battalion
Marlboro, Massachusetts

Every time I think of the Bulge, my mind goes white and my body goes cold; frozen hands, frozen feet. My hands would go stiff around the handle of that 35 pound battery that I carried for the radio. Some of our men became casualties with frozen hands or feet. To sum it all up we froze our butts off. You know every movie I ever saw of the Battle of the Bulge shows long interminable tank battles, but I mostly remember the walking.

I'm not sure which officer was with me, but I think it was Lt. Powell, who was the one who led us at the time when we had to take prisoners. We were going through the snow-covered woods; I think it was at or near Rochefort, when we were taking one of our long freezing treks through the woods. We came to one of the numerous firebreaks in the woods, and believe me, we were very cautious when we crossed these. The lieutenant was always the lead man, with the radio man behind him and a wire man, if we had one with us.

I, being the sergeant, protected(?) the rear. The lieutenant always cautious, peeked up and down the firebreak to make sure there were no Germans set up there, to mow down unsuspecting GI's. "Quiet," whispered the lieutenant. "Sandini," he said, "peek around here and tell me what you see." I looked and saw a bunch of sheet-covered men sitting around a fire trying to keep warm. I asked, "Are those Germans?" "Of course, they are. What do you think we ought to do?" What I really wanted to do was run like hell. But the actor in me now took over and I said, "Let's walk back away here and think it over." "You know," I said, "there are about nine or ten of them out there and only five of us." While we were debating, an infantry sergeant, I remember his appearance well, with a big red moustache, a great big man. He asked, "What's going on here?" We told him about the sheet-covered Germans out on the fire break. So we all went over to the edge and he peeked around the corner. He said, "They just want to surrender." Then to our/my horror he yelled, "Combing zie here mit the hands on haffen," (phonetic not actual spelling).

To my great relief (the real me) and my great satisfaction, (the actor within me) they all dropped their guns and raised their hands. Then they fearfully came toward us saying "Kamarad." The sergeant took us in tow, prisoners and all and brought us to the compound.

On the way, I got a real scare when one of the prisoners stepped out of line and came towards me with his hand out. I jabbed forward with my carbine, he recoiled, but I relaxed when I recognized a word which sounded like cigarettten. I got a cigarette from somebody and handed it to him....

FRIENDS IN NEED....

December, 1944

Clifford S. Bird
32nd Reconnaissance Squadron (Mechanized)
Paoli, Indiana

On December 22nd (23rd?) we and the stragglers that had gotten to us were ambushed and scattered. German tanks got into the convoy in a small town. We that were through hit a dead end as the road right angled back toward the Germans.

To make a long story short, I caught up with a tank loaded with stragglers later that night and it dropped us at the next village, next morning, a young lieutenant was marching us west along a river road. We met a convoy from the 112th hunting for their men. They took us to their camp, fed us and treated us like their own men.

They put me with the recon platoon and kept me for eight days until the remnants of the 32nd was located. Lieutenant Truet (a good man and officer) offered to help me but I was worried about my buddies. Two sergeants drove for hours to take me to Bauxhorn. I have always regretted that I didn't get their names. I can only hope that they, Lieutenant Truet and the others survived.

THE DAY THE BULGE STARTED

December 16, 1944

Jerry W. Eades
62nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion
B Battery
Arlington, Texas

From the 8th of December 1944 I had been to Paris, France, on a pass. Corporal Joe Easton, of the reconnaissance section, and

my names had been drawn from all the men's names in B Battery to receive a 48-hour pass in Paris, with two days travel time so we could have a full 48 hours in Paris. We were supposed to be back in the battery area on 13 December, but due to motor trouble on the truck that was to bring us back, we got another 48 hours in Paris and arrived back in the battalion area early on the morning of 16 December, with a very big hang over from all the beer and champagne we had been drinking the last seven days, and feeling kind of low at having to go back to the front. We were looking forward to some sleep and rest, as the area we were in had been quiet.

As we arrived at the battalion CP area we were quickly jarred awake with a very heavy bombardment of light and medium artillery. I made my way back to the B Battery gun position and was met by First Sergeant Joe Osborn. The first thing he asked me was, "Did you get the perfume for me?" Before I had left for Paris on the 8th, he had given me \$50 worth of French Francs to buy a bottle of Chanel #5 perfume for him to send to his wife back in El Paso, Texas. As I handed him the bottle, he said, "I sure do thank you, Eades, and I sure hope you don't get killed on the way to your gun position." He jumped back in his foxhole. I made it fine, except about half of the 200 yards were made on my hands, knees, and stomach.

When I got to the gun position, I found one of my crew members had been hit on the hand by shrapnel. I sent him to the aid station and saw our #4 gun had received a number of rounds near the self-propelled gun mount. B Battery was called on immediately to fire two volleys, which was to fire six rounds per volley as fast as the shells could be put into the Howitzer. And this was the start of things that would last until after Christmas Day: our battalion Howitzers fired 21,140 rounds of 105 MM ammunition and our eight tanks fired 2,330 rounds of 75 MM ammunition in that six days and nights.

One thing that did not make any of us feel any better was that our battery commander came to each gun section position and said our half-tracks would soon come and deliver 1,000 rounds to each gun, as the Germans were trying to break through the thin cavalry lines near Roetgen and would be attacking toward Monschau. Our position was about 1,000 yards from Monschau and about five miles from Roetgen. The 62nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion was one of the American units that had been chosen to stay in position and hold as long as we could in case the Germans broke through the cavalry lines to let the other troops fall back and regroup.

However, the 38th and 102nd Cavalry Squadrons, as thinly as they were deployed, held. Our battalion guns fired all day and night. Soon the 1st Infantry Division infantry regiments came up and reinforced the cavalry units and no units had to fall back. The breakthrough the Germans tried sure put a stop to any other men getting to go to Paris on a 48 hour pass. After New Years I got to catch up on some of the sleep I had lost. The weather remained cold, foggy and rainy. The sun finally came out before the end of the 1944 year.

.....

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS IN A FOXHOLE

December 25, 1944

Earl S. Oldfather
72nd Airborne Division
504th Regiment
3rd Battalion
G Company
3rd Platoon
Toledo, Ohio

During my 3-1/2 years in the service I kept a daily diary. I recorded this for December 25, 1944:

Moved out via trucks. Walked a little ways. Dug in. I was lucky, got a hole already dug. Got straw for same. Ate candy bars for Christmas breakfast. Still plenty cold.

We moved back to the town (Bra, Belgium) into a house. An old man and woman lived there and didn't want to get out. The lieutenant said they had been told to go. We didn't want to be that hard-hearted, let them stay. Had a snack, roast beef, biscuits and jam. Our platoon was given four large turkeys and a ham for Christmas dinner, had to be cooked. Also had fruit juice, fruit cocktail, sugar, butter, canned milk and "K" rations. The sergeant chopped the turkeys up with an axe, they were frozen, put what we could in a bucket to boil. I cut the ham, each guy fried his own. The poor old lady stood in the kitchen and watched us. I gave her the ham bone, still meat on it. She put it in the cupboard.

Went to church at 5:00 p.m. at Co. CP. The Chaplain just began when a messenger came upstairs and said we were moving out. The turkey was just about done but had to leave it behind. Moved out along the road, not far. Dug in. Issued two "K" rations. Spent a cold night. I could hardly keep my eyes open when on guard. And so another Christmas spent in a foxhole with "K's" to eat.

.....

TAKE EACH DAY AS IT COMES

December, 1944

Joseph W. Bulkeley
10th Armored Division
61st Armored Infantry Battalion
Pinellas Park, Florida

Combat for us Luxembourg 10th Armoreds was from maybe December 17 to Christmas Eve, 1944. For us Christmas Day was quiet and the sun was out and we got lots and lots of mail. On Christmas night units of the 5th Infantry Division came into our forest and took over our positions, and the 10th Armored guys marched maybe 10 miles under the most gorgeous great moon I've ever seen in my life. Then, we climbed into our vehicles and rode some and came to a place where the Christmas dinner Ike had promised us was being served.

December 26th we ate chow in pre-dawn darkness, climbed into our vehicles and rode out of Luxembourg. I remember that

we passed an entire armored division moving north, in the opposite direction, and I learned later that this was "Super Six," the Sixth Armored Division which had left Metz after Christmas dinner and were heading for the Ardennes.

We met a different breed of cat in the Ardennes. We met a German who would fight as long as there was breath in his body. When our battalion commander told us "Go out there and earn our combat infantry badges," he meant exactly what he said. Our losses in that comparatively brief Ardennes experience were heavy, and when our vehicles brought us out of Luxembourg and back into France, we sure as hell knew we'd lived to see another day.

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CUT OFF IN THE WOODS

December, 1944

Jack A. Robertson
99th Infantry Division
393rd Infantry Regiment
Company A
Monterey, California

We went on-line in mid-November, relieving the 39th Infantry of the 9th Division in the dense woods east of Krinkelt-Butgenbach, which was eastward from Elsenborn. Two of our platoons were dug in on the edge of the woods, looking out across a highway that was the Belgian-German border. The Germans were in concrete bunkers across an open field and on the edge of more woods.



I was one of the two men SCR-300 radio team that provided communication for the company commander to battalion when he was on the move. One of us backpacked the radio, while the other packed the spare batteries. The weather was cold, with snow on the ground, and there was little activity except for occasional night patrol.

At daybreak on December 16, we came out of our holes at company headquarters with the sound of artillery and mortars not too far away. Shortly there was a screaming sound like a thousand screaming wolves, and then Screaming Mimi mortar rounds began to drop near us. We had little information on what was happening, but eventually a few survivors from our two line platoons came in to say that they have been overrun with heavy casualties.

Captain Jameson called for us and the reserve platoon, and we headed up to where the line platoons had been. We managed to get almost up to the highway, but then came under heavy, rapid, small arms fire and artillery, and were pinned down. One of my most vivid memories is of crawling from tree to tree on my stomach with the 40 lb. radio on my back, trying to stay with the captain. At every tree I was being showered with bark and splinters as bullets and shrapnel splintered the tree trunks, what seemed like an inch above the radio and my head. We held this position and firing gradually tapered off near the end of the day.

We holed up with the captain in one of our line platoon's bunkers for the night. We had an artillery spotter with us, and he and the captain decided to call an occasional artillery round down on us to provide some protection. Before long, however, the spotter told us his artillery reported being under attack by tanks, and radio communication with them was soon lost. As I remember, we also had no communication with battalion by that time, and began to realize that we were cut off behind the front.

The next morning it was strangely quiet, and the remnants of Company A began moving westward, back to where Battalion Headquarters had been. Along the way, we picked up remnants of other units. The bunkers that had been Battalion Headquarters were deserted and we remained there overnight. I was in a bunker at the edge of a road with the 1st sergeant and several others. During the night we heard considerable activity on the road, and the 1st sergeant slipped out to see what it was. He came back very quickly and silently to say it was a large column of infantry, moving westward and speaking German.

The next morning, it was again quiet and our group of remnants assembled on the top of a wooden hill, while someone decided what to do next. While we watched, out of the mist on a road in the valley below us came a long column of American prisoners, being marched eastward by an armored car and German guards. They were only a few hundred yards away, and if the guards saw us, they did not react at all. We were dumbfounded, confused, most without workable weapons or ammunition, and we could only watch as this procession marched below us and out of sight toward Germany. It was a sight I have never forgotten.

We moved westward through the woods during that day. By night fall we were in a valley just below the village of Krinkelt, which it turned out was being threatened by several German tanks, but was still controlled by Americans. In pitch darkness, we forded a river and started up the road toward the village, which was illuminated by fires. Before going very far, however, we came under mortar or artillery fire, resulting in complete chaos. It was pitch black, few had any idea where they were, men were screaming in the darkness as shells were landing among us with many casualties. Some of us ultimately managed to get up to Krinkelt somehow. There were Americans there and firing could be heard nearby. I took refuge in a stone building and at daybreak someone came in and told us they were pulling out and we were loaded into trucks and Krinkelt was given up.

We had been without sleep or much food for several days, but we were trucked to the hills outside of Elsenborn and told to dig in as fast as possible. By this time there was about 50 of us left from the original company of about 200. There was an engineering outfit next to us and I'm not sure who was on the

other side. We were on the crest of low, rolling snow covered hills, with woods across the valley from us.

The next morning, the Germans attacked from the woods, with artillery fire coming in on our position. The artillery behind us opened up and was overwhelming, crackling over our heads continually. This repeated itself for four more days, but the Germans were beaten off each time by the massive artillery support. We were in these positions for the next month, receiving daily artillery poundings and occasional sniper fire, but the Germans gradually became less active. The Elsenborn Ridge had held.

LIGHTS OUT!!

December 19, 1944

Buford J. Wellette
676th Engineer Light Equipment
Bend, Oregon

[From Nancy, France] we headed for Luxembourg City arriving about dark on the 19th.

Our 6-ton was roaring up the hill with headlights full on. All of a sudden a flashlight was shone in our face and we were told to shut off the headlights before they were shot out. We pulled to the curb and stopped.

We heard the planes coming. All hell broke loose. We crawled under the truck on the snow and ice. My partner, Tim Tylor, and I lay under there until people were walking along talking. This was our first encounter with war. Before long, we were full fledged veterans and this was just routine.

We were strafed many times: once so close the dirt hit my shoes. We made it home okay, with no wounds.

STRINGING WIRE IN THE DARK

January, 1945

Elmer M. Dixon
246th Combat Engineer Battalion
Company C
Longview, Washington

I don't remember Christmas, but I am sure we had something special, maybe pie or cake. But I do remember New Years Eve. We had a midnight celebration that is still clear in my 77 year old mind, so I thought I would write about this celebration which I am sure many besides myself will remember.

We were the 246th Combat Engineer Battalion in the Hurtgen Forest. We were fixing the road so that we could close it down in a hurry if the Germans decided to come through into Belgium. We mined little bridges over creeks and ditches, and we notched hundreds of trees along side the road and wrapped them with plastic explosives so they would fall across the road if we blew them up. On the upper end of the road there was a little slope with a clearing on the top about 100 yards wide. In the woods on the far side of the clearing a German infantry division was dug in. Now this was freezing weather with about a foot of

snow on the ground. Those that were there, living in those fox holes will long remember what a miserable holiday season they lived through. We, engineers, were lucky. After a day's work we went back to houses in a little village in Germany.

Anyway some one decided that we would go out after dark for a few nights and string barbed wire through the middle of the field because there was fear that the Germans were going to make a push and come across the open ground. We couldn't get our trucks closer than a mile from the area so we had to walk and carry our rolls of wire and steel stakes through the snow.



Sometimes we waited for hours in our trucks, waiting for clouds to cover the moon. In the moonlight the Germans would be able to see us out there, so it was a very scary situation. We were even worried about getting shot by American guards, the word was passed down the line that we were out there, but there was always the chance that some one didn't get the word, and American guards were supposed to shoot anything that moved in front of them.

We did have one man shot by American guards. Sgt. Roy Page, of San Diego, California, was breaking trail in the snow for his crew of wire stringers when he ended up in front of a German machine gun. A quick burst from the gun and he flopped into a shallow shell hole unhurt. He could hear them talking, deciding if they got him or not. He knew if he got up and ran they would get him for sure, so he laid there without moving and soon it got light. Now he had three choices: get up and run and get shot; get up and surrender and probably get shot; or wait until night came again and start crawling in the snow until it seemed safe to stand up and walk. Unfortunately, we were not supposed to work that night, so when he got in sight of American guards he was shot. We heard later that he got shot in the shoulder and would be alright--if getting shot in the shoulder means you are alright. I have a feeling that many GI's, living in a frozen dirt hole in the snow after several weeks would be glad to trade their holes in the ground for a hole in the shoulder and a trip to a nice warm hospital.

The Germans knew we were out there stringing wire in the dark. One night several engineers were packing their rolls of wire through the snow and they came face-to-face with a German scouting patrol. They looked at each other and the engineers dropped their wire and took off, and the Germans took off in the opposite direction. Then one of the Germans stopped and shouted in big city American English, "Run you mother -----ers." A vulgar expression popular among American teenagers at the time. This German had undoubtedly gone to school in America. Germans liked to have an ex-American along on

scouting patrols, if they got challenged by an American guard he might be able to convince them they were not Germans. In a situation like that with the lines so close together none in the open after dark would have dared to fire a shot. Both sides would send up a flare and anyone in the middle would wish they were home.

Anyway, December 31st came along and we got the word, "It's going to be cloudy so we string wire tonight." We talked it over among ourselves, the 8th Infantry would be quiet when midnight came because they would know we were out there working, but the Germans would know it also and they might schedule some sort of celebration for us--not a happy celebration. So we decided when it got close to midnight to get close to a good hole. Anyway at a quarter to midnight I had a good hole picked out and I stopped all open operations right there. At the stroke of midnight the Germans shot up two flares lighting up the whole area, twice as bright as day, then the mortars started coming in--exploding over the whole area, they were shooting all of their machine guns and I imagine every rifleman was warming up his rifle. I don't know how long it took those flares to hit the ground and die out but it seemed forever. When it got dark again, it got real quiet and I could hear the faint sound of singing coming from the German lines. It sounded like the German version of Auld Lang Syne. Now I don't think the Germans were expecting many casualties if any from their awesome fireworks display. I think they wanted to ring in the New Year with gusto--and also to let us know they were still there.

One party of five men led by Sgt. Dan House, of Holt, Michigan, discovered they had taken shelter in an abandoned German slit trench latrine. Fortunately, the bottom was frozen solid.

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BELIEVE ME, IT'S SAFE

January, 1945

Dale R. Carver
106th Infantry Division
424 Infantry Regiment
3rd Battalion
Headquarters
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

...At one time our 3rd Battalion Headquarters was in a German pillbox, a damp, cold musty concrete structure. One evening a group of us were standing around a coal-burning pot-bellied stove on the ground floor trying to absorb a little warmth. We were a mangy looking crew, unshaven and dirty. Most had grenades in their field coat pockets or hanging from lapels. I did not, but as ammunition and pioneer platoon leader, I always carried blocks of TNT, fuse, detonators (carefully wrapped) and my Zippo lighter, since the easy and safe way to disarm a mine is simply to blow it in place.

I was idly tossing and catching a block of TNT. This disturbed the people around the stove greatly. I explained that, as a military explosive, TNT is very stable and cannot be detonated

by mechanical shock. To illustrate my point I bounced the block off the concrete floor. They scattered. Turned on by the attention, I explained that TNT would even burn without exploding. To demonstrate this I opened the door of the stove and pitched in the block. That was a mistake! For the next five minutes or so the stove belched forth a cloud of yellow choking smoke, and for the next hour or so, at Colonel Girand's request, I turned a crank which propelled a large overhead exhaust fan, the only "air conditioning" in that vast dank structure.

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PAIN, PILLS & PERSEVERANCE

December, 1944

Harold "Sparky" Songer
106th Infantry Division
423rd Infantry Regiment
Company I
Danville, Illinois

...The unit was moved to the quiet, snow-covered Belgian front shortly before the attack.

The Germans were in pillboxes (along the front) and we were there to infiltrate. We could see them on patrol with their police dogs, and we could hear them talking.

On guard duty, you'd stare at the moving tree limbs so long that you'd start seeing Germans in uniform, attacking. It was an illusion. But the illusion didn't last.

On the 15th, we could see them bringing up their vehicles. We called back and said there was going to be a big push. We were told not to fire, so as not to give away our positions.

On the morning of the 16th, the Germans struck. They were firing everything that would fire. Buzz bombs, V-2 rockets, artillery--the whole earth shook. It wasted four or five hours.

Tree tops, hit by shells, burst in flames and crashed all around the GI's. We shot everything we had, then called back asking "What next?" They said, "Throw the gear in a pile, get your weapons and head out."

...We heard that General Patton had asked for all our vehicles for his push (from the south). I'm not sure even the generals knew the Nazi push was coming.

Low on ammunition, with no food, supplies or reinforcements our unit retreated deep into the forest, then were caught in a crossfire.

We were surrounded. A lot of good friends of mine were shot and killed. You're supposed to dig in and fight, but the ground was frozen so hard that sparks flew when we hit it with our entrenching tools.

The situation grew desperate, but the men vowed to fight to the death.

A sniper killed 80-90 men in L Company. My mortar crew in I Company was moved up, and was told by a colonel to "knock that SOB out."

Within seconds my sergeant was shot through the brain and I was shot in the chest. The bullet, miraculously, hit a GI spoon in my breast pocket. I still have the spoon.

Finally, a mortar round was lobbed through an opening in the

branches, killing the sniper.

Ordered by their officers to surrender, the men broke their rifles before their captors arrived. That's the hardest thing to do in combat.

RESCUE OF A NURSE

December, 1944

Ira Bonett, Sr.
84th Infantry Division
4th Amphibious Brigade
Monson, Massachusetts

While on patrol in the Bulge, the Germans had an artillery over the area. I went on till I saw a white bit of cloth by a log. I went over and there was a woman laying almost hidden. I thought she was dead but after checking her heart, I found she was breathing but unconscious and in shock. I put my jacket under her head.

An artillery shell had hit her in the buttocks taking a piece off of her 6 inches long and 3 inches wide. She hadn't bled to death as the artillery shell was so hot it seared the wound, leaving hundreds of pin points of blood with no flow.



I got out my first aid kit and dressed the wound. She still hadn't come to so I picked her up and started away from the Germans and yelling for a medic over and over.

After what seemed like ages I got an answer and some medics came out of the woods. I told them what happened and they said they would take her to the First Aid Station and then to a hospital.

I never got her name but she looked like a nurse that had taken a walk and got lost and wandered into a German artillery barrage. I hope they got her to a hospital on time.

I went back to my company and as usual the commander said some day a sniper will get you or you'll step on a mine and I'll put you down as a deserter. I said, "You do that, Captain."

DETOUR

December, 1944

Leonard Loiacono
5th Infantry Division
50th Field Artillery Battalion
A Battery
Yeadon, Pennsylvania

After a long delay in Metz, we moved toward Germany which included the Saar River, Karlsbrunn, Saarlantern and the Siegfried Line. We were about to try to cross the Saar River when the Germans started their offensive in Luxembourg and Belgium.

The division was making good progress through the Siegfried Line on the 21st of December when told to move north to Luxembourg. We moved 100 miles in 22 hours through rain and snow. In Luxembourg the column had stopped briefly when a civilian came up to us. He was excited when he saw the red diamond. He told us he fought with the 5th Division in World War One. He married a local girl and never went back to the United States.

On Christmas Day we were on line and firing. It was overcast but off to the horizon the clouds opened up and the sun shone. American planes were bombing and strafing. We were on high ground and could see all of this. It was still overcast in our area but we just kept firing the Howitzers as fast as we could load them. Also in this position, we saw a buzz bomb launched in the German sector. We fought until January 25, 1945, to close off the Germans retreating the Battle of the Bulge. We then headed east to Germany.

FRIED CLAMS FONDLY REMEMBERED

January, 1945

Robert E. Foye
35th Infantry Division
134th Infantry Regiment
Company A
Augusta, Maine

On January 4, 1945, I was wounded and captured in the Ardennes. I was held captive at four locations, Prum, Georstein, Limburg, and Bad Orb. At Bad Orb, one day, several fellow prisoners and I were discussing our favorite meals, and if we were fortunate enough to get home, where we would go to dine.

My choice was a place known as Brownies, where one could buy the best fried clams in my home state of Maine. One of the fellows, Ralph Damon, who served in the 45th Infantry Division and who was unknown to me at the time, spoke up that his favorite choice would be at a place also known as Brownies and fried clams would be on his menu. It quickly became apparent that we were talking about the same place: Brownies in Pittston, Maine. Hard to believe, but true.

GLOVES WERE NO HELP

December, 1944

Theodore O. Hoffmeister
90th Infantry Division
358th Infantry Regiment
Headquarters
Headquarters Company
St. Louis, Missouri

When the Bulge battle began the 90th Division was in the mid-stage of a river crossing in the vicinity of the City of Dillingen, Germany. The river to be crossed was the Saar, and it was at flood. All of the committed companies of the 357, 358, and 359 regiments had made the difficult crossing, mainly at night. About 20 men of my company, Headquarters and Headquarters of the 358th, myself included, had made the move on the heels of the riflemen in order to maintain communications between the forward elements and those in the rear on the west side of the river.

I was chief switchboard operator, but with my section divided I doubled in brass as a wireman. I could tell a few hair-raising tales about our experiences, but this account is primarily about the Bulge.

About the fourth or fifth day we began to hear some disquieting rumors from our counterparts on the other side of the river. Apparently, the Germans had pulled a huge surprise north of us, and it looked ominous, especially with the division divided in half by a raging torrent.

A couple of days later, we transmitted a message to the rifle companies: disengage and pull out as quietly as possible. As company after company crossed the one foot bridge we had managed to maintain in our sector our group was held there to provide communications for the withdrawal. We began to think we were expendable, but finally we got the order to close down and cross over. When we left there was only one company remaining in our area--an engineer company that was booby-trapping and laying mines. Believe me, I was very happy to set foot on the west bank of that obstreperous stream.

We spent about two days in Remlingen and then we were relieved by the 94th Division, who stepped in and took over our positions, equipment and all. Unit markings blacked out or removed, we then boarded trucks and started out for the Bulge. We didn't have road priority, so every time an armored outfit came along we had to pull off the road until they got by. It took us at least two days to go the hundred or so miles. We rested briefly at Arlon in Luxembourg and then we hit a finger of the German spearhead on the south, the 6th Armored hit it on the north, and in two days we had pinched it off with the capture of beaucoup prisoners.

Then we had campaigns in Oberwampach, Niederwampach and Weiswampach. Eventually my company landed in Sonlez, Belgium. We set up the regimental CP in a house near the church. The windows had been bombed out, so we hung blankets in them to conserve heat. The switchboard was set up next to the kitchen stove and even with the fire going night and day water partially froze in a Jerrican next to the stove.

When I was on duty at the switchboard, I kept my hands in my overcoat pockets until a call came in. I would hurriedly place

the call and then plunge my hands back into my pockets. (It was virtually impossible to operate the board with gloves on.)

About the second day we were in this location, a half-track backed in close to the building and ran over a German soldier under a foot of snow. We didn't even know he was there. He was frozen so solid that he shattered like glass.

On the third day, around ten in the morning, we were attacked by four British fighter-bombers who mistook Sonlez for a German-held town because of all the derelict Jerry vehicles scattered around. The CP personnel all rushed to the cellar where an air-raid shelter had been set up by the previous occupants. As Col. Bealke passed behind where I was operating the board he placed a hand on my shoulder and said, "The switchboard operator can go with us." But I couldn't leave the board. Other calls were coming in and our company commander, Capt. Hugo Pyes, was on the phone in the CP room, attempting to reach the division radio station so they could notify the flyers they were attacking their allies. Several bombs had dropped by this time and there was much strafing. I tried one line to division and it was out, apparently due to the bombing.



By this time Capt. Pyes was shouting: "I want division! Get me division!" I tried the other line and got through. Whether it was due to that call or the identification panels put out by the vehicle drivers, I'll never know--but the bombing and strafing stopped. One lone plane came in low for a look-see and my head practically disappeared into my shoulders, for I thought he was going to plant a bomb in my hip pocket.

When the excitement was over and the CP people came up from the shelter, Col. Bealke noted I was still at the switchboard so he promptly recommended me for a Bronze Star. I learned later that a captured SS trooper had been hit in the head by a .50 caliber only 60 feet from my position.

While still at that location our line to the regimental aid station went out and since I was off-duty from the switchboard I volunteered to go with Sgt. Rose and PFC Kent to repair it. We carried a test phone and some extra field wire to splice in if there was considerable damage. It was night and it was snowing hard. Matter of fact, it was almost a blizzard. We would follow the wire by letting it trail through our gloved hands. When we found a break one guy would hold onto the end while the other two scrambled around in the snow until the other end was found. Then we would splice and test. We had repaired four breaks before we finally reached the aid station on our test phone.

Curious by now, because the aid station was supposed to be only 3/4 of a mile from the CP, we followed the line until we found it. It was closer to 2-1/2 miles. It seems the medics had not liked the building to which they'd been assigned, so they had extended the line on their own to a more suitable location.

Then followed more days of freezing and moving. I remember one day when four of us in a jeep on a sunken road were fired at by a German tanker. His 88 had too flat a trajectory and his shells hit either short or beyond. Had it been a howitzer or a mortar, we'd have been dead meat.

I recall many times when I lay in my sleeping bag and shivered practically all night. I also recollect when we were going to use an attic for our sleeping quarters and a Luxembourg woman shooed us out until she had swept out the hay and straw on the floor and mopped it with lye soap water. It seemed the Germans had slept there two nights before, and they'd been lousy.

Toward the end of the Bulge we set up the CP in an old hotel near the railroad station at Benouchamps, Belgium. The 359th Regiment was set up in the station which was almost directly across the road. One day, as PFC Arthur Jacobson and I were chopping firewood in a ravine by the hotel a lone 15 cm shell came in and hit the 359 officers' latrine, which was, luckily, unoccupied at the time. As the canvas soared up like a sail, Jacobson and I rolled in the snow, laughing our fool heads off. We wouldn't have thought it so humorous if someone had been using it.

LUCK WAS WITH ME

December, 1944

Guy E. Sumpter
774th Tank Battalion
Company B
Somerset, Kentucky

On December 26, battalion was again to the 83rd Infantry Division and we moved to the vicinity of Jenette, Belgium.



This was a real hard time for me. Three hours in combat we got hit by a bazooka which killed two crew members. The good Lord was watching over me and my bow gunner. We were not hurt.

On December 29th, the tank was knocked out by a bazooka, but no one was hurt. Two days later, we got knocked out by German 88--again no

one hurt.

January 13th, my Company B supported the 83rd Infantry Division in capturing towns Bittain, Petit, Langliv, Honyelez, Longchamps, Bovigny, Couptil. My time on line we opposed elements of eight enemy divisions: 2nd, 9th, 130th, 116th Panzer Divisions, 2nd SS Panzer Division and 12th and 560th Volksgrenadier.

Thanks to my Lord, I'm still here. I



could write lots about what happened to me and my platoon but it is too frightening to remember.

HEROISM, UNREWARDED

January 15, 1945

Jim Langford
99th Infantry Division
394th Infantry Regiment
Company I
Springdale, Arkansas

I, as an assistant squad leader, had the privilege to spend 12 out of every 36 hours in our platoon outpost. This outpost was a couple hundred yards down the slope of Elsenborn Ridge in front of the I Company positions. It was a small underground bunker constructed by the Germans when the area was a part of Germany in 1890. The Germans had an outpost in a small clump of woods 50-75 yards further down the slope. We could hear them and I assume they could hear us.

On January 15, 1945, I and two others were in the outpost--had been since dark the day before. I was on lookout, standing on the steps and looking toward the woods. I noticed movement to my right rear--alerted the others with me and challenged the group of men I could see a short distance away. Some one answered to the effect that they were a patrol from L Company going out to get themselves killed. I had not been told of this patrol so I answered that if someone didn't come over and identify themselves, someone was going to be killed quicker than they expected. Lt. Comfort, the leader of the patrol, came over and talked for a minute or so saying that they didn't want the Germans to know they were coming so keep the noise down. I pointed out the German outpost that the lieutenant knew were on the way. The patrol of about 60 men continued on through the clump of woods and on into the heavy woods where the German line was.

They got into heavy fire fight on the way back and had considerable casualties. It was about 500 yards from the edge of the woods where the Germans were, to our lines up the slope of Elsenborn Ridge. One of the patrol, while in the open on the slope, was hit by German fire and fell. John Haisler, a 1st platoon member, saw him fall and along with the 1st platoon medic ran down the slope to bring him in. As he bent over to pick the wounded man up, a German bullet hit the back of his helmet, traveled up between the steel and the plastic liner, coming out the front. John, not realizing what had happened, picked up the man and his helmet and brought the man back to our lines. After turning the wounded man over to the medic, he looked at his helmet and realized how close death had passed him by. He just sat in the snow for a while before he could move again.

Although our company officers knew of this feat of heroism, nothing was done to reward him. I don't recall John being with the company at the end of the war and don't know what if anything happened to him. If any of the readers know of John Haisler, I would appreciate knowing.

The 394 Infantry sent out two combat patrols on this date--one

out of the 1st Battalion consisted of 28 men and the one I wrote about from the 3rd Battalion consisted of 60 men. Only 15 or 16 made it back and most of them were wounded. I Company lost their entire light machine gun section on this patrol.

WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOUR STORY

It has been quite some time since we asked for submittal of stories. This was because we had a tremendous number on hand and people were beginning to become upset with us because their story was not being used. We can now say we are "reasonably" sure there is a light at the end of the tunnel and can again begin to accept stories.

If you submit your story, please keep in mind that we use them in the order in which they are received.

Another thing, we have tended to get away from the fact that your story should deal with one particular incident--not the history of your unit. **Please make it one event on one day. If necessary, a little bit of explanation to put the story in the right framework.** If your story does not deal with one specific event, we will put it with the materials on units and thus printing will be delayed considerably--we have a lot of this type information.

Do not send anything that you wish to have returned. Make a photocopy of the material. We cannot guarantee that materials will be returned to you.

LEAD PENCIL

Two harmless looking mechanical pencils, complete with lead, were found in one of the buildings occupied by local troops. Upon examination it was found that these pencils were capable of firing a bullet about the size of a 22 cal. from the end where the eraser is usually placed. A small knob on the side, when pulled back and released, fires the bullet. Another weapon under the guise of a harmless looking object was found recently when an ordinary looking cane was picked up which proved to have a hollow stem through which a bullet can be fired. The trigger which fires this weapon is concealed in the handle. A variety of blackjacks, knives, etc. some appearing to be commonplace articles have also been found. Troops should be cautioned to be on the lookout for German soldiers or civilians who have in their possession such weapons.

(Source: 6th Cavalry Group, through VIII Corps and published in the G-2 Intelligence Summary No. 145, Hq 78th Infantry Division, 29 Apr 1945, Record Group 407, National Archives and Records Administration, College Park, MD.)

**ARE YOURS DUES PAID? CHECK YOUR
MAILING LABEL FOR YOUR DUES DATE.**

MILITARY CHANGES ANNOUNCED

"There is nothing permanent except change"

[Heraclitus: Fragment]

And so it came to pass that the great war ended in Europe with victory over Hitler and his army, and the men of who had fought gallantly in the Ardennes Forest and in the defense of Bastogne, and who were the first soldiers to cross the Rhine River since the time of Napoleon, and who had fought in other battles against the Nazi armies. American tankers and infantrymen and artillerymen and others who had not seen nor served with a woman except those men who had been wounded and cared for by a 2nd lieutenant nurse or had been served coffee and doughnuts by a Red Cross volunteer lady. These men did return to their homes and their civilian pursuits as plumbers and postal workers.

But "The old order changeth, yielding place to new" wrote Tennyson in "Passing of Arthur." And changes have come to the U.S. military forces.

Woman Joins Old Guard

At exactly 1000 hours on Friday, March 22, 1996, 23-year old Sergeant Heather Lynn Johnsen clicked her heels and assumed her post as the honor guard at the Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington National Cemetery. She was the 389th soldier in 38 years to wear the silver tomb guard badge and assume one of the most prestigious assignments of the United States Army.

Ramrod straight, dress blues and firm demeanor, Sgt. Johnsen marched the 21 steps at the 90 step per minute cadence. She was the guard watch over the tombs representing nearly 90,000 unknown American men and women who gave their lives for their country.

Sgt. Johnsen is assigned to the Old Guard, a 1,273 member unit established in 1784 and the oldest active U.S. Army unit which performs ceremonial functions.

Woman Nominated for Three Star General

On Tuesday, March 26, 1996, President Clinton nominated Marine Corps Maj. Gen. Carol Mutter to be the first female three star general. The nomination must be confirmed by the U.S. Senate.

Maj. Gen. Carol Mutter is a 28-year veteran of the Marine Corps. "It takes time to grow a general," Mutter said. She advised military women to persevere.

If promoted, she will join 107 men of three-star-rank. In the four military services, there are 19 female general officers.

[Information based upon Washington Post articles March 23 and March 27, 1996. Submitted by Dee Paris - 14th Tank Battalion - 9th Armored (REMAGEN) Division]

HUMAN ERROR?...it may have been easier to deal with....

Our computer went down when we were almost finished with this issue and much of the material was not retrievable. The human error was that the back up we had of all the information we had processed was a couple of days old. Therefore, we may have lost something that you sent us and we were unable to correct the mistakes on the copy we had run off, as time for publication ran out on us. So, please forgive us if you sent something and it's not included. We'll make every effort to locate it and will put it in the next issue.

Treaties are like roses and young girls.
They last while they last.

CHARLES DE GAULLE

REUNIONS

RHIN DANUBE ASSOCIATION, October 13-15, 1996, Holiday Inn, Indianapolis, Indiana. Contact: James Warmouth, 6545 West 11th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46214. Telephone: 317-241-3730. (Vets who fought with the French in Southern France are invited to inquire.)

SHAEF/ETOUSA VETERANS ASSOCIATION (ETO), October 4-6, 1996, Ramada Plaza Resort. Contact: Alan F. Reeves, 2301 Broadway, San Francisco, California 94115. Telephone: 415-921-8322.

STORM LAKE, IOWA, AREA, Bulge Veterans, June 28-30, 1996, Buena Vista University. For further information, contact: Angela Vyverberg, Executive Director, Storm Lake Chamber of Commerce, PO Box 584, Storm Lake, Iowa 50588. Telephone: 712-732-3780.

2ND EVACUATION HOSPITAL, September 13-15, 1996, Middletown, Ohio. Contact: Jean or Jimmie Wathen, 225 East Spalding Street, Morganfield, Kentucky 42437. Telephone: 502-389-1665.

3RD ARMORED DIVISION, 32ND ARMORED REGIMENT, COMPANY D, October 4-6, 1996. Contact: Harold Fletcher, 611 Pasadena Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40503. Telephone: 6006-277-0855.

6TH ARMORED DIVISION, September 3-8, 1996, Scottsdale, Arizona. Contact: Edward F. Reed, PO Box 5011, Louisville, Kentucky 40255-0011.

9TH ARMORED DIVISION, 89TH CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON MECHANIZED, September 12-16, 1996, Airport Days Inn, Bloomington, Minnesota. Contact: Ms. Bev Pitner, 480 Hillside Drive West, Wayzata, Minnesota 55391. Telephone: 612-475-0630.

11TH ARMORED DIVISION, August 6-10, 1996, Spokane, Washington. Contact: Peg Pfeiffer, 2328 Admiral Street, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania 15001.

11TH ARMORED DIVISION, 55TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, COMPANY B, September 5-8, 1996, Des Moines, Iowa. Contact: Gene Foster, 1401 17th Avenue, Eldora, Iowa 50627. Telephone: 515-858-2158.

16TH FIELD ARTILLERY OBSERVATION BATTALION, June 20-22, 1996, Cincinnati/Northern Kentucky Airport Hotel. Contact: Horard J. Frey, 3017 Timberview Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45211. Telephone: 513-481-1685.

26TH INFANTRY DIVISION, June 10-12, 1996, Hampton Beach, New Hampshire. Contact: Leslie F. White, 9 Smithson Drive, Beverly, Massachusetts 01915. Telephone: 508-922-6171.

28TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 109TH INFANTRY, September 3-October 4, 1996, Las Vegas, Nevada. Contact: Gregory R. Mazza, 205 Caleta Drive, Camarillo, California 93012-5109. Telephone: 805-482-1330.

35TH INFANTRY DIVISION, 134TH INFANTRY, September 3-7, 1996, Queen Mary, Long Beach, California. Contact: James G. Graff, 1146 100th Avenue, Middletown, Illinois 62666. Telephone: 217-445-2750.

38TH SIGNAL BATTALION, September 26-29, 1996, Wilmington, Delaware. Contact: Bill Foiles, PO Box 5567, Columbia, South Carolina. Telephone: 803-771-6208.

75TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 19-22, 1996, Hampton, Virginia. Contact: James Warmouth, 6545 West 11th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46214. Telephone: 317-241-3730.

78TH DIVISION (NORTHEAST), July 20-21, 1996. Contact: Philip DiPace, 123 Yardboro Avenue, Albany, New York 12205. Telephone: 518-459-3815.

80TH INFANTRY DIVISION, August 21-25, 1996, New Orleans, Louisiana. Contact: Frank Terrizzi, 3039 Foulk Road, Boothwyn, Pennsylvania 19061. Telephone: 610-459-1770.

83RD INFANTRY DIVISION, August 13-19, 1996, Holiday Inn-Independence, 6001 Rockside Road, Independence Ohio 44131-9709. Contact: Robert Derickson, 3749 Stahlheber Road, Hamilton, Ohio 45013. Telephone: 513-863-2199.

83RD INFANTRY DIVISION (Boston Chapter), September 30-October 4, 1996, Pines Resort Hotel, South Fallsburg, New York 12779. Contact: Pat DiGiammerino, 36 East Border Rd, Malden, Massachusetts 02148. Telephone: 617-322-2754.

87TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 15-22, 1996, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Contact: Fritz Ortowski, 4687 Gregory Street, Wellston, Michigan 49689. Telephone: 616-859-4304.

94TH INFANTRY DIVISION, August 29-31, 1996, Hyatt House, Kansas City, Missouri. Contact: Harry Helms, 609 Dogwood Drive, Downingtown, Pennsylvania 19335. Telephone: 610-363-7826.

95TH INFANTRY DIVISION, September 5-8, 1996, Peoria, Illinois. Contact: Lester W. Wolf, 8032 South 86th Court, Justice, Illinois 60458-1445. Telephone: 708-458-3047.

99TH INFANTRY DIVISION, June 3-9, 1996, Dearborn, Michigan. Contact: Alfred Goldstein, 25451 Karen Street, Oak Park, Michigan 48237-1308.

110TH INFANTRY ASSOCIATION, September 6-7, 1996, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Contact: Stanley F. Rex, PO Box 24933, Rochester, New York 14624. Telephone: 716-235-2165.

150TH ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION, May 13-17, 1996, Shoreway Acres, Falmouth, Massachusetts (Cape Cod). Contact: Curtis F. Shaw, 25 Sagamore Road, West Yarmouth, Massachusetts 02673.

264TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, September 12-14, 1996, Canton, Ohio. Contact: Bot Latz, PO Box 654, Racine, Wisconsin 53401. Telephone: 414-681-1998.

275TH ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, September 25-29, 1996, Hyatt Fair Lakes, Fairfax, Virginia. Contact: DeLoyd Cooper, 19-31st East Tuscaloosa, Alabama 35405-2239. Telephone: 205-752-3311.

328TH INFANTRY COMBAT TEAM, October 15-17, 1996, Atlantic City, New Jersey. Contact: Robert Clapp, 208 Aspinwall Avenue, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146. Telephone: 617-566-7147.

390TH AAA AW BATTALION (SP), July 11-13, 1996, Vancouver, Washington. Contact: Pedro Madrigal, 7104 Center Street, Highland, California 92346.

426TH MEDICAL BATTALION, 564TH, 565TH, AND 566TH MOTOR AMBULANCE COMPANIES, September 17, 1996, Coralville, Iowa. Contact: Harvey Legg, 225 North Standage Street, Mesa, Arizona 85201-6221. Telephone: 602-833-2199.

482ND AAA AW BN (SP), September 25-29, 1996, Executive Inn Hotel, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: Chuck Gregorovich, 908 Williams Street, St. Marys, Ohio 45885-1562. Telephone: 419-394-3548.

526TH ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, May 14-17, 1996, Louisville, Kentucky. Contact: 526th Armored Infantry Battalion Association, 1420 Roosevelt Drive, Modesto, California 95350-4219. (Received too late for last issue, write them for information for next year's reunion.)

643RD TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, October 4-5, 1996, Holiday Inn, Danbury-Bethel, Danbury, Connecticut. Contact: Ms. Dolores Levy (c/o MMSNE), 125 Park Avenue, Danbury, Connecticut. Telephone: 203-790-9277.

691ST TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, September 6-7, 1996, Moon Township, Pennsylvania 15108. Contact: William DePietress, 122 Columbia Drive, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania 15001-1525. Telephone: 412-375-7222.

740TH TANK BATTALION, August 29-September 1, 1996, Irving, Texas. Contact: Harry F. Miller, 2410 West Manor Place #307, Seattle, Washington 98199-2023. Telephone: 206-283-8591.

(Continued on Page 26)

808TH TANK DESTROYER BATTALION, October 2-5, 1996, Holiday Inn, New Orleans Airport, Kenner, Louisiana. Contact: Chet Norwin, 32991 Pineview Court, Warren, Michigan 48093-1135. Telephone: 810-979-8958.

987TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, October 10-12, 1996, Vacation Place Resort, 416 North Sycamore, Branson, Missouri 65616. Contact: W. D. Crawford, Route 1, Box 526A, Ore City, Texas 75683. Telephone: 903-968-6350.

Research Reward

One of the satisfactions that I get from my research is helping someone who has a worthy task or question get satisfaction or resolution of his problem or search.

Today as I write this I received a letter from Fritz Vinchen who if you recall from "Unsolved Mysteries" and a previous issue of the Bulge Bugle was the young boy who with his mother celebrated Christmas Eve with three lost Americans and four German soldiers in their cabin in the forest in a moment of peace. It is a touching story and Fritz was able to finally, after 51 years of searching, find one of the Americans who surprisingly lives close by in Frederick, Maryland. The American soldier is Ralph Blank. I did not have anything to do with their finding one another though I did try to do identify possible American units in the area. Fritz' search was successful through the "Unsolved Mysteries" program being seen by the Nursing Home Chaplain who remembered Ralph Blank's story and the two stories being so similar. The Chaplain contacted "Unsolved Mysteries" and a reunion was had in January of 1996.

However, in the course of our correspondence relative to trying to find the other two American soldiers, Fritz told me about a cobbler (shoemaker) in his hometown in 1945 who had taken a parachuted American Airman and killed him in a quarry which Fritz and his boyhood friends had witnessed from where they were playing. This unnecessary killing had troubled Fritz also for these past 50 years and he asked if there was some way to find out about the cobbler's name which was Dominikus Thomas and in short order I was able to locate his name in the Judge Advocates name file of defendants at the National Archives. I was then able to request the trial folder with the complete trial testimony and prior interrogations and his sentence which was death by hanging. The folder told in precise details his final moments on the way to the gallows and the testimony of the witnesses to his execution. I copied all of the file and sent it on to Fritz.

Fritz' letter to me talks about how it has brought closure on something that has troubled him all these years. It is knowing that I have helped someone that brings satisfaction from researching in the resources of the Archives.

Though not all problems are this easily solved, it points out what a wonderful resource that the National Archives and Records Administration is, not only for genealogical research but for military research.

John D. Bowen, VBOB Research Director

For every friend sleeping a warrior's rest,
 We remember forever your sacrifice blest,
 Ed Jerziorski,
 506th Parachute Regiment

HURTFUL HUMOR

A sense of humor was an important weapon in combatting the fear and boredom of a prisoner of war camp.

The *Wartime Log* books often contained excerpts gleaned from "Dear John" letters and other hurtful mail received by prisoners. Sometimes the items were posted in areas frequented by the men, such as latrines and mess halls. With time even the most painful messages became funny.

B-17 copilot Patrick Reams' *Wartime Log* included the following excerpts:

A P.O.W. received a sweater from a woman through the Red Cross and after writing her a letter of thanks, received the reply:

"I am sorry to hear a prisoner of war received the sweater I knitted. I intended it for a fighting man."

From a lieutenant's father:

"I knew I should have kept you home and joined the Air Corps myself. Even when you were a kid I expected you'd end up in prison."

To an R.A.F. [Royal Air Force] sergeant from his fiancée:

"You can consider our friendship at an end. I'd rather be engaged to a 1944 hero than a 1941 coward."

A relative to a prisoner:

"I am enclosing a calendar. I thought it might come in handy as it has several years on it."

Lt. C.P.N. received the following from a girl he met in Florida two years ago and after one date hadn't seen or written to her.

"I am going to spend the summer with your folks. They are fine and all your relatives are very kind. Your loving fiancée!"

From a lieutenant's wife:

"I am as happy as can be without you!"

From flight engineer Richard H. Stewart's *Wartime Log*:

Letter from a P.O.W.'s fiancée:

Darling, I married your father. (signed) Mother."

Letter received by 1940 P.O.W. [British]:

"Darling, I am glad you got shot down before flying got dangerous."

Letter from fiancée to P.O.W.:

"Darling, I hope you are staying true to me."

Wife to British P.O.W. husband, a two-year captive:

Darling, I've just had a baby, but don't worry. The American officer is sending you cigarettes and he is bringing baby and I chocolate each day!"

Letter received from home:

"You may be home sooner than we hoped!"

(Courtesy Art and Lee Beltrone)

The military mind always imagines that the next war will be on the same lines as the last. That never has been the case and never will be. One of the great factors in the next war will obviously be aircraft. The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable.

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

BOOKS YOU MAY ENJOY

Thanks to the following authors (or publishers) our library has been enriched with the following books. If you have written a book or have a book you wish to dispose of concerning the Battle of the Bulge, we would very much appreciate receiving same. We are glad to tell you about the availability of the following:

A Peep Driver Reflects on World War II, by Bob Hovenstine. A compilation of incidents in the life of one "peep" driver and the lives of some fellow GI's whom he met and/or knew in one way or another. This book is about first, or maybe (more like it) seventh or eighth class lodging, eating cold rations and coming back to the States for a welcome home steak dinner. It's about driving an army vehicle 25,000 miles. It's about strafing and bombing, dodging torpedoes and shooting crows and deer. It's about making and losing friends. It's about going for months without a change of clothing or a shower. It's about working 25 hours a day and of not knowing what day it is. It's about being thrown into a manure pile. It's about a 19-year-old becoming a man in a hurry. Order from: John R. Hovenstine, 1133 Hedge Street, Hollidaysburg, PA 16648-2217. Cost: \$12.00 including shipping and handling.

D-DAY June 6, 1994: The Climactic Battle of World War II, by Stephen E. Ambrose. From the Prologue of *D-DAY*: "It is the young men born into the false prosperity of the 1920s and brought up in the bitter realities of the Depression of the 1930s that this book is about. The literature they read as youngsters was antiwar, cynical, portraying patriots as suckers, slackers as heroes. None of them wanted to be part of another war. They wanted to be throwing baseballs, not hand grenades, shooting .22s at rabbits, not M-1s as other young men. But when the test came, when freedom had to be fought for or abandoned, they fought. They were soldiers of democracy. They were the men of D-Day." The true story of D-Day, as Ambrose relates it, is about the citizen soldiers--junior officers and enlisted men--taking the initiative to act on their own to break through Hitler's Atlantic Wall when they realized that nothing was as they had been told it would be. Contact: Simon & Schuster, Rockefeller Center, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020 for order information.

BOOK DONATION

Our many thanks to **EDWARD J. VARGO** for his very generous gift to our library. He sent us: *A Bridge Too Far*, by Cornelius Ryan; *The Battle of the Bulge in Luxembourg (Volume I, The Germans)* and *The Battle of the Bulge in Luxembourg (Volume II, The Americans)*, both authored by Roland Gaul. One of these days we will have a very rich reference source on the Battle of the Bulge. Thanks again, Ed, for this fine gift.

PETER LESLIE, 511TH ENGINEER LIGHT PONTON COMPANY, (and VBOB's National Treasurer) also donated several reference books.

These gifts are mentioned because they are generous contributions and there is no personal gain expected.

STAVELOT REMEMBRANCE

17 December 1995

A delegation of the 5th Belgian Fusiliers - VBOB Chapter XXXVIII attended the ceremonies of the anniversary of the terrible days of December 1944 in Stavelot.

At 10:30 AM, the Mayor of Stavelot laid a wreath at the plaque made by our friend Marcel Ozer which remembers the massacre of more than a hundred civilians by the SS in December 1944. This plaque was installed on 18 December 1994 and is affixed to the wall of the old Abbey in front of the grass courtyard where the victims had been provisionally buried in a big common grave.

After this short ceremony, the patriotic associations went into the hall of the Abbey for the inauguration of a commemorative plaque offered by the citizens of the Fort Meade Army Post in Maryland (Headquarters, 1st US Army forward) of which Stavelot is the Sister City. The unveiling of this memorial was done by the grandchildren of the late Georges Pottier, Chairman of the Remembrance Committee of the Battle of Stavelot, who had been working with Lt Col (Rtd) Roger Hardy, on the project of the table and chairs for the Foundation of the Battle of the Bulge, which is now installed in the Battle of the Bulge conference Room, at Fort Meade, Maryland.

This plaque had been brought from the United States of America by Brigadier General De Smet of the Belgian Embassy, Washington, DC. After this ceremony a toast was offered in one of the rooms of the old Abbey which is the Stavelot Town Hall.

At 2:30 PM the Belgian Fusiliers delegation went with Mr. Marcel Ozer to Baugnez (Malmedy Massacre site) for a Remembrance Ceremony organized by CRIBA (Center of Research and Information on the Battle of the Ardennes) at the site, to the memory of the 76 American Soldiers assassinated by the Kampfgruppe SS Peiper, on 17 December 1944.

It was cold on this high ground at Baugnez; the ceiling was low and a mist spread all over the area on this afternoon of 17 December 1995. These were exactly the same weather conditions we had known not far from this site 51 years ago day for day.

We were thinking during this ceremony that we could have had the same terrible end as the GI's whose names are on the Baugnez Remembrance Wall.

Roger Hardy
5th Fusiliers of Belgium
VBOB XXXVIII Chapter



5th Belgian Fusiliers delegation at the Memorial of the Half-Track (825th TD Bn). From left to right: Robert Lemaire, Frans Fontaine, Mrs. Robert Lemaire, Marcel D'Haese (Chairman 5th Fus Assn), Willy Dancart (flag bearer), Mr. & Mrs. Ozer, Jean Bartet, and Roger Hardy (5th Fus XXXVIII Chapter Pres)

WE NEED YOU!

For the first time, our numbers are growing fewer. Over the years, we have enjoyed tremendous growth for an organization whose area of interest is confined to just one battle of World War II. Time is now beginning to catch up with us and we need your help.

As you can imagine, the formation of a chapter in your area with the proper amount of publicity, can be a stimulation for growth. At one point in time, the following persons have contacted us with an interest in forming a chapter in their respective areas. We would appreciate your contacting them to see if you can be of assistance in their efforts. If you cannot help with the organization, maybe you can help by being a member of their chapter.

Being a member of a chapter is a very rewarding experience. Where else can you set down with a group of guys and tell them about your experiences in the Battle of the Bulge and also learn about their activities and how it all tied together?

WE HOPE YOU WILL HELP.

•California•

Bob M. Robbins, 204 Union Ave, Los Gatos, CA 95032
Warren Hicks, 3520 Copley Ave, San Diego, CA 92116
Joe Black, 175 S Anza #513, El Cajon, CA 92020

•Florida•

Lou Crusco, 1240 Glenmore Dr, Apopka, FL 32712-20092
Vero Beach Area: Alfred Babicki, 915 Hemlock St, Barefoot Bay, FL 32976
Mt. Dora Area: William Patterson, 4100 Dorawood Dr, Mt. Dora, FL 32757

•Illinois•

Bryant Fulcher, 2075 Broadway, Quincy, Illinois 62301

•Louisiana•

Peter A. Couvillion, Route 1, Box 834, Simmesport, Louisiana 71369

•Massachusetts•

Frederick R. Govain, 312 Bourn Ave, Somerset, MA 02726-5516

•Minnesota•

Ralph Larson, 302 E First St, Minneota, MN 56264

•Nebraska•

Donald C. Kemper, 617 S 51st Ave, Omaha, NE 68106

•New Mexico•

Thomas T. Munford, 2913 Valle Vista, Las Cruces, NM 88011

•New York•

Alvin M. Cohen, 38 Joanne Ct., Albany, NY 12209-1514
Mrs. Ella Bing, 479 Villa Ave, Staten Island, NY 10302-1946
Francis Miner, 618 Brunswick Rd, Troy, NY 12180

•Ohio•

Frank Campos, 3903 Sefton Rd, Toledo, OH 43623
Wooster Area: Edward C. Arn, 2320 Burbank Rd, Wooster, OH 44691-2146

•Oklahoma•

Melvin J. Ingram, 3102 N Washington St #8, Enid, OK 73701-1233
Gene R. Lash, 1001 Queensboro Pl, Yukon, OK 73099

•Oregon•

Brownlee Bush, 9305 Trask River Rd, Tillamook, OR 97141

•Texas•

Chauncy L. Harris, PO Box 112174, Carrollton, TX 75011-2474
Denis E. Bergeron, 5102 Appleblossom Ln, Friendsworth, TX 77546
John E. Goodman, 2027 Bowie St, Amarillo, TX 79109

•Virginia•

John Klingenhagen, 823 Gadwell Ct, Virginia Beach, VA 23462
Harold Easter, Rt 2, Box 141, Cana, VA 24317

•Wisconsin•

M. E. Ropella, 9267 N Lake Dr, Milwaukee, WI 53217-1455

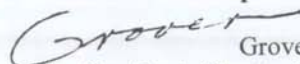
If you live in one of these areas and would enjoy the fellowship of others who served in the Bulge, please contact these gentlemen.

OR, it may be that you would be interested in starting a chapter in your area. If so, let us know and we'll send you the necessary tools to get off to a good start.

YOU'LL FIND THAT IT'S NOT TOO DIFFICULT TO DO AND THE REWARDS TO ALL OF THOSE YOU BRING TOGETHER CANNOT BE DUPLICATED.

WE CAN'T LET THIS ORGANIZATION FADE AWAY. WE HAVE TOO MUCH LEFT TO BE DONE.

Also, it is important that you keep your dues current. You can always find out your dues date by checking the date which appears just above your last name on the mailing label of this newsletter. Mailing dues reminders is expensive, so keeping your dues current helps.



Grover C. Twiner
Vice President, Chapter Coordination

595TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

CHARLES E. COLLETTE, 595TH AMBULANCE COMPANY, provided us with the following article (which we have excerpted) regarding his unit which appeared in *We've Had It*, which was published by the 134th Medical Group at Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, August 22, 1945.

Award of the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque to the 595th Motor Ambulance Company for outstanding performance during the Bulge Operations last December and January has been announced by Headquarters XXII Corps.

Evacuating nearly 10,000 casualties during the 40-day Ardennes battle, the company went into support of hard hit troops of the 28th Infantry, and 9th and 10th Armored Division in Luxembourg on the first day of the campaign. Later, elements of the unit supported 101st Airborne, 17th Airborne, and 90th Infantry Divisions in their all-out drive to push the Germans out of their newly-won territory.

The 595th has served in all five major battles of the European War, and in nine European countries. Ambulances from the unit were part of the force that spearheaded the 6th Armored's dash through Brittany last summer, and elements of the company were among the first ambulances to reach Bastogne with medical supplies for the long-besieged casualties, after a path had been hacked through to the city last December.

During the Ardennes campaign, men of the company earned three Silver Stars and two Bronze Stars. S/Sgt Verne W. Marten, Silver Star winner, voluntarily remained with casualties at a frontline collecting station, after all other medical personnel had fled. Sgt. Marten left the station only after all casualties had been evacuated to safety, and the Germans had penetrated to a hill facing the station. Driver Pfc Elvin Willms and his assistant Pfc James Zimmerman, both winners of Silver Stars, volunteered to evacuate casualties from Bastogne even when they knew the encirclement of the city was imminent. An enemy mortar shell lobbed through the front window of their ambulance south of Bastogne, killing Willms instantly and overturning the vehicle. Though wounded by shrapnel, Zimmerman extinguished the flames of the burning ambulance and dragged the four wounded casualties to safety until an American patrol picked them up.

Winner of a Bronze Star, Pfc Howard Kraak stayed to treat casualties at a Battalion aid station in Wiltz, Luxembourg until the city was surrounded by the enemy. Stealing through heavy German lines, Kraak hiked 30 miles by night to American position at Echternach, Luxembourg. S/Sgt William Hamer, also a Bronze Star holder, was cited for leading a convoy of ambulances out of enemy-encircled Koltenbach, Luxembourg, bringing the besieged Collecting Company and all its casualties from the city to safety.

[Thanks, Charles, for the story. Not enough is written about the wonderful job done by those women and men who provide medical attention to our servicemen in all wars. We know that each of our members have at some time been very grateful for the many, many services provided by the medical personnel who served them so well during times of their greatest needs. A helping hand, a friendly touch, a bit of medicine, all so very welcome...and not without risk to their own safety.]

HISTORY OF THE FIGHTING 275TH



[The following poem was sent to us by DELOYD COOPER, 275TH ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION. He wrote the poem for his unit's reunion last year.]

We were called on to fight a war, our freedom to preserve,

Just a group of frightened boys, but we never lost our nerve,

We first trained at Camp Phillips, it seemed we stayed forever.

Living in tar paper shacks, with the terribly unpleasant weather.

We moved on down to Tennessee, to maneuver and finish training,

We lived in the great outdoors, where it was always raining.

We moved over to Camp Campbell, and started our road to fame.

The greatest break we ever had, when they put Armored in our name.

From Campbell off to war we went, by the way of old Camp Shanks.

With a stop off in England, for which we still give thanks.

Next we went to Europe, up close to the German battle line,

They said you will be here all winter, which sounded very fine.

Then on December sixteenth 1944, the Battle of the Bulge began,

The Allies were so hard pressed, that they needed every man.

The enemy came on suddenly, we were hit by great surprise,

They were a mighty fighting force, with Antwerp as their prize.

Hitler gave the orders, to race forward both night and day.

But he never realized the 275th, would be right in their way.

We stopped them repeatedly, and was a thorn in their side,

Just a battalion of field artillery, with a lot of American pride.

Places called Medendorf, Shonberg, St. Vith and Hinderhausen too,

Villages like Roth, Kobscheid and Meyerode just to name a few.

Do you remember one time, near the little town of Manhay,

We fought the Krauts so valiantly, on that war-time Christmas day.

The Valiant 275th fought hard, and earned the respect of all,

Our guns thundered loudly, when our backs were against the wall.

The many places that we fought, too numerous to even mention,

But to win the war and return home, occupied our full attention.

Most of us were so very young, many were still in their teens,

But we were asked to fight against, old Hitler's war machines.

America did not start this war, we were forced to take a stand.

War is another horrible example of, Man's inhumanity of man.

Most men who fought in World War Two, didn't make the choice,

They weren't old enough to vote, and didn't have a voice.

To commemorate the last fifty years, we gather here once more.

Not to celebrate a victory, nor to settle some old score.

But just to visit and reminisce, at our year of Jubilee,

We'll be busy shaking hands, and greeting friends we see.

These reunions are such a joy, they show that we really care.

Bound together by the bonds, of old memories that we share.

We come with thankful hearts to pause, or maybe shed a tear,

To honor friends gone on before, fallen comrades we hold dear.

Let us now stop and pray, that our Heavenly Father above,

Will bless us with eternal peace, and His abundant love.

**REUNIONS ARE SUCH A
WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE--
TRY TO MAKE THE VBOB REUNION
HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS
SEPTEMBER 8-11, 1996**

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

Members of the Delaware Valley and Maryland/DC Chapters of VBOB marched in the Washington, D.C., St. Patrick's Day Parade, proving that they still have the "gumption" to withstand some pretty inclement weather.

With their chapter banners in tow, the VBOBers received what was reported to be the most "thunderous" applause of any group marching.



The above picture shows VBOB President Stan Wojtusik (left) and VBOB Trustee Tom Jones (right) in front of the color guard, preparing to march in the parade.



After the parade a group of grade schoolers asked to have their picture taken with the VBOB banner of the Maryland/DC Chapter.

AIR TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS FOR REUNION

DELTA AIR LINES (telephone 1-800-241-6760) has been chosen to handle air transportation needs for the Hyannis meeting. Travel dates encompass September 5 thru 14, 1996. Tell them you are with the Battle of the Bulge and the File Number is XR2883. This telephone service is available daily 8:00 a.m. until 11:00 p.m. (Eastern Time).

To take advantage of the discount offered call the number provided above or your travel agent.

Reprinted from Reader's Digest - May 1996
I called a video shop to order the war movie *Battle of the Bulge*. "Hold on," said the clerk, "I'll check our aerobics tapes."
- Contributed by M. Holland

Tara's Cape Codder Hotel Welcomes... The Veterans Of The Battle Of The Bulge, Inc.

Located in picturesque Hyannis, MA, Tara's Cape Codder Hotel offers all the luxury and amenities of a first-class resort!

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One Round Gets Them All

(The following Criticism of US Tactics and Equipment was given by a German Battery Commander when captured as a PW)

This officer, a Captain, was captured 25 December at corner of woods located approximately (P514465). He was engaged in reconnoitering for an OP and for firing positions for his btry, which was expected to arrive from further E. At that time of capture the captain was with elements of the 14 Para Regt which he stated were armed with HMGs (Heavy Machine Guns).

The Captain states that from his location in the woods he had a good view of a group of US Tanks gathering along the N-S road. The tanks stayed there for quite a long time, undispersed, the men outside their vehicles, standing in groups and conversing. These men offered an excellent target to the German MGs, and the Captain does not know why the Inf commander did not order fire. He states that, had his 75s been in position, he would have raised hell with our tanks.

The Captain is acquainted with our arty only from the Normandy campaign and the present offensive. He does not think too highly of our accuracy. According to him the Russian arty is the best, and the English Arty is also better than ours. He further explained that, when we cover a target area with fire, our bursts are mostly too far (50-100 yds) apart. Also the fragmentation of our shells seems to him to be much inferior to that of the German shells.

(Source: III Corps thru VII Corps Periodic Report#206. This report is published 29 Dec 44)

**NEW VBOB QUARTERMASTER
VBOB MEMORABILIA ORDER FORM**

Please note that the VBOB Headquarters Office is now the Official Quartermaster for VBOB items. With this change, many procedures have changed. Some prices have been reduced, credit card orders and phone orders are no longer accepted, shipping and handling costs have been scaled, and the mailing address has changed. We will be adding and deleting items as we determine our most popular items, so always use the order form out of the current issue of the *Bulge Bugle*. All other order forms are invalid. Be looking for belt buckles and bolo ties in the next *Bugle*.

Please ship the following items to:

Name: _____
(first) (last) (member #)

Address: _____
(no.) (street) (city) (state) (zip)

Item Description	Price Each	Quantity	Total Price
Patch - 3"	\$ 4.50		\$
Patch - 4"	\$ 5.50		\$
Lapel Pin - ½"	\$ 5.00		\$
Decal - 4"	\$ 1.25		\$
Windshield Logo - 4"	\$ 1.25		\$
Stickers (10) - 1½"	10 for \$1.25		\$
Baseball Cap w/Logo Patch - Colors: Navy or White Circle color	\$ 10.00		\$
Large VBOB Logo Neck Medallion w/Ribbon	\$ 20.00		\$
Mini VBOB Logo Medal w/Ribbon (pin on type)	\$ 8.50		\$
Logo T-Shirt (White only) - Size: S L XL XXL XXXL Circle size (Supply limited)	\$ 13.00		\$
2-Button Golf Shirt w/Logo (White only) - Size: M L XL XXL Circle size (Supply limited)	\$ 15.00		\$
Windbreaker w/Logo - Color: Navy Sizes: M L XXL XXXL Color: Dark Brown Sizes: L XXXL Circle color and size (Supply limited)	\$ 25.00		\$
<i>The Damned Engineers</i> Video (3 left-we will not reorder)	\$ 23.00		\$

Only Cash, Check or Money Order Accepted

Make Checks Payable to "VBOB" - Mail Orders to VBOB-QM, PO Box 11129, Arlington, VA 22210-2129

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\$0.00 to \$5.00 - \$ 2.00
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MAY, 1996



**MAY 27, 1996, MARKS THE DATE FOR
MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCES THIS YEAR. As
we have all been touched by the loss of a loved one, in
battle and peace, we must insure that the true meaning
of this day is not forgotten and is understood.**

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P.O. Box 11129, Arlington, Virginia 22210-2129**

Annual Dues \$15

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New Member **Renewal - Member #** _____

Name _____ Birthdate _____

Address _____ Phone () _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All new members, please provide the following information:

Campaigns _____

Units(s) to which assigned during period December 16, 1944-January 25, 1945 - Division _____

Regiment _____ Battalion _____

Company _____ Other: _____

*Make check or money order payable to VBOB
and mail with this application to above address.*

Applicants Signature _____

RECRUITER (Optional)