

luck. It was cold and windy and not good weather at all for men to be sleeping and staying outside.

January 6th we were relieved by the Norwegian battalion and pulled back to Xhoffraix, Belgium. This was a little farming town. The little boy of the house was always standing around at meal time. He usually got what we wanted - some of our food. Col. Fitzgerald rejoined the battalion as battalion commander here.

It continued to snow. In spots that snow was waist high! One day we went to Malmedy to reconnoiter the next jump off. Sure enough, we were going to jump off towards St. Vith. After all, St. Vith was only about 12 miles away. The next jump didn't look so bad. We had the high ground. All we would have to do would be to fight the snow - we hoped.

The company moved to Malmedy on the 10th. We knew the jump off day would be soon now. The 119th would attack initially. Then the 117th would pass through us.

The next day would be The Day. We got up at 0400 on the 13th, had breakfast and started up a steep hill to the jump off place at 0530. Just as we got to the top, we learned that the Germans had sneaked in with a patrol and captured an American machine gun. At least we knew they were still around.

We deployed and started out through that deep snow. Walking was hard in itself. We took off just before daylight and it was just breaking day when we were fired on by a German sniper. A squad of the third platoon was going to try to flank the position when we found that "K" Company was still behind us. What a day. Lt. Kane was hit by shrapnel. His company didn't move all day. Our first platoon tried to withdraw to flank the town of Hedamont and took a real beating from the sniper in doing so. Night came and still no one was in Hedamont.

Lt. Col. Fitzgerald was relieved again and Capt. Stewart took over once more.

A coordinated attack was planned for 2300. It was delayed until 2330. Battalion said we must get in that town. We were holding up a mighty big show. Companies "K" and "I" hit Hedamont and our company came up on the right. Stan had a hell of a time getting the attack started. Zorena, Heida, and myself took off to locate the First Platoon. After going over 400 yards of new territory, we found them. The show jumped off again. Just about daylight we took the edge of the woods which was our objective. No casualties from fire, but plenty of frozen feet.

This story of the 13th would not be complete if mention were not made of the men who were pinned down all day in the snow. They couldn't even move enough to dig a fox hole. We were not able to get to them until evening. These men were really suffering from the cold. From daylight until dark, they had layed motionless in knee deep snow.

Stan had made three trips back to battalion that night. It had been a rough job. We were to take off again at 0730. We jumped off into the woods. All went well and about noon we were along a little stream looking across to a small town. We expected to see Jerries walking around, but soon we saw the First Battalion passing in front of us. That was a good sight! We were set to move into those houses and get warmed up and we did. The first battalion met resistance and were fighting just over the hill, but we let them worry. Our job was done for the time anyhow.

The next day we spent hoping the 1st and 2nd battalions would not have any trouble. If they got their objectives O.K. the 117th would pass through us. About 1400 we heard that everything was going well. Things were looking up. Each time the telephone rang everyone would anxiously await the answer. The other battalions were on the objectives, but we were attached to the 117th! What a life.

Out we moved at 2000. We walked, stopped and walked all that night. No

of the work of Capt. Schlegel, the battalion surgeon. He had gone to see authorities of the division and told them to tell the General that if the Third Battalion were not taken off the line, he would evacuate them one by one until there would no longer be a battalion. This was exactly what would have happened, too!

We were relieved and headed back once more for Malmedy, a tired cold, cold bunch of men. How good it was to get inside a house with a stove. In fact, even to get in a house meant a lot. The medics immediately looked at the men with bad feet and checked the entire organization the next day. Lt. Kelly, for one, had feet that were actually black. He left us that night. He ended up in the United States. A number of others left with the same trouble. A lot more men have feet that will always remind them of the Ardennes and the snow that was on them, the beautiful snow, during that week in January. Dave Knox has two toes in particular. I don't know whether to call them my Ardennes toes or my Von Runstedt toes. I think the latter is the name. That old boy had really caused us some discomforts since December the 17th.

We were in Malmedy a few days. Snow was still on the ground. We knew that the division was not through with its job and if the division wasn't through, it was certain that the third battalion of the 119th Infantry was not through. We had a chance to go to a show here. Capt. Stewart became a Major at this time.

Off we went again on the 19th of January. That day we walked for three hours through snow before we even reached the line of departure. The amount of equipment that we saw knocked out was very great. Most of it was ours which we lost when the Germans finally drove our troops from St. Vith. We were quite close to St. Vith now, probably about two miles west.

We jumped off at two o'clock. The snow had drifted and in spots it was hip deep. What a time we had! The company, instead of keeping spread out, tended to follow in each others tracks because that made walking easier. Up

one seemed to know what was going on and Capt. Stewart couldn't find out. We arrived at Lingneville about midnight. There was no place to put the company. They finally dug in and ²truck water a foot down. It was beastly cold. Stan came back with the order about 0600 in the morning. Our battalion would move out to take a big wooded hill. The second platoon would be detached from us and take a road junction and set up a road block.

We started on the way. I sure was getting tired of this SNOW! The enemy situation didn't sound good. There were reports of 20 machine guns on the opposite ridge and all sorts of other bad reports, but things went well. We got on top of the hill, but the top was so large (and also covered with woods) that we were not sure where we were. We dug in as near as we knew and prepared to spend a COLD night.

That was a cold night. My heels still ache when they get cold as a result of the freezing they had. What a lovely place to spend an evening, but to stay all night, no, no! Zorena and I dug ourselves a good hold and had it covered with limbs and brush. Stan went back to battalion that night. Even I will say that I would have been glad to get some hot coffee then.

The next day I made some ice cream lemonade. I really thought I had something.

About noon the First Division arrived. They were going to pass through us. Later, the 120th arrived. Neither outfit could figure out exactly on the map where they were. Sure, they were on top of the hill, but that wasn't exact enough. We didn't know either, but we were plenty glad to have the 120th relieve us and let them try to figure it out. I bet they never did figure it out for sure.

So, it was the evening of the 17th and the men had been outside day and night in the snow; wet and cold since the morning of the 13th except for about one 24 hour period. Lots of men were really suffering. Mention should be made

hills and down into little streams we went. My feet were wet from jumping little creeks and missing. About six o'clock we found ourselves carefully stepping over wires. The woods had really been booby trapped in preparation for our arrival, however, only one man was wounded getting through that maze of wires.

We finally reached the objective just after dark. Again, we had been fortunate in not running into anything. We found some real dug-outs in which the Germans had lived. We used one of them for a CP. It was even fixed so we could start a small fire. You can be sure I took advantage of the chance to get my socks dry and warm my feet.

We stayed on top of this hill the 20th and 21st of January. It was cold, but liveable compared to staying in a fox hole. The evening of the 21st, Capt. Mann called and told us that the regiment was alerted to move forward the next morning into the town of Hunderhausen. As always, we hoped that either the first or second battalion would draw the rough job, but the second battalion had a part in the program and we had the rest. Our battalion was to take the town of Hinderhausen. We left our dugouts about 0630. Snow suits had been issued to part of the company. Lt. Parramore's second platoon was supposed to use them because it had the job of advancing part of the way ahead of the battalion. Prior planning met defeat that morning. It ended up with the second platoon wearing all the jackets and the third platoon all the pants.

For the first time I saw the artillery mess up with us. Just as we were entering town, the planned TOT fire all dropped on us. It was really fortunate that no one in the company was hurt by this fire. By late afternoon the town was ours and the Wehrmacht had lost another 60 soldiers. One bunch of prisoners that we took here told Stan that they were bringing food into the town for troops that were supposed to be there. The troops had gone and they met us instead.

Once more we were in buildings. We settled in a cellar and lit up the fires.

We hoped (and heard rumors to support our hopes) that the 30th was just about through with their part of the drive. The Seventh Armoured Division was back in St. Vith.

Stan was really in bad shape at this time. His sinuses were making jim suffer. I expected Capt. Schleg to evacuate him. He did tell Stan that he should go back, but Stan wasn't too anxious to leave. Now figure that out. Why wouldn't any man be glad to get away from such a life? I guess Stan doesn't have too high a regard for hospitals and their staffs.

"Why does it always happen to us?" I'll bet every one in the battalion said that when we were told that our battalion would relieve elements of the 75th Division the evening of the 26th of January. Lt. Parramore pestered me, as he always did, for the greater part of an hour asking me why we should have to relieve them. The answer--that I did not know, but I was sure that there was a reason--would never satisfy Jim.

What a night that was! It was two o'clock in the morning when the 75th finally pulled out and we could set up as we wished to. There was a whole regiment of the 75th in that town and I think that they had one fox hole dug.

We had left Stan behind with Major Rogerson to run a replacement depot. The battalion had received a large group of replacements and Major Stewart had placed Stan in charge of them because of his prone position. It wasn't a bad life after we were set up in that town of Weisten. We stayed there until the 28th of January when we finally joined Kirby, who had left before we relieved the 75th, to find us quarters in the little town of Rencheux, near Vielsalm.

The division was finally being taken off the line. This was certain because we ran into elements of the 117th and 120th in moving back to Rencheux. So ended the "BATTLE OF THE BULGE". It had been a rough, cold, tough, bitter fight with the best that Von Runstedt could throw against us.

We stayed at Rencheux until the early morning of February 3rd. My heart