

in the quagmire.

On both sides of the border of Hitler's Germany old soldiers and many German youths who were terribly young began to appear fighting in the towns in house-to-house fighting. Some were inducted for only weeks and were told that their duties would be confined to guarding the "hundreds of American prisoners" of war to be taken by the Third Reich, as their propaganda had told them. Others were told to hold on to defensive points while reinforcements of fresh troops were on their way. The promised reinforcements never arrived, and the raggle-taggle army of boys and old men found themselves in a desperate battle for which they had never been trained.

The GI who made history thought of life and victory in this perspective: Be glad to be alive, survive with the team hoping the team won't forget you, and in the future our engineers will get the place fixed up. There existed a great number of casualties and near misses in the stalemate. The narrow escape department blossomed with strange tales. In Belgium, Private Jake Cox grumbled because he had to go out in the pouring rain to put gas in his truck. "I wish the damned thing would blow up," he growled.

As if on cue. Presto! A screaming meemi set it ablaze from radiator cap to tailpipe. A screaming mimi was a big shell from a canon.

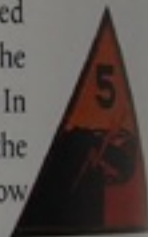
A dud shell whirled into a house occupied by CC "A" guards at Schutzhead. It cracked through the roof and two floors of the billet. It finally came down to rest next to Private Louie Navarro, who was underneath blankets and was sleeping peacefully at the time. He lived.



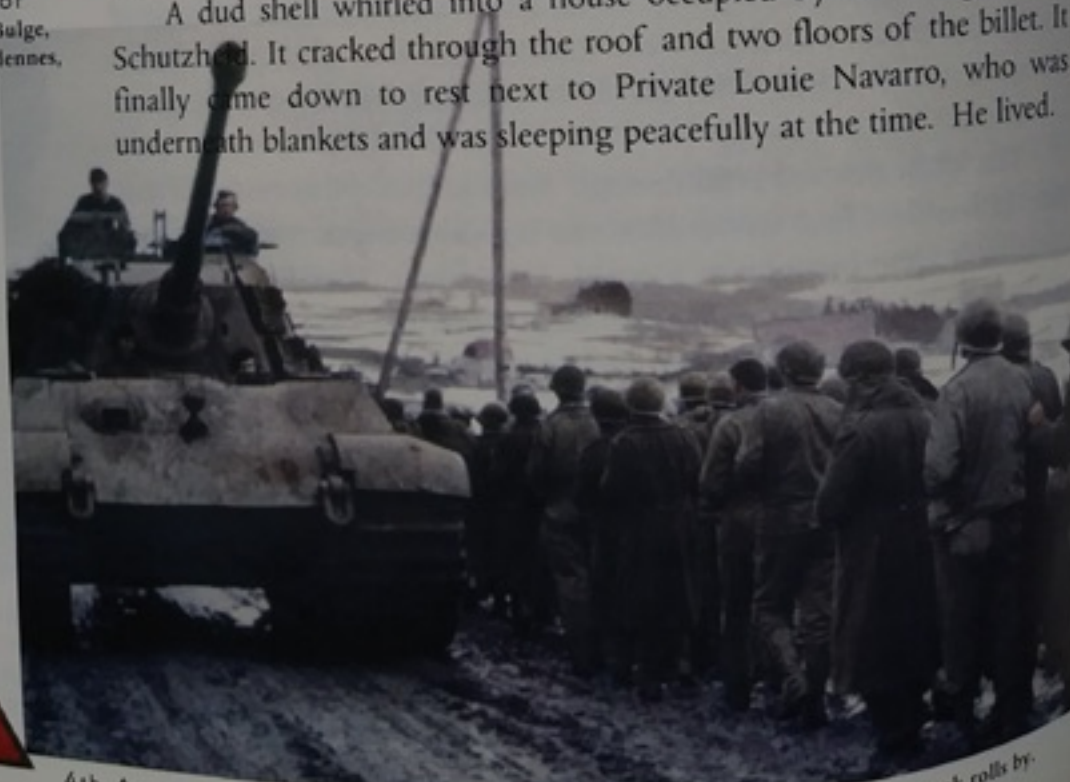
2nd Armor
Battle of the Bulge,
Ardennes



3rd Armor
Battle of the Bulge,
Houffalize, Ardennes,
Hotton



5th Armor
Ardennes



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4th Armor
Battle of the Bulge,
Ardennes.

Above, captured Americans as a German Tiger tank rolls by.