The Battle of the Bulge (also known as the Battle of the Ardennes or the Battle of the Erft) began on December 16, 1944, when the German Army launched a surprise attack against the Allies in Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands.

The Ardennes, a mountainous region on the border, was considered impossible to invade due to its steep terrain and dense forests. However, German forces were able to penetrate these defenses and advanced rapidly.

The Allied forces were caught off guard, and the Battle of the Bulge lasted for six weeks. Despite the initial success, the German advance slowed, and the Allies managed to repel the invasion. The battle was one of the costliest of World War II, with both sides suffering heavy losses.

In the end, the Battle of the Bulge was a tactical victory for the Allies, who managed to stop the German offensive and eventually pushed them back. The battle marked a turning point in the war, as it delayed the German advance and allowed the Allies to regroup and prepare for future battles.
hundred King Tigers and Panthers, juiced up on three and a half million specially-saved gallons of gasoline; Hitler actually thought of teaching the Americans a lesson, as he believed Americans could not take a stand and maintain an atmosphere of order; in the 1930's Hitler loved to call the American race "unauthoritative slots" and social brats. But, despite the brutal breakthrough, the so-called American misfits fought back. And different from Hitler’s interpretation, held their lines, and gave up their lives in places nobody heard of.

The places were mainly in Belgium, undeclared tiny villages on a map, such as Saint Hubert-La Roche, Hotton-Manhay, Stavelot, Monschau, Butgenbach, Buissonville, Verdenne, St Vith, Bra, Ambleve and Bullingen. Today they are charming little European towns, but in 1944, they and many other towns, were fought for with blood and guts, by paratroopers, riflemen, engineers, MP's, tankers, musicians, cooks, clerks, White GI’s and Black GI’s alike. At times, these brave soldiers were outnumbered and paid a price, but at times they checked the Nazi attack and did not allow them to penetrate according to their plan.

One of the earliest stands was at Stavelot and Trois Points. Near Stavelot a phenomenal 2.5 million gallons of gasoline was secretly hidden from the Germans; it was the largest fuel depot in the European continent. For the first 2 days of the offensive, a variety of units in the deep ravines, twisty roads and road blocks held off this German spearhead, notably the 1st SS Panzer Division, led by Col. Joachim Peiper, a veteran of the Russian Front. The Germans were
trying to cut through U.S. lines, through Stavelot and Liège to reach Antwerp, the prize only seventy miles away. Actually, Stavelot fell, and the U.S. had to retake it the hard way. The tiny river Ambleve was considered the final major obstacle; beyond it lay inviting open tank country. But the Germans had another obstacle to overcome: lack of gas. Each of Hitler’s best, the Tiger Tank II, got about half a mile to the gallon. At Bullingen and Samree they captured oil dumps, but they were going dry again. There were no more famous blitzkrieg armored formations like in 1940, and with the exception of captured U.S. trucks, the support troops of Von Rundstedt’s breakthrough literally rode bicycles. Peiper’s lead tanks never found out the true extent of the fuel depot near Stavelot—big enough to supply all his 1500 tanks—instead they turned south.

During those December nights, the Luftwaffe struck behind the Allied lines—140 Ju-88 bombers and 1,770 mixed single seat aircraft participated—and Unlike U.S. night operations, except the Black Widows, the German flyers flew each mission after nightfall, folded into a hurricane. Incidentally, as the winter weather took care of us, it also exhilarated them. The proposed German strategic sup-