

THE  
ARDENNES CAMPAIGN  
WINTER OF 1944 - '45

POEMS BY  
JOHN E MC AULIFFE



VETERANS OF THE  
BATTLE OF THE  
BULGE

1997

**IN MEMORY OF  
THE 19,485 AMERICAN SOLDIERS  
WHO WERE KILLED  
IN THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE  
DEC. 16, 1944 THROUGH JAN. 25, 1945**

This booklet is not for sale  
It is assembled solely for the interest and  
reading pleasure of the friends of the author



PFC JOHN E. MC AULIFFE



\* Ardennes \* Rhineland  
\* Central Europe

87th INF. DIV.

"GOLDEN ACORN"

THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

1944 -1945

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Poems' by

JOHN E MC AULIFFE

M-347

87th Infantry Division

To: Marion Chard  
proud daughter of:-  
Walter Pohiedzialek  
540th Combat Engr. WW-II  
Thanks for all you do for the  
veterans and your wonderful  
Web-site -  
The Best John Mc Auliffe 87th DIV  
Jan 12, 2005

## THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

The Ardennes Campaign--16 December, 1944 through 25 January, 1945--known as the Battle of the Bulge, was the greatest American battle of World War II and involved over one million men.

In addressing the House of Commons following that battle, Sir Winston Churchill said: "This is undoubtedly the greatest battle of the war and will, I believe, be regarded as an ever-famous American victory."

It was one of America's greatest  
hours in the field of battle.  
And helped turn the tide of war.

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Three powerful German armies plunged headlong into the rugged mountains and dense forests of the Ardennes determined to break the American line of defense, and trap the Allied Forces in Belgium and Luxembourg.

They met fierce opposition the minute they engaged the thinly spread American line and paid a heavy price for every inch of ground they gained.

The battle raged for three consecutive days until powerful Allied reinforcements arrived to join the fighting, and keep the Germans from breaking through.

The fighting then continued for four weeks in bitter cold and snow, and all the Germans could accomplish was to put a small bulge in the line. And at the end, the line held firm and the Germans suffered a terrible loss of men, tanks and planes.

Those who fought in the Battle of the Bulge will never forget it. The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge (VBOB) was organized to make certain it will never be forgotten.

The Malmedy Massacre, which occurred during the Ardennes Campaign, was the worst atrocity committed against American troops in Europe during the World War II.

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## BATTLE OF THE BULGE FACTS

Where: The heavily-forested Ardennes region of eastern Belgium and Northern Luxembourg.

When: December 16, 1944 - January 25, 1945

Who: More than one million men:  
\*600,000 Americans (more than the combined Union/Confederate forces at Gettysburg)  
\*3 American Armies and 6 Corps (equivalent to 31 divisions)  
\*55,000 British  
\*3 British divisions plus contingents of Belgian, Canadian and French troops.  
\*500,000 Germans  
\*3 German Armies and 10 corps (equivalent to 26 divisions)

Casualties: American--81,000 including 19,000 killed  
British---1,400 including 200 killed  
German----100,000

Equipment: 800 tanks lost on each side;  
1,000 German aircraft

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# The Ardennes Battle

(Winter of '44-'45)



The Western front was quiet and soldiers were at rest  
They took time out from battle having done their very best.  
The tired and the wounded, now at recreation time  
As replacements troops arrived, to fill the battered line.

The skies lit up one early morn, from the blasts of German guns  
The Panzer Troops were breaking through, on another Blitzkrieg run.  
It was operation CHRISTROSE, Hitler's hidden secret pawn.  
The sixteenth of December, a cold DECEMBER DAWN.

The Outposts were alerted on the thin defended front,  
Brave soldiers stood their ground but soon were over-run.  
It was the beginnings of a battle, hereto not divulged.  
It was "A TIME FOR TRUMPETS" - THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE.

Peiper and his KAMPFGRUPPEN led the foe's attack  
The Tiger tanks and Grenadiers drove the Allies back.  
Motel and Manteuffel let the Wehrmacht on a ruse,  
It was Rundstedt's Last offensive to reach the river Meuse.

Now Eisenhower's Lieutenants rushed to halt the German flow  
There was Middleton and Hodges and the Corps of Len Gerow.  
There were armored tanks with infantry fighting by their side  
And bridges blown by Engineers to stem the rushing tide.

The noise of battle sounded throughout the dark ARDENNES  
The purrs of churning motors and the tramp of marching men.  
Armor clashed with armor on the roads to gain the towns  
The G.I.s met the Grenadiers to hold the frozen ground.

Winter days were harsh that year, with temperatures so low  
The bitter cold that claimed the troops became a soldier's woe.  
Hip-deep snow and ice slick roads proved the Army's bane  
But non-the-less with Stamina the G.I. staked his fame.

The battle raged from town to town, to Stavelot and St. Vith.  
The armored columns turned their tanks to face the Nazi myth.  
This was the German "waterloo" as Peiper turned about  
His Kampingruppe columns shattered and Panzer tanks en route.

On Christmas Day in Bastogne, McAuliffe's troops prevailed,  
The 'Battered Bastards' held the town while help was on the trail.  
Armor-men and Infantry came to join the bloody fray  
The hurrying Fourth Armored arrived to save the day.

The clouds above cleared that day, Our planes were in the skies  
Supplies and ammunition dropped - A Christmas Gift surprise.  
Now Patton's Best came from the West to end the German thrust  
The BULGE was closed by Stalwart men who gave their very best.

A liberated people, now toast those Battling men  
Who paid the price for Freedom in the woods of the ARDENNES.  
The Battle won by Stamina of youth who stood so tall  
Winston Churchill said it, "The Greatest of them all."

© John E. McAuliffe, CO. M, 347th INF. REGT  
67th "GOLDEN ACORN" INFANTRY DIVISION, NOV. 11, 1992

## THE ARDENNES FOOT SOLDIER (The Winter of '44-'45)

The noise of battle summons all  
Who hear the blare of trumpets call.  
The soldier stands in ready ranks  
In rows beside the mighty tanks.

The battleground in Ardennes green,  
Now lain in winter's snow-white sheen.  
The stark bare foxhole is my bed,  
With splintered fir boughs overhead.

Here I lie with with body numbed  
Protected from the German gun.  
In sleepless night I lie and pray  
Thinking of the dawn of day.

My prayers that come from half-closed mouth  
Are seared with curse words that I shout.  
From snowy lair I leave each day  
To meet the foe where death may lay.

From BITTER WOODS to open field  
I run the gamut without shield,  
While shells of deadly eighty-eight  
Before me burst to halt my gait.

The wind-blown snow blinds my eyes,  
The low hung fog dims the skies,  
With bandoleers across my back,  
My body strains against my pack.

My trigger hand is numb and still,  
But ready fixed and trained to kill.

I cross the field of a yesterday -  
Where soldier's frozen bodies lay -  
Once in perfect battle lines they stood,  
Now lay in grotesque forms likd logs of wood.

Lord, that I may live this day.  
Spare me from a soldier's grave.  
Many are the battle dead; o'er which some day  
A soldier's flag shall wave.

THE ARDENNES FOXHOLE

The guns are silent now, that belched forth fire  
propelling deadly rounds toward my bed  
exploding shrapnel round my head.  
The guns are silent now and in my layer neath splintered  
wood  
I lie all numb where tall firs once so stately stood.  
A solemn quiet permeates the acrid smoke  
and now lesser sounds are heard where moments before  
imploring words were spoke.  
The guns are silent now and as my shaken body calms  
My mind transcends to quiet lands and thoughts of loved  
warm my frozen palms. <sup>ones</sup>  
A fog lain forest stretched upon a winter snow  
Reddened by the awful guns that only youths in foxholes <sup>know</sup>  
The guns are silent now, but none too soon again to roar  
and pound the churned up earth that holds my fragile body  
within its core.

THE BULGE BUGLE Feb. 1991

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A Memorial To  
PARKER'S CROSSROADS  
(Baraque de Fraiture)

Ghosts of Alamo raise your herald voices  
Thine heroic stand within battered fortress walls  
gives life and hope to embattled men at new crossroads  
where your battle cry sings out.  
The brave "300", entrenched before the rushing tide  
of PANZER might  
relive the spirit of THERMOPYLAE, and like that of  
Houston's men allows time for friendly units  
to fight another day.  
Brave men of PARKER, now subdued and captive taken  
lift your heads akin-  
your noble efforts are not forsaken  
For of such deeds battles are won  
and Ghosts rise up, shaken.

John E. Mc Auliffe, M-347  
87th Infantry Division  
Jan. 6, 1997

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John E. McAuliffe served as a Private First Class with an 81 mm Mortar section of the 3rd platoon, of Company M, 347th Reg't. 87th Infantry Division, Third Army.



**M Company, 347th Inf.**

**"The Boys of the GOLDEN ACORN"**

**John Mc Auliffe  
Lester Zimmerman  
Donato Marini**

**"Deele"  
Tom Mc Ab**



SCENES IN THE ARDENNES

WINTER 1944-45



"THE ARDENNES ROADS"

BELGIUM

1944 - 1945





**"THE ARDENNES ROADS"**

**WINTER**

**1944 - 1945**

**C Btry 203 AAA(AW)SP 7th ARMD DIV.**

**St.Vith area, Belgium**



The above picture was taken during late April, 1945 with the pursuing US ARMIES deep into Germany. Hostilities ended in Europe on May 8, known as V-E DAY, or Victory in Europe.

## THE ARDENNES REPLACEMENT

I was called to war, and I was just a lad  
The Battle lines were rent and soldier's hopes were sad.  
I was trained to fight, to join the Infantry  
The Battle lines were fixed with soldiers just like me.  
I became a 'number', and joined the battle fray  
Shells and 88s were quick to come my way.  
I became a 'veteran' as those before me had  
I was called to war, and I was just a lad.

John E. McAuliffe-M-347

87th Inf Div.

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## THE ARDENNES ROADS

Through the forests of Luxembourg  
and across the Belgian land,  
We are the roads that Armies trod  
and soldiers took command.

We wind through woods where tall trees grow  
and narrow is our way,  
We twist and turn through ice and snow  
on this cold Winter's Day.

We hear the beat of marching feet  
Of soldiers sloshing through the sleet.  
We feel the load of growling tanks  
that churn the soil about our banks.

we are the way to Victory  
Our shell-pocked face is torn,  
We bear the wars of history  
And recall "THE DECEMBER DAWN".

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## THE ARDENNES MEDIC

The cries call out above the battle din,  
Moans pierce the mist from lips of wounded men.  
They search for those who bear a soldier's need,  
To bind the wounds where fallen comrades bleed.

The Medic stands beside the fighting boys,  
To Give Aid and Comfort under steady fire.  
They brave the shot and shell of battle noise  
In deep cold snow and ARDENNES muddy mire.

They wear the Cross of Succor on their sleeve,  
theirs is a Badge of Courage in their heart.  
When battles end they take their honored leave,  
And healer and the mended go apart.

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## THE ARDENNES TANKER

The "Call to Arms" in Ancient days  
Brought men to war in varied ways.  
Now men arrive to swell the ranks  
In armor, clad in mighty tanks.

The horseman charged into the fray  
To cut the foe - to lead the way.  
Now tankmen roll on turning tracks  
With mounted guns on armoured backs.

This roving fortress roams the land  
With blazing guns to take command.  
It churns through ice and ARDENNES snow  
To open the roads where soldiers go.

These daring men with nerves of steel  
Lead Armies in the battle reel.  
Sherman, Patton and Abrams tanks  
They have our praise and heartfelt thanks.

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It was a 'TIME FOR TRUMPETS"  
And as they heeded the bugle's call,  
The boys of the EIGHTY-SEVENTH  
Stood 'STALWART and STRONG' and tall.

87th DIV

They were the GOLDEN ACORN men  
Now dressed in battle array,  
Pressed into the snowy Ardennes  
To engage in the bloody fray.

345th INF

Their colors led them forward  
in the battle of MOIRCY  
'INVICTUS' was their byward  
As the foe was soon to see.

346th INF

'ALWAYS and EVERYWHERE FAITHFUL'  
As they fought in the woods of TILLET  
Always men so valient  
As they stormed the German billett.

347th INF

They heard the call to 'DARE YOUR BEST'  
And fought the fight at BONNERUE,  
Now and again they stood the test  
And proved that they were brave and true.

312th MED BN

They stood beside the fighting boys  
To 'GIVE AID AND COMFORT' under fire,  
They brave the shot and shell and noise  
In deep cold snow and muddy mire.

They were the boys of the 'GOLDEN ACORN'  
Men of Patton without fear,  
And they closed the BULGE and broke the horn  
Of the PANZER LEHR and 26th VOLKSGRENADIER.

Their battle cry to 'DARE YOUR BEST'  
Was a challenge not forsaken,  
They proved that they withstood the test  
The prize was 'OUR OBJECTIVE TAKEN'.

### AN ARDENNES GRAVE

In Luxembourg on a wooded knoll  
One hears the drone of the drummer's roll.  
They've come to mark a soldier's grave  
With outstretched cross-arms on a stave.

This solemn morn, men lower their head  
In tribute to their comrad dead.  
On former fields they fought and died  
In ARDENNES woods neath fog-lain skies.

This marks their final resting place,  
Boys so young and fair of face;  
They gave their youth for Freedom's cause  
In reverant salute, we prayerfully pause!

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Winter came upon the darkened Ardennes Forest on a cold December Dawn, the 16th of December in 1944 - The Wacht am Rein was unleashed; it was Hitler's operation CHRISTROSE when the Panzer troops broke through - and they took advantage of the sullen skies, which gave them cover from the 'Jabos'.

The predicted weather forecast of nine days of overcast skies was good for the build up of forces and the murky fog would conceal the Grenadiers and Panzer columns from the Allies.

The poor conditions also denied the Allied Punishing Power, but in the end they did reduce the Panzer attacking Forces.

A dismal mixture of snow, rain and fog began to fall which gave way to slippery and treacherous frozen roads as the temperatures plummeted.

The Battle wore on in the deep cold snow of the BITTER WOODS, a "white-darkness" prevailed and a "BLOOD-DIMMED TIDE" overlay the frozen fields.

The hanging mists clung to the ground, hampering a soldier's vision, and other times cold stiff winds cut across the plateaus buffeting the faces of the attacking footsoldier.

The 'swirling snow' - the 'morass of mud' were another enemy - The dense fog socked-in an hundred air fields, Soon a high pressure, "Russian High" system came in, bringing good weather, and left the German forces naked.

The Allies had a 'field-day' in the skies - And the "Battle for the Billets", for the Village Shelters from the barren fox-holes led the counter-attack of the Allied Forces.

The battered G.I.s came forth from the frozen BITTER WOODS to a more somber scene - with the enemy on the defensive --- It was a BITTER WINTER in the Ardennes.

DECEMBER DAWN (Return to the Battle of the Bulge, Col. Charles B. MacDonald, Historean)  
CHRISTROSE (Hitler's code word for the Ardennes Offen.)  
JABOS (Grenadiers term for U.S. attack bombers)  
BITTER WOODS (John S.D.Eisenhower's book on the Bulge, from Dante's poem)

A WHITE DARKNESS ( A US Officer's description of the winter days).

A BLOOD-DIMMED TIDE (The Battle of the Bulge by the men who fought it; Gerald Astor from 'The Second COMING' by William B. Yeats)

### About the Author

John Mc Auliffe is a native of Massachusetts. He served as a Private First Class, a squad member of an 81mm mortar section with Company M, 347th Inf. of the 87th DIV. during World War II.

He was awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge, the Bronze Star Medal, and participated in the Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe Campaigns, in World War II.

During the Korean War period, he served as a 1st Lieutenant in the Dental Corps, US Army, and his assignment was at Ft. Lesley J. McNair in Washington, D.C.

He retired from the practice of dentistry after 37 years. He resides in Worcester, Massachusetts.

In 1990 he joined the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Organization, and in April of 1992 he founded the Central Massachusetts Chapter, of which he serves as President with over 200 members.





"THERE IS ONE THING YOU DARE NOT FORGET AND THAT YOU MUST KEEP ETERNALLY ENGRAVED IN YOUR HEART, IT IS THE MEMORY OF THOSE MEN WHO CAME FROM FAR AWAY, FROM OVERSEAS AND CLUNG TO THE GROUND, FIGHTING ONE AGAINST TEN, FALLING DOWN UNDER BOMBING AND SHELLING FOR THE NAME OF LIBERTY.

AND WHEN YOU WILL PASS BEFORE A MILITARY CEMETERY, WHEN YOU WILL SEE THE LITTLE WHITE CROSSES ADORNING THE TOMBS OF THE SOLDIERS OF BAUGNEZ, OF STOUMONT, OF ROCHEFORT AND OF SO MANY LITTLE VILLAGES OF THE ARDENNES, FROM THE DEPTHS OF YOUR HEART CRY TO THEM ..."

THANK YOU".

Andre Defer,  
Belgian Writer

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