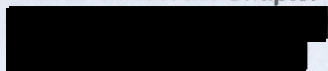


I really thought life in the army would be great. After basic training, I passed a battery of tests and was assigned to study at Providence College under the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP). We attended classes every day, ate good food catered by Howard Johnson, and really enjoyed our life. We were supposed to graduate after 3 years as officers to help rebuild Europe.

Lo and Behold..one night in March 1944, we were awakened at 3AM, told to pack our gear, and we marched down to the train station. After being on a windowless train for 8 days, we were dumped in the mud fields on Tenn and assigned to the 26th Infantry Division. We all knew what it was like to go from heaven to hell! Six months later, we landed on Omaha Beach (90 days after D Day) and transported to the front lines. I was never so scared in my life when I first heard artillery shells and rifle fire all around me. I then came to the realization that German soldiers wanted to kill me. My worst experience was when the Battle of the Bulge started on Dec 16/44...it was bitterly cold and we were outnumbered and poorly equipped. Luckily, on Jan 3/45 a large piece of shrapnel tore thru my leg and the war was over for me. I am a survivor of that Battle...and not the only one. I organized a Chapter in West Palm Beach, Fla

12 years ago..we started with 25 guys and now have a membership of 237 survivors of the bloodiest battle of World War 2. I proudly wear the Purple Heart and Bronze Star. It is comforting to know our buddies who made the supreme sacrifice will always be remembered at Providence College with the plaque outside the Chapel. They will never grow old as we, who are left, grow old.

George Fisher
President and Founder
Veterans of the
Battle of the Bulge
Florida Southeast Chapter 62



*Pls send a copy to
DEIRDRE*

Hello Lorraine -

*I tried to find this via EMAIL but
could not!!*

See you soon

GF