



**SOUTHAMPTON**

## D-DAY

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1934

There is a timelessness about Normandy, a sense that little changes from decade to decade. The same hedgerowed fields that GI's moving inland from the beaches had to cross are still there, with dairy cows grazing, and apple orchards that once hid German troops and tanks still rim the low-lying hills. Sturdy, half-wooded farmhouses lean into the bracing wind coming off the sea, partly hidden by ancient stone walls, just as they have done over the centuries.

Some towns like St.-Lo were destroyed in the fighting and were rebuilt. But the countryside that dominates the region has not been suburbanized. Other than a few wider roads and an occasional modern building, the area has an ageless texture to it, and the landing beaches in most places are unencroached upon.

**NORMANDY**

June 6th 1944.

**The Citizen**

**ALLIES LAND IN FRANCE**

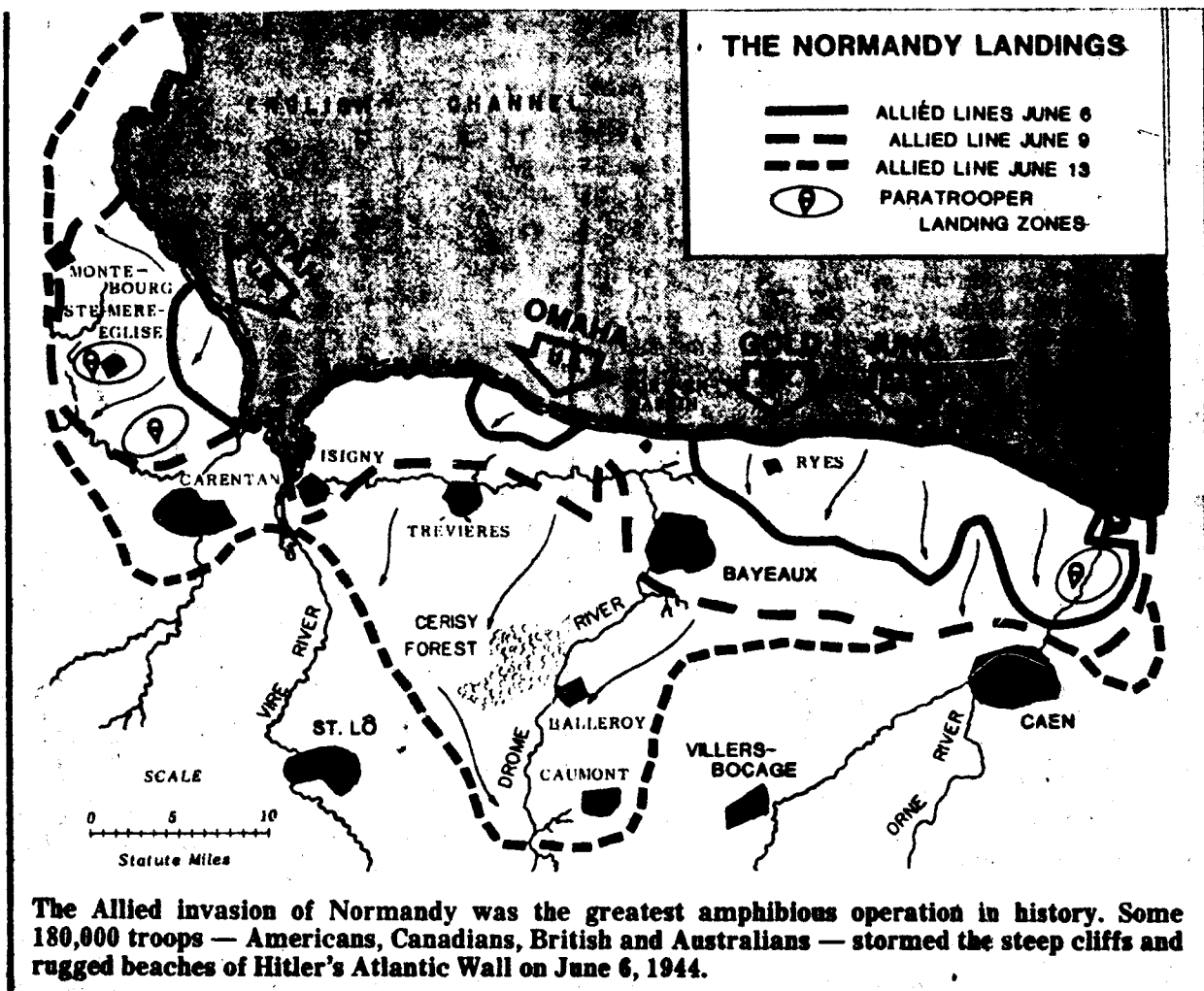
**Greatest Battle In History Has Begun**

**TWO BEACHHEADS "AT LEAST" SECURED**

**IRON JELLOIDS**

**The Astute Taste**

**GLOUCESTER**



## JUNE 5/6

Allied airborne troops, using 1,000 troop carriers and gliders, make landings behind German defences in Normandy. 1,300 aircraft of Bomber Command drop 5,000 tons of bombs on ten coastal batteries in Normandy; 7,500 sorties, involving 30,000 airmen flown by Allied planes between midnight and 8am.

Troops cross Carentan-Valognes road and cut broad-gauge railway to Cherbourg.

Allied air forces begin operating from airstrips in France.

## JUNE 10

General Montgomery establishes Headquarters in Normandy.

## JUNE 6

Allied naval forces supported by strong air forces, begin landing Allied armies on north coast of France, between Cherbourg and Le Havre; Mr. Churchill makes two statements on progress in the House of Commons; 8th American Air Force heavies bombs railways, roads and bridges behind battle area four times.

The King broadcasts to the Nation. Announced that General de Gaulle is in England; he broadcasts to the people of France.

U.S. troops liberate Lisson in Normandy.

## JUNE 11

## JUNE 12

U.S. troops in Normandy take Cartentan and clear Forest of Cerisy; fusion of beach-heads complete on front of 50 miles, varying in depth from eight to 12 miles.

Mr. Churchill, General Smuts and Field Marshall Sir Alan Brooke visit Normandy, also General Eisenhower, General Marshall and Admiral King.

## JUNE 7

Allied troops in Normandy liberate Bayeux, cut Bayeux-Caen road; all beach-heads cleared of enemy and contact established between some beach-heads and between sea and airborne forces. Nearly all enemy coastal batteries silenced by naval guns.

General Eisenhower says that full military agreement was reached with French shortly before D-Day.

## JUNE 13

Troarn and Balleroy taken in Eastern sector in Normandy; Montebourg, Pont l'Abbe and Le Ham liberated in U.S. sector.

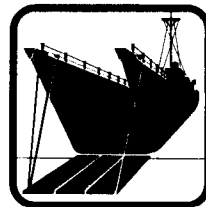
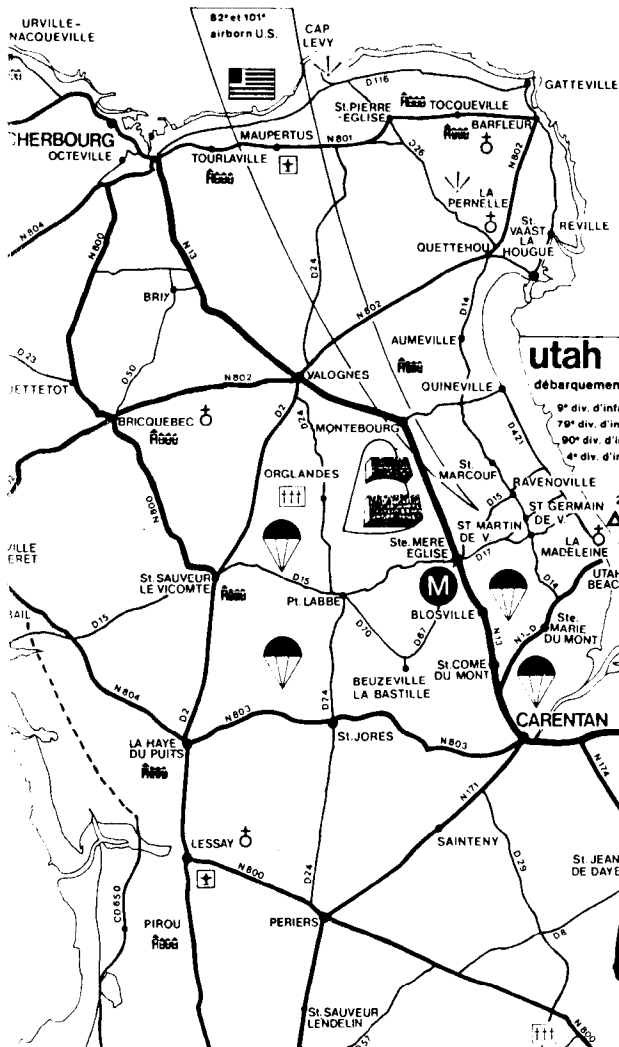
Marshal Stalin praises "masterly success" of the Allied landings in France.

## JUNE 9

Ste. Mere Eglise and Treveries in Normandy liberated; U.S.

## JUNE 13/14

First flying bomb lands in Southern England.



**The longest day :** On 6 June 1944 the Allied landings began the liberation of France and Europe.

Those involved in this victory will never forget its sorrows and triumphs.

Visitors to these landing beaches can now see monuments erected in commemoration of those events, the military cemeteries and the War museums.

Raymond Triboulet

Chairman of the "Comité du Débarquement"

**commandement suprême général Eisenhower**

commandant en chef des forces terrestres (21<sup>e</sup> groupe d'armées)

général Montgomery

secteur américain

1<sup>ère</sup> armée américaine/général Bradley

7<sup>e</sup> corps

4<sup>e</sup> division renforcée 5<sup>e</sup> corps

secteur britannique

2<sup>e</sup> armée britannique/général Dempsey

20<sup>e</sup> corps

50<sup>e</sup> div. brit. 1<sup>er</sup> corps

3<sup>e</sup> div. canad. 3<sup>e</sup> div. brit.

**utah**   
débarquement 6 h 30   
9<sup>e</sup> div. d'infanterie   
79<sup>e</sup> div. d'infanterie   
90<sup>e</sup> div. d'infanterie   
4<sup>e</sup> div. d'infanterie

**omaha**   
débarquement 6 h 30   
2<sup>e</sup> div. d'infanterie   
29<sup>e</sup> div. d'infanterie   
1<sup>re</sup> div. d'infanterie

**gold**   
débarquement 7 h 30   
49<sup>e</sup> div. d'infanterie   
7<sup>e</sup> div. blindée   
8<sup>e</sup> brig. blindée   
50<sup>e</sup> div. Northumb.

**juno**   
déb. 7 h 30   
4<sup>e</sup> Special Serv.   
Brig. can.   
2<sup>e</sup> brig. blind. can.   
3<sup>e</sup> D.I. can.

**sword**   
débarquement 7 h 30   
4<sup>e</sup> brig. blindée   
51<sup>e</sup> Highland div.   
Special Serv. Brig.   
27<sup>e</sup> brig. blindée   
3<sup>e</sup> D.I. brit.

Commando   
franco britannique   
n° 4 Kieffer

0<sup>e</sup> div. aérop   
britannique

**légendes**

- monument commémoratif
- musée du débarquement
- château
- zone de parachutage
- cimetière militaire
- abbaye ou édifice religieux

**France   
Normandie**

Printed in France

**TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1944**

## Meanwhile, back in the States . . .

By Annette Winter

**A**s Allied forces moved silently across the English Channel in the pre-dawn hours of June 6, another day of wartime routine was ending for Americans on the Home Front. Most slept undisturbed, but in the nation's shipyards, aircraft factories and munitions plants, the night shifts went about their business as usual, unaware that the ships, planes, and guns they'd produced were closing in on the northern coast of France, part of the massive invasion that would bring Hitler's Third Reich to its knees.

It was an invasion the whole country had prepared for. America's war machine was fueled by neighborhood scrap and paper drives. Home Front patriots saved toothpaste tubes, bottle caps and cooking fat. "JUNK MAKES FIGHTING WEAPONS," read one poster, and Americans delved into garages, attics, and kitchen cupboards to donate old pots and pans, tires, lawn mowers, radiators, even the bumpers off their cars.

While servicemen gave their lives on the battlefields, Americans at home gave their time and energy. They rolled 2½ billion bandages; danced with soldiers at USO

canteens; took them into their homes for Sunday dinners; visited them in hospitals. They manned rationing boards and draft boards; patrolled their neighborhoods during blackouts; and kept tedious watch for enemy planes that never came.

They gave their blood to the Red Cross.

Food was rationed. Americans who'd learned just how far they could stretch a meal during the Depression learned to stand in line for meat, coffee, butter and sugar.

America was never seriously attacked. If the absence of air raids let Americans sleep in peace, it also gave them time to lie awake and worry about their husbands, brothers and sons hunkered down in trenches or huddled in the bellies of planes and ships thousands of miles from home. It also left America free to do what it did best—produce.

The ghosts of the Depression's unemployed were finally laid to rest as 3½ million women picked up wrenches and acetylene torches and took their places on the nation's assembly lines.

Americans on the Home Front knew an invasion was

coming. The Army had been on maneuvers for months in Tennessee, chosen because of its geographical similarity to the north of France. City dwellers in the Volunteer State had gotten used to dodging the Red and Blue armies as they fought up and down Main Street; farmers waxed philosophical as tanks and heavy equipment rolled over their fields and fences.

Few complained.

First reports of the real invasion reached New York in the wee hours of June 6. Many shrugged them off as rumors. But as the sun rose, the news spread across the country and Americans gathered around radios to hear the latest word on the fighting.

President Roosevelt led the nation in prayer and in schools, churches, offices and factories, people paused in silence to offer their own words. But there was no celebration; the mood was somber. Everyone knew this was only the beginning of an end not yet in sight and that many would lose loved ones before the day was over.

In Madison Square Park, a crowd of 50,000 attended a prayer service. At the conclusion, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia stepped forward. His message summed up the spirit of the country. "Now," he said, "back to work." ■

**June 7, 1944**

**Hundreds of American gliders ferried thousands of fresh troops into the Cherbourg area of invaded France today, and airmen said the peninsula was dotted with fires indicating the Germans might be carrying out demolitions preparatory to withdrawal.**

**Meanwhile, reports from London said some of the first assault troops who stormed the French beaches June 6 were mowed down by German crossfire, but succeeding waves climbed over their bodies until a foothold was established.**

*(Compiled from The Chronicle-Telegram files.)*

# 1944

*Ernie Pyle, perhaps the best-known newspaperman of World War II, wrote the following column shortly after arriving in Normandy three days after the invasion. It remains, 40 years later, one of the most gripping descriptions of the horror that was 6 June 1944.*

**I** took a walk along the coast of Normandy in France. It was a lovely day for strolling along the seashore. Men were sleeping on the sand, some forever. Men were floating in the water, but they didn't know, for they were dead.

The water was full of millions of jellyfish about the size of a man's hand. In the center of each was a green design exactly like a four-leafed clover. The good-luck emblem. Sure. Hell, yes.

I walked for a mile and a half along the water's edge of our many-miled invasion beach. I walked slowly, for the detail was infinite.

The wreckage was vast and startling. The awful waste and destruction of war, aside from the loss of human life, has always been one of its outstanding features to those who are in it. Anything and everything is expendable. And we did expend on our beachhead in Normandy during those first few hours.

For a mile out from the beach there were scores of tanks and trucks and boats that were not visible, for they were at the bottom of the water — swamped by overloading, hit by shells or sunk by mines. Most of their crews were lost.

There were trucks tipped half

over and swamped, partly sunken barges, the angled-up corners of Jeeps and small landing craft half submerged. And at low tide you could still see those vicious six-pronged iron snares that helped snag and wreck them.

On the beach, were all kinds of wrecked vehicles. There were tanks that had just made the beach before being knocked out. There were Jeeps that had burned to a dull gray. There were big derricks on caterpillar treads that didn't quite make it. There were half-tracked carrying office equipment made into a shambles by a single shell hit, their interiors still holding smashed typewriters, telephones, office files.

There were LCTs turned completely upside down, and how they got that way I don't know. There were boats stacked on top of each other, their sides caved in, their suspension doors knocked off.

In this shore-line museum of carnage there were abandoned rolls of barbed wire and smashed bulldozers and big stacks of thrown-away life belts and piles of shells waiting to be moved. In the water floated empty life rafts and soldiers' packs and ration boxes and mysterious oranges. On the beach lay snarled rolls of telephone wire and big rolls of steel matting and stacks of broken, rusting rifles.

On the beach lay, expended, sufficient men and mechanism for a small war. They are gone forever. Yet, we could afford it.

We could afford it because we were on, we had our toehold and behind us were such enormous replacements for this wreckage you could hardly conceive of the total. Men and equipment flowed

from England in such a gigantic stream it made the waste on the beachhead seem like nothing at all.

But there was another, more human litter. It extended in a thin line, just like a high-water mark, for miles along the beach. This was the strewn personal gear that would never be needed again by those who fought and died to give us our entrance into Europe.

There in a jumbled row for mile on mile were soldiers' packs. There were socks and shoe polish, sewing kits, diaries, Bibles, hand grenades. There were the latest letters from home, with the address on each neatly razored out — a security precaution enforced before the boys embarked.

There were toothbrushes and razors, snapshots of families back home staring up at you from the sand. There were pocketbooks, metal mirrors, extra trousers and bloody, abandoned shoes. There were shovels and portable radios smashed almost beyond recognition, and mine detectors twisted and ruined.

There were torn pistol belts and canvas water buckets, first-aid kits, and jumbled heaps of life belts. I picked up a pocket Bible with a soldier's name in it, and put it in my jacket. I carried it half a mile or so, then put it back on the beach. I don't know why I picked it up, or why I put it down again.

Soldiers carry strange things ashore with them. In every invasion there is at least one soldier hitting the beach at H-hour with a banjo over his shoulder. The most ironic piece of equipment marking our beach — this beach first of despair, then of victory — was a tennis racket some soldier had brought along. It lay lonesomely on the sand, clamped in its press, not a string broken.

Two of the most dominant items on the beach were cigarettes and writing paper. Each soldier was issued a carton of cigarettes before he started. That day those cartons by the thousand, water-soaked and spilled out, marked the line of our first savage blow.

Writing paper and air-mail envelopes came second. The boys had intended to do a lot of writing in France. The letters — forever incapable of being written — that might have filled those blank, abandoned pages!

There are dogs in every invasion. There was a dog still on the beach, pitifully looking for his masters.

He stayed at the water's edge, near a boat that lay twisted and half sunk at the waterline. He barked appealingly to every soldier who approached, trotted eagerly along with him for a few feet, then, sensing himself unwanted in the haste, would run back to wait in vain for his people at his empty boat.

Over and around this long thin line of personal anguish, fresh men rushed vast supplies to keep our armies pushing into France. Other squads picked amidst the wreckage to salvage still-usable ammunition and equipment.

Men worked and slept on the beach for days before the last D-day victim was taken away for burial.

I stepped over the form of one youngster whom I thought dead. But when I looked down I saw he was only sleeping. He was very young, and very tired. He lay on one elbow, his hand suspended in the air about six inches from the ground. And in the palm of his hand he held a large, smooth rock.

I stood and looked at him a long time. He seemed to hold that rock lovingly, as though it were his last link with a vanishing world. I have no idea why he went to sleep with the rock in his hand, or what kept him from dropping it once he was asleep. It was one of those things a person remembers for a long time.

The strong, swirling tides of the Normandy coast shifted the contours of the sandy beach as they moved in and out. They carried soldiers' bodies out to sea, and later returned them. They covered

the corpses of heroes with sand, then in their whims uncovered them.

As I plowed over the wet sand, I walked around what seemed to be pieces of driftwood sticking out of the sand. But they weren't driftwood. They were a soldier's feet. The toes of his GI shoes pointed toward the land he had come so far to see, and which he saw so briefly.

A few hundred yards back on the beach was a high bluff. Up there we had a tent hospital, and a barbed-wire enclosure for prisoners of war. From up there you could see far up and down the beach, and far out to sea.

And standing out there on the water, beyond all this wreckage, was the greatest armada man has ever seen. You could not believe the collection of ships that lay out there waiting to unload. From the bluff, it lay thick and clear to the far horizon of the sea and on beyond and spread out to the sides, was miles wide.

I noticed a group of freshly taken German prisoners nearby. They had not yet been put in the prison cage. They were just standing there, a couple of doughboys leisurely guarding them with tommy guns.

The prisoners too were looking out at the same bit of sea that for months and years had been so safely empty before their gaze. They stood as if in a trance. They didn't say a word. They didn't need to. The expression on their faces was forever unforgettable. In it was the final, horrified acceptance of doom. ■

Gloucester Journal, Saturday, June 9, 1984

# Lest we forget

IN less than two weeks time we will have midsummer and the longest day. But for many men and women who remember the Normandy landings, the longest day has already passed — 40 years ago on June 6, 1944.

That was a day which, for thousands of men, ended in death. For countless thousands of other men, women and children throughout Europe, the day was a beginning. The beginning of a battle which was to set them free from years of oppression and tyranny.

I have heard a lot of people complaining this week that they are fed up with the fuss made in newspapers and on radio and television regarding the 40th anniversary of D-Day. Indeed, there have been aspects that I have not liked very much myself; the

glorification of war for war's sake.

How I wish we could forget wars. Life is for living; it is too precious to be spent fighting or in preoccupation with bombs and death. Yet clearly, the lessons of two great wars have still not sunk in, despite the slaughter of the trenches and the beaches.

There are still millions of people all over the world who do not know what freedom is. Every day we see pictures of battles and bloodshed in Asia, South America, the Middle East. Only two years ago, English lives were sacrificed to free the people of the Falklands ...

Where does it all end? Will it ever end? Men have died fighting wars to end wars ... but wars are still with us.

To any right-minded individual, there is no glory in war; only revulsion and sadness. Yet I do feel we are right to look back with pride to the D-Day landings and the heroism of the men and women who fought at that time. They were fighting for the principle of freedom. If we forget that, we are in danger of losing the very ideals they fought so hard to preserve.

I'm sorry if this sounds Jingoistic. Heaven forbid! But I am mindful of the people in our midst — the

men and women who smile somewhat ruefully today when we describe them as veterans — who took part in the Normandy Campaign.

For the most part, they hate to be described as heroes — although they were. Very few talk glibly about their part in the battles. The stories in today's Journal are probably only the tip of the iceberg but are representative of hundreds of other personal accounts.

The veterans do not dramatise their war. They are only too glad to be out of it. Home again in Gloucestershire, where despite the minor tyrannies of taxes and traffic wardens, we still enjoy a high degree of freedom.

Those men and women helped ensure our freedom. They are entitled to a few days of glory ... good luck to every one of them. They have surely earned it. ■

FRANCE

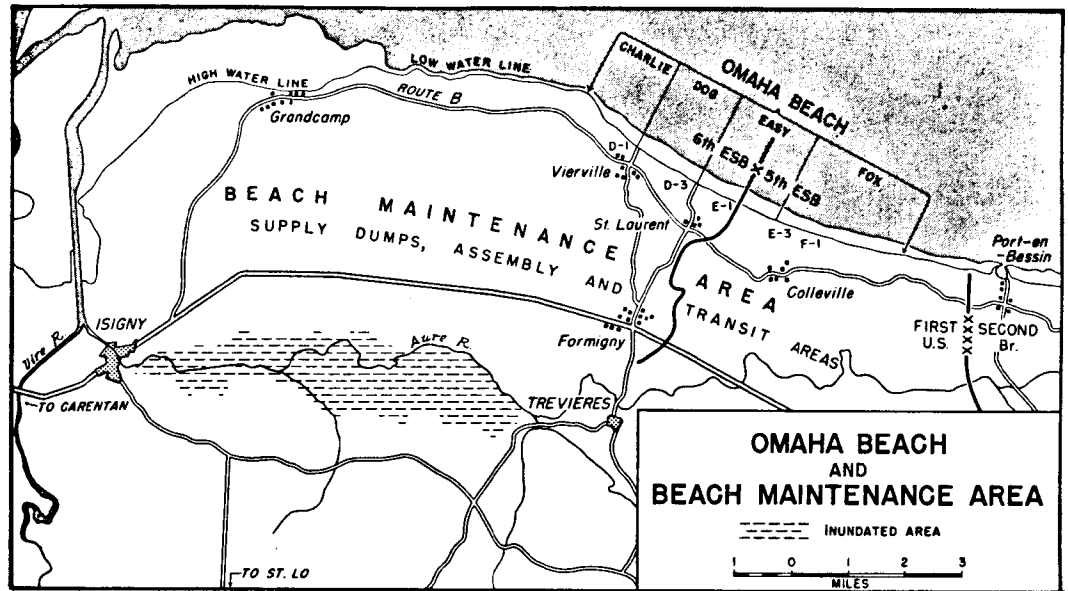


A TRUCK ON THE BEACH (2½-ton) and one starting down the ramp of an LST (1½-ton)



# In Normandy

## THE FAR SHORE IN NORMANDY

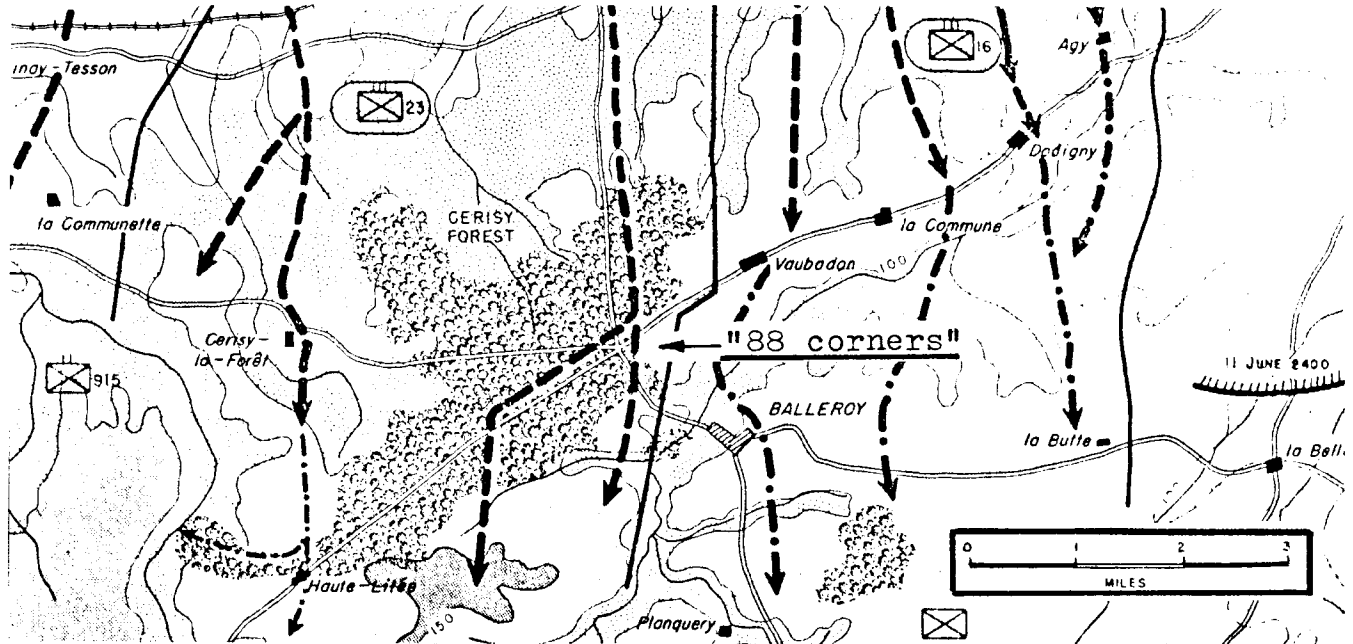


M5 light tank equipped with a hedgerow cutter (bottom). During the fighting in Normandy armored vehicles found the hedgerows a serious obstacle which they could neither cross over nor break through. An enlisted man of an Ordnance unit in Normandy devised the method of attaching to the front of tanks rake-like cutters improvised from heavy angle-iron salvaged from the underwater beach obstacles which the Germans had placed to wreck landing craft. During a period of 48 hours maintenance companies of the Ordnance Department turned out 300 of these cutters, which enabled the tanks to open passageways through the hedgerows of Normandy, and play an important part in the advance leading to the break-through at Saint-Lô.



Ordnance responsibility extended to "everything that rolls, shoots, is shot, or is dropped from the air". Its complete catalog contained 35,000 separate items, ranging from watch springs and firing pins to 20-ton howitzers and 40-ton tanks.





CERISY FOREST, lying on high ground within artillery range of the beachhead, was a key objective in V Corps operations. This crossroad, known as "88 corners", is near the north-eastern edge of the forest. The enemy failure to defend this important area was a surprise development. CERISY FOREST was "home" for the 897th from July 13 to August 4, 1944, when we departed for St. Lo.

Photo below shows the 897th convoy at "88 corners" as it was leaving its bivouac area in Cerisy Forest. Note spacing between trucks as protection against enemy air attack.



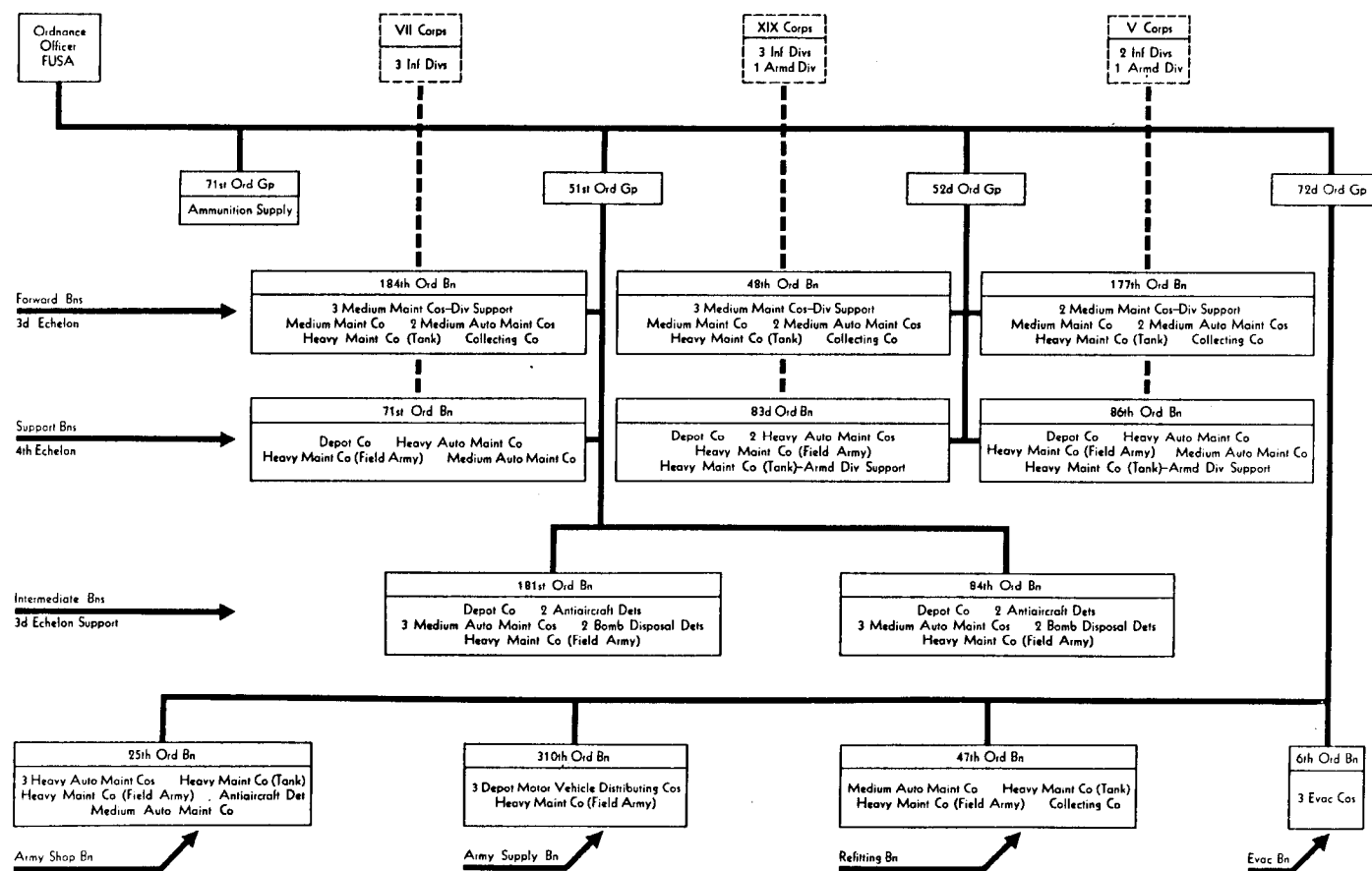


Cerisy Forest, France --- July, 1944, showing Glayson (Beaver) Ellison with his ~~rusty~~ (oops) trusty carbine guarding a P.O.W. (???). Actually, its only Harold Albright with his helmet reversed, to look like a German P.O.W.



Knocked out German military equipment --- showing a personnel carrier and a tank.

CHART 4—ORDNANCE GROUP ORGANIZATION FOR FIRST U.S. ARMY, 15 AUGUST 1944



Source: Col W. R. Slaughter, Report of Observations in ETOUSA (14 July-4 September 1944), 80 Sep 44.

# Stavelot

This picturesque little town on the right bank of the river Amblève in the North of the Ardennes, grew up around the abbey founded by St. Remacle in the 7th century.

## Practical information

6,000 inhabitants - 9 hotels - 85 rooms.

## Communications

**Bus** regular service (once an hour) to the stations at Spa and Trois-Points (trains to Verviers, Liège and Luxembourg).

**Road** Malmédy 9 km, Liège 57 km, Brussels 155.

● Office du Tourisme, Ancienne Abbaye..  
Tel. 080/88.23.39  
or 080/88.23.43.

(Open: from Easter to 25 September, from 10.30 to 12.00 and from 14.30 to 17.00).

## Main sights

**St. Remacle Square** Stately old houses ring the "Perron" (1769), which has a magnificent fountain.

**The Church of St. Sebastian** is one of the most richly endowed in the country, with its **Shrine** of St. Remacle (masterpiece of gold carving from the Meuse region, dating from 1258) and the reliquary bust of St. Poppon (1626).

**Old Abbey** (Ancienne Abbaye) The largest archaeological complex south of the Meuse, now a classified building and being restored.

**The Old Abbey Museum** is housed in an 18th century wing, and has a section on regional history

and a section on local crafts covering the **traditional craft of tanning**.

Large art exhibitions are held in the museum from Easter to the end of September.

The town hall houses the **Appollinaire Museum**; the poet stayed for several months in Stavelot in 1899 (*Old Abbey Museum and the abbey itself open every day from Easter to the end September, from 10.30 to 12.00 and from 14.30 to 17.30*).

## Surrounding area

See the Abbey church at Malmédy (18th century), the castle of Reinhardstein (Robertville), the "Circuit des Panoramas", and the waterfall at Coö.

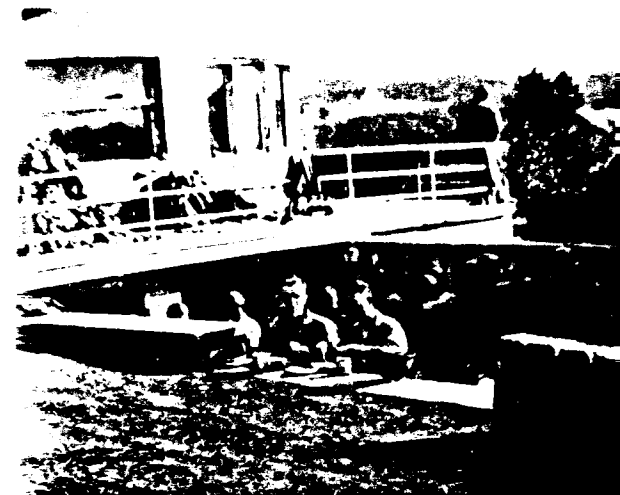
## Events

**Wibald Year 1982:** special anniversary (850th) events throughout the year.

**Mid-Lent:** famous Carnival Parade with the "Blancs Mousis".

**July and August:** theatre and music festival.

Stavelot: the old abbey



Stavelot, Belgium --- our "home" from Oct.4 --- Dec.17,1944. Top two photos show the hotel and Co. C.P. Next is Harold Albright relaxing on the balcony, and, the bottom photo shows the good ol' chow line in action, with all chowhounds going "all-out".

Stavelot 15th April 85

Answering your letter March 21  
about your stay in Stavelot  
from October up to December 1944.  
we have the pleasure to send you  
some information about the  
"Roseraie". It's not the "Roserie"  
as you mention in your letter but  
"the Roseraie" meaning "the roses  
yard"! Well, the building is still  
existing but is no longer a hotel.  
It's now depending from the Athénée  
(a school) and used by the interns (the  
students not going back home every  
day). Herewith a few folders  
(out of date ones) explaining what the  
building is used for nowadays. You  
will surely recognize the "Roseraie"  
printed in the folder!

Sincerely yours  
SERPES  
MARC

## Conditions d'admission et de séjour à l'internat

1. - L'internat reçoit tous les garçons à partir de l'âge de six ans. Lors de son inscription, tout élève doit fournir un certificat médical attestant qu'il a été vacciné et qu'il est exempt de toute affection contagieuse, ainsi que le dernier bulletin de l'établissement précédemment fréquenté.

2. Le prix de la pension est fixé à **9.000 francs** (vacances non comprises) pour les élèves âgés de moins de 13 ans ; à **11.000 francs** pour les élèves de 13 ans et plus. Ce dernier prix est exigé **au début de l'année scolaire au cours de laquelle l'enfant atteint sa 13e année.**

Le paiement de la pension devra s'effectuer en 3 fois **OBLIGATOIREMENT** au C. C. P. 7021.52 de l'Internat de l'Athénée Royal de Stavelot, dans les huit jours précédant chaque trimestre, et comme ci-après :

Elèves de moins de 13 ans :

1er trimestre : **3.500 frs.**

2me trimestre : **3.000 frs.**

3me trimestre : **2.500 frs.**

Elèves à partir de la 13e année :

1er trimestre : **4.500 frs.**

2me trimestre : **3.500 frs.**

3me trimestre : **3.000 frs.**

Remarque : une ristourne peut être consentie dans des cas particuliers, par exemple, plusieurs élèves de la même famille

3. - Tout trimestre commencé est dû en entier.

4. - Nulle diminution ne sera faite pour départ avant la fin du trimestre en cours, ni nul remboursement consenti, quel que soit le motif qui détermine ce départ. Il est à noter que le renvoi de l'école entraîne le renvoi de l'internat.

5. - En cas d'absence pour maladie, une ristourne sera concédée à partir du 16e jour, sur demande expresse des parents, accompagnée d'un certificat médical.

**Frais supplémentaires :** Sont aussi à charge des parents : les frais de maladie (médecin, pharmacien, etc...) - Les fournitures classiques (sauf pour les élèves de section préparatoire). - Les achats ou réparations effectuées en ville. - Les dégradations et bris causés par les élèves.

En ce qui concerne les menues dépenses, nous signalons aux parents qu'il est nécessaire d'ouvrir à leur enfant un compte-tiers afin que les enfants puissent disposer d'un peu d'argent. Ces comptes sont tenus à jour par l'un des éducateurs. A chaque fin de trimestre, le relevé des dépenses de chaque interne sera transmis aux parents. Lorsque le compte est presque épuisé, les parents en sont avisés et priés de le réapprovisionner.



Living - Salle d'étude (petits)

# Athénée Royal

de

## Stavelot

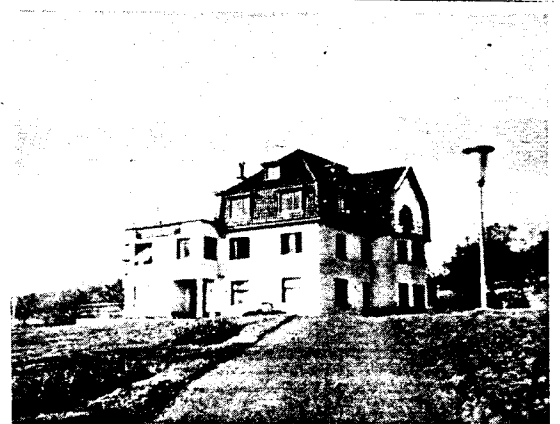


« LA ROSERAIE »

5, RUE BASSE-VOIE

PARFONDRUY

*Gardez précieusement ce prospectus, il vous sera peut-être utile!*



Bâtiment côté sud

# INTERNAT

Tél. 080 / 82.485

C. C. P. 7021.52

# Internat pour garçons

Age d'admission : 6 ans.

## Situation :

L'établissement se trouve en dehors de la ville, donnant aux enfants un maximum d'air pur. Les internes prennent le déjeuner, le goûter et le souper à l'internat, le repas de midi ayant lieu au restaurant scolaire. Les élèves sont hébergés dans des chambres agréables et coquettes, ils jouissent du chauffage central, d'éviers avec eau chaude et froide. Une installation de douches a été montée dans un local bien chauffé.

La nourriture est saine, variée et abondante. Elle est préparée avec le plus grand soin par un personnel spécialisé. Quatre repas par jour.

La plaine communale de Stavelot donne aux enfants l'occasion de pratiquer le sport pendant les journées de congé. La région est, par ailleurs, propice aux excursions pédestres.

Tous les moyens d'information modernes sont mis à la disposition des élèves grâce au matériel audio-visuel fourni par le Ministère de l'Éducation Nationale.

En cas de mauvais temps, les élèves disposent de jeux variés et une bibliothèque bien fournie.

L'accès de l'internat est rendu facile par la proximité de la gare de Trois-Ponts, en direction de Liège. Des lignes d'autobus existent en direction de Spa, Verviers, Malmedy et St-Vith.

## Moyens de communication :

Les études, placées sous le contrôle direct du Préfet des Etudes et de l'Administrateur d'Internat, sont l'objet d'une surveillance spéciale. Les élèves d'humanités étudient dans leur chambre individuelle et les petits sont installés dans la salle de séjour. Les éducateurs veillent à ce que le travail des élèves soit fait avec soin et contrôlent les journaux de classe chaque jour.

Les bulletins sont remis aux élèves deux fois par trimestre, en section secondaire et en 5e et 6e préparatoire, et chaque quinzaine en section préparatoire (dégrés inférieur et moyen).

## Promenades :

Ont lieu le mercredi et le dimanche après-midi, elles peuvent être remplacées par la pratique des sports ou par des jeux de plein air.

## Sorties, visites :

Autorisées le dimanche à partir de 10 heures.

Il est demandé aux parents de ne pas aller dans les chambres en dehors du jour de la rentrée de septembre.

A la demande des parents, les élèves peuvent rentrer chez eux, chaque week-end, du samedi au dimanche soir ou lundi matin, quand leurs résultats et leur conduite donnent satisfaction. Ces week-ends peuvent être supprimés dans le cas contraire. En aucun cas, les élèves ne peuvent sortir de l'établissement sans autorisation émanant de l'Administrateur, sans être accompagnés de leurs parents ou d'une personne sérieuse munie d'une autorisation écrite.

L'élève ne peut circuler en ville sans contrôle et doit rentrer à l'internat directement et à l'heure indiquée.

Pour les parents qui en expriment le désir, toutes facilités sont données aux élèves pour accomplir leurs devoirs religieux : assistance aux offices religieux sous la conduite d'un éducateur ; fréquentation du cours de catéchisme préparatoire à la communion solennelle.

## Départ :

A moins de motif grave, les parents s'engagent tacitement à laisser leur fils à l'internat jusqu'à la fin de l'année scolaire.

Le départ d'un élève doit être notifié à l'Administrateur de l'internat un mois au moins avant l'expiration du trimestre en cours.

## Trousseau :

Tout pensionnaire doit apporter en entrant, un peigne, une brosse à dents, dentifrice, une brosse à chaussures et du cirage, des essuie-mains, gants de toilette, des gants, des bottines, des lacets de rechange, du savon de toilette, une paire de pantoufles, au moins deux costumes, du linge de corps (pour se changer au moins deux fois la semaine), un imperméable, un pardessus d'hiver, un sac à linge, des mouchoirs de poche, des paires de bas, deux pull-over, une paire de pantoufles de gymnastique, six chemises, deux pyjamas, le tout marqué au nom de l'enfant.

Matelas, traversin, draps de lit, couvertures et couverts sont mis gratuitement à la disposition des pensionnaires.

La direction décline toute responsabilité du chef de disparition d'objets de valeur.

## Rentrée :

La rentrée à l'internat, à l'issue de chaque période de vacances, se fait la veille du jour fixé pour la reprise des cours. Cette rentrée devra être effectuée pour 19 heures 30.

Lors des rentrées de week-ends, les enfants doivent être à l'internat de 17 heures à 19 heures, s'ils désirent prendre le repas du soir, sinon à 20 heures 30 au plus tard.

La date des congés sera transmise dans le courant du premier trimestre aux parents.

## Sorties :

Chaque élève est détenteur d'une feuille de sortie portant la date et l'heure de son départ. Il devra la présenter à son retour avec la date et l'heure de départ de son domicile, signée par les parents. Ce service de contrôle est très important et il est recommandé aux parents de veiller à ce que leurs enfants ne s'y soustraient pas.

En semaine, toute visite est interdite, sauf en cas d'urgence.

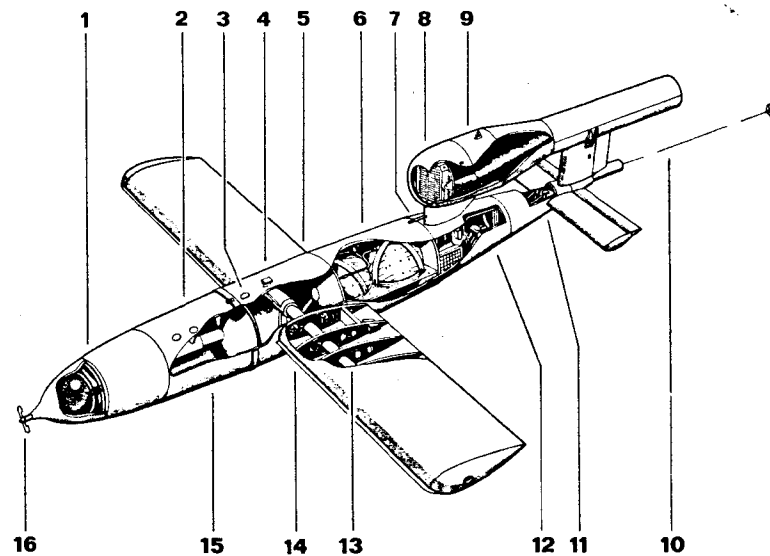
## Correspondance :

Les internes peuvent écrire régulièrement à leurs parents ou tuteurs. Toute autre correspondance est soumise au contrôle de M. l'Administrateur.

N. B. - En signant le bulletin d'inscription, les parents acceptent les conditions stipulées au prospectus et s'engagent vis-à-vis de la Direction. Les cas non prévus seront tranchés par celle-ci.



## Internal Details of a Type 1 Flying Bomb

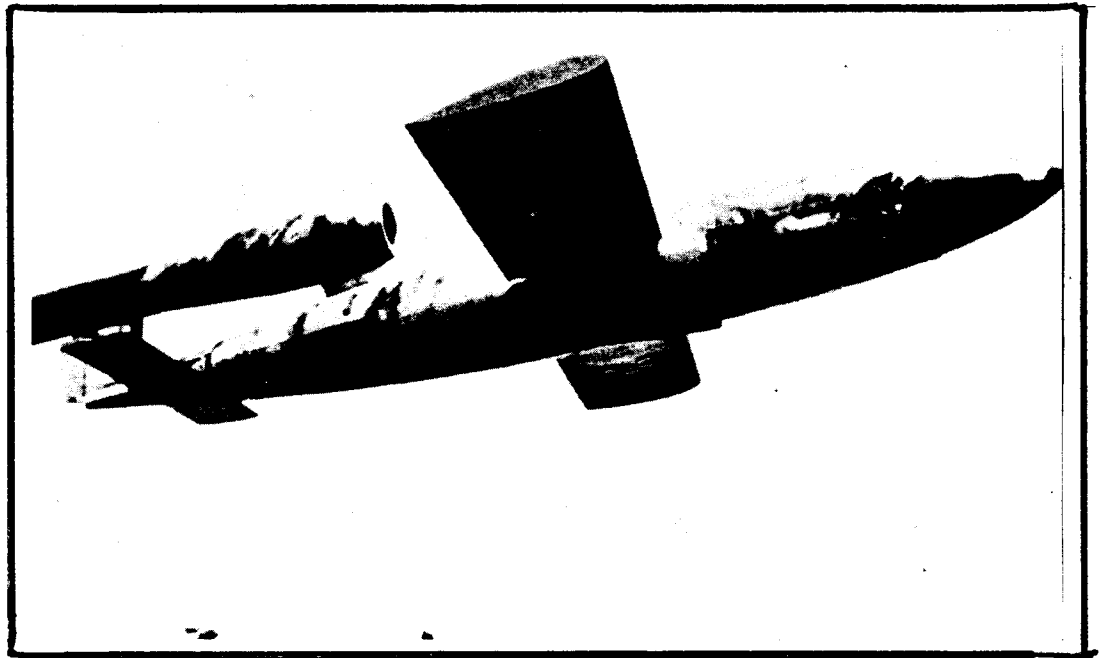


Internal details of a Type 1 flying bomb. **Key:** 1, compass to control gyros for guidance, enclosed in non-magnetic (wooden) sphere; 2, twin fuse pockets in horizontal main fuse; 3, fuel filler cap; 4, lifting lug; 5, fuel tank; 6, wire-bound compressed air spheres for pneumatic control motors; 7, ram tube; 8, jet motor flanked by mixing venturis; 9, combustion chamber; 10, 400-foot aerial for ranging transmitter; 11, pneumatic motors to operate controls; 12, battery, fuel and guidance controls; 13, wooden ribs (some were metal) on tubular metal spar; 14, cable cutter (optional, one of two forms); 15, war-head; 16, air log to determine length of flight

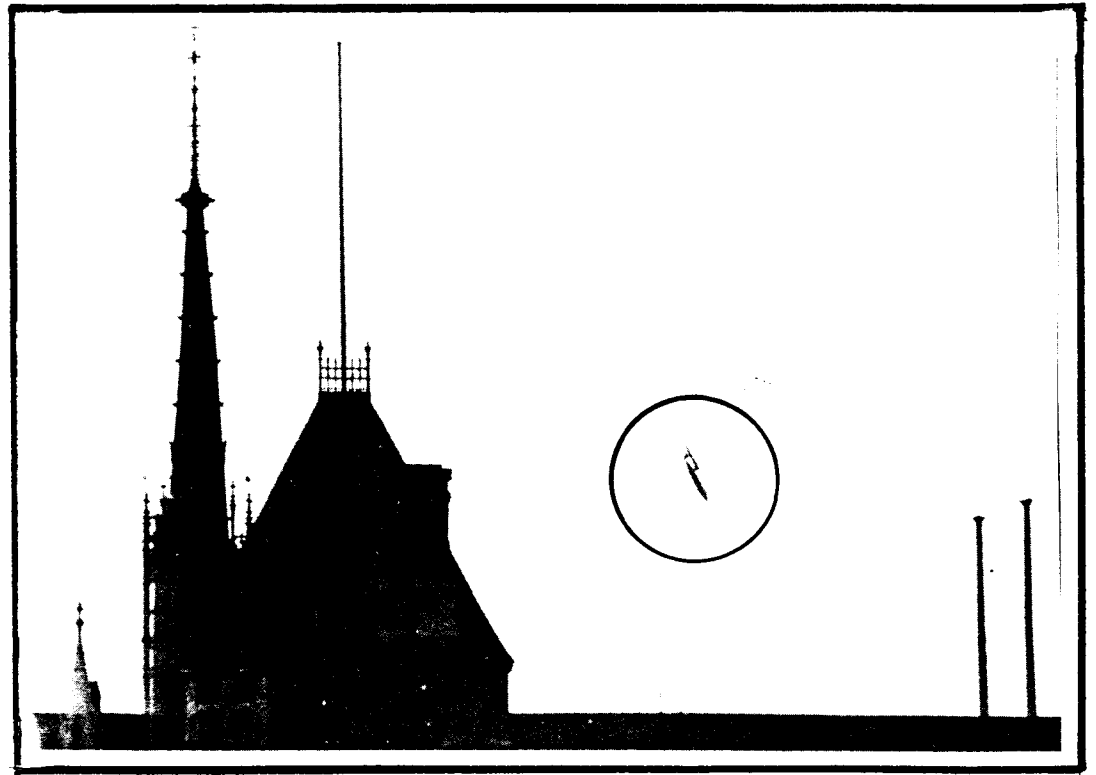
## THE V-1 "BUZZ BOMB"

The scourge of the 897th at Stavelot (buzz bomb alley), where they flew directly over our "home" at the La Roserie hotel and over the village, many times not clearing the hill on the approach and exploding, much to the consternation of the 897th, especially at night. All windows had to be criss-crossed with masking tape to prevent breakage from the resulting shock waves.

An even greater danger from the buzz bombs was in Herstal at the Fabrique Nationale de Armes de Guerre, our quarters and shop area, which, together with nearby Liege, seemed to be a primary target area and resulted in many sleepless nights spent in the air raid shelter.



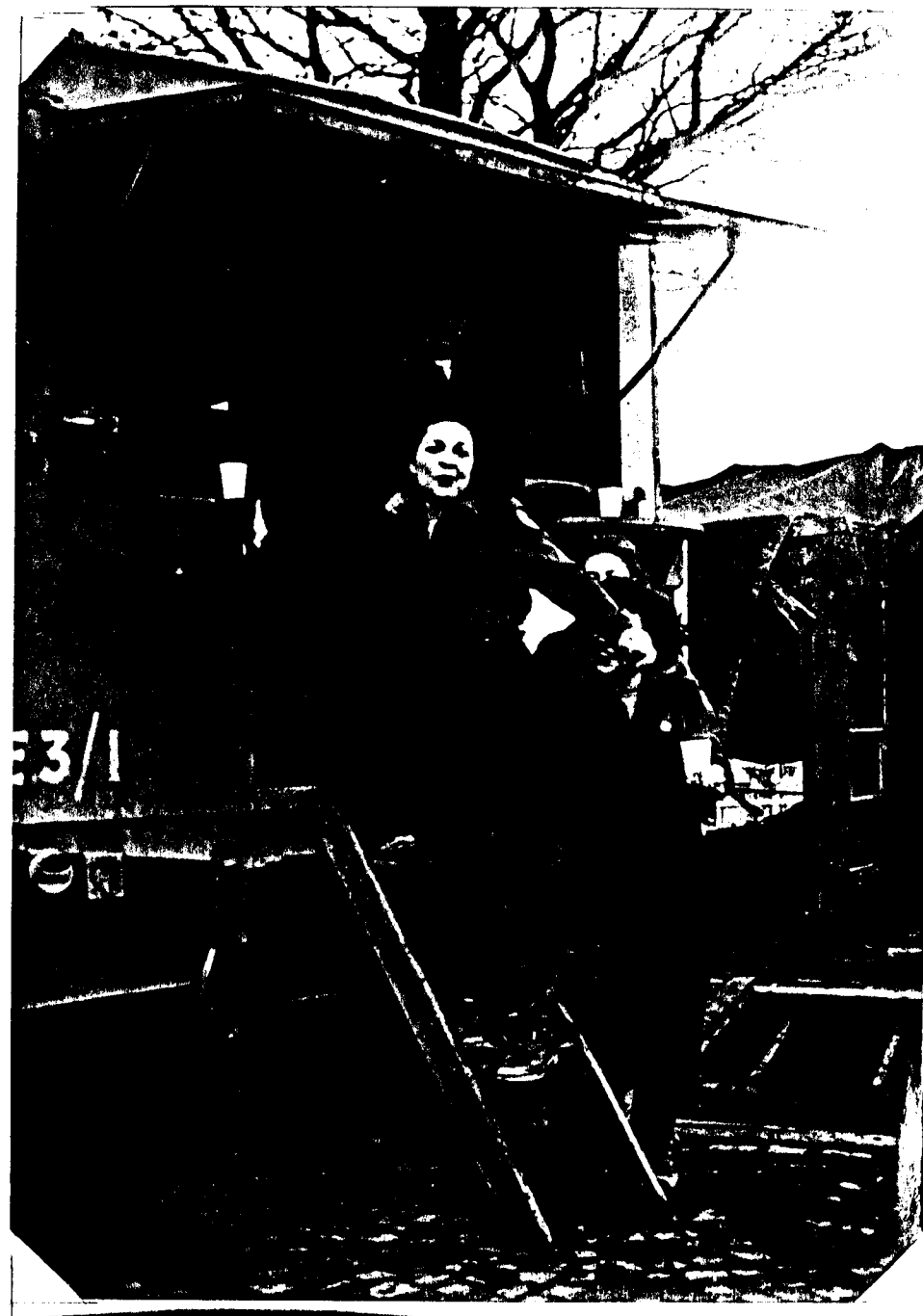
A flying bomb immediately after launching



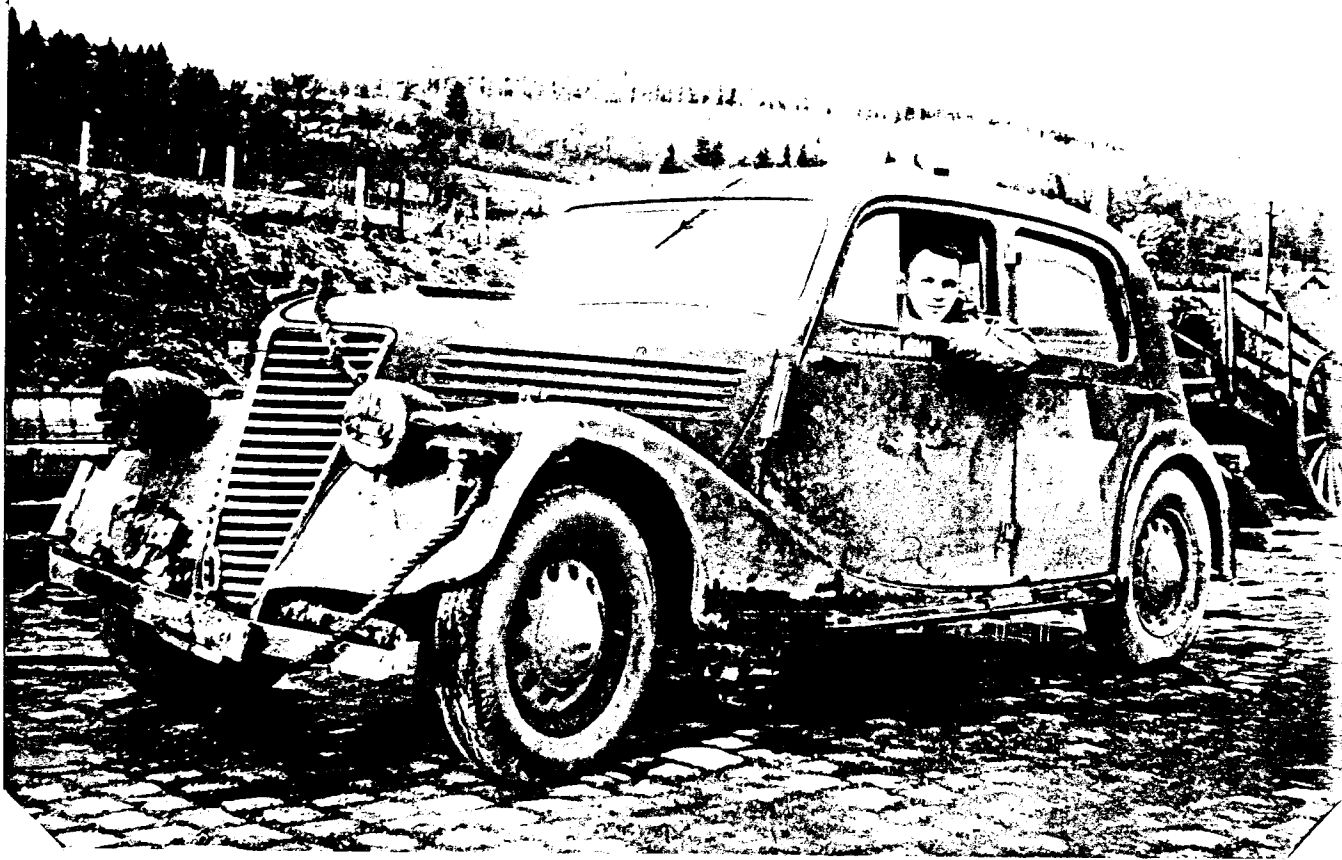
A flying bomb begins its final dive.



Mickey Rooney --- on tour with a U.S.O. show,  
Muhlhausen, Germany -- April, 1945



Womens Service Corps --- serving hot coffee  
and doughnuts -- railroad station shop area  
--- Stavelot, Belgium -- Oct./Nov., 1944



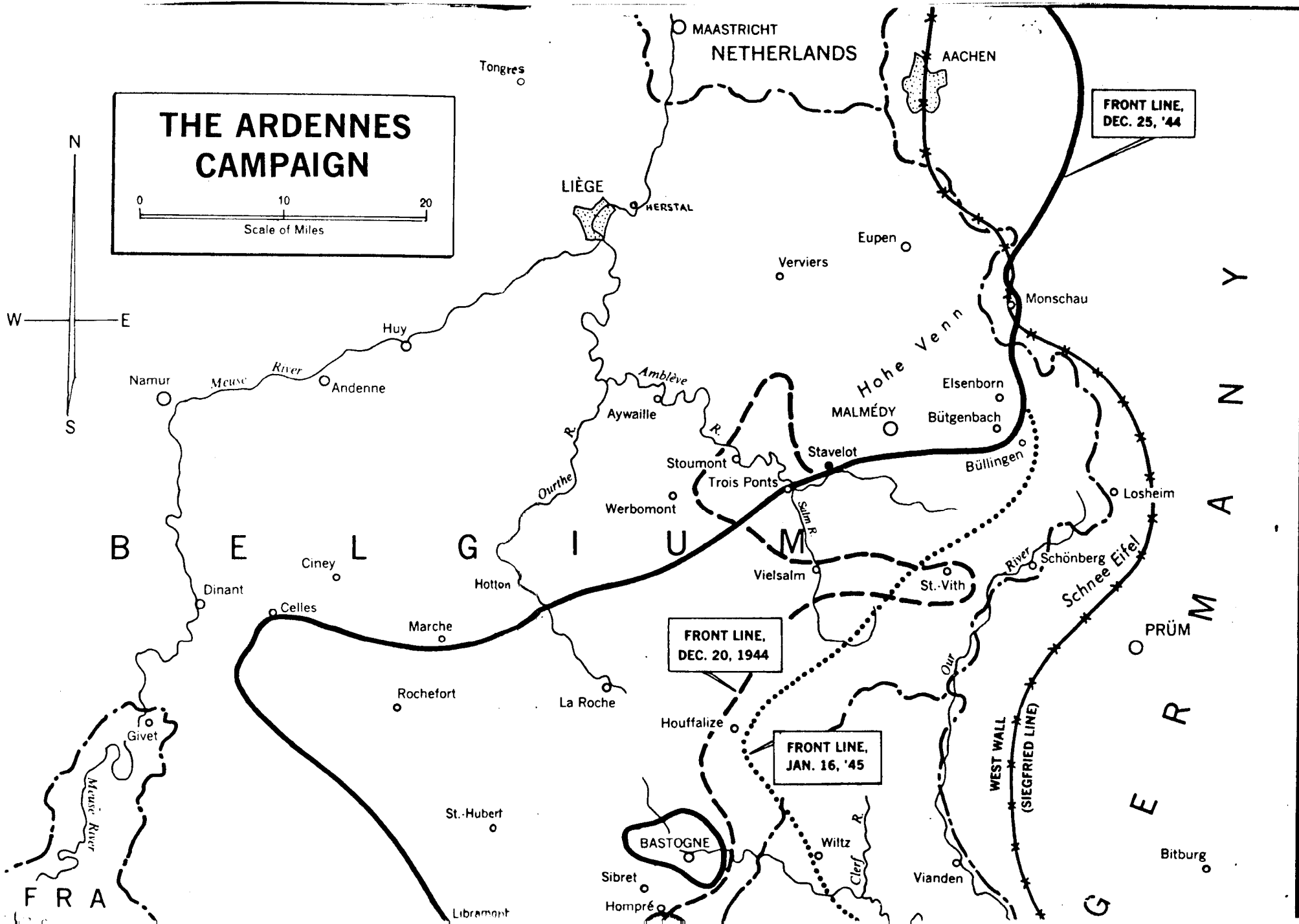
UPPER PHOTO --- Chaplains car being "checked out"  
at the railroad station/shop area in Stavelot,  
Belgium.(Oct. 4 --- Dec. 17, 1944)

LOWER PHOTO --- "the modern and the ancient",at  
Casablanca, French Morocco, North Africa,(Aug."45)



# THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN

0 10 20  
Scale of Miles



# BATTLE OF THE BULGE

(Compiled from The Chronicle-Telegram files)

## Dec. 16, 1944

The Battle of the Bulge began as the Germans, led by Marshal Gerd von Runstedt, unleashed their biggest offensive on the western front.

Aided by very heavy fog, the first impact carried the Germans several miles across the Belgian and Luxembourg frontiers and plunged three spearheads into those countries. Along with planes, crack Panzer troops and tank units, von Runstedt threw into his "mad bull" charge, a vicious array of V-bombs and paratroops.

Paratroops, dropped throughout the battle area as far to the rear as Paris, were to sabotage important bridges and headquarters. The Nazi armored drive for a time threatened to cut off thousands of Allied troops in their drive to the sea.

## Dec. 19, 1944

Rallying from the shock of their most stunning setback since Kasserine Pass in Tunisia, Lt. Gen. Courtney Hodges' troops succeeded in re-grouping to meet the German onslaught which pushed them out of Germany at points on a 50-mile front in the Battle of the Bulge.

## Dec. 20, 1944

The westward spurt of the Nazis continued as German armor fanned out in Belgium and Luxembourg through a 25-mile gap. On the First Army front, Germans had overrun St. Vith, Malmedy and Stavelot and were within 22 miles of the great base of Liege. Great tank battles were developing around the fluid perimeter of the big German bulge and the show-down struggle of the entire western campaign appeared to be shaping up.

The First Army forwarded to Washington an official report on the massacre of more than 100 unarmed American prisoners by the Nazi Schutzstaffel and panzer men of a tank column south of Malmedy.

## Dec. 21, 1944

German armored spearheads were reported to be 30 miles inside Belgium, and observers said the U.S. Army had suffered its worst setback since the loss of the Philippines in 1942. SHAEF Headquarters said the Nazis had severed the main lateral Liege-Arlon highway in a drive that knocked a hole in the American First Army line in South Belgium.

At Eupen, Belgium, screaming German infantrymen charged head-on into the American machine guns and went down like ducks in a shooting gallery until the street was littered with squirming, bloody heaps of flesh.

## Dec. 22, 1944

Western front reports said American First Army troops in desperate fighting had stopped the German drive across Belgium, but there was no indication that the dangerous Nazi thrust across Luxembourg had halted, and Gen. Dwight W. Eisenhower called on his men to rise to new heights and turn Hitler's "great gamble into his worst defeat."

## Dec. 23, 1944

Clouds of Allied bombers and fighters swarmed into the Battle of the Bulge in perfect flying weather, battering Nazi Panzer forces from the Ourthe to the Rhine and American armored forces scored an important defensive victory in a great tank battle nine miles west of St. Vith.

## Dec. 26, 1944

Christmas was bleak for American troops as Field Marshal Karl von Runstedt's offensive, backed by two, and possibly three, full German field armies, advanced west despite continuous American air assaults.

## Dec. 27, 1944

American forces halted advancing Nazis four miles east of the Meuse River. The Yanks recaptured the town of Celles and front reports said the American drive into the southern flank of the German salient was "making excellent headway." American airpower was taking a deadly toll of German armor and transport forces as the Battle of the Bulge roared to a climax.

## Dec. 28, 1944

In four straight days of perfect flying weather, fighter-bombers of the Ninth U.S. Air Force were believed to have knocked out more than half of the German armor and transport that Field Marshal Karl von Runstedt used to sweep into Belgium 11 days ago.

## Dec. 29, 1944

Yanks seized the initiative on both flanks and at the tip of the Belgian-Luxembourg point, driving back the westernmost spearhead three miles and surrounding thousands of Nazis east of Celles.

An American relief column was also reported to have lifted the week-long German siege of encircled Bastogne. It was here, only 24 hours after it was surrounded, that Brig. Gen. A.C. McAuliffe, 101st commander, told the Nazis "nuts" in answer to their demand for surrender.

American army officials announced that Nazis SS guardsmen shot down in cold blood a U.S. Lieutenant and four doughboys captured west of Bastogne and then stomped on their faces with hobnailed boots.

## Dec. 30, 1944

Americans forced back the nose of the German bulge 15 miles, but signs in the Monschau Forest area indicated that Field Marshal Karl von Runstedt was beginning to build up his forces again, possibly for a second phase of his offensive.

# BATTLE OF THE BULGE

## CONT'D.

(Compiled from The  
Chronicle-Telegram files)

**Jan. 1, 1945**

German forces were reported fleeing the western most bulge of the Belgian salient, but to the southeast they were building up an attack of considerable strength on a front of about 50 miles between the Saarland and the upper Rhine. The new German push was centered in the Bitch area of northeastern France.

**Jan. 2, 1945**

Dead Americans for German prisoners! That is the exchange the U.S. is compelled to make on the western front — and it will probably will continue for months to come. Observer declares America must pay heavily with lives on the western front and it is obvious that victory cannot be bought with just a prodigious expenditure of guns and shells.

**Jan. 4, 1945**

The American Third Army drove a spearhead to the Michamps area five miles northeast of Bastogne and swept the Ardennes salient with heavy artillery fire as front dispatches hinted at an imminent full scale offensive against the German bulge.

Gen Dwight D. Eisenhower said he was confident 1945 would bring the Allies victory and peace in Europe. His prediction was contained in an exchange of New year's messages with Britain's Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery.

American planes bombed Germany for the 12th consecutive day after British night raids hit rail and industrial targets.

**Jan. 5, 1945**

Allied divisions, paced by the American First Army forces that plunged ahead three and a half miles in the first phase of a new offensive, battled southward through a blinding blizzard in a slow but steady advance.

**Jan. 8, 1945**

American armies caved in the north side of the Ardennes salient. One-hundred and fifty miles to the southeast, the Americans seized the initiative north of Strasbourg, easing a German threat to that French fortress city on the Rhine River.

**Jan. 9, 1945**

American and German tanks were locked in a roaring battle on the approaches to LaRoche, keystone base of the Ardennes salient, and front dispatches reported signs that the Germans might be pulling out of the entire bulge under cover of a delaying action.

**Jan. 11, 1945**

American forces captured LaRoche, northern anchor of the fast shrinking Ardennes salient (bulge) from which the out-matched Germans were fading back into the Siegfried Line defenses beyond the borders of the Reich.

**Jan. 12, 1945**

American and British forces joined in a meat chopper operation which virtually eliminated the last remnants of Nazi Panzers west of the Ourthe and penetrated almost to the heart of the once threatening Ardennes Bulge. Germans have now been driven out of roughly one-half of the area they occupied at the time of their deepest penetration of the American lines in the so-called Battle of the Bulge.

**Jan. 15, 1945**

American fighter-bombers turned out in good weather to blast a column of 700 to 1,000 German vehicles apparently trying to find a safe escape route back to Germany from the threatened Houffalize-St. Vith sector.

**Jan. 16, 1945**

American armored columns enter Houffalize at the center of the Ardennes salient and German holding force is reported fleeing east.

English Prime Minister Winston Churchill told Commons that the Allies would fight on until Germany surrendered unconditionally even if such a policy stiffened Nazi resistance and prolonged the war.

**Jan. 18, 1945**

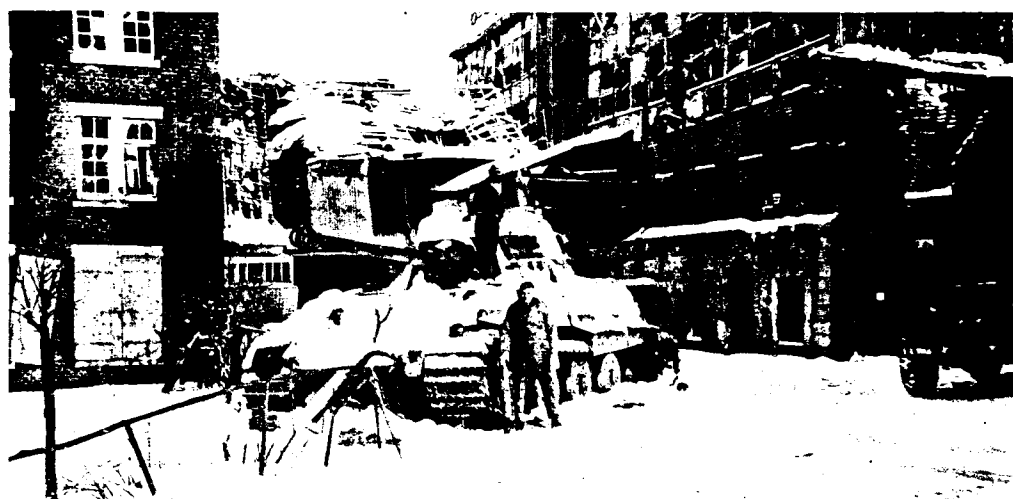
American Third Army forces crashed into the southeastern shoulder of the deflated Ardennes bulge in a new attack across the Sure River, 15 miles north of Luxembourg.

Prime Minister Churchill told the House of Commons that American losses in repelling Marshal Karl Von Rundstedt's counter-offensive had been 60 to 80 times those of the British and that the engagement was "the greatest American battle of the war." He said although Britain had 700,000 troops in the field the U.S. had twice as much, between 1.3 to 1.4 million men and that the decisive breaking of the German offensive was more likely to shorten this war than to lengthen it.

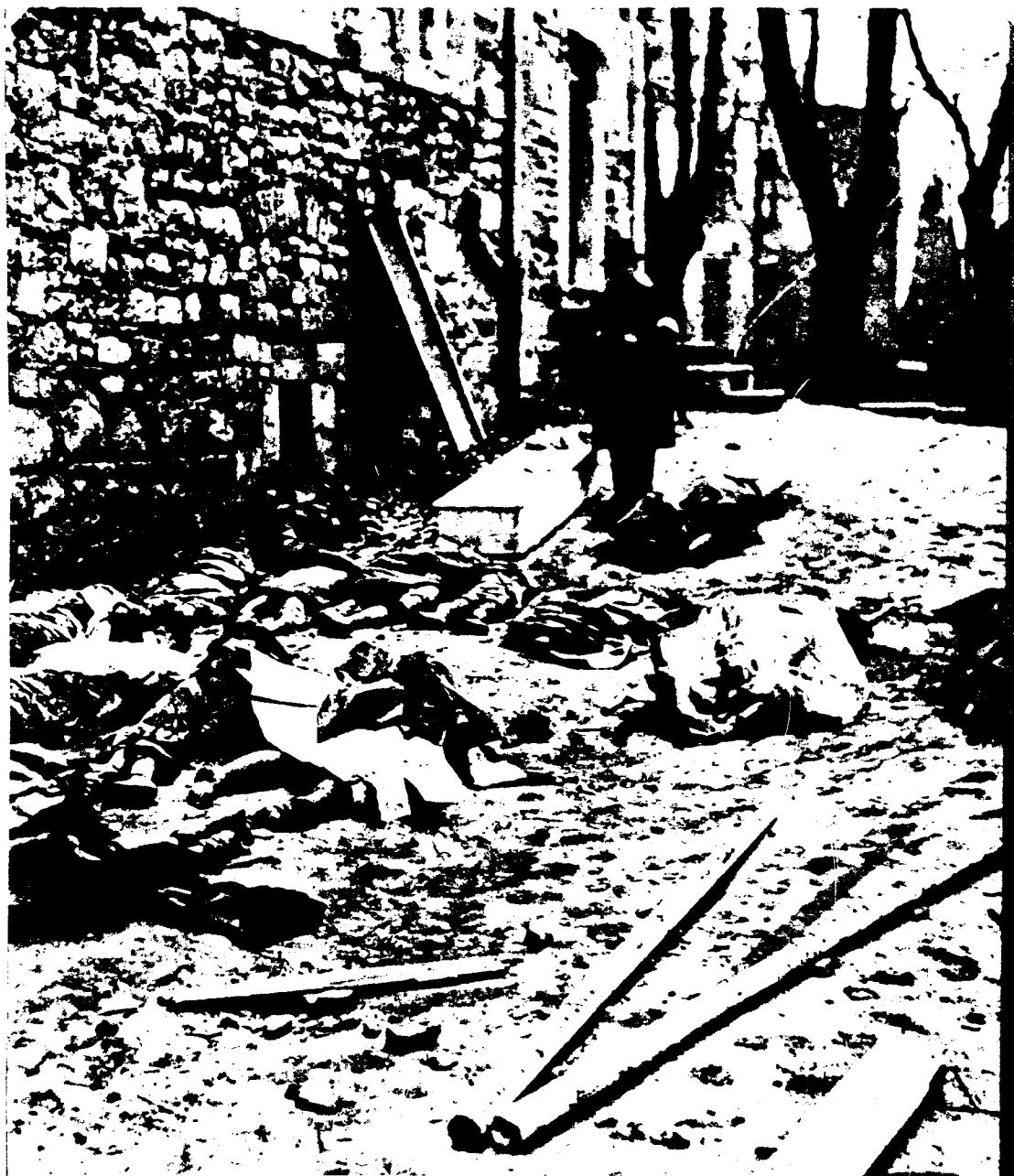




897TH ORDNANCE PERSONNEL WORKING ON  
DISABLED AMERICAN TANK.



RALPH NEER ALONGSIDE GERMAN "TIGER"  
TANK DURING BATTLE OF THE BULGE.



Malmedy, Belgium: attempting to identify  
civilian victims of the German offensive,  
December 1944

# *Battle of the Bulge: 40 years later*

## Veterans return as mere tourists

The following is composed of excerpts taken from the original newspaper article and is an interesting sequel to accounts of the "Battle of the Bulge" (Ardennes Campaign) appearing in previous reunion souvenir booklets.

By HUGH A. MULLIGAN  
AP Special Correspondent

BASTOGNE, Belgium — They got off a tour bus in Place McAuliffe and posed for pictures beside the bust of the American general who said "Nuts" to a German invitation to surrender and ruined Adolf Hitler's Christmas 40 years ago.

THEY VISITED the "Nuts Museum" across from the "Nuts" garage and climbed aboard one of the Sherman tanks that seem to decorate every town square in Belgium and Luxembourg.

veterans bought postcards and Belgian lace in the shops around the square, where its namesake, Brig. Gen. Anthony McAuliffe, borrowed tablecloths and bedsheets from the merchants to camouflage his guns and troops.

SOLEMN FACED, some in tears, they filed silently through the star-shaped Memorial to the Battle of the Bulge, which draws 1,500,000 tourists a year.

Now, laughing at the obstinate courage that upset the timetable of three Panzer armies racing to cross the Meuse River and reach the port of Antwerp before fuel and ammo ran out, they hunted up their old foxhole locations on the outskirts of town, recalling how each man was issued a block of TNT to blast those foxholes in the frozen ground of Europe's coldest winter in 25 years.

To take advantage of the better weather, the Belgian government set the official celebration of the 40th anniversary of the Bulge for the weekend of Sept. 22-23. The long line of graying vets however will keep coming right through the Christmas holidays, the time of year when the surrounding pine forests are hip-deep in snow.

But in the 40th anniversary year, the Bulge survivors were unable to go down into the dank coal cellar beneath the administration building of the former German barracks, where on Dec. 22, 1944, a sergeant typed McAuliffe's reply to the surrender ultimatum:

"To the German Commander,  
"NUTS

"The American Commander."

Now home base for a Belgian artillery unit, the barracks was closed to visitors during the summer after a nocturnal raiding party, believed to be a terrorist group, made off with machine guns and explosives from the arsenal.

Hardly a day and never a weekend goes by without some U.S. veterans group — the 10th Armored, the 28th Infantry, the 17th Airborne, etc. — invading the towering pine forests of the Ardennes by the busload and occupying the old inns and fishing hotels, flanked often by a waterfall or a trout stream but more often by a Sherman tank and a long-barreled German .88 gun.

FIELD MARSHAL Ger von Rundstedt's last-ditch counteroffensive broke out at 5:30 a.m. on Saturday, Dec. 16. Some 220,000 German troops organized in 22 divisions with 980 tanks and 2,000 big guns came thundering out of the mountains and swept along a 65-mile front through the Ardennes forest. The strategy was to split the American and British lines in half and capture much-needed fuel and ammunition at the harbor of Antwerp.

By the time it was all over on Jan. 4, a week after Patton had raced his skidding tanks across the frozen roads to relieve Bastogne, 76,890 Americans were dead, wounded or prisoners of war.

First hit and first to surrender or disperse in a panicky retreat was the raw, green 106th Division, a draftee outfit that had entered the line only two days earlier. They left the roads cluttered with abandoned trucks, artillery pieces, burning kitchen equipment and a litter of overcoats and gas masks.

OF THE 16,000 "Golden Lions" — so named for the lion's head on their shoulder patch — who took up positions in the old Siegfried Line bunkers, only 4,000 came out, some to fight bravely in small leaderless groups.

Sepp Dietrich, commander of the Sixth SS Panzer Army, denounced "Ami criminals and scoundrels" for ambushing German supply columns and slowing the breakthrough.

There is a monument to the hapless 106th in St. Vith, which was division headquarters during its brief combat history. The town, which was German until the end of World War I, is still spelled the German way, Sankt Vith, on the highway markers on the outskirts.

**TEN MILES** north of St. Vith is another museum to the Bulge, just opened across from the saddest and starkest of all the monuments in the Ardennes, the low stone wall bearing the names of the 84 victims of the Malmedy massacre.

It happened on Dec. 17, the second day of the battle. A convoy of the combat reserve of the U.S. Seventh Armored Division, on its way to help out the decimated 106th, and a field artillery observation battalion came down the road from Malmedy just as the lead tanks of Obersturmbannführer Jochen Peiper's 1st Panzer Regiment topped the rise of the crossroads at Baugnez. The quickly captured Americans — about 100 of them — were herded into the open field beside the cafe, searched and relieved of weapons, compasses, maps, cigarettes, wallets, watches and rings.

"It's a long way to Tipperary, boys," taunted Peiper, who was proud of his English, as he hurried by in his captured American jeep. Peiper, in command of what was called the "Leibstandarte," Hitler's personal SS bodyguard, was a hardened veteran of the Russian front, where taking prisoners was not always a recognized nicety of warfare.

**AS THE** main body of Peiper's battle group disappeared around the bend with their commander, a German soldier in the back of one of the troop-carrying trucks rose up and fired his pistol into the crowd of unarmed prisoners. "Stand fast," ordered a U.S. Army surgeon, as a medic wearing a red cross armband fell. Then a second shot rang out from an armored car, the next vehicle in the passing line, and another medic toppled over.

Either from savagery or under the impression that a fire fight had erupted, the two tanks at each end of the field guarding the prisoners suddenly opened up with their machine guns. Other passing tanks joined in firing on the prisoners now hugging the ground amid the tangle of bodies. SS troopers with pistols finished off most of those who tried to crawl away. A medical corps major was allowed to dress the wounds of a badly hit comrade before the guards killed them both.

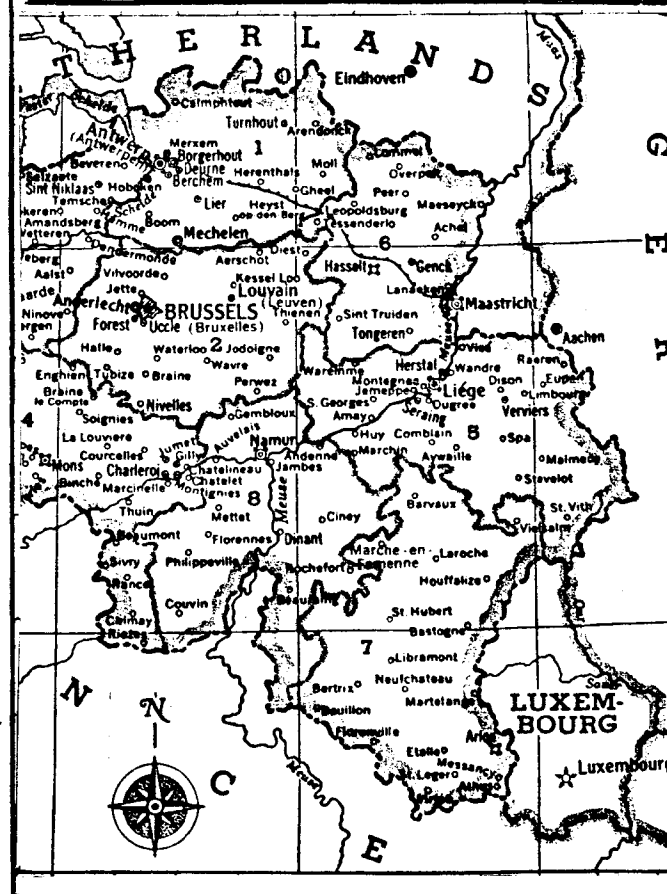
Somehow, a half-dozen Americans managed to escape into the woods and lived to testify against Peiper at a war crimes trial that sentenced him to be hanged. His sentence was commuted to life and in 1957 he was released from prison. Peiper went to live in France, hoping to find seclusion and escape from his past by translating military books from English into German.

**ON JULY 14, 1976,** Bastille Day in France, the charred body of Jochen Peiper was found next to his hunting rifle and several empty clips in the smoking ruins of his Bavarian-style chalet. A group calling itself "The Avengers" telephoned the Paris newspaper L'Aurore claiming responsibility for the assassination.

More than any monuments, the grim statistics written in stone in the two military cemeteries near the Luxembourg airport attest to the outcome of the Battle of the Bulge. On the beautifully kept grounds at Hamm, 5,075 soldiers are buried under individual crosses and some Stars of David. Out front, under an identically sized cross, as if reviewing his Third Army troops, lies General Patton, who was killed in a vehicle accident after the war.

Less than a quarter of a mile away in a woodland grove visited by an occasional weeping widow or stooped old father, 10,913 German soldiers are buried in the Sandweiler military cemetery.

Most graves are dated between Dec. 20 and Jan. 4, when the tide began to turn in the Ardennes. Christmas Day, 1944, seems to have been the most frequent date for death's rendezvous with the no longer advancing Panzer armies.



#### PROVINCES

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1 Antwerp       | 5 Liege         |
| 2 Brabant       | 6 Limburg       |
| 3 East Flanders | 7 Luxembourg    |
| 4 Hainaut       | 8 Namur         |
|                 | 9 West Flanders |

#### BELGIUM

SCALE OF MILES

0 10 20 30 40 50

## BRUSSELS

### « Manneken Pis ».



The Manneken in 1918

(published on the 11<sup>th</sup> of Novembre 1918 bij the satiric review « Pourquoi Pas ? »)

THE MANNEKEN. — What is the meaning of this original and unique Monument ? It is a product of the facetious spirit of the people who enjoy its realism and of whom the pleasure is twice greater when a foreign visitor is scandalized. Its origin is unknown. It existed in the XV<sup>th</sup> century and gave drinkable water to the neighbourhood. The actual statue is the work of Duquesnoy (1619). The population has always shown to this curious monument a ludicrous, but real attachment. In 1745, the statue was stolen away by two English soldiers and later on found at Grammont, thanks to the inhabitants of that place. The inhabitants of Brussels have presented those of Grammont with a copy of Manneken-Pis. Later, soldiers of Louis XV tried to take it away in 1747; the people raised. So as to get the incident forgotten, Louis XV presented Manneken-Pis with a golden dress and the cross of Louis XV<sup>th</sup>. Those objects are still visible at the Communal Museum. In 1817 a graced convict stole the statue. It was found back, broken to pieces, these were put together and a moulding was made and so the statue was reconstituted. Manneken-Pis has always been associated with the tribulations of Brussels and « he » was seen on holidays of several epochs in a costume of : Louis XV, in a garment of Louis XVI, as fierce revolutionist, as marquis, as master of the hounds, as combattant of 1830 etc... After the 1918 war, « he » wore the uniform of the most glorious allied armies, « he » was a french chasseur-alpin and was promoted too, corporal of a Belgian regiment of chasseur on foot. A newspaper of Tokio presented « him » with a Japanese costume, an Indian Prince made « him » the present of an Indian dress.

Manneken Pis situated in the rue de l'Etuve, some 100 metres or so behind the Town Hall, this bronze statue by Jérôme Duquesnoy (1619) symbolizes the irreverence of the "bruxellois" of inhabitant of Brussels.

Just a short walk from the Grand-Place is the famous "Manneken Pis", reputed to be the oldest citizen of Brussels. he stands rudely demonstrating his attitude of independence. On September the 3rd of every year he

wears the uniform of the Welsh Guards to commemorate the liberation of Brussels by the regiment in 1944. This cheeky little figure dons various uniforms in the course of the year, and his wardrobe may be seen at the Town museum "Maison du Roi".

While in Herstal (Belgium), many of us were given the opportunity to visit Brussels on a one day pass, using the Co. Jeep and going in pairs, for safety. ----- A very popular sightseeing attraction in Brussels was the statue of the "Manneken Pis". ----- Legend has it that a very young boy extinguished the start of a fire by urinating on it, thus saving the town of Brussels from destruction. In appreciation for his deed, the grateful villagers erected a statue in his honor, commemorating the event !!!!