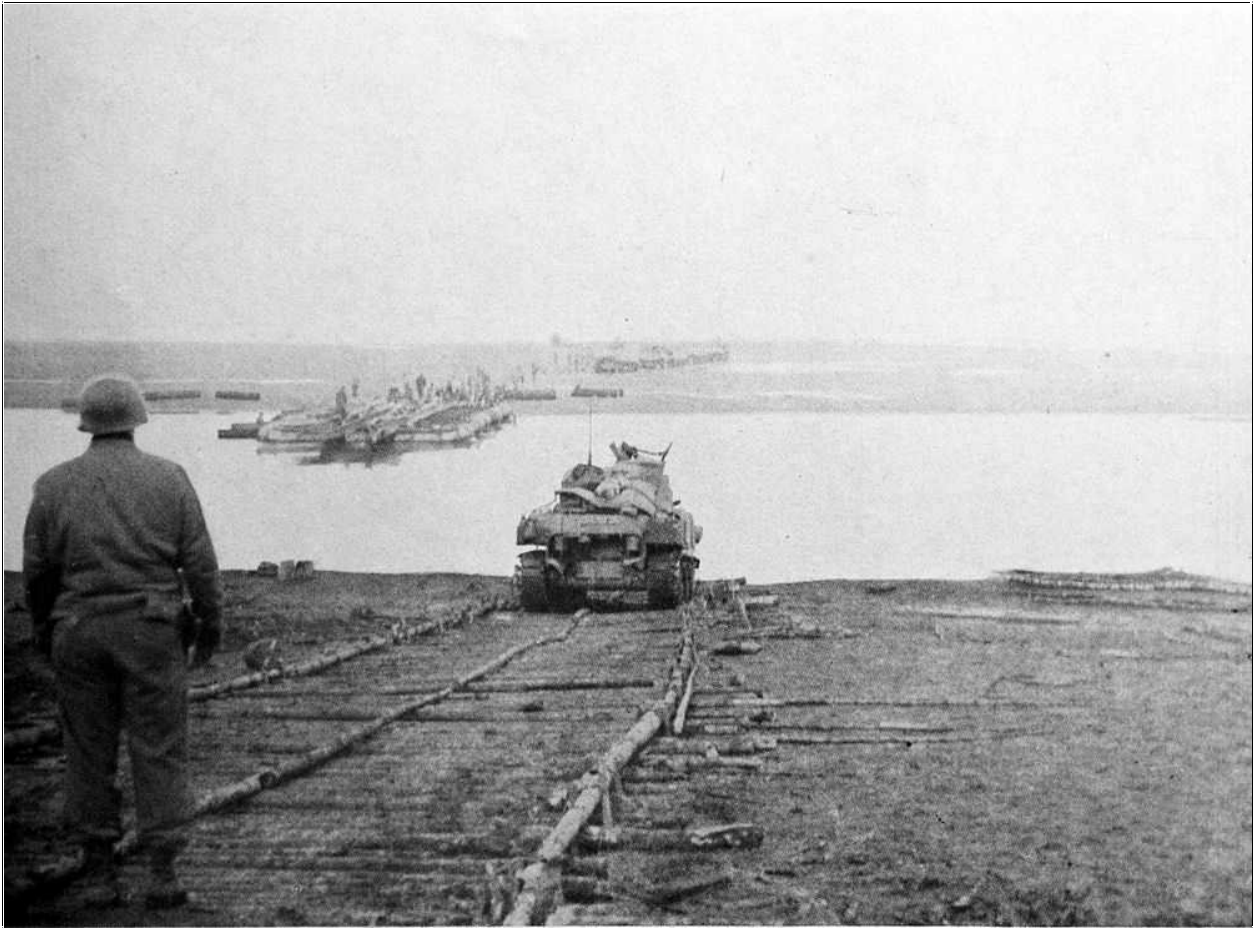


ARDENNES

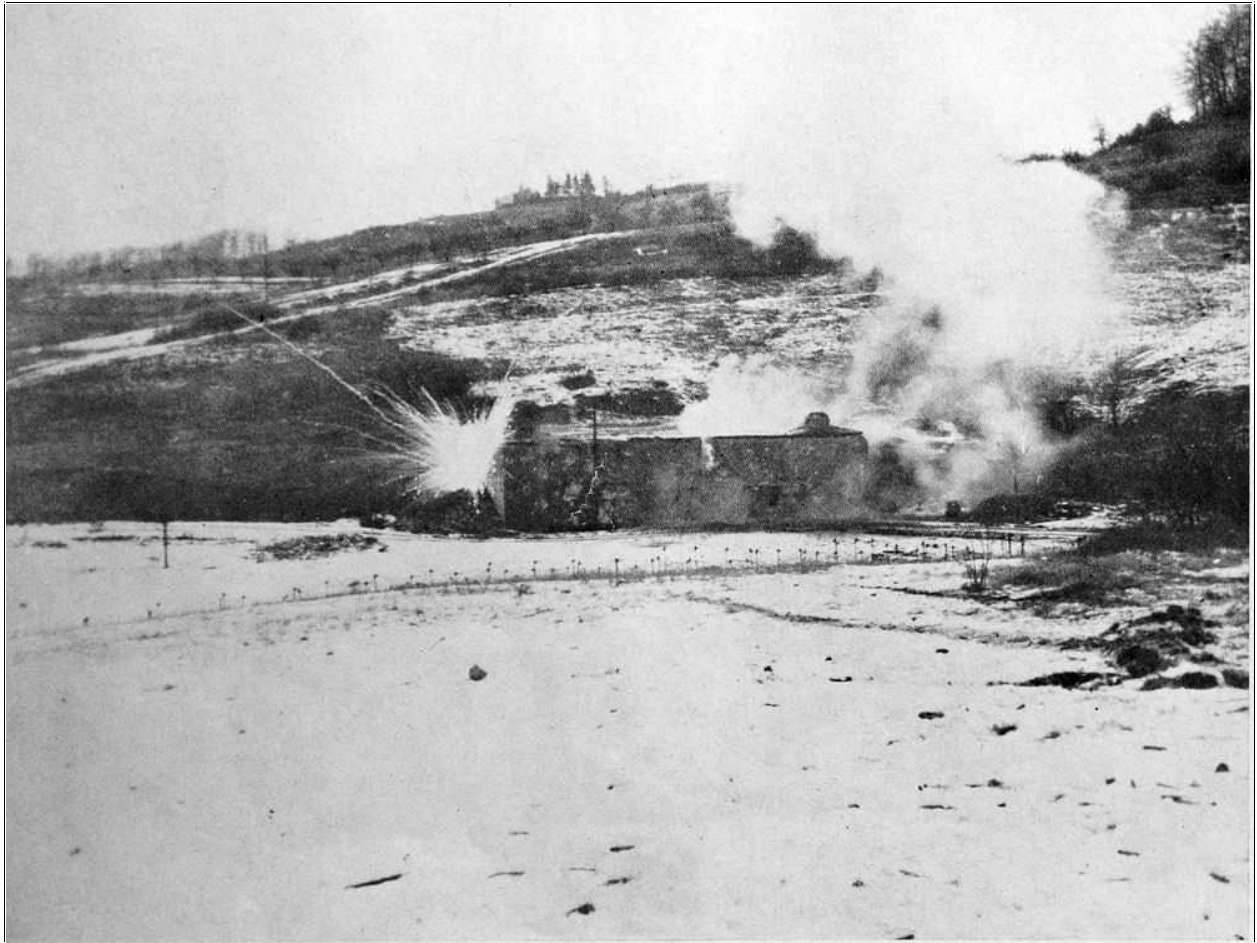
With the enemy counter-offensive pressing a “Bulge” in the Allied lines, we are withdrawn from our holdings to help stem the tide. Removing organizational identification from clothing and vehicles we hurl our power and combat experience against the southern sector of the “Bulge.



A tank prepares to make a river crossing, always a ticklish proposition. Notice vehicles on the other bank.



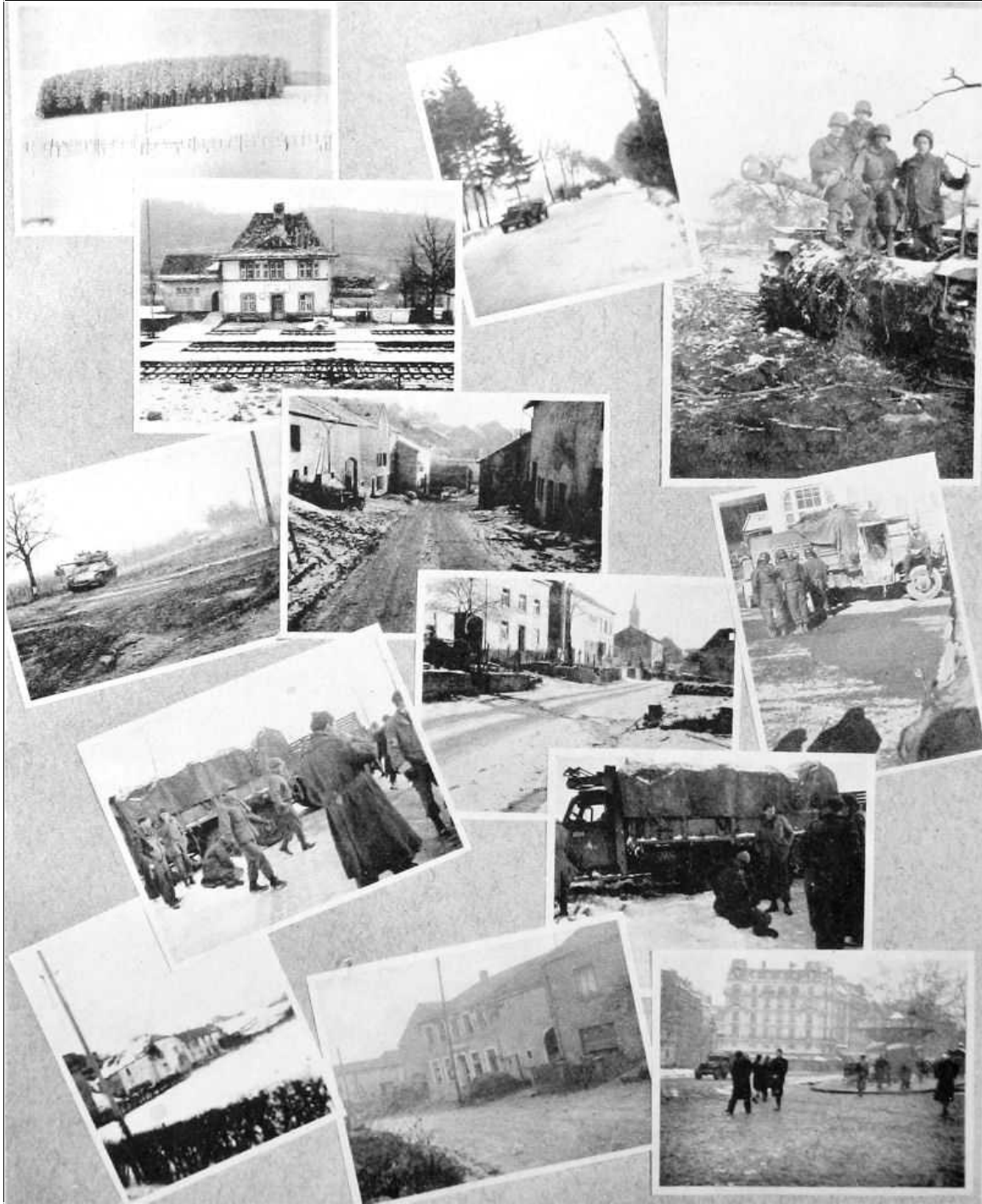
Discomforts increase with piercing winds, drifting snow, and icy roads.



Concrete fortification is subjected to high explosive and phosphorous artillery shells.



A Luftwaffe Transport shot down in the Ardennes.



Scenes from the bulge. Someone had to go up there and get that situation under control, and they couldn't have picked a better outfit.



We find that Belgium has its share of concentration camps, barren country, and snow.



Snow all over the place. If it ever gets warm again you won't here any complaints from us about the mosquitoes.



Very few organizations extend this courtesy.



Dragons' teeth through the countryside prevent wide deployment of tank columns.



Prisoners are marched passed bulwarks that failed them.



Although these surrealistic teeth did not serve the enemy well they offer a fine subject for the photographer.



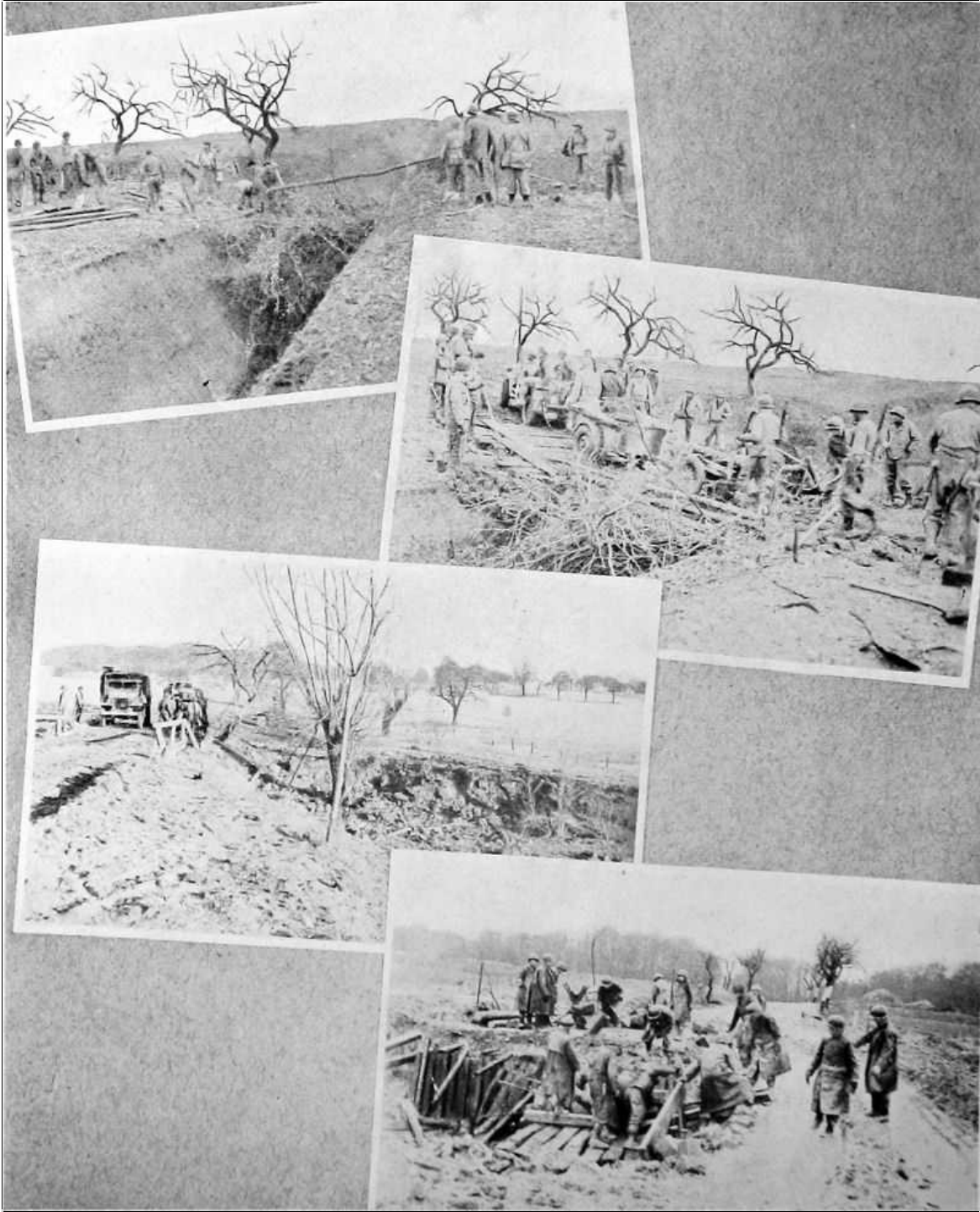
Another gateway into the heart of the Reich.



Pillbox pocked by shrapnel and bullets is examined by assault group.



The greatest enemy ally is the thick mire which bogs transportation.



Frequent rains, causing erosion and washouts on the roads, present more problems to the engineers.



Former sites of German headquarters demolished by aircraft pin-point bombing.



“Hitching” a ride on a medium tank rolling forward to press the attack.



The 315th Engineers man assault boats to ferry us across the Neid River.



Twisted bridges and hasty enemy road blocks occupy the engineer's time.