



# Company I Poopsheet



502 PIR, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, US Army, WWII

January 2014

## I-502 trooper makes his final jump....

Raymond L. Dunlap, 92, formerly of Fayette



City, passed away, Monday, Dec. 2, 2013 in Mon Valley Hospital with his family by his side. Born in Vandergrift on Aug. 30, 1921, he was the son of Anna Kenner Dunlap Wilson, Ray Dunlap and the stepson of Clarence

Wilson. Ray had been a member of the Fayette City Christian and Missionary Alliance Church, the Fayette City American Legion and an honorary member of the Naomi Club. He and his wife, June, enjoyed playing cards at the Center on the Hill and spent many wonderful years with their children and grandchildren at their camp at Confluence. He had been employed by the former B and O and the Donora Southern Railroad, and later retired from the Allenport Plant of Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel Company.

He also served in the Civilian Conservation Corps before entering the Army, where he served his country during World War II in the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, jumping on D-Day and later into Holland. He walked in Bastogne, Belgium and received a Bronze Star for the Battle of the Bulge.

Survivors include his wife, the love of his life for 68 years, June McCrory Dunlap, whom he married at Fort Dix, N.J., on June 13, 1945; one daughter, Jill Layhue of Belle Vernon, with whom he made his home; one son and daughter-in-law, Jeffrey L. and Gloria Dunlap of Canfield, Ohio; a son-in-law, James Layhue; two grandchildren, Mark (Krista) Dunlap of

Austintown, Ohio, and Brian Layhue of Pittsburgh; and one great-grandchild, Mason A. Dunlap. In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by a sister, Lois Dorinsky; and a brother, Sonny Wilson.

Interment in Belle Vernon Cemetery.

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## Ray Dunlap's WWII Story

Jeff Dunlap writes, I am sending a picture and a fairly accurate telling of dad's time in the 101<sup>st</sup> during the war. Of which he is so very proud.

He jumped in to Normandy in 1944, and landed somewhere around Ste. Mere Elise. He told me that he landed in a corral of horses that scared him to death, until he figured out what was going on. As it turned out, the horses did him no harm. They were as scared as he was. The horses stayed on the outside perimeter and trampled his chute down. This was a Godsend, because when he looked around there was a road along one side of the corral with German tanks and trucks going by. The Germans must have thought their vehicles were causing the horses to run around in that corral. When he tells this story, he says the horses saved his butt that night.

When I was growing up dad didn't say a lot about the war, and I didn't know enough to ask, but later when I got interested in reading about the war, and especially about the 101<sup>st</sup> he now tells me things if I ask. When I get him talking, he wants to talk about the good times he had in England or with friends, like the time he and two other guys, Bill Harvy and Charley Fair in Carentan when they got a hold of a German motorcycle with a side car. They stole wine from somewhere and passed it around. He and his buddies have a laugh at every 101<sup>st</sup> reunion when they talk about that motorcycle. I have heard him say on more than one occasion when people said how brave or crazy he was to jump



out of airplanes. That he would jump anytime rather than come in on those beaches.

At some point during the invasion, dad was sent down to Utah Beach for supplies, before the dead were removed, and he has never forgotten what he saw. He was a medic so I know he saw the worst of war. So when I ask him about Carentan, all he will say is we were sitting ducks on those causeways. It was terrible.

In Holland, I think somewhere outside of Eindhoven dad dragged wounded men to a central fox hole, where they could be worked on by Captain Altof. He put dad in for, and he received The Bronze Star.

A week before he was to have a weekend pass in Paris, they were sent to Bastogne. Dad ended up in the aid station in Bastogne, because of another guy's misfortune. This medic came back from leave late, and for that he was made to switch places with a medic on the line, and that turned out to be dad. He tells the story that the aid station was in an old farm house, and he found eggs stored in straw in a hole in the wall of the fruit cellar, when he was down there moving barrels around. So, he told the cooks were they were. The cooks were trying to cook meals for the wounded men in the aid station, and bringing men off the line for a hot meal. Behind the farm house was a barn with a lot of potatoes stored in it, so for Christmas they had eggs and potatoes. I know the 101<sup>st</sup> said they didn't need rescued and they would have held on as long as it took and I think they would have, but dad told me, he sure was glad to see General Patton's tanks.

Sometime after Bastogne and before Berchtesgaden, dad was in Haguenau at an old school house with a bad case of diarrhea. It was decided that eight senior men from headquarters G,H and I Company would put their names in a helmet and the last name out would get to go home to help sell war bonds. Dad says he knew nothing about this because he wasn't there when the drawing took place, since he was suffering with this diarrhea. He was one of the two senior men in I Company and was the last name pulled. He missed Berchtesgaden, and was told many times at the reunions what went on there and what good times he missed.

He also told me that at different times during the war he had just been lucky, and been in the right place at the right time and here again with every guy in the army wanting out again. Dad was at Fort Dix New Jersey working in the dispensary when the war in Europe ended.

P. S. When I was a kid I thought every car or truck he ever owned came with Screaming Eagle stickers on them! Jeff Dunlap

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### Greeting and best wishes to all from:

**Mrs. Mabel (James K.) Howell**, I-502, Aberdeen, MS

**Josephone Kcol**, sister of **Louis J. Morong**, I-502, Omaha, NE

**June and Joe Hennessey**, I-502, Sarasota, FL,

**Mrs. Kay (Walter) Murdock**, I-502, Placerville, CA

**Jack and Gizella Zaifman**, Pennington, NJ, airborne friend and holocaust survivor

**Robert D. (Bob) and Minnabel Lott**, Edgewater, MD, 327 GIR,

**Lori Nvotni**, Mesa, AZ, niece of **Ed Sowder**, I-502 .

**Donald Caughran**, Signal Mountain, TN nephew of **Willard Caughran**, B-502, KIA at Champs on Christmas Day 1944

**Óscar González López**, history teacher in Spain

**Kathy Hagen**, daughter of **Glenn Moe**, I-502, Yakima, WA

**Melanie Janssen**, Airborne Friend, Eindhoven, Netherlands

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This of course is a large document, so give it time to download and open.





**Robert E. (Bob) Wright** was born in Ohio on February 9, 1924, the son of Bertha and Pearl Wright. After graduating from high school in 1942 Bob joined the **501st** Airborne that fall and became a medic. Bob jumped on D-Day, at Holland, and was at Bastogne. He received the Silver Star, Bronze Star and 3 Purple Hearts. On June 6 2011, he received the French Legion of Honor at Ste Meire Eglise.

Bob was released from the Army in September 1945 and married Margaret Writsel on September 30th. They had two children, Sherry and Robert Junior. After retiring in 1982 Bob became active with the Methodist Church and Habitat for Humanity. While supervising his 62nd home for habitat he had a stroke. Bob's son became his caregiver and accompanied him on many trips to Europe.

Bob quietly passed while under the care of Hospice on December 21, 2013.

Bob was a hero to many and thanks to the wonderful people of Europe, and he became more than a father to me; Bob Wright became my Hero.

Robert Wright Junior

Patrick Macri, 506, shares this poem with us.

**THE ONCE Over**

By H. I. Phillips.

**DER EAGLE'S NEST, G. I. STYLE**

*("The Berchtesgaden retreat of Hitler now a rest-home for allied soldiers.")*

I  
Where der fuehrer knew his glories  
Where the "great one" had his nest-  
Now are heard the barracks stories  
As the G. I.'s play and rest;

Rooms where Adolf lived in clover-  
Halls which once knew all his crew,  
See the doughboys taking over  
As they mutter, "This will.do!"

II

Round the table of "der eagle"  
Where the Kraut king did his stuff  
Soldiers lounge in comfort regal  
As they chortle, "Not so tough!"  
In great chairs upholstered thickly  
For their leader's super-rump  
Now our scrappers relax quickly  
With a hearty, "Kid, some dump!"

III

On the ottomans of "Nero,"  
Set before the blazing logs,  
Smith, Gilhooley and Shapiro  
Rest their very tired "dogs";  
From the divans very nifty  
Where once Adolf took his naps  
Come the cries of "Fade you fifty!"  
In a raging game of craps.

IV

In the windows where the view is  
For the kings of men to see  
Spelvin, Doakes, Shugrue and Lewis  
Get their fill of scenery;  
In the dining room exclusive  
Where the super-duper ate  
G. I.'s happy and effusive  
Flick their ashes in his plate.

V

In the bedroom where der fuehrer  
Had those thousand-year-type dreams,  
Lopez, Winthrop, Jones and Shearer  
Wake and order, "Breakfast, Jeems!"  
In the mirrors where old "Schickey"  
Used to shave his funny face  
Now gaze "Slim" and "Red" and "Mickey"  
As they razz the master race.

VI

On the doors whose frames and panels  
Heard der fuehrer's "raves and rants,"  
Hang a paratrooper's flannels  
Or some G. I.'s army pants;  
And from porch-chairs palsey-walsey  
Comes the top song of the 'war  
.. As the G. I.'s render "Schmalzie  
Doesn't Live Here Any More!"

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**Bastogne, by Bill Thigpen, 463<sup>rd</sup> Parachute Field Artillery, WWII --- Winterville, NC**

Never have I known of a Christmas before  
Like that awful cold winter in Bastogne in 1944  
Surrounded by Adolph Hitler's most special men  
That had us out numbered about double then

But we had a General that was in charge too  
That knew all about fighting and what to do  
Then came the part that the General hated  
Note to surrender in three hours or be annihilated

This McAuliffe was real smart and had guts  
He sent the runner back with a note NUTS  
German commander did not know English well

Then he was told it meant simply go to Hell  
So there we stayed until that came to an end  
That great battle was Bastogne my good friend

*Bill Tingen thinking of old Bastogne today  
12/12/2013 before my old memory fades away\*  
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**Teaching the Natives English**

A Priest was about to finish his tour of duty and was leaving his Mission in the jungle where he had spent years teaching the natives when he realized that the one thing he had never taught them was how to speak English.

So he takes the chief for a walk in the forest. He points to a tree and says to the chief, "This is a tree."

The chief looks at the tree and says, "Tree." The Priest is pleased with the response.

They walk a little further and he points to a rock and says, "This is a rock." Hearing this, the chief looks and says, "Rock."

The Priest was really getting enthusiastic about the results when he hears a rustling in the bushes. As they peek over the top, he sees a couple of natives in the midst of heavy sexual activity. The Priest is flustered and quickly says, "Man riding a bike."

The chief looks at the couple briefly, pulls out his blowgun and kills them.

The Priest goes ballistic and yells at the chief that he has spent years teaching the tribe how to be civilized and be kind to each other, so how could he kill these people in cold blood that way?

The chief replied, "My bike."

**From the Church Bulletin.....**

They're back! - Those wonderful Church Bulletins! Thank God for the church ladies with typewriters. These sentences actually appeared in church bulletins or were announced at church services:

The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.' The sermon tonight: Searching for Jesus.'

Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.

Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I will not pass this way again,' giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.

The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

This evening at 7 PM there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.

And this one just about sums them all up. The Associate Minister unveiled the church's new campaign slogan last Sunday: I Upped My Pledge - Up Yours.

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Chris Kuzin sent us the above photo. Capt. Frank Lillyman is in the middle on first row. We believe it is a photo of a pathfinder outfit. Your help with identification is appreciated. Mark bBndo identified few troopers from the photo.

Mark says: "The only ones I recognize are **John McFarlen** (top left) and **August Mangoni**, to the right rear of Lillyman. I would guess most of the rest if not all, were also pathfinders from the 502, or possibly ven a few from Item Co., Lillyman's former command. "

## Snowbird Reunion

February 5 – 9, 2014 in Tampa, Florida

Still time to sign up and attend the Snowbird. Registration form available from 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Association website: [www.screamingeagle.org](http://www.screamingeagle.org) Or you can Contact Betty for a registration form. [Bjth23@yahoo.com](mailto:Bjth23@yahoo.com) or 832-449-3541.

## Flower Mix-Up

A new business was opening and one of the owner's friends wanted to send him flowers for the occasion. They arrived at the new business site and the owner read the card, "Rest in Peace."

The owner was angry and called the florist to complain.

After he had told the florist of the obvious mistake and how angry he was, the florist replied,

"Sir, I'm really sorry for the mistake, but rather than getting angry, you should imagine this, 'Somewhere there is a funeral taking place today, and they have flowers with a note saying, 'Congratulations on your new location.'"

Happy New Year



### Annual tribute to Battle of the Bulge

The Belgian town of Bastogne holds its annual commemoration of World War II's Battle of the Bulge this weekend, with walks and other activities honoring the American soldiers who defended the town from German forces.



This year marks the 69th anniversary of the German siege of Bastogne, a town that was seen by the allies as strategically important to German plans to recapture the Belgian port city of Antwerp.

American forces defending the town were surrounded by German troops and outnumbered 5-to-1, but they refused to surrender. The town was besieged from Dec. 20 to Dec. 27, 1944, when elements of the U.S. Third Army arrived.

To commemorate the battle, the town each year flashes back to its 1944 self, complete with period vehicles, uniforms and re-enactments. This year's events included a parade, the laying of wreaths and the 36th Annual Historic Bastogne Walk.

### Holding the Water

A lady goes to the bar on a cruise ship and orders a Scotch with two drops of water. As the bartender gives her the drink she says 'I'm on this cruise to celebrate my 80th birthday and it's today.' The bartender says 'Well, since it's your birthday, I'll buy you a drink. In fact, this one is on me.'

As the woman finishes her drink the woman to her right says, 'I would like to buy you a drink, too.' The old woman says 'Thank you'.

Bartender, I want a Scotch with two drops of water.' 'Coming up' says the bartender as she finishes that drink,

The man to her left says 'I would like to buy you one, too.' The old woman says 'Thank you'.

Bartender, I want another Scotch with two drops of water.' Coming right up' as the bartender gives her the drink, he says 'Ma'am, I'm dying of curiosity. Why the Scotch with only two drops of water?'

The old woman replies 'Sonny, when you're my age. You've learned how to hold your liquor... Holding your water, however, is a whole other issue.'

### Manure... Who knew?

Manure Myth: In the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship and it was also before the invention of commercial fertilizers, so large shipments of manure were quite common.

It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, not only did it become heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a by-product is methane gas of course. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen.

Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM!

Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening.

After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the instruction 'Stow high in transit' on them, which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane.

Thus may have evolved to the term 'S.H.I.T', (Stow High In Transit) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day.

*You probably did not know the history of this word. Neither did I. I had always thought it was a golf term.*



## WWII CodeTalkers

In WWII, twenty-nine men gathered together and created a code that was unbreakable.



They brought it with them as they entered the battlefields of World War II. The Japanese tortured the men they caught in an effort to break the code, but they couldn't.

**Chester Nez** is

the last living member of the 29 original Navajo Code Talkers. About 400 other Native American men would eventually join the program, and of those, about 30 are still alive.

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### Folks in Heaven

By J. Taylor Ludwig

I was shocked, confused, bewildered as I entered heaven's door,  
Not by the beauty of it all, nor the lights or its decor.  
But it was the folks in Heaven who made me sputter and gasp –  
The thieves, the liars, the sinners, the alcoholics and the trash.  
There stood the kid from seventh grade who swiped my lunch money twice.  
Next to him was my old neighbor who never said anything nice.  
Herb, who I always thought was rotting away in hell,  
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine, looking incredibly well.  
I nudged Jesus, "What's the deal? I would love to hear your take.  
How'd all these sinners get up here? God must've made a mistake.  
And why is everyone so quiet, so somber – give me a clue.  
"Hush, child," He said, "they're all in shock. No one thought they'd be seeing you."

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## Returned Mail

The last newsletter for Mrs. Wanda Cater, widow of Clyde D. Cater, I-502, of Bend, Oregon was returned marked "unable to forward". I have no other contact info on her.

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### Today's Explanation

Someone has finally explained the reason baby diapers have brand names such as 'Luvs' and 'Huggies,' while undergarments for old people are called 'Depends':

You see, when babies crap their pants, people are still gonna Luv 'em and Hug 'em.

However, when old people crap their pants, it 'Depends' on who's in the will.

Glad to get that straightened out.

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### The Radio

The elderly are beautiful. When we get older we think differently, don't we? This letter was sent to the Principal's office after the school had sponsored a luncheon for the elderly. An elderly lady received a new radio at the lunch as a door prize and was writing to say thank you. This story is a credit to all human kind. Forward to anyone you know who might need a lift today.

Dear Kean Elementary:

God bless you for the beautiful radio I won at your recent senior citizens luncheon. I am 84 years old and live at the Sprenger Home for the Aged. All of my family has passed away.. I am all alone now and it's nice to know that someone is thinking of me. God bless you for your kindness to an old forgotten lady. My roommate is 95 and has always had her own radio, but before I received one, she would never let me listen to hers, even when she was napping.

The other day her radio fell off the night stand and broke into a lot of pieces. It was awful and she was in tears. Her distress over the broken radio touched me and I knew this was God's way of answering my prayers. She asked if she could listen to mine, and I told her to kiss my ass. Thank you for that opportunity.

Sincerely, Agnes Johnston

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## The Gardener at the Airborne Cemetery, Oosterbeek, Netherlands



Left: Percy Dawson, gardener, and his manager from Commonwealth War Graves Commission, with Gen. Montgomery (his guard in the background) have a 10 minute visit at the Airborne Cemetery at Oosterbeek.

CWGC) Percy Dawson – first head gardener of the Airborne Cemetery. He made the cemetery more of a garden, where the fallen may rest in peace. He once told me that he had tried to take away the monotony that is caused by all these hundreds and hundreds of headstones. So he planted roses, dividing them over the cemetery. The colours were bright red and pure white. He asked me whether I would allow him to take cuttings from my buddleias (deep purple and white) – and: "Of course, Percy, take as many as you like.....". He planted them, first in pots, and the next year they were planted in the cemetery, again, dividing them over the cemetery. Percy always planned things well in advance. And the result was magnificent: The deep purple and white of the buddleias towered over the headstones and so did the roses, bright red and pure white. And the monotony had vanished and made place for these beautiful shrubs and their wonderful colours. All this took place in the mid seventies

From 1950 onwards the Airborne Cemetery had taken shape. From the very beginning Percy had been involved in the layout, the arrangements etc. And Percy was summoned to report at Commonwealth War Graves Commission HQ (CWGC) in Belgium. There was the official Committee, about seven or eight men, seated behind a huge table, all dressed up and with grave faces they awaited the moment when Percy Dawson was shown in the official Committee Chamber. Percy arrived, cap in hand, and remained standing. The gentleman, who was obvious the President and seated in the centre welcomed Percy Dawson. And he said: "Well, Mr Dawson, we are pleased to have you here. Several inspections by several of our Committee members here and several others who were our representatives, but incognito. And all their reports have given us reasons to be very pleased and very satisfied with all the work that you have been doing for several years now, in the Airborne Cemetery at Oosterbeek in Holland. We have agreed on showing you how pleased we are with your qualities as head gardener and the industrious way you have been working. We have also agreed on giving you promotion. We wish to make you head gardener, but in one of our larger war cemeteries. Your qualities and your zest fully deserve this and you will have more satisfaction and recognition there. However, before we make this official, we would like to hear your opinion on this promotion". Percy, still standing there, cap in hand, had listened. Here was this modest Lincolnshire man and it took him a while before he could answer. And quietly he said: "Well, dear gentlemen, I am very pleased to hear this – most that you have been satisfied with the work that I am doing at Oosterbeek. Of course, it is a great honour to hear that you have reasons to give me promotion. But now that you have asked me for my opinion - well, gentlemen, I think the best promotion you can give me is to leave me where I am now". It was very quiet now behind the Committee table. But



the President said: "All right, Mr Dawson, if you prefer Oosterbeek then Oosterbeek it will be". And this happened – every two years. And sixteen times Percy Dawson gave the same answer: "Please let me stay in the Airborne Cemetery at Oosterbeek". And Percy Dawson, together with his wife Ivy, and their two daughters, stayed in Holland. It is a record number of years, within the War Graves Commission, to be head gardener in one war cemetery for thirty-two years.



### Rye Bread

Two old guys, one 80 and one 87, were sitting on a park bench one morning. The 87-year-old had just finished his morning jog and wasn't even short of breath.

The 80-year-old was amazed at the guy's stamina and asked him what he did to have so much energy.

The 87-year-old said, "Well, I eat rye bread every day. It keeps your energy level high and you'll have great stamina with the ladies."

So, on the way home the 80-year-old stopped at the bakery. As he was looking around, the saleslady asked if he needed any help. He said, "Do you have any rye bread?" She said, "Yes, there's a whole shelf of it. Would you like some?" He said, "I want 5 loaves."

She said, "My goodness, 5 loaves! By the time you get to the 3rd loaf, it'll be hard." He replied, "I can't believe everybody knows about this stuff but me."

### WET PANTS

Come with me to a third grade classroom.... There is a nine-year-old kid sitting at his desk and all of a sudden, there is a puddle between his feet and the front of his pants are wet. He thinks his heart is going to stop because he cannot possibly imagine how this has happened. It's never happened before, and he knows that when the boys find out he will never hear the end of it. When the girls find out, they'll never speak to him again as long as he lives. The boy believes his heart is going to stop; he puts his head down and prays this prayer, 'Dear God, this is an emergency! I need help now! Five minutes from now I'm dead meat.' He looks up from his prayer and here comes the teacher with a look in her eyes that say he has been discovered.

As the teacher is walking toward him, a class mate named Susie is carrying a goldfish bowl that is filled with water. Susie trips in front of the teacher and inexplicably dumps the bowl of water in the boy's lap. The boy pretends to be angry, but all the while is saying to himself, 'Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Lord!'

Now all of a sudden, instead of being the object of ridicule, the boy is the object of sympathy. The teacher rushes him downstairs and gives him gym shorts to put on while his pants dry out. All the other children are on their hands and knees cleaning up around his desk.

The sympathy is wonderful. But as life would have it, the ridicule should have been his has been transferred to someone else – Susie. She tries to help, but they tell her to get out. You've done enough, you klutz!

Finally, at the end of the day, as they are waiting for the bus, the boy walks over to Susie and whispers, 'You did that on purpose, didn't you?' Susie whispers back, 'I wet my pants once too.'

### Expense Report

Balance before last issue	\$366
Cost of last issue	140
Contributions Received	115
Balance on hand before this issue	\$341
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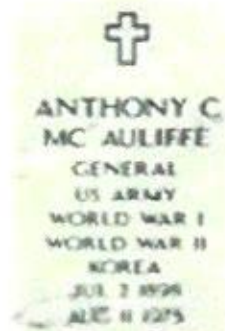


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# NUTS



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