

Fritz Vincken 1944

In 1973 Fritz Vincken, related a memory of Christmas Eve from 1944. During the Battle of the Bulge, Fritz and his mother were at home near the German-Belgian border......

It was Christmas Eve, and the last desperate German offensive of WWII raged around our tiny cabin. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door... When we heard the knock on our door that Christmas Eve in 1944, neither Mother nor I had the slightest inkling of the quiet miracle that lay in store for us. I was 12 then, and we were living in a small cottage in the Huertgen Forest, near

the German-Belgian border. Father had stayed at the cottage on hunting weekends before the war; when Allied bombers partly destroyed our hometown of Aachen, he sent us to live there. He had been ordered into the civil-defense fire guard in the border town of Monschau, four miles away.

"You'll be safe in the woods," he had told me. "Take care of Mother. Now you're the man of the family." But nine days before Christmas, Field Marshal Von Rundstedt had launched the last, desperate German offensive of the

More projects to come in 2022

1]— A Christmas Memory —- A 1944 story from World War II

5, 7]— Sunday Brunch --- Maxwell's Pancake House, Charcoal Grill

8]— Model T Tips —- Engine coolant corrosion & coolant Anode

9]— Obit --- Ann Hill passes



4]— **Coach House** —- Work continues on Dave Hjortnaes engine

6, 7]— Up Coming Events — Sunset Playhouse, Bingo

EVERY MONTH

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- 8 Model T Tip9 Calendar of Events10 Edsel Ford Says12 Committee Chairs