

The CUB

Published by and for
The VETERANS
of the
106th INFANTRY
DIVISION

of the
GOLDEN LION

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NO. 4



HIALEAH

This issue dedicated to 106thers from the Sunny South

Official Publication of the 106th Infantry Division Association
Waukegan, Illinois

★ NORTHERN FRANCE

★ THE ARDENNES

★ THE RHINELAND

★ CENTRAL EUROPE

P.O.W. -313919

By Fred B. Chase
Company D, 422nd Inf. Regt.
RFD # 1
Rexford, New York

Halle, Germany
March 13, 1945

While lying here on my bunk, being quarantined for diphtheria, I shall try to relate my experiences as a POW since the time of my capture, as well as my time spent overseas.

I will start with my arrival in New York from Camp Miles Standish, Mass. I arrived in New York the evening of October 20, 1944. After being served refreshments by the ARC, we immediately boarded the ship, 'Acquatania.' I was hurried to my quarters and settled down for the night. Early the next morning, we weighed anchor and at approximately 0800 hours we passed the Statue of Liberty. It was a very lonesome feeling in our hearts to see the old lady waving goodbye. All of us wondering if and when we would ever see her again. Aside from being seasick that first evening, the trip across proved more or less uneventful. A USO troupe went with us and offered entertainment. The trip took seven days before we finally dropped anchor at Gurock, Scotland, on the 'Birth of Clyde River.' We had sighted land for a day previous.

The next morning, we disembarked and boarded a train for Southern England. In the wee hours of the morning of October 30, we found ourselves comfortably settled in a camp at Fairford, England. We stayed at this camp for a month and on the morning of November 29, I found myself all packed and ready to leave for the port of embarkation where we were to cross the channel. This proved to be Southampton. The next morning, we boarded an LST and started across the channel. We entered the port of Le Havre and sailed up the river Seine to the town of Rouen, France. Here, we disembarked with our vehicles and drove to our bivouac area, which we later nicknamed, 'Mudhill'. The reason being that

it rained almost continually during the time we were there and the bivouac area was located in a pasture lot. The mud was ankle deep over the whole area. We were there for three days when we started on again towards the front. The next afternoon, we again bivouaced in a heavy wooded area. The snow had fallen nearly a foot deep. We stayed here for two nights and a day. This time, our final destination was the front lines. Upon our arrival we immediately set up our weapons on the different outposts. Our purpose being to relieve the 2nd Division and hold positions already established.

We then billeted ourselves in dugouts and lived a rather quiet existence for about a week. The long cold nights standing guard on the gun positions proved to be a real hardship. Occasionally, a sniper would take a pot shot at us, and we caught a few prisoners. The casualty list was very small considering our close contact with the enemy.

On the morning of December 16, it seemed as though all hell broke loose. The Germans had started their attack. They threw two Panzer units and three SS Divisions against our lines which were weak due to the distance we had to cover. We held them off for a short while, but the casualties mounted so rapidly that we were ordered to retreat and take up defenses in the rear.

We made our rendezvous in a small wooded area and doubled the guard. We hoped to hold them off, expecting support from our artillery. This support never came because we learned later, the artillery was already knocked out and the few survivors taken prisoner. We still held them off as best we could with small arms fire. Then on the last day, they brought up their 88's and rained shells on us. As I lay on the bottom of my foxhole, I turned my last hopes of existence over to the will of God and prayed as I never prayed before. It was a hot spot that day and night. We were completely helpless. The

(Continued on Page 10)

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

J. Glenn Schnizlein

The snow has melted, the grass is turning green, and the trees are budding - Spring is upon us! This glorious season of the year always makes us think of things growing and blossoming.

It is time for the Association to do some fresh developing and growing. But, as in the garden, the seeds have to be planted and the ground cultivated. Our sprouts are up and now we need to do more cultivating.

Are we going to let our organization wither and die for want of a little turning of earth?

The proof of our work will show in Baltimore--July 25-27.

'LONG LIVE THE 106TH'

Yes, the Association is growing steadily and getting stronger every day. Our Membership Chairman, David S. Price, has been doing wonders with his letter writing in the past few months. Through Dave's efforts in recruiting new members, the membership roster has greatly increased. We welcome the following new members into the wonderful fellowship the 106th Infantry Division Association offers:

Nelson H. Davidson (423), 1137 Sterling Ave., Claymont, Del. Gilbert M. Fitzgerald (424/E), Box 249, Waynesboro, Va. William M. Hugg, Jr., (423/D), 415 East St., Milford, Del. Charles Legates, Jr., (Sig), 136 Lockerman St., Dover, Del. Ronald W. O'Day, (Sig), RFD 3, Seaford, Delaware.

William E. Sculthorp (423/Can), 4805 Penick Rd., Richmond, Va. William Kux (424/3rd Bn Hq & 422/1st Bn Hq), Box 35, Port Penn, Delaware. Charles W. Lawrence (589th/Sv), 116½ Main Street, Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Andrew H. Wright (424/F), RFD 4, Martinsville, Virginia.

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236 N. Genesee St.
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Letters From CUB Readers

Dear Editor,

In your October-November issue of the CUB was a list of Battle Participation Credits, Commendations, Awards, etc. Until reading your last issue, I was unaware that I was entitled to an award. I immediately corresponded with the Adjutant General's Office in Washington and learned that I was entitled to the Bronze Star Award. With today's mail, I received my Bronze Star. Thanks to Mr. Ralph G. Steed and Senator Clyde R. Hoey of North Carolina.

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AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

Arvo O. Paananen

I neglected to get the CUB out again on schedule, but I always seem to find an excuse. This time, it's my vacation to the sunny South.

Work, the most unpopular way to make a living, comes in for more than its share of blame. Overwork is a popular disease with me. This malady of being a tired businessman convinced me to take another rest cure from this profession; therefore, I decided to follow the sun to Florida.

On the 16th of February, I left by car to points South; spending the first night of rest in Nashville, Tennessee, the home town of Vollis McCollum of DHQ. I gave him a buzz on the phone and found him busy baby sitting with the new addition to their family. The next night, I made Perry, Georgia, where I spent a restful night at the Moss Oaks Motel. On my third day out, I finally crossed the Florida State Line and drove into Daytona Beach, where I had a nice two days of scenic beauty with some warm sun along with it. Then, I continued my trip along the Eastern Seaboard, stopping in every town to see all I could; and my next stop for the night was Lantana, just the southern limits of Lake Worth. This was a beautiful spot for some leisure; but then I continued the hop to Fort Lauderdale where I was to see some friends for a minute or two. This city was the high spot of my trip. I liked it here the best of all. Well, I couldn't miss Miami and Miami Beach that I had heard so much about; therefore I hurried along and hit Miami in the hottest part of the day. This and the traveling had already got me so disgusted that I drove right through on U. S. Highway 1 into Homestead (30 miles south of Miami) where I spent two nights. From here, I made my excursion to Key West which I enjoyed immensely. On my return from the Keys, I spent a day in Miami and the Beach, also taking in Hialeah Race Track that Saturday. Directly after the races, I left for points North and settled for the night in Fort Lauderdale again. Here I took in a lovely dinner and magnificent ice show at Jack Valentine's that



Editor at Florida Keys

Saturday evening. The next morning, I crossed the state to Fort Myers on the Gulf side where I lounged for a day. But I seemed to find the rainy spots so I continued North through St. Petersburg to Clearwater where I spent two days of complete relaxation. Then came Tampa and Tallahassee. I particularly enjoyed a beautiful sunny afternoon in Panama City and then drove along the scenic Gulf sands to Pensacola where I stayed at the San Carlos for two days.

This was the highlight of my Southern trip and then I tarried home quite hurriedly where I ran into plenty of snow and a blizzard a day later. I envy the members of the Association who can live in that sunny South the year around.

SEE YOU AT THE LORD BALTIMORE

IN MEMORIAM



JOSEPH L. FITZPATRICK, former Tec 4 of Company A, 424th Infantry Regiment, 106th Infantry Division, was killed in the New Orient Mine explosion in Southern Illinois on December 21, 1951. His remains were recovered from the mine on Sunday, December 23, at about 4 p.m.

Joe was a native of Benton, Illinois, and he is survived by his wife, Mrs. Joseph L. Fitzpatrick and one daughter, Karen Lee, nine years of age. Truly, this family has been struck hard by fate. The Fitzpatricks lost two fine sons: Michael Leroy in 1941 and Hobart Lawrence who was born on May 23, 1951, died three days later.

In 1947, Joe attended the first reunion of the 106th Infantry Division in Indianapolis, Indiana, where he met Fred Twarok of Chicago, Illinois, who was a close buddy from the same unit of the Golden Lion Division. Fred and Joe had visited each other quite frequently since this first reunion. Upon hearing about this mine explosion and having knowledge that Joe worked there, Fred immediately telephoned Mrs. Fitzpatrick to make inquiry regarding Joe. Rendering all the assistance he could, Fred arrived at the scene of the tragedy on Christmas Night and served as a pallbearer for Joe. What a blessing it was for Joe's old buddy Fred to help at a time like this.

This news of Joe has saddened his many friends in the old outfit, and we are indeed sorry that Joe's passing follows so closely the loss of two of his fine sons. Joe's family is close to all in the 106th and we all are praying for Mrs. Fitzpatrick and daughter, Karen Lee. God Bless Them.

KILLED IN ACTION



TYRRELL, Wilson E., Sgt., 33126446, Company K, 424th Inf. Regt., was killed January 11, 1945, while on patrol near Wanne, Belgium.

Sgt. Tyrrell is survived by his wife. Next of kin is his father, Edmund E. Tyrrell, Box 547, RFD 2, Alexandria, Va.

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Anyone having knowledge or any information of 106th men KIA, please contact the Memorials Chairman, Douglas S. Coffey, 25 Nutman Place, West Orange, New Jersey.

IT'S BALTIMORE - JULY 25TH - 27TH

Baltimore is expecting you in '52

6TH NATIONAL REUNION

JULY 25 - 27

Convention Chairman:

John T. Loveless, Jr.
2549 Pickwick Rd., Dickeyville
Baltimore 7, Maryland

Directors:

Jacques Bloch
Henry M. Broth
Austin L. Byrd, Jr.
Vernon S. Jenkins

For the first time, the veterans of the 106th Infantry Division Association will hold its National Reunion this year on the East Coast, in the truly fabulous city of Baltimore. The dates have been fixed for the 25th through the 27th of July. The place is the world renowned Lord Baltimore Hotel.

It goes without saying that the entertainment attractions for the 1952 Convention will feature the distinctive and characteristic flavor of New England. This fact is being so readily accepted the prospects for a record-breaking attendance for the convention on the East Coast appear to be unusually bright.

The fascinating allure of a trip to Baltimore for the 1952 Convention is reflected in all parts of the country. This is the general opinion versed in letters pouring into the editorial office. Some members of the Association have made efforts to set aside a specific sum of money each month in order that his accumulated savings will give him the cash he will need for his Eastern excursion. This is simply making advance down-payments to themselves for a trip that will combine their annual vacation with the chance to attend the 6th Annual Reunion in Baltimore.

For the summer visitor to Baltimore, the Chesapeake Bay is a paradise offering salt water bathing, boating, fishing, crabbing and moonlight cruises. For those interested in culture and education, Baltimore points with pride to its Museum of Art, the Peabody Conservatory of Music, the Walters Art Gallery, the Enoch Pratt Free Library, the Peale Museum, the Maryland Historical Society, the Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, the University of Maryland Schools of Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, and Nursing. Goucher College, Loyola College and other well known institutions.

The 106th Infantry Division Association wants to serve you, its members, and it wants to bring into its ranks those who for the moment have not joined. The presence of every possible member of your organization at this 6th Annual Reunion will make the Association that much stronger. Write your buddies now and tell them to meet you in Baltimore.

AUXILIARY

PHILADELPHIA REUNION

The project for the Auxiliary of the 106th is a TAPE RECORDER to be presented to the Fort Howard Veterans' Hospital in Baltimore at the 1952 Convention.

"We felt that in selecting our project for this year, we would try to select something that a great many veterans would derive enjoyment and benefit from. We came to the conclusion that with the tape recorder, we were able to do this.

Through this article, I would like to appeal to all Auxiliary members for their cooperation and especially to the Presidents of the various chapters. I believe, as time goes by, that everyone contributing to this worthy cause will receive much personal satisfaction in knowing that they had a part in making the endless time of the less fortunate veterans much more enjoyable.

I would like to especially thank Mrs. Kathryn Loveless, our Secretary-Treasurer, for the splendid cooperation and endless amount of time she spent contacting the Fort Howard Veterans' Hospital in Baltimore. It is wonderful people like Kathryn that makes an organization of this kind a success.

By this time, all members should have received Bulletin Number 1. If for any reason you have not, please contact Mrs. Loveless or myself and your copy will be forthcoming.

Looking forward to seeing you all in Baltimore.

Maydean Wells,
President
Hephzibah, Georgia

MEMORIAL FUND

Let us continue contributing to this worthy cause. When renewing your membership, remit another dollar or two in memory of a buddy who sacrificed his all for OUR freedom.

Send your contributions to our Adjutant, Robert E. Kelly, 2034 National Bank Bldg., Detroit 26, Michigan.



Among those attending at the Philadelphia December 16th Dinner were John E. Blair, Elaine Emerson, Charles and Elizabeth Booda, Robert and Joyce Caughman, Robert G. Clower, Alan and Miriam Dunbar, John and Stella Gallagher, Leon and Esther Goldberg, Bert Kornfeld, William and Eleanor Miner, William Lyle Moulds, Michael and Vera Pisaale, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Rarick, Norman and Virginia Southgate, Elmer and Margaret Russell, Vincent and Dorothy Scarpello, Everitt and Jeanne Williams, and Glenn and Rosemary Schnizlein.

California, Here We Come!

The California Chapter of the 106th sends in their check for \$81.00 to the Adjutant. This amount pays for eight membership renewals for two consecutive years and the balance was designated for the Memorial Fund. The following members of the California Chapter will receive the CUB for the next two years: Marshall Lipkin (424/1st Bn), Allen Lowith (423/Cn), Roy Wentzel (422/E), Harold Knox (424/L), Arthur Schodt (424/E), Doran Kyle (423/F), Rex Roberts (424/L), and Edward Nelson (591/A).

What They Are Doing Now

Mrs. Mary Allen (1950-51 Auxiliary President), 517 N. Williams St., South Bend, Indiana, replies to a letter from the Editor regarding information about auxiliary members attending the Pittsburgh Convention. Her husband, Merle, formerly with the 589th FA Bn, is busy with his job in South Bend where they moved from Detroit about six months ago.

Richard DeHeer (424/K), 126 Highland Ave., Emerson, N.J., sends in his check for \$15.00 to cover dues for his wife, Marjorie, and Charles Crowe (422/AT & 424/1st Bn) plus a \$7.00 contribution for the Memorial Fund. Two years ago Dick bought himself a house and busi-



ness. The photo will reveal that he has a thriving business. Also, on April 27, 1951, a son, Richard George was born to the DeHeers. Charles Crowe works at the Demarest Chevrolet Agency as a mechanic and Chuck wishes to hear from the fellows in his outfit. Charlie's address is 253 Jefferson Ave., Cresskill, N.J.

Albert E. Falkner (423/AT), 285 Whittemore St., Apt. 6, Pontiac, Mich., forwards his association dues to the Adjutant and is still plugging along on his job with the Pontiac Daily News. Albert is a faithful attendee at the Conventions and the Detroit Chapter Memorial Dinners.

Henry B. Griffin (423/C), 1725 Jefferson, Duluth, Minn., also sends in his dues for the year and says he really enjoys the CUB. How's the weather up there, Henry? Editor's Note: Duluth is my old stomping grounds. I was born and graduated from high school in Cromwell, Minnesota, just 40 miles west of Duluth. My relatives all live around there, including Superior, Wisconsin.

Col. and Mrs. P. F. Hoover (591st), APO 733, c/o PM, Seattle, Wash., are now in Alaska where Colonel Hoover heads the Army Test Board of AFF. They really enjoy hunting and fishing there.

Vernon S. Jenkins, 6820 Campfield Rd., Baltimore 7, Maryland, sends in his check for \$3.00 to the Adjutant. Vernon is one of the busy Baltimore Chapter men helping make arrangements for our 1952 Convention.

Capt. Ronald Johnson (106th Div Arty), Lubec, Maine, was called back into active duty and is now enroute to Japan.

Lt. Col. J. C. Matthews, Jr., (422), reports a change of address to 4706 Western Blvd., Raleigh, N. C.

WOJG Robert J. Mitros, Hq, 1st CIC District, APO 3, c/o PM, San Francisco, California, and formerly with his home in Grand Rapids, Mich., sent in his dues for the year. Bob talked with his folks, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mitros in Grand Rapids, from Tokyo, Japan, at 6:20 a.m., June 21, 1951. It has been over two and one-half years since Bob has seen his folks. Best of luck to you, Bob! And, may God Bless your wonderful folks.

Hedley P. Nelson, 207 E. California Ave., Bakersfield, Calif., and formerly a member of 424/Co D, joins the Association for the first time. He was wounded with the 106th in the Battle of the Bulge, being a recipient of the Purple Heart, and was a POW in Stalag 12A.



Hedley is happily married and has a son, Larry Edward. He manages a Shell Service Station and drives a truck for a livelihood. At time of enlistment into the service, Hedley lived at 98 King St., Burlington, Vermont. Glad to have you among this wonderful group of men, Hed.

Lt. Col. Arthur C. Parker (589th), Route 2, Box 838-H, Annandale, Va., reports this new address and tells he is now assigned to the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff, G-1, The Pentagon, Washington, D. C.

William W. Randall (106th Recon Trp), 747 Walnut St., Royersford, Pa., inquires whether he is paid up to date with his association dues and Bill praises the wonderful publication we put out every month. Bill was with the 106th from activation until captured with his outfit on Dec. 18, 1944. He has been married for seven years and has two wonderful daughters, Eileen, 5 years, and Karen, 18 months. Bill is a mold maker in a glass plant by trade and has been active in veteran activities, namely serving as Commander of his local Legion Post in 1950. Bill informs us that his former Commander, Hubert K. Lincoln (81st/H & S) passed away from this life two years ago due to a streptococci infection in the throat. Hubert's parents live in Bill's home town.

Eugene L. Saucerman (422/D), Route 1, Dugger, Indiana, encloses his dues in his letter to the CUB and tells us he's graduating from the School of



Pharmacy of Purdue U. in January, 1952. Due to his studies, he was unable to attend the 1951 Convention but is definitely planning to be in Baltimore.

Capt. Earl A. Scott (589th), former Liaison Pilot with Div Arty, writes that he recently took a course at the Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill, Okla., and is now assigned to the Virginia National Guard. Enroute from school, he visited Capt. Clarence W. Lauman, Liaison Pilot for 592nd FA Bn, at 4227 Grace St., St. Louis, Missouri.

Melvin C. Smith, 1429 East Division, Decatur, Illinois, sends in his dues and also praises the CUB. Melvin is wondering why he doesn't hear from more Decatur Ex-POW's of the Bulge. Let's get together, fellows!

Capt. Hubert L. Snyder (Director 106th Div Band) is now in Japan with the Counter Intelligence Corps and his address is Hq, 5th CIC District, APO 547, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. and Mrs. John Warren (ADC to General McMahon of Div Arty), have a daughter, Drucilla, now 9 months old; John is an attorney in his home town of Red Bank, N. J.

Allen B. Willand (Major-S-3-423rd) visited our Adjutant, Bob Kelly, while attending the American Legion National Sandlot Baseball Tournament held at Briggs Stadium in Detroit last fall. Mr. Willand is now a full-time employee of the American Legion and directs the Americanism activities of the Legion. He is permanently stationed at the Legion's Main Office in Indianapolis, Ind., and would like to hear from any of the members of the Division.

Lt. Col. Carl H. Wohlfeil (Ex O, 591st) returned from Korea recently where he commanded the 15th FA Bn of the 2nd Infantry Division. He was able to spend Christmas with his family in the States. He volunteered for airborne training and is now assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Benning, Georgia.

John C. Beck (592/A) paid a visit to Gen. McMahon in February. 1st Sgt. Beck is now assigned as Instructor of the 690th AAA Bn of the Pennsylvania National Guard, with his office at the Armory, 19th & Caledonia Streets in Harrisburg.

Hugh Fisher (589th) of Nahma, Michigan, stopped in to visit Clifford E. Perras (424/H) who operates his own restaurant and hotel in Nadeau, Michigan. Hugh Fisher is a Michigan Conservation Officer.

Harry Holder (424/H) former Tec Sgt with the 106th, and now a Sgt 1st Class, is stationed in Korea.

Vollie McCollum (DHQ/AG), of Nashville, Tennessee, had an unexpected telephone call recently from the Editor of the CUB, while he spent the night in a motel in Nashville enroute to Florida for a three-week vacation. Vollie informed the editor that all's well in Nashville and that he and Mrs. McCollum have been blessed with a new addition to the family in December.

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Rudolph C. Ricci (423/Hq/3rd Bn), 43 Victor Ave., Johnston, R.I., opened a restaurant in his home town shortly after his discharge from the Army, and a few months later got married. Rudy operated the business for five years; then sold it due to his health. After a complete rest cure, he took up employment with the A & P Bakery in Cranston, R.I., where he is at the present time.



Rudy wants to contact those men who have stories or photos of Stalag IX B in Bad Org and Stalag IX A Zeigenheim where he spent several miserable months as a prisoner. In the photo, you'll see Mr. and Mrs. Ricci with their new car.

Lt. Col. Leonard Umanoff sends in his change of address. It is AC/S G-2, Hq, Japan Logistical Command, APO 343, San Francisco, California.

I enjoy very much the CUB magazine; especially, reading about former members of the 106th in 'What They Are Doing Now' column. Keep the CUBs coming.

I hope very much that I may be able to attend the convention in Baltimore in July. It is nearer my home than in previous years.

Enclosed find my check for my dues plus one dollar for the Memorial Fund.

Yours for a bigger and better CUB,

Fred B. Chase (422/D)
RFD 1
Rexford, New York

WRITE

YOUR BUDDIES

TO MEET YOU

IN BALTIMORE

FUN GALORE - IN BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 1)

Germans apparently realized our plight and called for a truce. Our officers realized that we were done for, so they agreed upon a formal surrender. On the morning of December 20, I found myself marching over to the German lines, having discarded my armament. This was the beginning of my life as a POW.

The dreadful days that lay ahead were not yet realized and I offered my thanks to God that I was saved from the horrible experience I had just been through.

We started marching to the rear of the German lines that first morning and marched far into the night, with a promise of food and a place to sleep that night.

We finally arrived at Pruin, Germany, at about 2300. We slept on the floor of an old bombed-out hotel and the food never did materialize. The next morning, we started out again and marched all day. This time, we were given a quarter of a loaf of bread and a small piece of cheese. This went on for several days, marching and sleeping in cold, damp places. Our resistance was gradually being run down. Our feet were sore and frostbitten so that every step was a torture. On the morning of the 23rd, we boarded box cars for a ride to the camp. We rode about ten kilometers and found the tracks ahead were bombed out. We were locked in the cars and left there all night. There were seventy men in one car. This proved to be quite a discomfort as the cars in Germany are about half the size of an American boxcar.

About noontime, on the 24th, we were strafed by the American Air Force, killing eight men and wounding forty-two

men. Christmas morning, we were given a quarter of a loaf of bread and a spoonful of molasses and started marching again. We marched all Christmas Day and until 2200 that evening. Again, this went on for several days. Finally, we boarded a train and after a day and night, we arrived at Mulberg on January 1. This is a transit camp for POWs. For a bunch of tired, sick, and weary men, this was a haven of rest. We were given a hot shower and shots for typhus. We lived in huts with some British Non-Coms. After two weeks, we were moved again to Belgern. This proved to be a small town. We lived there for a month with little work to do.

On the 12th of February, we moved to Halle, Germany, where we lived in a large sports stadium. It was the nearest to living in comfort we had known since we left England. The rations are barely enough to live on. With the occasional arrival of Red Cross parcels, we manage to keep the pangs of hunger from our stomachs.

We started to work on the 15th of February. Our job is cleaning up the damage done by the air force.

On February 27, Halle suffered a severe bombing raid and the stadium was in the path of the heaviest barrage. Our kitchen and part of our quarters were burned by incendiaries, leaving us without a home. Consequently, we moved across town to a British camp and are living here at the present time.

Now, with high hopes of an early ending to this horrible conflict, we are anxiously awaiting the day when we will again join our loved ones and live a quiet, peaceful, and happy life. Many times during the past few months, have our minds turned to that glorious day and our families.

(Continued in Next Issue)

106thers IN DETROIT

These folks are all planning for fun in Baltimore in '52

