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KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS GREETES 106TH

★ NORTHERN FRANCE

★ THE ARDENNES

★ THE RHINELAND

★ CENTRAL EUROPE

The Glorious RETURN TO BELGIUM of the 106th

This story of the return of six members of the 106th Infantry Division Association and the one son and the one wife is being written by your Editor. It is hoped memory serves well enough to tell you all that happened and the feelings of those who made the trip.



AFTER MANY hectic weeks and months of preparation, broken promises by members of the Association who were going on the trip, then they were not, then they were, a case of ulcers, the men of the 106th finally met at Idlewild Airfield.

Having exchanged pleasantries with the group and their families who were on hand to wish bon voyage to these gay adventurers, they weighed in with the KLM airline and completed all the necessary details for de-

parture. Beforehand each had gotten his passport and a shot against small pox so that he could reenter United States after his trip. The experiences of two who were fouled up will be related as we go on. In order to make the trip seem real to you who were unable to go, I shall use the pronoun "you" instead of "I" or "we."

You kiss the girls goodbye and start your trek out to the waiting aircraft. While on the ramp you take pictures of the activity of the

airport and continue to wave to the gallery poised on the observation deck. You then get your first look at the ship that is to carry you over the seas to Scotland on the first leg of your flight. The plane is tremendous, a Royal Super Constellation capable of carrying 85 or more persons.

Before actually entering the ship you pose for the KLM photographer who is taking the group for local publicity pictures and feature stories about each man which will be sent to his local paper. KLM has supplied each of you with a lovely overnight bag to carry the loot that you expect to pick up in Europe.

You are greeted at the door of the plane by a smiling stewardess who shows you to the rear cabin where the group has all the seats to themselves. Much bantering is done back and forth to find out who is scared and who isn't. The Editor who has made the trip once before by plane pretends to be a veteran so as to raise the morale of those who are making their first flight or at least their first long flight over the Atlantic.

How did you feel? Like Stella, who felt she was going to be sick and tried everything in the book not to get sick. Wonderful traveler, she was, for she didn't become ill once although she was a little green around the gills. Some of you were quiet in your own sort of way, wondering if the plane would have an eventful flight or would it, like the plane in "The High and the Mighty," develop trouble. You think more about it as you are told how to ditch in the ocean without a hitch. All in all, your fears are the same as all passengers, no matter how many times you fly. It's there, it worries some more than others, but when you consider that you may purchase \$5,000 worth of insurance for 25¢ you see just how much more faith the airline has against your faith.

The plane took off without a hitch with exhausts flaming until hot enough to have the pilot cut them out. As you look out and take pictures of the breathless panorama you realize just how small a human being is on this vast Earth of ours. The countryside on the way up the New England coast is wonderful to behold. As you head out to sea you begin to relax and sleep or bat the breeze with the boys. Night falls and all is quiet except for the hum of the motors.

Scotland

Having been aboard now for nine and one half hours your ship slowly makes the run into Prestwick Airfield where you are to touch down in Scotland. Without incident the plane rolls to the stop; you say goodbyes to the crew and thank them for a wonderful flight.

You are then escorted into a lounge by a gay little Scotch miss who makes sure that you are comfortable and tells you that breakfast will be served in a few moments. You pass quickly through the sleepy customs, then proceed to devour a nice breakfast of ham and eggs, etc. Doc Fridline tried a bloater. Most of you couldn't stand fish for breakfast, but the Doc has a wonderful constitution. It is his fourth meal in 24 hours. He is to have one more breakfast before the 24-hour period is up, so you see no one starved. After breakfast you pick up a few souvenirs and some English money to play around with. You fully realize just how difficult the money exchange is going to be when you make your first purchases. However, with the card showing the various rates of exchange which Coffey has furnished you, you find that it is not too difficult after all.

At last our bus arrives to take us through a bit of fog to Glasgow. Upon arriving at Glasgow you make the rounds of the town looking in vain for a Church that is open. It being Sunday, you want to at least say that you have been inside a Church even though there are no services until 11 when you will be aboard a fast train to London.

After traversing Glasgow and window shopping and taking some snapshots you return to the hotel in the station—once again for breakfast.

London

Train time arrives and you find yourself on the Royal Scot, England's crack train from Scotland to London. With baggage piled high and spirits high we enjoy the English countryside. Dinner on the train is much like that in America except that you receive much more individual service and much larger portions and much, much cheaper prices. As night falls your train is whistling to clear the tracks for a clear run through the marshaling yards to its

stopping point in London station which saw many a bomb during the war.

Without having to hurry or fret about your bags, Mr. Falconer, who is to meet and take us about London, finds us and takes us under his wing. You couldn't have found a more personable gentlemen to meet you in a strange country. After making us comfortable in his Volkswagen station wagon, which just held us all comfortably, we wound around London to our hotel. On the way to the hotel he tells you about the streets you are riding in and the famous places you pass.

Upon arriving at the Clarendon Court you are greeted by the porter who sees that you are all registered and made comfortable in your respective rooms. Your room is tremendous with balconies to walk out on and view the surrounding area. The heat is on and the room is cozy. Though you feel like sleeping at once, it is time for dinner. You find by asking the manager that there is a wonderful restaurant just up the road. After cocktails in the lounge room you are escorted to the charming and intimate dining room where a gypsy is playing his violin and once in a while alternating on the piano. Your dinner is too wonderful to describe and the gypsy plays sweet songs at your request. You fall automatically into the European way of enjoying your meal without gulping or rushing. Took you two hours to eat and drink all that was placed before you. A tired but happy group then wended their way back to the hotel for a very restful sleep.

Next morning you're up at the crack of dawn for breakfast in the hotel, with which you are very pleased. You begin your tour of London, seeing all the sights that millions of other travelers have seen in the past years: St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, London Tower with the Crown Jewels, the crows in London Tower who have their wings clipped because the saying is that if the crows leave London Tower, England's empire will fall. The guards in front of the Tower with their high kicks, and Buckingham Palace, the changing of the Horse Guards, as picturesque as you can find anywhere. No. 10 Downing Street, the ruins still visible despite many fences and billboards to hide their ugly stains. The House of Parliament and the flag flying to indicate the Parliament is in session. Big Ben with its thundering clap as it strikes the hour. The shopping spree to

take good care of the little woman left behind whom you cannot forget. The first real Christmas decorations on the second story of the big shops. You haven't missed much of London during your stay and hope that you may come back and see a whole lot more for a greater length of time.

Mr. Falconer comes for you once more to take you and your luggage to catch another famous English-European train, the *Fleche d'Or*, the Golden Arrow.

On route to Dover to take the Channel steamer to Ostend, Belgium, you saw signs of war damage until you arrived at the point where the white cliffs loomed up to recall the song written about them. You remember what a pasting Dover took during the Battle of Britain.

Upon passing through the now-familiar customs you arrive on the cold, windswept pier and see in front of you the Prince Baudouin, which is to take you on your four-hour trip across the channel.

All is peaceful and serene as you watch sea gulls in the harbor arguing about who was going to get the fish that one gull had the good fortune to retrieve. Finally the ship started and it wasn't too long afterwards that a lot of people were green around the gills. Stella still fortified herself despite the fact that Doc and Doug almost drove her to distraction with stories of sea sickness. The voyage was rough as the pictures will show in Detroit this year. Waves were quite high and all were warned off the decks. Once again our 106ers weathered the storm and landed in good style in Ostend.

Brussels

Trip from Ostend to Brussels was for the most part uneventful except to see the countryside and still signs of war damage.

Upon arrival in Brussels you are met by a typical Belgian who is most gracious and takes you and your baggage in hand and carries you off to the Hotel Splendid where many happy hours are passed both on this trip and on your later return to Brussels.

It is in Brussels that you are on your own, so to speak. Each has five days to do whatever he pleases and meet in Liege on December 14th to make our pilgrimages to the cemeteries, etc.

How would you feel when you arrive with two of your buddies, call a taxi and load all

your baggage in the trunk of a little Renault and on the roof of the car and then say to the driver, "Take me to the Wiser Hotel." The driver looks at you and says, "Mon-sieur, you are at the Wiser." Sure enough you look directly across the street and there as big as life is the Wiser Hotel. Ask Doc Fridline in Detroit.

Liege

Another of your comrades comes to Liege and as he crosses the street he hears a loud

to Spa, Heckhalenfeld, St. Vith Schonberg, Bleialf, Oberlascheid, Radscheid, Malmedy, Stavelot, Trois Ponts, Comblen la Tour, Comblen la Ponts—all names that ring such a bell.

Your feelings run high as you solemnly regard the names on the Monument to the men who were massacred at Malmedy. Around the corner on the road to St. Vith is another monument to eight men who were massacred by the Germans. The old German helmet picked up by Jake, Doc's son. Ah memory! As you arrive in St. Vith you see



banging on a glass window. When he gets his bearings, whom does he find in the local pub but Wells, Fridline, Behr and Doc's son, Jake, lapping up the beer and parley-vous-ing with the Belgian bartender. It is a welcome feeling to catch sight of your friends after the five-day separation and in a strange city. It is not too long after that your comrades who have journeyed deep into Germany arrive and all are together again.

Next morning you rent a car and visit with nostalgia and deep memory those places dear to the hearts of all 106ers. The route

one building in ruins and then you hardly recognize St. Vith because everything is so new to the right and to the left. Then it looms before you. The one remaining memory of St. Vith. Was it left there on purpose? Division Headquarters, a shambles showing just what happens to a building that has been hit with everything but the kitchen sink and you guess that was thrown in too. Another German helmet staring at you from the debris of the cellar which used to be the third floor. In front of the old Headquarters, as if in defiance, is a beautiful new hospital.

Oberlascheid

You then go on your way seeing all the landmarks of your days of combat. Some of the Engineer bridges still standing, other bridges never repaired, leaving jagged holes in the topography. You look out over the Ardennes hills covered with snow and remember and remember. You visit the Engineer positions, the Infantry positions and the Artillery headquarters and areas where some of the comrades on the trip spent many an anxious hour. You pass the little church from which many a German was flushed in retaking Oberlascheid and see some German civilians who haven't changed in these ten years. You reach the MLR and see the foxholes once again. No one has taken the time nor the interest to fill them in. You are warned by Wells and Gallagher not to enter too far into the woods for pictures of German gas masks and foxholes; they know only too well what happens when one tempts a mine. You stand there silently in prayer in the hopes that this might never happen to you or any other American again. Oh, those cold nights of darkness and fear and courage and the lack of knowledge as to what was coming or what you should be doing. The snafu of orders as the Artillery advances and the Infantry retreats, or should we say makes a strategic withdrawal to the rear? The Artillery is advancing only because of a snafu in orders, not because they are smarter than the Infantry. No one is smart in this situation. The smart ones are those who have learned by the mistakes in the Battle of the Bulge.

You find at the end of the day that you have visited practically every spot that the 106th was in during the Battle and you are satisfied with your pilgrimage. You regret that time does not permit you to go deeper into Germany and see where the peacetime 106th stayed and the prison camps where your buddies suffered even more than had they stayed in combat.

You are all invited to the home of Georges Sherrington, District Governor of the Lions of Belgium, who makes you feel at home by inviting some of his English-speaking friends and who even supplies a lovely girl of sixteen for young Jake. The liquor and cigarettes and all good things to eat are plentiful and each and every one of you leaves the

party feeling a stronger bond for the Belgians. You are proud that your little effort to help their country in time of war has made such gatherings possible.

Henri Chapelle

The next morning the concierge is looking for "Colonel" Coffey. When your comrade Coffey comes to the desk he is greeted with a salute from a Belgian sergeant who says he is at our disposal to take us to the Cemeteries and any place else we desire to go, and through the courtesy of the Belgian government. The "Colonel" and the group enter the two new American cars with the shields of generals on them—and away you go to tour the battle area again.

Because neither driver speaks English, it is up to "Colonel" Coffey to speak to them in his school French and as he asks various questions and tells the driver where we wish to go the driver keeps replying, "Yes, mon Colonel." At first we all thought it was a joke on Coffey but somebody goofed and promoted him so we all figured it would be harder to explain he wasn't a colonel than to let it go as it was. The countryside outside of Liege on the way to the cemeteries at Henri Chapelle and Nieuville en Condroz are known to most of you so we won't dwell too much on that. We arrived at Henri Chapelle and made our way to the flagpole carrying one of our tremendous wreaths that we had brought for the occasion. Gathering around the pole with OLD GLORY flying in the breeze, Colonel Coffey led the group in a word of Prayer to Almighty God that these men should have not died in vain, and with a smart salute we paid our respects. While at this Cemetery we took many pictures of the graves of 106ers.

Shortly after leaving the Cemetery for Liege it began to get foggy and one of our cars was involved in a slight accident. No one was hurt but you felt sorry for the poor farmer who was also involved because he had three strikes against him before he started with the police who had come to investigate. We arrived back in Liege without incident, except that the "Colonel" had to go to the Commanding Colonel of the Liege barracks to tell of the accident in French and also to ask for the two cars for the next day. The Colonel, when he found out he was talking to an American "Colonel," of course was quick to say that we could have the cars.

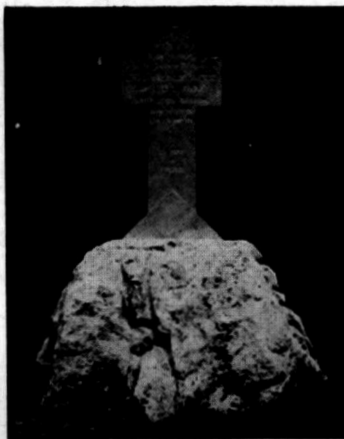
That evening, just before cleanup time to go to a banquet which was being tendered to the group by the Lions Club of Liege, there was a rap at Coffey's door. Imagine his surprise and delight when the gang came in bearing a cake with a real candle, ice cream and candy. They hadn't forgotten that it was the "Colonel's" birthday. A wonderful time was had and you thought you saw a tear come from Coffey's eyes.

Having dressed, we were once again picked up by men of the Lions Club and taken to the most beautiful place you have ever seen for dinner. The building was the old palace of the Duchy of Liege and looked like something out of Hollywood. Beautiful carvings, tremendous paintings on the walls. Old firearms decorating niches; sabers of long ago; a patio out of this world, with fountains playing; a look showed you that you could observe most of the city lights of Liege. The cocktails before dinner were excellent. The food couldn't have been better. The Lions were most gracious and as this was planned by "Colonel" Coffey, a Lion himself, he thanked the Lions in French, for which the men were very pleased. It pleases foreigners no end to have us Americans try to speak their language, as bad as it might be in your opinion. I think most of the group was a little heady by the time they took their leave of the Lions that night.

Getting back to the hotel, there was a call for the "Colonel" from Brussels and when he finished his conversation he informed the group that we must leave Liege the next evening in order to be in Brussels to meet the gentlemen who was to introduce us to the King and also to familiarize ourselves with the part we were to play at the ceremony to be held in the Palais des Academies.

Meyerode

Next morning on schedule our Belgian drivers were waiting and took us to the other Cemetery where Father John Gallagher led in a word of prayer. Another smart salute and we were on our way to Meyerode to pay



**Monument to Eric Wood
in woods of
Meyerode, Belgium**

our respects to Eric Wood, that famous 106er who loved to kill Germans in Freedom's name. Upon arrival in Meyerode we contacted the local Gendarmerie and were given a guide into the deep woods to find Wood's monument. We probably never would have found it without his help. In a wonderful wooded setting with a shaft of light shining through the trees we saw the Monument that the people of Meyerode placed there in Wood's name. We once again placed a wreath on behalf of the 106th Infantry Division

Association and had a word of prayer from Father Gallagher. Directly across from the Monument was marked out in moss a large cross, and a tattered Belgium Flag indicated the exact spot where Eric Wood's body was found by the farmer Maraite.

The group then went to Maraite's farm to talk with him about Wood but were informed that old Peter Maraite had died. You did see his wife and daughter and her family and also a picture of Eric Wood with a citation which hangs in a place of honor in the Maraite's home. After taking their pictures your group started the long trip back to Liege.

You passed once again over familiar territory and stopped for awhile here and there to take pictures for those who couldn't make the trip and for whom the pictures will be shown in Detroit. One stop was made in Vien, a favorite haunt of the Engineers wherein is a lovely little church where our good and dear friend General McMahon took time out to pray.

We arrived in Liege just in time to catch the train to Brussels. Our train was late getting into Brussels and it threw a monkey wrench into some of the plans that the Belgium American Association had for us. In good spirits just the same, we were whisked to the home of our host, Colonel Robert Pflieger, the gentleman who was to introduce us to the King.

Colonel Pflieger and his wife have a lovely place and they made us feel right at home with the Colonel personally mixing our cock-

Le Roi et le général Mac Auliffe assistent
à la commémoration ^{1^{re}} ^{V^{me}}
Grandiose cérémonie d'amitié belgo-américaine à Bruxelles

Une immense ovation a salué
la bataille des Ardennes

McAuliffe a fait remettre au Roi
l'album-souvenir
Au Palais des Académies
bataille historique **ne du**
voquer
stogne

Le X^e anniversaire de la bataille de Bastogne
Six vétérans de la 106^e division d'Infanterie
ont franchi l'Atlantique
pour revoir leur « théâtre d'opération »
Le Roi a rehaussé de sa
dont le général

Dix ans ont passé mais la Belgique se souvient toujours. La persistance de ce souvenir s'est encore affirmée avec une éloquence particulière à l'occasion de l'anniversaire de la bataille de Bastogne qui a été célébré, jeudi, au Palais des Académies, en présence du Roi, avec l'assistance du corps diplomatique et des plus hautes autorités civiles et militaires.

Le nom de Bastogne est associé pour jamais, au nom du général Mac Auliffe, qui fut le chef et l'âme de la résistance à l'ennemi. L'histoire l'inscrira sur ses tablettes, mais, plus encore, la légende s'en parera de lui car il est l'homme du fameux « Nuts » qu'il lança pendant la bataille, comme un défi pleine en réponse aux ouvertures de capitulation qui lui étaient faites. Le général Mac Auliffe est présent. C'est dire l'attrait du moment qui s'attache à la température jusqu'à l'émotion.

bataille **mi** Le 16 décembre de chaque année, tous les « anciens » de la 106^{me} division d'infanterie américaine que la paix a éparpillés un peu partout sur l'immense territoire des Etats-Unis, se réunissent par groupes pour enterrer un peu plus sûrement sous le poids des souvenirs cette mauvaise date par laquelle s'ouvre la sanglante Bataille des Ardennes. Le dixième, anniversaire, c'est un chiffre rond. Ils ont décidé de faire mieux que les années précédentes. Six d'entre eux, originaires de six états différents, ont traversé l'Atlantique pour revoir ce que les communiqués officiels appellent « un théâtre d'opération », où se déroula en décembre 1944 un des spectacles les plus effroyables de la seconde guerre mondiale.

Dans leurs bagages, ils emportaient un cadeau destiné au roi et qu'ils lui ont remis jeudi matin après les cérémonies du souvenir au Palais des Académies, en présence d'un septième ancien des Ardennes : le général Mac Auliffe. C'est un exemplaire unique du « Lion's tale » (l'his-

toire du lion, une tête de lion figure, en effet, au centre du badge de la 106^{me} division), un recueil de récits de la bataille du Saillant, accompagné de photographies qui ont été prises par de simples soldats entre deux coups de feu et de documents photographiques « prélevés » dans les collections allemandes.

Jeudi matin, les ex-Gi's ont défilé avec la gaucherie de civils ignorant tout de l'uniforme. Mais dans l'intimité de la chambre d'hôtel, la vieille habitude de la camaraderie, surtout celle qui a passé l'épreuve du feu, leur dicte les anciens gestes qui font que des frères d'armes se reconnaissent sans échanger une parole : la sieste sur le « pieu », les pieds négligemment posés sur la courtépointe, et une manière de tirer sa flemme avec l'indolence des militaires au repos.

Voilà dix ans ou presque qu'ils sont rentrés dans la vie civile et cependant ils ne parlent de la « 106^{me} » qu'avec la volubilité qui trahit une pointe d'émotion. Ils l'ont payé assez cher du reste le droit d'avoir été de la 106^{me}.



PROUD 106ers — They made headlines in French (see left) and English (below). Picture and story courtesy The Stars and Stripes.

EUROPEAN EDITION THE STARS AND STRIPES

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McAuliffe, Belgians Mark 'Bulge' Day

By JAMES QUIGLEY
Staff Correspondent

BRUSSELS, Dec. 16 (S&S)—A standing ovation by an audience which included King Baudouin of Belgium today honored Lt Gen Anthony C. McAuliffe, 7th Army CG, at a celebration here commemorating the 10th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge.

McAuliffe, whose refusal as acting commander of the 101st Abn Div to surrender to German forces won him world acclaim, was the guest of honor at a ceremony in the Palais des Academies.

McAuliffe promised that 7th Army troops today stand ready to give account of themselves "if a battle should be forced upon them."

He disclosed today how the people of Bastogne aided U.S. wounded during the battle after

the 101st Div's hospital and medical supplies had been cut off by the attacking forces.

Upon his arrival at the Palais, McAuliffe was accompanied to the platform by an honor guard from the 7th Army MP unit under command of Lt Otto Kerr.

Veterans in Guard

In the honor guard were Cpl Cardwell S. Dawson, who was a member of the 707th Tank Bn in the Battle of the Bulge, and Sgt James W. Collyer, who was in the Colmar pocket.

Each of the 48 state flags was carried by a Belgian soldier to the platform to form a military tableau behind the 7th Army honor guard. Music was supplied by a crack Belgian horn group.

Despite the threat of "militant communism," McAuliffe said, the buildup of North Atlantic Treaty Organization forces "give us the hope that peace and freedom will be preserved."

At the conclusion of McAuliffe's talk, the king was introduced to six former U.S. soldiers who participated in the Battle of the Bulge. They sat, dressed in civilian clothes,

as guests of honor opposite McAuliffe on the platform.

The six formerly were members of the 106th Inf Div which was hit by the attacking Germans in December 1944. They were flown to Belgium last week and since have been touring World War II cemeteries.

McAuliffe, who was wearing a blue dress uniform, was greeted by prolonged applause as he arose to make his talk in French.

The audience, which included many of Belgium's ranking personalities in military, church and civilian life, also included U.S. ambassador to Belgium, Frederick M. Alger.

The six former members of the 106th Div were: Richard H. Behr, of St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. C. Delsher Fridline, of Ashland, Ohio; John I. Gallagher, of Reading, Pa.; William C. McMurray, of Pittsburgh; James E. Wells, of Augusta, Ga., and Douglas S. Coffey, of West Orange, N.J.

Behr, Fridline and Coffey were taken prisoner during the battle while Wells and Gallagher were wounded.



PALAIS DES ACADEMIES with 48 flags of the U. S. Prime Minister of Belgium opens ceremonies. Note Gen. McAuliffe and Aide on speaker's left.
 —Stars and Stripes Photo by Dougherty

tails himself. His wife was most charming and friendly to us. Later, General "Nuts" McAuliffe's daughter and one of his Aides joined us. As the evening drew late they left and the Colonel then explained just what we had to do the next day when we met the King. He informed us that we must wear dark ties and possibly might have to bow if the King did not first extend his hand. The King, being gracious himself, made our task easier by extending his hand.

Palais des Academies

Next morning after a hmmm, shave, shower and shampoo we all left for the Palais des Academies for the Ceremony. The hall was like unto the Abbey at Westminster where the Queen was crowned. We were to

sit on the right side of the stage with a Guard of Honor of Belgian officers behind us. On the stage came forty-eight Belgian soldiers bearing the flags of the forty-eight states of the United States. Then came a Guard of Honor for Old Glory and also one for the Belgian Flag. On the rostrum were Prime Minister, the President of the Belgian American association who planned and directed the services, and other dignitaries. Counts and countesses were in attendance, dukes and duchesses, generals of the army, the two archbishops, the Ambassador from the United States and Ministers of England, France and other European countries. Invitations were few and had been extended only to the highest ranking families and personages in Europe. The 106th was really

in its proper glory. The men who represented our Association were proud of their duty and resplendent in their performance of it.

General McAuliffe entered with his Aide and then the King himself entered his box and the program began. We omit the speeches made by McAuliffe and the others to hasten to the end of the program.

With the band playing the National Anthem, the King left his box for the rear conference room. Your men of the 106th were then escorted to the rear of the Palace to meet his Majesty, King Baudouin. Before a battery of at least thirty cameramen and the newsreels the King approached, first shaking hands with Richard Behr, Minnesota, then Doc Fridline of Ashland, Ohio. The King smiled and shook hands with each and made them feel at ease. Then he moved on to shake the hand of John Gallagher of

forward members of the 106th who made the trip at their own expense to help memorialize the 10th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge.

After the King left to go back to his Palace the group was ushered into another conference room where they made a broadcast to America with General McAuliffe and Count Boel, head of the Belgian American Association. The Belgian Broadcasting Company is sending a copy of the tape for our use in Detroit in exchange for a copy of the Lions Tale for their records.

After leaving the Palace the men were taken to the fabulous Hotel Metropole for a banquet in their honor and that of General McAuliffe. To skip details, it can be said that the group was really in the height of its glory and when they were introduced and asked to stand so that all could see them they were given an ovation for several minutes. If they hadn't sat down they would still be clapping, so high was their regard for these men. A tired but happy bunch of GIs made their way back to their hotel, and still it wasn't finished, for photographers and reporters followed them to get personal stories from each one. The next morning every newspaper carried their pictures and the story of the 106th. Truly the 106th had made history once again.

Paris

This actually concludes the story pertinent to the 106th, for the balance of the trip was fun for all and a good time was had. They went on to Paris for three days and who needs to explain Paris. They saw and did everything everyone does when they go to Paris. The Folies Bergere, Place Pigalle, Versailles—the perfume shops, the



Laureldale, Pa., then to Bill McMurray from Canonsburg. He had to look up to big Jim Wells of Hephzibah, Georgia and finally to Doug Coffey of West Orange New Jersey. By prearrangement Coffey was to make the presentation of the Lions Tale to his Majesty. Coffey, in a steady voice, made a speech for which he was later commended by his comrades, and presented the King with the Lions Tale on behalf of the Division Association. The King then thanked Coffey and stepped back and thanked the entire group for coming to take part in the services. The King was visibly moved by this fine group of straight-



Louvre and all the rest. From Paris they went to Amsterdam and were much impressed. They rode around by tourist bus and went up and down the canals by boat. They bought souvenirs, ate wonderful meals at bargain prices. They visited a diamond factory but alas, no samples. Departure time arriving, they boarded their Super-Constellation for the trip to good old USA. They put down in Glasgow due to weather and had dinner and then took off once again for Gander, Newfoundland. As a snow storm arose they were forced to land at the Stephenville Army Air Base in southern Newfoundland. Leaving Newfoundland for home the clouds were beautiful with the sun shining in all its fullness. As the travelers approached Idlewild, New York, they vowed to get together at Detroit and have their own Convention of the 106th Travelers.

At the airport, after passing through customs, the men bade their adieus and made their way to their own homes. Though a bit tired, their spirits were high with that feeling that it was a job well done.

MARYLAND CHAPTER NEWS

The Maryland Chapter held its Annual Dinner and Reunion on 16 December at Marty's in Baltimore where we had the Friday night get-together at the Baltimore Convention.

After a delicious steak dinner, with all the trimmings, those present had a great time reminiscing over past experiences, learning here and there bits of extra information about our days in the 106th.

Those present were Henry Broth, Austin Byrd, Dick Hartman, John Hilscher, Vernon Jenkins and John and Kay Loveless, all of Baltimore; Sam Blandford, Easton; Oliver Lothrop and his wife, of Towson; and Bill and Mary Fowler and Bill's sister, Ella Hoffman, all of Washington, D.C.

HELP !!!

The Association is in dire need of dues, both current and past. Those of you who haven't paid, please help the Treasurer balance his books in black ink and not red. And if you haven't already done so, get one of your buddies to join the Association. We have 100 less members this year than last! What will you, personally, do about it?

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We have passed the mid-year mark in our Association year. This issue of THE CUB brings you news of the 10th Anniversary celebrated in Belgium of the Battle of the Bulge, of the various 16 December Reunions and Memorial Services held throughout our Chapters, and of buddies of each of us during our period of service in the 106th.

These things show that we, as an Association, are busy; they indicate that the remaining portion of the year and the years to come hold much in store for us. With the help of each and every member of the Association, we look forward to many years of important activity and service to the Golden Lions of World War II. We are counting on each one of you, for you are our Association.

As for myself, I sincerely hope that I shall have the pleasure of greeting you all in person in Detroit, renewing old friendships and making new ones, for many of you are known to me only by name.

John T. Loveless, Jr.

THE CUB

106th Infantry Division Association, Inc.
Box 238, Loudonville, New York

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