

# *The* **UB**

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR  
The Veterans of the  
106th INFANTRY  
DIVISION

*of the*  
**GOLDEN LION**

Vol. 27, No. 2

JANUARY - FEBRUARY - MARCH 1971

**Season's  
Blessings  
To All**

**106th Infantry Division Association, Inc.**

President ..... John I. Gallagher  
 Vice-President ..... Robert A. Gilder  
 Adjutant ..... Robert L. Scranton  
 Treasurer ..... Sherod Collins  
 Chaplain ..... John T. Loveless, Jr.  
 Historian ..... Sherod Collins

The CUB is the official publication of the Association. Membership in the Association is \$5.00 per year which includes subscription to the CUB.

Editor ..... John Gallagher

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 9441 Lee Road  
 Brighton, Mich. 48116

Auxiliary Dues \$2.00 per year.

Deadline for next Cub, February 8th.



**JOHN T.  
 LOVELESS, JR.**

In the last issue of THE CUB, a reference was made to pictures supposedly taken at the 592d Artillery Reunion at Hershey Park on the Sunday before Labor Day.

I confess that I was the unhappy and embarrassed photographer who, contrary to practice and without explanation, had failed to place a new roll of film in the camera immediately upon removal of that which had been exposed. An attempt to purchase some film was unsatisfactory as the only type available was different from the type I normally use. However, a chance was taken and though the results are fair when seen enlarged on a screen, they are disappointing in small prints. Our editor will have to decide if any are worth reproducing in THE CUB.

This incident has supplied me with a needed subject for this column.

Because I did not have the camera ready when needed, a certain spontaneity was lost in the pictures. In the meantime, some of those present had left the Park and the light had faded. Together, these reduced the number and variety of pictures that could be taken.

Although I never had the opportunity to be a member, I admire the program of the Boy Scouts and their slogan "Be Prepared".

The incident at Hershey Park indicates that we should be prepared at all times, even in small and seemingly inconsequential matters, if we hope for and expect to achieve full and satisfactory results from our efforts.

How much more important, then, that we be prepared insofar as we can be for all events, great and small, that might occur in our busy and crowded lives as they relate to family, community, country, morals, faith, life itself.

"Prepare your work outside, get everything ready for you in the field; and after that build your house." — Proverbs 24:27

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

At the end of each year, business organizations are required to take inventory and prepare a statement of their financial status. Are we as individuals different? Each of us is in the business of life. Therefore, should we not take an inventory and prepare a statement so we know who we are and where we are going? How do we stand on the issues of the day? How well do we utilize the resources at our disposal? Does our daily life-style reflect our faith, values, and beliefs? During this blessed season, let us all examine and reaffirm our basic tenets of life.

## CHRISTMAS EVE 1944

As members of "C" Co. 81st Engineers, we were most fortunate. We had received mail for the first time in several weeks. Oh, how happy we were to have letters from our loved ones! How happy we were to realize our lives had been spared! No Christmas gift could be more meaningful than the one we received that Christmas Eve 1944.

## GENERAL SPEAKS

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS BY GENERAL W. C. WESTMORELAND, CHIEF OF STAFF, U.S. ARMY TO CONFERENCE NATIONAL GUARD ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

17 SEPTEMBER 1970

...The opportunity to address this audience is especially welcomed...for currently we are confronted with challenges that are unparalleled in the history of this Nation....

Today we continue to wind down the longest, most complex war our country ever fought. Because the South Vietnamese are shouldering more of the battlefield burden, we are redeploying units from the combat zone....and most of those units that are coming home are being inactivated as the Armed Forces shrink in size to conform to smaller budgets.

To reduce our Armed Forces as hostilities wind down is nothing new in the United States. Traditionally after every war, we have decreased the number of men in the uniformed services. But unlike any previous war, our soldiers are not coming home to widespread recognition of a job well done.

Because our military power under imposed constraints has been unable to force the North Vietnamese to negotiate constructively at the peace table in Paris....and because we have been unable to reduce our involvement sooner....the military have borne a major share of the Nation's frustration.

In spite of the antimilitary mood that pervades certain segments of our society, I believe that the Armed Forces have done what they were asked to do in Vietnam....to prevent the communists from forcing their will on the South Vietnamese people.

L. T. McM.

## TOMORROW'S LEADERS

The children in our nation's homes today will be the leaders of tomorrow. The direction of their leadership will depend upon the training and direction they receive from their parents and other adults with whom they associate.

## BAG LUNCH

(Memorial to Maj. Gen. Alan W. Jones)  
1894-1969

We are writing this column on 11 November, Veteran's Day 1970. We just read of a newsman in Vietnam who was present at Khe Sanh during the bitter fighting which took place there in 1968. He returned to that battlefield at a later date to do follow-up story. As he strolled through the now empty bunkers and fortifications he came across an empty C-rations box on which one of the defenders of Khe Sanh had written:

"For those who fight for it, life has a special flavor the protected will never know". These simple words, perhaps, best express the feelings of the long line of soldiers we honor today....The American Veteran. Today's veterans, including our Golden Lions, like their comrades in arms in past conflicts, know only too well the depth and meaning of these words. For it has been their sacrifice and their service in the interest of free mankind which has kept the country free and protected.

One out of every eight Americans is a veteran of wartime military service. They are a cross section of the nation and are represented by both sexes. They are found in every occupation, in every walk of life and at every level of responsible service to our nation. Although their average age as a group is a little over 44 years, their individual ages are representative of those periods in our history where the forces of tyranny and oppression sought by violence to crush the hopes, dreams and aspirations of free men.

L. T. McM.

## NEW MEMBERS

Each member of the 106th is a member of the membership committee. What is your report on recruitment of new members?

## DUES

Have you paid your dues? Dues are \$5.00; auxiliary dues are \$2.00. Please forward to Bob Scranton:

9441 Lee Road  
Brighton, Michigan 48116

Contributions to the memorial fund may be included with dues remittance.

## UP-DATE

JUDGE LAWRENCE GUBOW and family will soon move to their new home at 4397 Sunningdale Drive, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013. Son David, a senior and hockey player at the University of Michigan, worked this summer as a guide at Fort Mackinac, Mackinac Island. Daughter Mona spent the summer working as an intern for Senator Edmund Muskie in Washington and is now a junior at Mount Holyoke College. Daughter Janey is in her new school while mother Estelle is busy tending house and preparing for the new move. Larry continues administering justice as a Federal Judge. The 106th wishes the Gubows happiness in their new home.

GILBERT MARCUS, 423, writes "I still consider it a privilege and also a sacred duty to continue my membership and memorial contribution to those living and dead who fought so heroically so that we may enjoy our blessings today."

GENE KUHN, MP, 471-12 Ave. Rt. 2, Columbus, Nebraska 68601, owns and operates two filling stations—Kuhn Oil Co. and Cozy Corner Station. He and his wife have four married children and seven grandchildren. They wish to hear from anyone who was in the same unit. The 106th warmly welcomes this new member and his family.

FRED BURNHAM, Div. Band, is still heading Illinois School Consulting. His daughter, Susan, just returned from Germany with new grandson Shane. Daughter Debbie is a freshman at Western Illinois University, Macomb, Illinois—Fred's home town.

VINCENT MUSTACCHIO, Co. D-331 Med. Bn., is employed by the municipality of Belleville as a building inspector. Son James was graduated from Newark College of Engineering as a chemical engineer. James is now serving basic training at Fort Jackson, S.C., where Vincent served when the 106th was activated in 1943.

CHARLES LEWIS, 806 Ord. Co., practices law in the firm of Lewis and Lewis.

His daughter, Dede, is married and son Michael and daughter Gail both attend Queens College, New York. Charles reports he was the Division Ammunition Officer.

The 106th extends deepest sympathy and regret to Mrs. William T. Manahan, Blue Ridge Summit, Box 311, Pa. 17214. Her husband, Col. Wm. T. Manahan-806 Ord. Co. Div. Officer—died last April as a result of brain cancer. The oldest son is a Major working for NASA in Washington, D.C.—"on loan" from the U.S. Army Engineering Dept.

JOSEPH KERSTEN, G. 423, proudly reports a family increase to five boys and one girl. Congratulations on the new arrival, son Douglas, born July 13, 1970.

T. WAYNE BLACK, R. Hq. Co., 422, of Waterloo, Iowa, was beginning to wonder if the Association had died! He thought it couldn't stand the good Iowa air at Davenport. He looks forward to the new Cub. Wayne, we're still alive and functioning!

JOSEPH LITVIN, D 423, is still semi-retired, working a few days a week. He keeps active by playing golf, working in the yard and traveling. Joe hopes to keep this up if inflation doesn't catch up with him! He regretfully reports his fishing has been poor—can't brag about any good catches or big lunkers!

HENRY FREEDMAN, R. Hq. Co. 422, 2546 Shallowford Road NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30345—is now divisional merchandise manager of Rich's Inc. in Atlanta, the South's largest department store. The Freedmans, who will be married nineteen years in January, have two sons: Robby, 15, and Alan, 12. Henry would like to hear from anyone who was in Stalag 9B (Badorb) or Stalag 9A Zeigenhain.

BOB HOWELL, Service 424, writes he is still kicking and wants to return to Belgium and Austria. He regrets having missed all at Davenport and looks forward to Philadelphia.

OLIVER LOTHROP, JR., B 423, is now

with Maryland Equities, Ltd., a technical and management consulting firm serving the Baltimore area.

DON HOUSEMAN, D 423, is president of Houseman and Co., Inc., general insurance agents. He and his wife, parents of five children, two of whom are married, reside at 400 N. Akard St., Dallas, Texas 75201.

JAMES FONDA, B 590 F A Bn, 20 Barbour Lane, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013, writes that Jim Jr. was graduated from Rice University in 1970. He is a systems analyst for Computer Complex Inc. in Houston. Son Rod, a sophomore at Yale, hopes to make the varsity baseball team next Spring. Jim and wife, Mary Jane, are enjoying it back in Michigan after being away for twelve years. Jim does systems work at the home office of Burroughs Corp. in Detroit.

DON KERSTEINER, Hq 2nd Bn 424, reports that everything is going well. He, wife Carol, Beth-10, and Steve-8 are all in good health.

ROLLIN TWINING, 106th CIC and Hq Co. 424, 19 Lennox Drive, Binghamton, N.Y. 13903, is the senior partner of Twin-ing and Fischer Law firm. The Twinings are blessed with four grandchildren.

DR. GEORGE OSBORNE, 331 Med. Det. 3rd Bn. 423, 1042 Ovington Road, Jacksonville, Florida 32216; is a physician in a V.A. outpatient clinic in Jacksonville. Three eldest of four sons are married. George Jr. is asst. state attorney in St. Petersburg. Ronald, Capt. U.S. Merchant Marine, is a Lt. in the Naval Reserve at Baltimore. Robert, Lt. U.S. Navy, is stationed at the Panama Canal Zone. Son James is at home with mother Ethel. The Osbornes have four grandchildren.

LT. COL. BYRNE A. BOWMAN, Div. Hq, Staff Judge Advocate, continues to actively practice law as a partner in Felix, Bowman, McIntyre and McDivitt in Oklahoma City.

BERNARD D. HERBERT, Quartermaster, of Indianapolis heads a trucking

business consisting of 25 dump trucks and five tractor trailers which haul parts for Balkamp Inc. Bernard is proud of his thriving business.

COL. ALAN W. JONES, JR., Hq. 1st Bn. 423, U.S. Army Element, Hq. AFCE-NT, APO New York 09011; visited the memorial in St. Vith on July 18, 1970.

J. B. STRICKLAND, SRA-ASA, 3006 Milton Road, Middletown, Ohio 45042, 424, reports that his only son, Daniel, is a senior at Ohio State Univ. Dental School. He was married last July and spent his honeymoon at Newport, R.I. Dental Navy training. After graduation from OSU, Daniel will serve in the Navy.

The 106th extends sincere sympathy to John P. Fleming, 2nd Bn Hq, Bldg. 22 Apt. 2A, 676 Park Ave., East Orange, New Jersey 07017. On July 16, 1970 John's wife, Lilyan, died after a long illness.

DR. GEORGE M. BULLARD, Forest Lake Rt. 4, Mebane, N.C., 27302, writes that he and Doug Coffey attended the reunion of French POW's of Ziegenhain September 26, 1970 in Paris. George hopes Doug will write about it because he does a better job.

WINNIE AND LEO GREGORY, 3rd Bn Hq 424, report that their family has grown both in number and size. It consists of three children, two step-children and six grandchildren—five girls and finally a grandson. Leo was presented a 30 year Service Pin at E.I. Du Pont Co., Old Hickory, Tennessee, in August.

CHARLES PEYSER, B 424, informs us that since his return from service, he has been a store manager in Middlesboro, Kentucky; Huntington, W. Va.; and for the last thirteen years at Hanover, Pennsylvania. He recommends the 106th contact Roger Rutland, who was First Sgt. of Co. B., Columbia, S.C.; and Harry Robb, former Supply Sgt., who lives in Glassboro, N.J. He states that correct current addresses are not available. Please advise.

GEORGE KAUFMAN, H 423, contacted

several fellows of the old outfit and told them about the Association. He hopes they join. George wishes the Association the best of success for the coming year and future years.

BRUCE GLEN, Hq Co., reports that son Jim, a 1969 graduate of Norwich University, is a 1st Lt. with the 1st Airborne Cavalry in Vietnam. Peter is a senior and Richard a junior at Norwich.

FRANKLIN KOEHLER, D 424, writes he is married to wife Madeline for 28 years. Daughter Kathleen is a Ph.D. candidate in chemistry at the University of Illinois. Daughter Virginia made the Koehlers grandparents. Larainne is an undergraduate at Cooper Union majoring in physics. Son Kenneth is in eighth grade. Franklin is associated with an import-export firm for 31 years.

EUGENE SAUCERMAN, D 422, and wife spent a week-end in October with the Russ Enlow's. The Robert Walkers and Elsby Keilmans were also there.

HAROLD KUIZEMA, B 589, is an independent hardware merchant belonging to a national group—V & S—TV Hardware stores. Harold would like to know if there are any fellow 106th division members also connected with Cotter Co. out of Chicago. His address is 2151 Griggs S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506.

GORDON PINNEY, B 423, writes that wife Patricia is a church secretary and President of Woman's Fellowship. Daughter Nancy is a student at Parks Business College. Son Ralph is in U.S. Navy nuclear power training. Sidney is in third grade elementary school. Gordon is a chief engineer with Goodall Electric, Inc.

JEROME FRANKEL, Hq. Co., 423, reports that all is O.K. Jerome gives his best regards to all the gang.

The 106th heartily welcomes JAMES P. FORD, Hq. Co., 424, as a member to the Association. James resides at 1829 South Alden St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19143.

COL. C. C. Cavender, 423, writes there

is no change at his home in Laguna Hills, California. He wishes the 106th Good Luck! He would love to attend reunions but does little or no traveling.

## LETTERS TO EDITOR

219½ North Maple Avenue  
Greensburg, Penna. 15601  
November 11, 1970

Mr. Douglas S. Coffey  
C/O Town Hall  
West Orange, New Jersey 07052

Dear Doug:

I received my copy of the CUB yesterday and want to take this opportunity to tell you and John Gallagher that you fellows certainly are doing a great job in putting out such a newsy and professional "booklet". I want you all to know that I appreciate it and I know the great amount of time all of you are devoting to it. I told my wife, Lillian, that we have one of the greatest bunch of guys I have ever known.

Doug, regarding your article, "Another Opportunity", please accept this letter as formal notification to you to add a total of four more (4) persons to your list for the Europe trip in September, 1971. They are:

Mr. & Mrs. Walter Bandurak  
Mr. & Mrs. Edward L. Maher

Ed Maher is a personal friend of mine and was a member of Company C, 1st Battalion, 423rd Infantry Regiment. He was with us during the Battle of the Bulge; was captured on or about December 17-18th, 1944, was in Bad Orb with you fellows and later was liberated on Good Friday, 1945. Please put him on your mailing list for the trip and send him the particulars as soon as you can. His address is:

Mr. Edward L. Maher  
543 Country Club Road  
Washington, Pennsylvania

Regarding the Division insignia and name to identify our monument in St. Vith—I have made numerous inquiries in the Pittsburgh area on such a project and have hit snags. The blue and gold colors are next to impossible to duplicate—no problem with the red, white and brown. One company suggested to cut out

a large circle of thick plywood; paint the insigna on it and apply several coats of good spar or marine varnish. He felt that the overhang on the monument would protect it from the harsh weather. It is a suggestion but I am sure we can and will do better. I'll keep plugging away and let you know in future correspondence how I make out.

Always,  
Walt

• • •

22 October 1970

Dear John:

I've been in Togus, Me., V.A. Hospital for sometime, am released, and have been given 100% Service-Connected disability from the V. A. I've resigned and will retire from My Church.

I thought you'd like a copy of the enclosed news release for "the Cub". (Article printed in this edition.)

Best wishes,  
Ronald A. Mosley

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## LOCAL SCOUT LEADER ATTENDS CONFERENCE IN NEW MEXICO

Reprint from The Naperville Sun  
Thursday, August 27, 1970



J. Glenn Schnizlein

J. Glenn Schnizlein of 1460 N. Webster

St., Scout Leader in the DuPage Area Council, has just returned from participating in a Farm-City conference at Philmont Training Center, Cimarron, N. Mex., for which he received a scholarship from the Boy Scouts of America.

The scholarship for himself and Mrs. Schnizlein was awarded on a basis of outstanding leadership in Scouting, church, civic, and other community organizations.

Schnizlein has been an active adult Scouter for the past 21 years, having served in his present capacity as Council Operating committee chairman for two years. He has also served as District chairman and Institutional representative. He has received the Silver Beaver, St. George award, is president of the Naperville Jaycees, a member of the Naperville Human Relations council, and of the Chemists' association.

The Boy Scouts of American launched this program 15 years ago as a means of paying tribute to the thousands of community-minded men across America who give much of their lives as volunteer leaders of boys. Only 140 men from all 50 States received scholarships this year. Scholarships are made available by the Sears-Roebuck Foundation and the National and State Associations of Soil and Water Conservation Districts.

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## MAINE PASTOR TO RETIRE

The Rev. Dr. Ronald A. Mosley tendered his resignation as pastor of the First Parish Church Congregational, Freeport, Me. (United Church of Christ), to a special church meeting, September 13, effective November 15. Dr. Mosley plans to retire because of ill health. As retired U.S. Army Reserve chaplain, he is a service-connected disabled veteran and recently spent two months in hospital.

Dr. Mosley has served the Freeport Church since March, 1967, serving previously in Maine as Director of the Southwest Harbor-Tremont Larger Parish, The Bar Harbor Congregational Church, and the First Congregational Church, Camden. He served student parishes in Indiana and Massachusetts where he was minister of the Newburyport and Byfield Methodist Churches and the East Natick United Methodist Church. From 1952-57

he pastored the Federated Church of Marlborough, N. H.

Born at Oak Lake, Manitoba, Canada to Chaplain T. Arthur Mosley, Royal Canadian Army and Ethel (Huggons-Brown) Mosley, educated in the public schools of Canada and New England, he graduated from New Bedford, Mass., High School and received his advanced education at DePauw University, Indiana, and Boston and Harvard Universities. During army service in England, he took studies at Christchurch College, Oxford. He is a graduate of the U.S. Army Chaplain School and the American Red Cross National Aquatic School. He served over 30 years as a student and ordained minister.

Dr. Mosley has been a contributor to various newspapers and magazines and authored a devotional book, *LIFE UP YOUR FAITH!* He has served on various boards and commissions of his denomination and was Massachusetts State Chaplain of AMVETS from 1950-53. From 1958-60, he had a daily and weekly radio program of religious news and inspiration over WDEA Radio, Ellsworth, Me. Dr. Mosley is currently First Vice President of the New England Chapter of The Military Chaplains Association of the USA and a life member.

During World War II, he served as chaplain with the 424th Infantry Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division in Europe, the 188th General Hospital in England, and the Percy Jones Hospital Center at Ft. Custer, Michigan. He wears the Bronze Star with V device, the Purple Heart with Cluster, two battle stars on the ETO ribbon, the Presidential Unit Citation, and the Belgian Fourraguerre. He is listed in vols. 10 - 12 of *WHO'S WHO IN THE EAST*.

Married to the former Eloise Chapin of Chicago, the Mosleys have three children: Mrs. William K. Elbring of Lafayette, Indiana; Ronald A. Jr., Colorado Springs; and Gordon Gunn of Lansing, Michigan; and two grandchildren. Mrs. Mosley is a teacher in the Freeport schools.

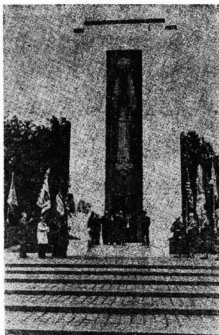
Dr. Mosley is well known for his lectures and motion pictures of the Holy Land and trailer and camper trips to the western national parks. In 1960, Dr. Mosley and son Ronald Jr. took a canoe to Palestine and traveled on the Jordan River, the Dead Sea, and the Sea of Gal-

ilee, the first Americans to make this expedition.

Dr. and Mrs. Mosley plan to continue living in their home in Freeport, and Dr. Mosley will do some writing and interim supply work in Maine churches.

## 89th Cavalry Reconnaissance Veterans Visit Old Battle Sites for 25th Anniversary

Reprint from Reading Eagle, Reading, Pa.  
November 1, 1970



*At the Monument du Souvenir, in the Hamm cemetery, the people of Luxembourg paid tribute to the American GIs who died while liberating the little country in World War II. The Americans, in turn, honored the soldiers of Luxembourg. On the right are members of the special U.S. Army honor guard sent to Luxembourg for the commemoration.*

In a cemetery at Hamm, three miles from Luxembourg, capital city of the little European country of the same name, are the graves of Gen. George S. Patton and more than 5,000 other American soldiers of World War II. Among these are the burial places of men of the 89th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron of the 9th



Armored Division who helped to liberate the people of the tiny country from four years of cruel occupation.

Troop A of the 89th has been getting together in various cities and states across our country every three years since the cease-fire in 1945. This year, the regular rhythm of the reunions was broken to permit the men an extraordinary 25th anniversary — a return to the battle-grounds and a visit with the people of Luxembourg.

And the Luxembourgers remembered the American men.

With all guests included, 243 persons took the tour. The group's chartered flight left New York on Saturday, Aug. 29 for England. Following some sight-seeing in and around London, the party crossed the English Channel, arriving at Ostend, Belgium, on the 31st.

At Ostend they boarded tour buses from Luxembourg. These took the Americans on their entire journey through France, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein and Austria.

On Sept. 1, they traveled down the coast of France, through Dunkerque, Calais, Boulogne, Montruel, Abbeville, Rouen, Lisieux and Caen. On Sept. 2, they visited the Omaha and Utah beaches of D-Day fame.

En route to Luxembourg, the party spent a day and a night in Paris.

Late in the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 4, the buses arrived in the city of Luxembourg, receiving there a magnificent welcome that was broadcast by radio and television and was covered by the Luxembourg newspapers.

## PHILADELPHIA 1958



Do you recognize any of these young folks who attended our 12th Reunion?

## P. O. W. REUNION

I have just returned from one of the finest trips a person in the 106th can make.

As I had gotten to the point where my job was going to get me or I was going to get my job, I decided to take a trip back to St. Vith and parts, North, South and East, just going from place to place with no set destination in mind from day to day. I mentioned this fact at this year's Convention to George Bullard and Jim Wells. When I finally made up my mind I called Jim but he felt he could not get away in September when I slated the trip. Then I tried George Bullard and he too said he didn't think he could get away. Not liking it, but satisfied that I would go bumming around by myself I made initial reservations to fly on Icelandic Airlines new Jets they have now, feeling this would give me a good preview for next September (1971) trip for the 106ers who plan to go back then. The next night my phone rang and it was George Bullard asking if it was too late to change his mind and go to Europe with me. He said he could only take 10 days but would like to go. This was the beginning of an Odyssey. I made the necessary arrangements, after some difficulty, with Icelandic and wrote back and forth to George stating that there were some things he wanted to see and some I wanted to see and just play it all by ear.

I met George at Kennedy Airport and went to the counter to check in and to our dismay the clerk started to write down a different flight number on my ticket. I said, "Hold it fellow, what are you doing, I have firm reservations on flight 200 not 204." He said I'm sorry but we are sold out on flight 200. Luckily, through the 106th trip last year I remembered a name of one of the bosses of Icelandic and told the clerk I wanted to see him. He said, "You know . . . . .?" "Yes, I know . . . . ." Just at that point who came out but my friend . . . . . I said Hi, and he said Hi and I said I have a problem. When I told him they were shifting my flight and told him we were on our way to a Former Prisoner of War meeting in Paris, he took me to one side

and told me they had got caught by a group just like the 106th who wanted a few last minute seats and to keep the group together they bumped people to the next flight which was in an hour and half. He said he would send any message we wanted and do anything to make it up to us. I had him send a message to hold our Rent a Car in Luxembourg so we wouldn't be stranded before we started our trip. Then he said heres a chit for a meal and gave us a \$20.00 voucher for which George and I had the most wonderful meal overlooking the Airport activity while we waited the extra time for our Jet flight to take off. As George said, we haven't even started and we are \$20.00 ahead.

Our flight was smooth and on time with good meals and drinks. While George looked after the luggage I made the arrangements for our little Renault 4 which we nicknamed Rennie for the trip. A young gal came out to the parking lot and gave me the keys and said, "Here's this and here's that and that was it." A Renault 4 had a shift like something you have never seen. It is like a jack handle and you push and pull it to change gears. As we drove off we had occasion to blow the horn but for the life of both of us we couldn't find the horn. We pushed and shoved, moved everything that would move but no horn. The normal American horn is set in the middle of the steering wheel and there was a moveable part on this car. We took that apart and decided there was nothing there to make the electrical contact to blow the horn. (Remember this, I'll come back to it.)

We made our way towards St. Vith, which was to be our first stop. Words can't describe nor can George or my photos picture the beauty of the countryside of the Ardennes at this time of year. The breathless drops from the road down to the Valley's, the running streams. When we arrived in St. Vith we made directly for the Pip-Margraff Hotel, owned by the Mayor. He gave us warm welcome and gave us a room in a new Hotel he has taken over. We had a lovely room with private shower and plenty of closet space.

The first thing we wanted to do in St. Vith was to find the book, Kriegschicksale, which was written in German which I displayed at the Convention. George had now learned German and wanted his

own copy. We also wanted to buy a small horn so that we wouldn't be driving all over Europe without a horn. We couldn't get the book as it was out of print and a new printing was coming out shortly. With a little chicanery I was able to get the Mayor to part with one of his official copies so George was made very happy. As to the horn we found a good air horn which we tied on the door handle and had fun reaching out and blowing it when necessary.

Next day we visited the Monument and noted that our new Lectern has now been permanently placed in cement. We went to the College and as the Director was not there we had a young Assistant who spoke excellent English said that just two days ago they had sent me a package of the paintings that were on display while the group was there last year, but as there was no one from the College no one knew what to do with the paintings. These were the paintings that I done by offering a prize for the best paintings in honor of Ben Hagman. This is separate and apart from anything that is done by the 106th Association. As George hadn't seen the College before the Assistant and I took him on a tour which was very impressive and since my last visit they had added more facilities so I was pleased with the tour also. We asked him to convey our wishes and those of the 106th to the Director and if we returned to the area we would drop in and say hello.

As we were leaving the College and saying our goodbyes to the Assistant Director and one of his friends I asked if they were familiar with the Renault 4. We said we couldn't find the horn and they laughed when they saw our contraption on the door handle. After doing a little searching on their own they discovered that the horn was on the light switch and for lights you did one thing and for the horn you pushed it in. You never saw two such chagrined persons in your life. For the rest of their lives these two Belgians will be telling the story about the stupid Americans who couldn't even find the horn on a car and rigged up a makeshift one on the door handle. For a Doctor and a fairly successful businessman it was sickening. Every few yards we blew that damned horn just to show we both knew where it was and it became a standing joke between us. When things went

wrong we could always say, "At least we know where the horn is".

I suppose the mistake George and I made was not to keep a Diary of all the places and things we did during his ten day visit.

Our next visit on the way to our former German Prison Camp in Ziegenhain was at Nieuville en Condroz Military Cemetery. There were things we missed on the last visit and wanted to see and talk about. From there we went to Henri Chapelle Cemetery, outside of Liege. At both Cemeteries there are many 106ers together with my cousin and one of my neighbors.

When we arrived in Ziegenhain, for those of you who might remember it was a small Town, we wanted to start out by going to the railroad siding where we arrived some 25 years ago and then work our way up to the Camp itself. Luckily, George had taken a crash course in German, so we stopped the first place we saw activity and asked immediately if anyone understood English. No soap, so George outdid himself and spoke to them in German that they understood. The fellow helping us said we couldn't find the station by ourselves and offered to ride with us to show us the siding which is not used any longer. You can't imagine how we both felt remembering back to that cold and snowy day in 1945 when we got off the train. This trip, the weather was beautiful. We then made our way the same as 25 years ago up the hill, across the wide open fields where, if you remember the wind and snow was blowing so badly we damn near froze to death. Then the sudden approach to our Camp. I don't know which feelings were more intense, then or now for the Camp hadn't changed that much. The Guard Tower at the entrance looked down on George and I and the clock still keeps perfect time.

The old two level kitchen, believe it or not, is just as we left it 25 years ago. The former barracks have been dressed up and made into cubicles which are now used for Sudeten Germans who cannot go back to their native Checkoslovakia. The Recreation hall where my French Comrades took me when I was sick is still there and untouched. One of the former latrines in what was the French quarter is still unchanged. Some of the buildings have the same shutters but others have

been dressed up. We then went to the Prison Cemetery, which many of you probably didn't know about nor came in contact with but as I had been with the French I knew its location. When we arrived (it was down the road quite a ways) the front gate and entrance was just as it was 25 years ago. The gate consisted of swinging doors carved out by the Frenchmen and the carving was of the barbed wire to indicate we were kept behind barbed wire. Inside the Cemetery was still standing a monument which one of my very good French friends had been permitted to make by the Germans. The Cemetery itself was emptied of all American and French and other Nationalities and is now used by the Germans. I wonder if they realize what the significance of the wooden gate means.

When we came back to Town we were going to buy gas in one station but our friend said try the one further up it is cheaper. Not only cheaper but another experience. We talked with the attendant and when he found out we were former Kriegsgefangenen he told his wife to wait on the customers and took us into his home. He insisted we have some schnapps together, then he brought out his war mementoes. He was a Prisoner of the Russians. He had a very nice visit and upon leaving he excused himself for a minute, went down the cellar and came up with a big bottle of wine for George and I to have. He also informed us that the Commandant of our Prison Camp had lived in Ziegenhain and had only died last month.

George and I then made our way to the Air strip at Giessen. We wanted to see just what it looked like in peace time. The German barracks which were at the airport when we took off are occupied by American forces and as they have missiles there we were not allowed on the grounds. Funny, we could go all over Germany, France, Belgium and Holland and see and do anything and go anywhere but as soon as we ran into Americans it was forbidden to see anything. We fooled them and went around the back of the camp and crossed the railroad tracks and took our pictures anyhow. We remembered how we arrived here and took off in these old C-47s; one arriving and taking off with 25 men every ten minutes while the fighting was still going on.

We worked our way down to Bad Orb which I and many of the 106ers saw last year but George missed it. You never saw anything like it; when we hit Town there was no parking and you could hardly move. There were 20,000 bird watchers in Town like a Convention. Every Hotel was full and so were the stores and roads. We took the usual photos of a box car and walked all around the prison camp. The same guardian was there and he remembered me from the 106th group and let us in. Everyone else around was stunned that we were permitted and they were not. It pays to be in the 106th and thanks to the 106er who took this fellow's picture with the Polaroid when we were there in July.

We drove up and down both sides of the Rhine and you can believe the postcards; it is beautiful. Spent some time in beautiful Heidelberg with the Castle getting most of the attention with luncheon in the Perkeo where the July group met. We missed Tom Herrmann as he was on vacation. George had the bright idea he would like to see the Remagen bridge. He had a neighbor who had been there so we detoured to Remagen and climbed all over its walls like two school kids. We puffed a little but enjoyed it. We first checked it all out from the American side then found a little flatboat ferry to take over to the German side and proceeded to climb all over that side. The tunnel, which many of you may have seen in the movie, has been cemented up. We then went into Town to get a room for the night but as there was some exposition going on they didn't have any rooms. This is the nice part of having a car; if you can't find a room in one Town you go on to another. Before going on though we tried to cash some Travelers checks but as the banks were closed and the Hotels full we couldn't cash a thing. It was dinner time and we were hungry but had only a few marks between us. We noticed a little trailer like shop where a woman was selling Bratworst and some other German quickie like our Pizza pies. We angled up to see the price list to see just what we could afford. After geeking for a long period of time we determined that we had enough for two cokes and one Bratworst. Well! You never saw anything like it. Two, obviously well heeled Americans sitting on a curbstone sharing a Bratworst and a coke and just laughing

their fool heads off. (For you that don't know a Bratworst is nothing but a long thick hot dog which sticks out of the small roll by about two inches, covered by I don't know what all of German spices).

We arrived in the next Town, found a lovely room, a German who spoke a little English and kept his bar open for us.

We worked our way to a Dutch town in which a brother of one of the girls in my office lived. We went to the Police Station to find him as he is a Police officer and they gave us a police escort out to his home where we had a very enjoyable evening. He was very affable and spoke perfect English and his lovely daughter served us and talked with us until it came time to leave. He came with us in our car to show us the way back to where we were staying in Appeldoorn and then the police took him back home again. In arriving in Appeldoorn we couldn't find our Hotel so we asked a fellow who had just let a woman out of his car. He said he didn't understand English but his wife did. He called her back and she said we could never find our way so she got back into the car with her husband and led us back to our Hotel. People everywhere were so gracious to us and it made our trip a memorable one. Next day we headed for Rotterdam to see this new city that had been razed by the Germans in World War II. We found that they too were having an Exposition and they had erected a ski lift around the entire Town so, figuring this was the best way to see the Town we took the ride.

What a ride! We traveled all over the City for about an hour, witnessed the beginning of a wedding looking down from our chair car 60 feet in the air. Able to wave to Secretaries and what have you as we passed their windows. Looking down there was spread out in Miniature, the whole port of Rotterdam. The cranes worked, the barges and ships moved. A fantastic sight to look down upon.

Upon leaving Rotterdam we drove along the dikes to the Hook of Holland where we had to get our feet into the sandy beaches. Had a nice lunch and then started on a wild trip all through Zeeland, Holland and then made our way after many stops and interesting sights to Bastogne. At Bastogne we were interest-

ed in seeing that the "106" was finally fixed on the Mardasson Memorial. Hurray! It is done and I had my photo taken to prove it. We then went into town to ask the Mayor about the Road signs that we paid for and were to be erected for the 25th Anniversary. George and I didn't see them on the Road so I made directly for the Mayor's home. He was not in and his Maid, though understanding my French said she didn't know what happened to them. Then she called the Mayor's daughter who I remembered from previous visits and she remembered me. She said she couldn't reach her Father and didn't quite know about the signs but perhaps if we went to the Mayor's office the Secretary could help us. Off we went to the office and after abbit of wheeling and dealing we found out that the signs were in storage outside of Town. Yes, we did want to see them so off we went with the Mayor's daughter in town. When we arrived the Belgians who were working in the storage garage said all the signs were stored in another garage and did we really want to go through maybe a hundred signs to find the 106th. Still stubborn we insisted so off five of us went and started to hunt among the signs which were all covered and tied up. Success! After many duds we found ours and had our pictures taken with the signs to prove that our money had not been paid in vain. The idea is to bring these signs out on Anniversary dates and thus save them for many years. They are made of Aluminum and should last for a time.

We went back through St. Vith to meet with Kurt Fagnoul who was responsible for the German book, Kriegschicksale, to ask him for permission for General McMahon to translate portions for use in the Cub. He was very gracious and said as we had helped him he would help us as long as no one was deriving any profit from the use of the translations. This book is unusual as it tells individual stories about the battle of St. Vith.

Off to Metz and St. Avold where I promised another girl in the office I would take a picture of her Father's grave in the American Military Cemetery there in Lorraine Cemetery. We looked over the ancient walls of Metz which have a very historical background and could see the problems over the years of trying to storm this city. At the Cemetery we talk-

ed with the Superintendent and he asked us if we knew the Maginot Line was just over the rise. We didn't realize this so decided to investigate. He gave us general directions but we couldn't quite find it but seeing a little old lady coming up a path a pile of faggots on her back, I used my pigeon french on her and got exact directions. We clambered over and into the bunkers. Many had been destroyed by the Germans so no one could use them. The French for a while permitted people to use them for apartments but this has been stopped and while George and I got quite far into one there were steel pipes blocking full passage. These forts were close to the road and upon crossing the area to get out on the main road we saw a big one high up a rise. I said to George, Let's investigate. He said, "How the hell can we get there, it is on a hill across two fields". I said, "George, where is your adventurous spirit, Rennie is really a jeep in disguise." I drove Rennie across the fields and up the rise to within 100 feet of the fort. Couldn't get closer as it was ringed with barbed wire. It not only had a ring of barbed wire standing four feet high but on the ground it was interwoven about six inches off the ground so that the enemy, if he got this far, couldn't crawl on his belly and put in a satchel charge. Luckily, someone before us had cut a small path through the wire and I went to investigate while George remained behind. When I saw the destruction and the size of the cannon, I called to George and prevailed upon him to pick his way through the barbed wire and join me for photos. What a twosome! It is a wonder we both didn't get knocked off with our antics.

On our way back to Luxembourg where we planned a trip to Paris by train, we stopped over in Ettelbruck to take photos of General Patton's tank and flower garden and the statue of Patton there was being cleaned up by two workers with tarpaulin and ladder. We sheepishly asked them if we could take a picture. They obligingly took down the tarp and the ladder and permitted the photos. If this was in the States we probably would have been told to get lost. We came down to Hamm, where Patton is buried and took our photos there. Patton originally was buried neath a cross with all the rest of the GIs but as so many people came to pay respects they wore out the grass all

around him and the other GIs nearby so now he has been moved and they have a big slab of concrete for people to stand and pay their respects. The Cemetery, like all in Europe, is beautiful. Located 106ers in this Cemetery too. Then as a contrast we went down the road to a German Cemetery which was erected in World War I and then used in World War II. The Cemetery is well kept but nothing like ours. There is a huge and I mean huge German Cross which stands on a pedestal at the end of the Cemetery looking down on the graves. Their grave markers are placed in the ground as against our crosses and Jewish stars so it doesn't appear as impressive. They have their services there the same as we do and only a week before we were there one of the Regiments placed commemorative wreaths. We are all alike under the skin.

We dropped our car off in Luxembourg, spent the night at the Alpha Hotel and next morning were on our way to Paris. The train was a crack one and we left and arrived on time. Then began the usual fun & it is always okay when things wind up okay. I approached the desk of the Hotel Palais D'Orsay where we were to have the dinner in commemoration of the 25th Anniversary of Liberation of Prison Camps 9A, 9B and 9C. George and I were in both 9A and 9B. I receive an invitation each year and this was my second appearance. I asked the receptionist if she had my reservation. She looked and looked and nothing for Coffey or Bullard. I said you must have a reservation, it was made weeks ago by Doctor Olive the chairman of the affair. When I told her she was going to have 150 people she said not overnight, she has no knowledge. I said they would be here for dinner and many were staying over night and that the Doctor made the arrangements. She still insisted nothing for me and besides she said she doesn't take individuals only groups. The magic word, "Let me speak to the Manager". With that she dispatched a young girl for the Manager. She came back and said he didn't have too many details but if I said Dr. Olive made arrangements perhaps someone else took the message. P.S. we got a room with a bath. The sequel to this is that when I met my French friend at dinner he asked how come I was not staying in the same Hotel he was staying as Doctor Olive had made

reservations for him and Doc and I. Was my face red! Here I insisted on this Hotel and really had no reservations but it worked nevertheless and we had a most beautiful view out our window. In one direction we faced the Eiffel Tower and the other overlooked the Seine.

Before dinner we had a Memorial Service just as we do in the 106th. It was impressive, even though all in French and I could follow bits and pieces. We were greeted by my friend Maurice, who was in Ziegenhain Laurent King, a famous French Violinist, Fred Pithon, a Minister from Portes les Valence and many others I knew from previous meetings with them. Doctor Olive presented George and I the insignia of the POWs, a strand of barbed wire. To try to describe this meal served in a beautiful ballroom with chandeliers glistening, served in the grand manner by the French is indescribable. With every course we had to finish a different bottle of wine and I was worried about my own and George's capacity to keep up.

I was called upon and with the best effort possible I spoke to them in French and thanked them for inviting George and I and for the friendship which has been engendered over the years. I don't know whether I said it right or not but they gave me a polite grand hand. After dinner one of the guests walked up to George and through an interpreter said my name is Doctor Boulard also. It is pronounced the same as George's name Bullard. They swapped stories and found they were both general practitioners so you can see it is indeed a small world.

I said goodbye to George in the morning as he had to take a train back to Luxembourg to get back to his patients. I have never had a person on a trip who was so compatible (excepting my wife) never complained about a thing. We traveled 2,500 kilometers and stopped when we wanted and started in the morning when the spirit moved us. There was no definite place to go and no schedule to follow. We really had a ball and will be able to talk about it for years.

After leaving George. I joined my friend Pastor Fred Pithon and went to his home in Valence. We were met by his wife and son and driven to their home where I was privileged to have stayed once before. While there for want of some

activity while he worked on his Church work I took the leaves from a tree that was overloaded. Yes, you take the leaves from this tree, you don't wait for them to fall because they don't fall. His wife was concerned because their American friend wanted to work and then when I climbed on a wall to reach the higher branches both he and his wife had fits. They then took me to their summer home in the Mountains. I thought I was a nanny goat, not a brand new Renault automobile as we climbed up steep, winding, narrow country roads to reach a spot which overlooked the entire Rhone valley. Their home is very charming with many bedrooms and all facilities with a patio for eating and another on the second floor for looking over the mountains. The Alps can be seen from the porch. Madame Pithon has some seventy pear trees together with apple trees and tomatoes and what else in their garden. You could pick the fruit from the trees and eat it immediately; no chemicals are used and the fruit is tremendous in size and delicious. Also growing in abundance around the house and over the patio are three kinds of grapes. Never tasted anything like them. We visited a little old lady who is living the way they did in the Middle Ages. She makes goat cheese and on the pretext of buying some we entered her home. She has a grandfather clock still working that is more than 150 years old. She still cooks in the open hearth furnace. Took you right back to the days of D' Artagnan.

Reluctantly leaving Valence I went to Nice where I had a beautiful hotel overlooking the Mediterranean with a balcony with private bath for the exorbitant sum of \$7.50 with breakfast in bed. They apologized for having to charge me the full rate; I really occupied a double room. While in Nice I visited Laurent King, the violinist who was in Prison Camp with me and who used to sneak down from the French barracks to my barracks in the Hospital and played for me and the others. The memories that these visits bring back are treasures. It is a good thing that we can look back and remember the good days and not the horrible ones. After visiting Monaco and the rest of the Riviera I returned to Luxembourg where I met my wife, Isabel. We visited with Doctor Delaval and his wife and sister. The stay with the Delavals is always

a memorable one and they treat us Royally. While he pursued his practice one day I took Isabel and Simone, Maurice's sister to St. Vith to have their hair done. Simone said that the hair dresser in St. Vith is the best in the whole area. While the girls were doing that I visited with Mayor Pip, who is running for re-election and has sixteen competitors. I hope he makes it so we continue with our good contacts for the 106th that we have had for years. Be tough to start over with a new Mayor. I also visited finally with the Director of the College who was free. We had our usually friendly talk and I asked him to notify me of any needs that the College may have so that we in the 106th can continue our service to them. I thought they might have need of reference books or the like that we could supply. He will let us know, even though he is to become a Professor in the university of Louvain. He will remain as the Director of the College so we still have the contact at the College.

After a farewell to the Delavals, the Coffeys visited another French Prisoner of War in Roubaix, France which is near Lille. From there to England which ends the travels of concern to the 106th.

I would recommend to anyone who can take a trip out of season to do what George Bullard and I did. Not rush, no schedule, ate like food was going out of style, saw what we wanted to see and skipped the big Cities. Got along with the little people and made many acquaintances. Even made a friend in Spa which has ended up in the Coffeys taking the daughter of hotel owner into their home for the month of December.

George and I look forward to taking Isabel and Margaret with the group next September to see many of the things we missed.

#### Editors Note:

The P.W. of the 106th as are all P.O.W. to be saluted for theirs was a most difficult task. They had to endure the wrath of the enemy at the same time being concerned as to the progress of the war and for their loved ones at home.

Again, today we have brave men in far away prison camp with the same uncertainties. May each of us pray for their protection and dedicate ourselves to all in our power for their early return.

# **25th ANNUAL REUNION**

## **Valley Forge Holiday Inn King of Prussia, Pa.**

**July 22, 23, 24, 1971**

**LOCATION: AT VALLEY FORGE EXIT OF PENNA. TURNPIKE.  
HOURLY LIMOUSINE SERVICE FROM PHILA. INT. AIRPORT.**

Your reunion committee is at work making plans for our 25th reunion. General McMahon had made arrangements for us to have our memorial service at Valley Forge Military Academy.

Clayt Rarick, Charles Walsh and wife, Frank Maloney and wife spent a Sunday afternoon at your editor's home. The ladies are planning a fashion show and lunch, while the men are discussing the business of the convention.

A tour of Philadelphia is planned for the entire group. Time has been reserved for shopping at the large shopping centers next to the motel while the men can golf and enjoy the fellowship of their buddies.

Full details will be in future Cubs. Be sure to make your arrangements now for July 22-24, 1971.

**Your Convention Committee**