

The **UB** *of the* **GOLDEN LION**

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR

*The Veterans of the
106th INFANTRY
DIVISION*

Vol 46 —No. 3

APR—MAY—JUN 1990

**See Dr. Peterson's (423/I) story on return
to Stalag IX-A, inside - with photos**



Main Street, Stalag IX-A, Ziegenhain, Germany - 1944

Photo supplied by Steve Augerinos, 423/K

The CUB

a publication of the
106th Infantry Division
Association, Inc
1989—1990

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*The CUB is the official quarterly publication
of the Association. Membership in the Associa-
tion includes subscription to the CUB.*

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The NEW Life Membership fee is payable one
time only, with no annual dues thereafter.

Life Membership \$75.00

Life Auxiliary \$15.00

Life Associate \$75.00

For those choosing to pay Annual dues, pay
by July 1 each year. (July 1 to July 1 term)

Annual Membership \$10.00

Annual Auxiliary \$ 2.00

Annual Associate \$10.00

Make checks payable to

"106th Infantry Division Association."

Please Note!!!!

The next CUB will be mailed August 1.

**It is important that all material for that
issue be received by July 1, 1990.**

**This will assure prompt production of
The CUB, and allow it to reach all before
the 1990 Reunion in Sacramento.**

John Kline, editor

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President's Message

We are rapidly approaching the 44th Annual Reunion being held in Sacramento, California at the Hyatt-Regency Hotel. **Michael Thome** and his committee have worked hard to put together what appears to be a great event.

You should have received, by First Class mail, a packet containing the registration material for the Reunion. Read the instructions carefully. Please remember to make the Hotel Reservation **DIRECT WITH THE HOTEL**. The Reunion reservations go to the **ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE**. Contact your travel agent and firm up your plans, right away. **PLAN TO BE THERE!** I will be looking forward to visiting with you.

In the same breath that we speak of this year's reunion, we must also think ahead and beyond the 45th Annual Reunion being held in Huntsville, Alabama in 1991. Which city will host the 1992 reunion? Members wishing to host 1992 should present their plans General Membership meeting this year at Sacramento.

This April, the Executive Committee, acting in accordance with the guidelines established at the 1989 Board Meeting, authorized the expenditure of \$3,600 to be utilized in the start-up costs of a "Memorial CUB Issue." This "CUB Review" will be in the form of a resume' of all the important stories that have appeared in *The CUB of the Golden Lion*. The expended amount is to cover transposing of material from over 185 past issues of The CUB booklet and newspapers into a form that can be used in the production of a book. The book will be offered to the Association Membership, as well as to other interested parties, libraries, museums, etc. John Kline, the editor of The CUB, will have this material assembled and in a form of a "proof" that can be viewed by the Board at the Sacramento Reunion. It is planned that pre-publication orders will be taken at the Sacramento Reunion, and offered to those not attending through The CUB.

Kline, since the 1989 Board Meeting, had much to do with getting the Executive Board to accept the organization known as CRIBA (Center for the research and information of the Battle of the Bulge) as **HONORARY MEMBERS** of the 106th Infantry Division Association. We were the first Division Association to so honor them. They have worked hard for the 106th, and we wish to thank them for that. CRIBA in turn, have made our association an Honorary Member of their group.

Memorial Day, is a day selected by our government to honor "VETERANS." Fly your flags and say a prayer for them.

The 106th Infantry Division has shown tremendous growth. We are still maintaining nearly 1450 members on the roll. Yet, there are many out there that do not know we exist. Take every opportunity to let others know about our association. A small article in the State Legionnaire, or the State DAV, or the State VFW, or the Ax-POW local news letters will produce results. Get active - let those that are out there - know we exist. It works! See you all in Sacramento!



106th Infantry Division Association President
Orfeo E. Agostini, 1989 - 1990
A Company, 81st Combat Engineers

Orfeo "Gus" Agostini, president

106th Infantry Division Association

Serve the Lord with gladness;

Those who have served in combat and/or been POWs know many reasons to be happy with our lives. However, even the most optimistic of us are bound to have our "down" days now and then. No one has ever said that those who belong to God will always have an easy time living in this world, so I thought that you might find the following worthwhile.

TEN RULES FOR HAPPIER LIVING

1. Give something away (no strings attached).
2. Do a kindness (and forget it).
3. Spend a few minutes with the aged (their experience is a priceless guidance).
4. Look intently into the face of a baby (and marvel).
5. Laugh often (it is life's lubricant).
6. Give thanks (a thousand times a day is not enough).
7. Pray(or you will lose the way).
8. Work(with vim and vigor).
9. Plan as though you will live forever (because you will).
10. Live as though you will die tomorrow (because you will die on some tomorrow).

—Broad Street Banner

Dear Rev. Black:

We want to express to you our high regard, great respect and appreciation for your service to the members of Bishopville Presbyterian Church over the past thirteen years.

Your Christian teaching, leadership, and personal example have led us to overcome our difficulties and disagreements and become a properly unified Presbyterian Church. In our daily struggles, times of trouble and times of joy, you were always there to comfort, fellowship, inspire and lead us, and your timely sermons and daily walk with the Lord, gave us understanding of the Word and led us to further study, praise, and by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving make our request known unto God, who is the giver of every good and perfect gift.

In love and appreciation for your ministry to our congregation over the past years, we designate you as our Minister Emeritus and rejoice that you have chosen to make Bishopville, South Carolina your Retirement Home.

Yours in Christ,

THE SESSION

Bishopville Presbyterian Church

In place of Reverend Ewell Black's picture, I chose to recite a letter he received during a worship service in January. I know he is as proud of it, as we are of him.. John Kline, editor

I have the feeling that many of us —after the experiences of combat and prison camps— have continued our lives on bonus time. Had it not been for the intervention of our Lord, I believe that I would not have survived the POW experience. Therefore we should be constantly aware of how blessed we are to still be around in our 60s, 70s and 80s. As the words above give us secular reasons and a plan for living happy, I believe that the words of Psalm 100 give us a plan for God's Chosen People to live a happy life.

Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before him with joyful songs. Know that the Lord is God. It is he who made us, and we are his; we are his people, the sheep of his pasture.

Enter his gates with thanksgiving and his courts with praise; give thanks to him and praise his name. For the Lord is good and his love endures forever; his faithfulness continues through all generations.

Father we thank you for your gift of love, which reaches out to us in our dark moments and lifts us above the trials and tribulations of our daily living into the light of your presence in our lives.

Amen.

In Memoriam

"O valiant hearts, who to your glory came through dust of conflict and through battle flame; tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved, your memory hallowed in the land you loved."

William J. Devine, 423d Regiment, Service Company

It was with a sad heart that Bill Melichar of 423d Service Company reported the death of his friend and comrade-at-arms, William J. Devine. Bill passed away on March 19, 1990 from natural causes complicated by diabetes. Melichar said, "He was a friend to all – one of a kind. May he rest in peace."

Buster Downing 424th Regiment. "M" Company

It was reported by Bessie Downing that Buster passed away on August 22, 1989. No other details were given.

Alvin B. Grigsby Jr., Associate Member

Mail was returned marked "Deceased.: No other information available.

Henry Healan, 423d Regiment, "M" Company

The Barbed Wire Chapter of the American Ex-Prisoners of War bulletin reported Henry's death as of February 25, 1990. No other details were given.

George P. Mangiaracina, 422d Regiment Medic

Age 80, George passed away February 9, 1990. burial was at Queen of Heaven Cemetery. He was survived by Mary, his wife and five children.

Harrison Tissot, 422d Regiment, "C" Company

Date of death unknown. Mail was returned marked "deceased."

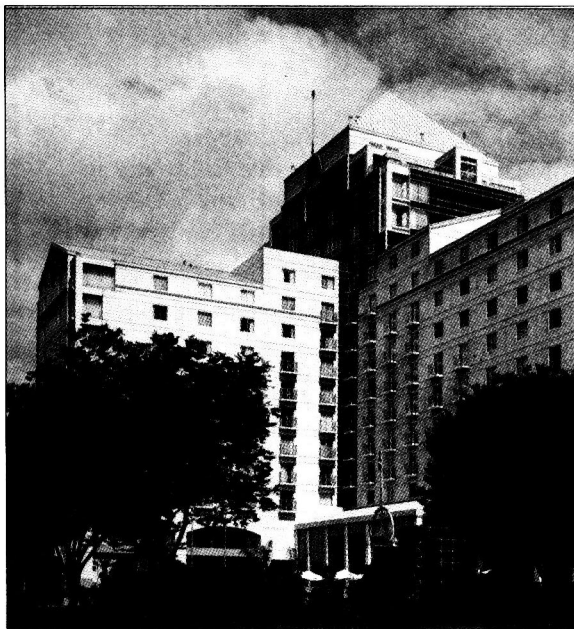
Edward C. Salata, 423d Medic

Edward's death was reported in the last CUB. Richard Juriga of Calumet City, Illinois called and said that the Executor is trying to locate Salata's son. If you have information please call or write the editor.

Colonel W. C. Scales, C.O. 422d Regiment, 2d Battalion

Colonel Scales death is reported by William Rickard, 5500 Pineland Rd., Richmond, VA 23234. Rickard was Communications Officer under Scales. He is survived by Helen Scales of Sweetwater, Texas. His wife wrote Rickard stating that the Colonel passed away on 21 September, 1989. Burial was with military honors. He died at the VA Hospital in Big Spring, Texas. He served in the Army from 1940-1948 and the Reserves from 1948 to 1958. From Helen's note it appears that he served with the 36th Division before he came to the 106th.

106th Infantry Division Reunion Sacramento, California August 30 to September 4, 1990



- Downtown, directly across the street from state capitol
- Adjacent to Sacramento Community Theatre and Convention Center
- 15 minutes from Sacramento Metro Airport - Shuttles available
- Walking distance to old Sacramento retail area, Crocker Art Gallery, California Railroad History Museum
- Easy Access to I-5 and I-80

HYATT REGENCY  SACRAMENTO

44th Annual Reunion Agenda

Hospitality Room - Carmel B

Thursday - August 30, 1990

2:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m. Early Bird Registration-Carmel A

8:00 a.m.-7:30 p.m. Visit Sacramento and Dinner on own

Friday - August 31, 1990

7:30 a.m.- 8:00 p.m. Registration - Carmel A

8:30 a.m.- 8:30 p.m. Lake Tahoe Gambling and Sightseeing Tour

9:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m. Historic Sacramento Tour

Lunch and Dinner on own

Saturday -September 1, 1990

7:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Registration -Ballroom Foyer

7:30 a.m. - 9:00 a.m. Full Breakfast- Regency B and C

9:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon Board Meeting- Big Sur

9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon Free Time - Unit Reunions

11:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m. No-host Bars Open - Regency Corridor

12:30 p.m.-3:30 p.m. Men's Luncheon -Business Meeting

Regency D and E

1:00 p.m.-3:00 p.m. Women's Luncheon and Fashion Show

by Tarika- Regency A and B

5:00 p.m.-7:00 p.m. Welcome Reception with No-host Bars-Regency D,E,F
Dinner on own

Sunday - September 2, 1990

7:30 a.m. -9:00 a.m. Full Breakfast-Regency D,E,F

8:30 a.m.-7:30 p.m. Tour Napa Wine Country

Lunch and Wine Tasting Included

8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Tour Nevada City/Empire Gold Mine

9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Free Time - Unit Reunions

Lunch and Dinner on own

Monday - Labor Day - September 3,1990

7:30 a.m. - 9:00 a.m. Full Breakfast with Speaker

9:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon Free Time - Unit Reunions

9:00 a.m.-12:00 noon Historic Sacramento Tour

Lunch on own

1:30 p.m.-3:30 p.m. Board Business Meeting

4:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Memorial Service - Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament

6:00 p.m.-7:00 p.m. Officers and Members of the Board

Reception with No-Host Bar, Regency D

7:00 p.m. - 11:30 p.m. Banquet and Dancing

Regency A,B,C and Corridor

Tuesday - September 4, 1990

7:30 a.m. - 9:00 a.m. Farewell Continental Breakfast Regency A,B,C

DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE YOUR
NAME TAGS (BADGES IN BOX)

AT FAREWELL BREAKFAST!

THANK YOU!

106th Infantry Division Association 44th Annual Reunion

NOTE! *All this information, in more detail, will be included in a First Class Mail packet being mailed around May 1, 1990.*

1990 Reunion Dates and Place:

August 30 - September 4, 1990, Hyatt Regency Hotel 1209 L St., Sacramento, CA 95814

Room Rate: \$54.00 plus tax. Reservation forms being mailed around May 1, 1990.

Hotel telephone: 916-443-1234

Toll free reservations: 1-800-233-1234

Mention you are with the 106th Infantry Division Association.

NOTE! Earthquakes - Mike Thome says that Sacramento has not experienced any earthquake shocks. The city is built on a "alluvial plain" (look it up in your dictionary) and does not feel shakes. No danger - guaranteed.

Registration Fee:

\$85.00 includes three full sit-down breakfasts, Welcome Reception, one lunch, the Banquet and dance, and farewell Continental breakfast.

Travel Arrangements and Tours:

Arrangements for travel should be made through Paramount Travel. You will be receiving a detailed travel letter outlining air fares and suggestions for your trip.

If you have any questions call Paramount Travel at 1-800-448-6278.

Airport:

Sacramento - served by all major airlines direct.

Airporter Service:

Arrangements made through Paramount Travel with Downtown Shuttle Service at \$7.00 per person one way or \$13 round trip. Look for them!

Car Rentals:

Arrangements made through Paramount Travel. Special rates are available - again, more detail is in the 1st Class Mail packet that you will receive.

Driving Directions:

Complete and concise directions will be included in the 1st Class Mail packet that you will receive.

RV Hookups:

One available. It is KOA Campgrounds, 4851 Lake Road, West Sacramento, 95691. Telephone; 916-371-6771 Reserve early, space limited.

Parking:

Hotel parking is expensive. City-run public parking cost less. Saturday and Sunday are free in large garage.

Tours:

Are optional. The following are offered, complete descriptions are in the 1st Class Mail packet that you will receive.

Friday, August 31 - Historic Sacramento - \$15.00 — 9:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Friday, August 31 - Lake Tahoe Gambling - \$20.00 — 8:30 a.m. - 8:30 p.m.

Sunday, September 2 - Napa Valley Wine Country - \$40.00 — 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. (Includes lunch and tastings) Minimum 39 persons per bus.

Sunday, September 2 - Nevada City/Gold Mine - \$25.00

Monday, September 3 - Historic Sacramento - \$10.00 — 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

Minimum 39 persons per bus.

California Touring Brochures:

Telephone Discover California 1-800- TO-CALIF, ext. 3020 or write California Office of Tourism, P.O. Box 9278-3020, Van Nuys, California 91409

Churches:

A list of addresses and phone numbers will be in registration envelope.

Restaurants:

List will be in registration envelope.

Memorial Service:

Arrangements are complete at Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament, 1 1/2 blocks from hotel.

Women's Lunch:

Includes fashion show and door prizes.

Tickets: Will be supplied for all events (except Memorial Service).

No ticket, no admission. Additional tour tickets only on space available.

Emergencies:

Dial 55 or Hotel Operator, medical assistance is available.

Hospitality Room:

9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Fri-Mon. Local newspapers supplied.

Memorabilia:

Display space will be available. Bring what you have - anything. Make several photocopies so you won't lose your original. Temperature: Warm 85 to 105 degrees. Cool mornings and evenings. Humidity 18% to 28%.

Clothing:

summer type for warm climate, jacket or sweater for evenings, it can be cool. Bring walking shoes.

Advertising:

Sent to all military publications and 38 Midwestern and Eastern newspapers with largest circulations.

Mike Thome, 44th Annual Reunion, Chairman

1711 P St, Apt 301

Sacramento, CA 95814

Telephone: 916-447-9894

CRIBA honored by 106th Inf. Div. Association

centre de recherche et d informations sur la bataille des ardennes

by John Kline, editor

The letters "CRIBA" stand for
"Center for the research and information on the Battle of the Bulge."

As editor of The CUB I have on several occasions written stories of our men returning to Belgium, who were helped or guided by various members of the organization CRIBA

My tour of duty as your editor started at the Mobile reunion in 1987, where as a naive recruit I did an unlikely thing, for an ex-soldier, and that is I volunteered to be the editor of The CUB. (by the way, "naive" means "deficient in worldly wisdom or informed judgement.") Among other things that I was not aware of was the number of friends that the 106th Infantry Division had in Belgium. I was soon to be educated.

My first publication was Volume 44, No.1 dated Nov-Dec-Jan 1987-88. This issue was sad in content, for it had to report the death of General Leo T. McMahon, Commander, of the 106th Infantry Division Artillery.

The next issue Vol 44, No. 2 Apr-May-Jun 1988, sadly reported the death of Dr. Maurice DELAVAL, Vielsalm, Belgium. A true friend of the 106th Infantry Division. Dr. DELAVAL had over the years become known for his knowledge of the *Battle of the Bulge*.

Edward A. Prewett 424/B first met Dr. DELAVAL in 1964. This meeting developed into a true friendship, with the DELAVAL's coming stateside and each time Ed and Reddie Prewett traveled to Europe they visited Dr. and Jany DELAVAL. It was through Ed Prewett, that I

began to learn more of the organization named "CRIBA"

DR. DELAVAL was according to Pierre GOSSET, secretary of CRIBA, an honor member of the organization, a comrade of the organization's Honor President and Belgian Historian, Lucien CAILLOUX, as well as a friend of his.

Dr. DELAVAL was also a holder of the 106th Infantry Division Association's highest award "The Order of the Golden Lion."

In his correspondence to me, Pierre GOSSET told me that Dr. DELAVAL left to CRIBA many documents, correspondence and books that he had collected on the history of the *Battle of the Bulge*.

He also said in his words, "In the last of his life, my friend Maurice gave me the medal of "the head of the Golden Lion" with ribbon, given to him (DELAVAL) in a meeting-convention of the 106th Infantry Division Association in the U.S.A. in the year of 1960. A marvelous remember going from a lost friend."

So you see, my point is, the roots that tie us in friendship to CRIBA are deep and long lasting. This has been demonstrated over and over again.

In Vol 44, No.3 the story *Revisit the Battle of Coulee* by Edward Prewett, 424/B brings up the name of Andre HUBERT, vice-president of CRIBA and another member, Serge FONTAINE. Prewett told us that FONTAINE had a map which spelled out exactly where every unit had been, and he had an explanation about the movement of our troops around WANNE and SPINEUX, the areas he was interested in. Once again CRIBA is in the lime-light.

The next CUB that mentions CRIBA was Vol 45, NO.1 Oct-Nov-Dec 1988. In my editor's column on page six I announced the forth-coming issue (Feb 1989) in which Don Beseler, 424/A discusses his re-visit to the battlefield area of SPINEAUX and LAVAUX. He also

used Serge FONTAINE of CRIBA who introduced him to another member Jules HURDEBISE of Trois Ponts.

Jules was working to establish a monument for the 424th Infantry Regiment. The culmination of this effort was written in the last CUB Vol 46, No.2 Jan-Feb-Mar 1990. Lt. Don Beseler gave high compliments to FONTAINE and HURDEBISE for their help and efforts on the part of the 106th. So you see, the organization CRIBA has been performing services for us all along.

Actually, my first contact with CRIBA came from a May 1987 letter to them where I was making some personal inquiries about the area around Schoenberg. Pierre GOSSET, had forwarded my letters to Henri ROGISTER, Liege, Belgium who answered me in September, with detailed maps of the Schoenberg action (like you see in *St. Vith, Lion in the Way*).

I was so convinced over the last three years that CRIBA should be recognized that I felt something should be done about it. I also have been prompted by other members, Ed Prewett, 424/B; Doug Coffey, 590/C; John Gatens, 589/A; John Thurlow, 589/590 FAB; Bill Mueller and Bill Dodge, 424/M and others who I ask forgiveness in not mentioning your names, to recognize through The CUB, the great effort that this organization, CRIBA has put forth for members of the 106th Infantry Division.

My efforts towards gaining recognition for CRIBA started when I proposed to the Board, at the Schaumburg Reunion, that I be allowed to mail copies of The CUB to various members of CRIBA. They unanimously approved my request. I have a list of correspondents from CRIBA of nine members, including the officers of the organization.

I requested, through the Association Executive Committee, that an Honorary Membership be given to the CRIBA organization and that in the future if we could

give the organization any assistance that we should do so.

The Executive Committee approved the HONORARY MEMBERSHIP and I have established a routine mailing of The CUB to our new HONORARY MEMBER organization, of five CUBs per issue, to be mailed to the office of CRIBA, one for their history archive and the rest to be disbursed as the president and secretary choose.

I want to thank the Executive Committee for their understanding and willingness to demonstrate to the CRIBA organization how much we appreciate the work they have done for us.

The following articles, relating to CRIBA will explain their organization, the purpose in life to which they are dedicated, and in two other instances, other than that mentioned above, demonstrate the type of service that they are willing to perform.

One was help they gave **BILL MOSOLF** in locating a family that befriended him in 1945, and another in the story of *The Knife that was Returned after 45 years*, which was a direct result of their (CRIBA's) involvement in the erection and dedication of the 424th Monument at SPINEUX (see the stories in this issue).

As I have been preparing this CUB, our president, Orfeo "Gus" Agostini, has received a letter from CRIBA president Marcel JEHOLET accepting our Honorary Membership and announcing that the CRIBA Committee have responded with an HONORARY MEMBERSHIP for the 106th Infantry Division Association.

Vivent les Americans
Vivent les Belges



Vive CRIBA

John Kline, editor



Centre de recherches et d' informations sur la bataille des Ardennes

association sans but lucratif

siège social

**Thier de la Chartreuse 22
4020 Liege
BELGIQUE**

compte bancaire: n. 240.0626707.91

Monsieur Orfeo E. AGOSTINI
"A" Company 81st Combat Engineers
President 106th Infantry Division Association

le 18 mars 1990

It has been with deep feelings of proudness and gratitude that I have received your letter giving us notice that CRIBA was approved as an "Honorary Member" of the 106th Infantry Division Association by your Board.

For our tenth birthday it is a very nice present. It is the first time we have been so officially distinguished by a great U.S. unit of the Battle of the Bulge.

And as your wonderful publication shows, forty five years after, the Golden Lion is still alive in his CUB. I have at this same time written John Kline, your editor to thank him for the part he played in recommending CRIBA for the honor.

Our gratitude is going to you, the living, and also to the missing who gave the finest hours of their young lives to gain for us freedom and peace.

As for all the nice qualities you are so good to attribute to us... your generous hospitality, friendship and love have reached our hearts, the reason is they are coming from the deepest of ours and I am happy to inform that our committee unanimously is honored to have the Golden Lions 106th Infantry Division as "Honorary Members" of the Belgian CRIBA.

May God bless the "Golden Lions."
God Bless America!

Le President

Marcel G. JEHOLET
254 Ave de Martyrs
4620 FLERON BELGIQUE

041/ 58.53.31 (prive')
041/ 58.35.32 (bureau)

CRIBA — from Andre' HUBERT, vice-president

Dear John,

My name is Andre HUBERT. I am vice-president of CRIBA since 1985. Your most welcome letter of November 1989 addressed to the people of CRIBA was given to me by our secretary Pierre GOSSET.

I believe he sent you details on the organization, but I shall briefly recall them.

- ***To associate all those who are interested by the events of the winter of 1944-1945 in the Ardennes.***
- ***To collect documents, pictures, books, testimonies from soldiers and civilians to establish a detailed documentation on the Battle of the Bulge.***
- ***To inform our fellow citizens and perpetuate the memory of the sacrifices of the soldiers and civilians.***
- ***To help preserve historical data and sites.***
- ***To organize contacts with war veterans and express our sympathy and gratefulness to the Allied Veterans of the Battle. We will attest the spirit, the unselfishness, the devotion to duty and the valor of those that lived the battle.***

We happily have the chance that in our membership and even in our committee we have young people who share our objectives.

CRIBA was created in 1980 by two men, Fernand ALBERT, past president and honorary president of our association, and Pierre GOSSET, secretary, who are interested in the history of that battle.

They were also disgusted about the way the battle was presented to the people around the world (inaccurate films like the film of Ken Annakin with marvelous actors like Henri Fonda and Telly Savalas - predominance given to the battle of Bastogne ignorant of the rest of the battle, and many other facts).

CRIBA grew slowly until 1984 and now has over 200 members. We do not plan to be big, we only want to gather people who share our objectives.

For myself, at the time I was living in Les Tailles, three miles from Baraque de Fraiture, known in history as "The Parker's Crossroads."

This is the place where Major Parker and about 100 men of the 106th and some reinforcements of different units, held the Germans from December 20 to 23, closing the road to Liege and to the Meuse River. Of course, at that time I was not aware of their heroism.

In the last few years I have been able to meet several members of the 106th and have been corresponding with them. When the 106th group came last September at Baraque de Fraiture they were welcomed by the "Lion's Club Haute Ardenne" who dedicated a plaque to the memory of their men in 1984. CRIBA was also there.

In October, the president of the Lion's Club ask me to attend their monthly meeting of November to explain:

- ***the aims of CRIBA,***
- ***the history of the 106th and their fighting in the Schnee Eifel,***
- ***the battle at Parker's Crossroads.***

It was a great honor for me, for two reasons:

- ***to speak about the 106th,***

- ***to be the guest of that brilliant organization.***

I hope that they were satisfied, but there is one question I could not answer: "Why is the Lion, the emblem of your division?"

Maybe a reader of The CUB can answer that question.

Enclosed are:

- ***a copy of the newspaper article on the meeting at Baraque de Fraiture last September,***
- ***two pictures of Baraque de Fraiture at the time of the battle,***
- ***the speech of my friend Jules Hurdebise at the dedication in Spineux.***

I personally thank you for the great idea of favoring us with "The CUB" and I am sure it will reinforce the links between our two organizations.

CRIBA and myself are at the disposal of the members of the 106th to help them re-visit the battle sites. But, as most of our members are still in professional life, we would like to know in advance the visit of your members in order to choose "the right man for the right place, at the right time."

This is an opportunity for me to express my gratefulness to the veterans of the 106th for what they did for our freedom 45 years ago. Please, at one of your meetings, tell them that our gratefulness will never fail.

Andre HUBERT

vice president, CRIBA

*Baraque de Fraiture
at the time of the battle.
Historically known as the
Battle of Parker's Crossroads.
See John Gaten's story in the
Jan-Feb-Mar 1990 CUB
on page 13.*



*A view of the
Baraque Fraiture
at the time of the battle.
See pages 182 through 192 in
"St Vith a Lion in the Way," where
the 589th FAB held the Germans
away from the 82d Airborne's
right flank, and temporarily
held the road to Liege,
Belgium, gaining
precious hours.*

CRIBA dedicates memorial to 424th



Dedication of the memorial to the 424th Regiment, 106th Infantry Division

SPINEUX, Belgium - September 16, 1989

Within a few months, there will be 45 years that the soldiers of the 424th Infantry regiment of the U.S. Army were here in this same place.

It was on January 3, 1945.

Snow, cold, desolation and death were at the meeting.

The civilians of our villages had been evacuated. The men had run away before the German advance, their last offensive had soon been followed by the American counter-attack.

Today, September 16, 1989, some veterans who could escape out of this hell have come back for a pilgrimage to the places where they lived what was and will remain a nightmare for them.

I express to them the hearty welcome of those who remember, the people of our small villages who are grateful for their liberation.

I also welcome all those who joined us for this dedication, people from here and everywhere else, who want to seize every opportunity to express their gratitude.

I welcome the representatives of the civilian, religious and military authorities.

I also welcome all our Belgian soldiers and I take this opportunity to thank them heartily, those fighters of the deadly "Blitzkrieg" of May 1940, the prisoners of war, the political prisoners, the underground fighters and those who silently fought and suffered.

Today, we dedicate this memorial to pay tribute to the 112th Infantry Regiment and especially to the 424th Infantry Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division.

But more than a memorial still, we have wanted this monument to represent the everyday life of the soldier fighting in the ruins of our villages, and all that, in a natural site chosen for its beauty.

It will be a message to those who have not known these events. When they will try to find the meaning of this monument, they will learn the history of what happened here: we mean the frightfulness of the war. They live in peace and we will that they fully appreciate it. In many places of this world the weapons are still chattering, generating death, sadness and ruins.

We are grateful to our gallant liberators for the peace they brought to us, and we say thank you. Dear veterans, we remember your sorrows and your sufferings and we want to show you our gratitude.

I will end by reading a message received in 1948, from the parents of Sergeant Wilson E. Tyrell, "K" Company, 424th regiment. He was killed a mile from here and his corpse was found several months after the battle, in the woods.

His parents had lived the separation and they kept on living in doubt after the end of the war.

They wrote this: "It's enough for us to know that he at last fell into good hands and that he must be with his God. He was 34 years old and a fine son and he died in a cause he felt just. Our loss can be nothing in comparison to what your people in Europe have suffered. Let us hope our boys have not died in vain.

The great obstacle to universal peace is the lack of a common language to understand each other. Let us hope that we are on the way to everlasting peace."

And they added, that in his last letter, Sergeant Tyrell expressed his admiration for the Belgian people. "The Belgians treat us like we were one of theirs."

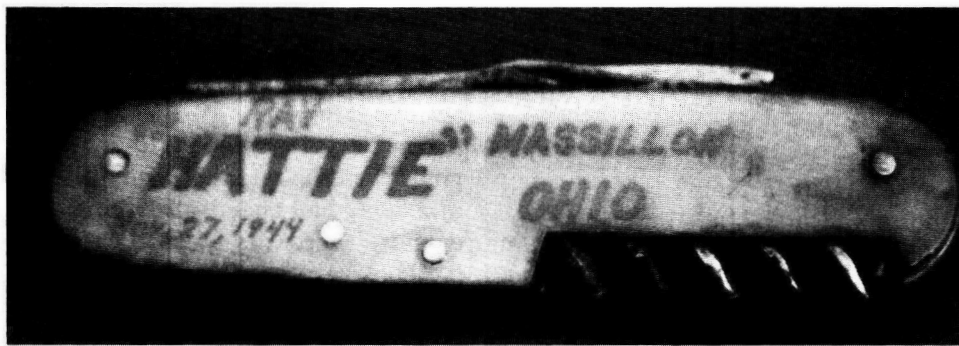
Today, dear American friends, I tell you that we would like to treat each of you as if he was one of us, not only today but forever.

(This speech was given by Jules HURDEBISE, CRIBA, translated by Andre HUBERT, CRIBA, at the dedication ceremony for the 424th Regiment monument. Pictures and the story of that memorial service are on pages 16-21 of the JAN-FEB-MAR 1990 edition of **The CUB**... editor)

The 106th Infantry Division Association wishes C.R.I.B.A.



***Happy 10th Anniversary
Vive le C.R.I.B.A.***



Home after 45 years

by John Kline, editor

This is the story of a "Pocket Knife." Much like the story where an article in The CUB found the former owner of a watch that had been traded for bread in a prison camp.

The knife was given to John Thurlow (589th FAB Headquarters) on the day that CRIBA and the Belgian people dedicated the 424th Regiment monument at Spineux, Belgium.

An elderly lady came up to John and gave him a pocket knife. She found the knife after the Battle of the Bulge fighting had subsided. Through an interpreter she asked that he try to find the owner.

On the knife the words "Ray" and "Hattie" are inscribed. Under those words the date "November 27, 1944" was appear. (that turned out to be the date the GI shipped over). On the same side the name of the city of Massillon, Ohio appears. On the other side is the photo of a young lady.

John Thurlow, 589/HQ (see his story in the Jan-Feb-Mar 1990 CUB about the Scandinavia trip page 7) sent the knife to me, asking that I put an article in The CUB, thinking that it belonged to a 106th soldier. Since knife had the name of Massillon, Ohio on it, I contacted the editor of the Massillon Evening Independence by letter and asked that he place a news article in his paper. He assigned the story to Denny

Highben, a staff reporter, who did an excellent job as you will see in the following two stories that appeared in the Evening Independent in the Massillon, Ohio Independent on March 3 and 10, 1990.

John Thurlow failed in the excitement of the moment to get the Belgian lady's name. In an attempt to find her name I wrote our Belgian friends of the C.R.I.B.A. organization through their vice-president, Andre Hubert, you will recognize him as the interpreter for the 424th Ceremonies (see page 18 in the Jan-Feb-Mar 1990 CUB). He was successful in finding the identity of the elderly lady.

A heart-warming story follows. I am so happy that C.R.I.B.A. (who dreamed up the monument to the 424th), the 424th who so bravely fought to clear the area of krauts, John Thurlow, who went to the dedication, and myself had this wonderful opportunity to bring about such an amazing story.

The Evening Independent editor could not have picked a better writer than Denny Highben. His style and his lead story was fascinating, poignant and did the job.

(The News articles follow on the next pages)

Staff writer Denny Highben

Soldier's lost memento seeks Massillon home.

Ray, are you out there?

I don't want to intrude into your personal business, Ray, but I can't help being curious about the date Nov. 27, 1944.

Why is it significant to you? A birthday? The day you proposed?

How did the date get inscribed upon a pocket knife, a knife you apparently carried with you so many miles away from home. In fact, the knife was light years from: home when it was lost.

Home, back then, had been set aside. The sweet, down-to-earth simplicity of Midwestern life was altered by the necessities of war. Total, all-out war. Little Massillon, Ohio, and the entire nation focused - on hard work and sacrifice to support the effort. Home wasn't the same for those who stayed behind.

But the men who left took "home" with them in their hearts and minds. They carried mementos to remind them of peace and love, of clean beds and hot food, of the sheer joy of the freedom they were fighting, and maybe dying, to protect. Anything could be imbued with the significance of home: photos, medallions, lucky charms, pocket knives.

That date, Nov. 27, 1944. It was so very, very close to the brutal Nazi thrust into Belgium that will forever be remembered as the Battle of the Bulge. More than 180,000 men, American and German, became casualties. How did the date, just three weeks before the battle began, get inscribed on the knife, and then the knife get into the pocket of a soldier in the midst of hell on earth?

Ray I know you're out there, in spirit if not in body. The spirit of love so great it would sacrifice physical life for the benefit of others can never die. It is an aspect of the force that will, in the end, prevail.

Your knife was found, Ray, by a girl. When the terror of men killing and dying had ended, she ventured outside. There was a pocket knife, in her back yard near the village of Spineux, with your name on it. Your hometown, Massillon, was listed, too. And that date.

Embedded on the other side of the handle is the picture of a young woman. Despite the torment the World was putting itself through, the young woman smiles. She still smiles today, as young and as beautiful as eternity itself.

What does the name "Hattie" mean, Ray? Is it a nickname? Is it her name?

Through all the years the Belgian lady protected that knife. The world healed most of its wounds and, somehow, has managed to avoid yet another episode of all-out war. She grew older and older, but she never forgot that small treasure, so valuable to a man at war, a man who helped rid her treasured home from the Nazi shackles.

Last September, she sent the knife on the long journey home by the safest route possible - in the care of Americans who fought at the Bulge. They would treat it properly, for no one can better understand its real value.

The Americans are veterans of the 424th Regiment, 106th Infantry. Today, the pocket knife is under the protection of John Kline in Apple Valley, Minnesota. He wants your knife to complete its journey. Kline is the editor of The CUB, the 106th Infantry Division Association's newsletter. In his letter to us, he recounts that the 106th was mauled at the Battle of the Bulge. Other battles followed as the German might was finally crushed.

Maybe, Ray, you didn't make it home in body. Maybe you did return to enjoy the fruits of your sacrifice, to embrace the smiling young woman whose photo adorns your knife.

The years have been so very long.

Perhaps you've left your worldly home again, to enjoy the fruits of eternal love.

In spirit, as long as the memory of sacrifice remains in our hearts, you'll always be home.

Now, though, it is time for your pocket knife to come home. If you read this and recognize the knife, call. If anyone out there can shed light on Ray's whereabouts, call. Or write to John Kline. His address is The CUB, P.O. Box 24385, Apple Valley, Minn., 55124-0385.

One more thing, Ray. Thank you.

From the Massillon, Ohio Evening Independent March 10, 1990

Staff writer Denny Highben

GI's knife comes home

Ray's pocketknife is finally home. It arrived this week.

Almost a half-century earlier the knife fell to the ground in that bitterly contested region dubbed "the Bulge," the territory briefly held by Nazi divisions in their desperate offensive against Allied troops.

It had been a gift from a wife to her husband, then a gift from a father to his son, and then the young man left for war.

It had been left in Belgium by Harold Raymond Bradford of Massillon.

Edna Bradford never saw the knife before, although it belonged to her childhood sweetheart, Harold, the man she would eventually wed. "We're all in shock, she said. We cannot believe this is happening." She went to school with Harold in the little town of Unionville, Ohio. But his family moved away when Harold was still a

boy. They came to Massillon and, from Massillon, Harold went to war.

The knife was found by a Belgian woman after the Germans were pushed back from her village. She kept it until last September. At a ceremony dedicating a monument to the American unit that liberated the village of Spineux. She sent the knife on its long journey.

Harold Bradford came home long before, after fighting the rest of the war, to the blessings of freedom. He was reunited with Edna, they married and had two children, Tim and Cindy.

Much of his working career was with Ashland Oil, his hobbies included traveling and bowling. And he spent a great deal of his time working with the Shriners, to help crippled children.

He never talked about the war, Edna said. But a clue to his devotion to crippled children, and a glimpse of what agony confronts men in combat, emerged in the early 1970s. His son, Tim, was in the 3rd Division at the time, serving in West Germany. The family visited him and toured the land his father once fought to help free.

As they approached the many small villages, the most prominent feature in each was a church steeple jutting above the rooftops.

Harold remembered, and he talked. Church steeples and children suffered dearly ...

He passed away in 1977.

Edna showed the knife to Harold's mother, Hattie, who remembered buying it for her husband years before the war. Her husband, Ray, collected knives and he inscribed their names on it. When his son prepared to leave for the European Theater, Ray inscribed the date, Nov. 27, 1944, on it. He also imbedded onto the knife a small photo of the girl Harold was dating. On its return to the United States, the knife went from Florida to John Kline of Apple Valley, Minn. Kline edits The CUB, a publication for

the 106th Infantry Division Association. His outfit, fresh from the States in early December 1944, was overrun by the Nazi's surprise attack in the Ardennes, at the beginning of the Battle of the Bulge. He was among some 7,000 troops captured. As he talked with Edna about the knife and all the memories it has stirred, he realized Bradford may have been one of the Americans who freed him from a POW camp.

He promised that he will try to discover the identity of the Belgian woman who kept Harold's pocket-knife. Edna wants to visit her, to thank her.

Edna said she and her children are considering donating the knife to a museum.

"It belongs to us, but it really belongs to the men who fought at the Battle of the Bulge," she said.

One more thing about that knife, and the picture imbedded on it: "He got a 'Dear John' letter," Edna said, smiling. "Knowing him, when he got that letter he probably sent the knife airborne!"

The letter from Andre' **(CRIBA)**

A letter I received from Andre Hubert of C.R.I.B.A. in Belgium, after asking his help in locating the person who found the knife and 45 years later turned it over to John Thurlow.

6674 Langlire (Gouvvy)
BELGIUM
March 26, 1990

Mr John Kline
"CUB Editor"
PO Box 24385
Apple Valley, MN 55124
Dear John,

I received a few days ago your most welcome letter and since then it will be difficult for me to write "Dear John"

without thinking of the poor guys alone in the Ardennes or elsewhere on the ETO receiving such a letter from a "sweetheart."

Thank you for your letter and a copy of "The CUB" which is an interesting book.

With the help of my friend Jules Hurdebise, I was lucky enough to find immediately the name and address of the lady who gave the knife to John Thurlow. (I met John at Parker's Crossroads with John Gatens last September.)

She is an old lady (80 years old) and a widow, living in Spineux with the following address:

Leonie MICHEL-DELECLOS
25, Spineux
4980 TROIS-PONTS (Belgium)

I phoned her and she told me the knife was found in her home or around the house (not in the woods). We can suppose that Harold Bradford kept the knife for the memory of his father and mother and that he lost the knife during the battle at Spineux.

Leonie MICHEL told me she is happy to know that the knife was returned to the owner's family. She only regrets that the owner died. She had been wondering all these years how she could give it back.

Leonie MICHEL is old, I am sure that the letter of the family's owner would be the highlight of her life.

Thank you John for the time you devoted to this affair. I am grateful for the kind appreciation about our organization and our work, but we know what we do is nothing compared to what you did, you and your nation, for us 45 years ago.

Very friendly yours,
Andre HUBERT
vice-president CRIBA

BILL MOSOLF 424th Cannon Company

a story of "one hell of a man."

by John Kline, editor

I never heard of Bill Mosolf until I received a letter he had written to Sherod Collins in early 1988. He, in that letter, was telling about the death of his leader, Lieutenant Wolfred K. (Fred) White, regimental special service and PX officer. Mosolf, age 35 in 1944, respected Lt. White and considered him a great man and a good leader. (The contents of that letter appear in the Apr-May-Jun 1988 CUB on page 20.)

Through letters and conversations from Bill since 1988, I feel that I have some idea of the make-up of Bill Mosolf. Bill has not had many good things happen to him in life, that is if you listen and read his thoughts. While Bill will still disagree, I think he is "one hell of a man." He has to be to have stood the ravages of time and consequences as it has been explained to me.

I can only reveal a little of what I know.

When Bill was 35, I was 19. That makes Bill 80 years old, as a matter of fact, from a copy of his "Enlisted Record and Report of Separation "Honorable Discharge" his birth date is registered to be 5 Feb 1910. His military occupation specialty (MOS) is "Communication Chief." His civilian occupation was "Boilermaker." I see from a handwritten note in the upper right hand corner of the discharge the inscription (somewhat blurred) "Local 82 Alameda County." Five foot eight inches, 170 pounds - I can picture him as a real scrapper. I was 170 in 1944, but would not have thought of tangling with a 5'8" boilermaker in some alley on a dark night. I don't think that was Bill's nature, but the visualization does come through that he is a scrapper.

Bill's life, from what he tells me, has been a series of "knocks." He says the best thing that ever happened to him was being discharged from the Army. Only he can vouch for that.



Bill Mosolf, 424th Inf. Reg. Cannon Company
Nickname "STALINE"

His childhood was filled with stressful happenings. He was orphaned at age 4. He entered service at age 22, on January 10, 1932 - my seventh birthday - and was released September 4, 1935. While in the "Regular Army" he served with the 64th A.A.A. Battalion. Then on July 18th, 1942, at age 33, he was drafted and sent to the 462d A.A.A. Battalion. He caught up with the 106th, in Belgium, on December 16, 1944. A day we all shall not forget, and I know one that Bill has not forgotten. Bill was discharged on October 14, 1945.

Those are all dates and figures, they tell little. I can't tell it all, but will try to catch the highlights.

The reason he went to the Army in 1932 was a very simple one. He says, in one of his letters to me, "In those days it was hard for a single person to get a job, so I joined the so I could eat."

"The Army was very strict in those days. The movie "From Here to Eternity" was filmed very near where I served, and it could be the story of my life, a very realistic movie.

"When I would tell the WWII guys how it was in the Regular Army, they would say they couldn't believe it. In the Regular Army the First Sergeant's would say, "Give your heart to Jesus for you A— belongs to me." or "Don't complain and don't explain,"

"We were never allowed to go into the 1st Sergeants room unless we were sent in or got permission from a Corporal - did you ever try to get permission from a Corporal for anything?"

From a letter dated in 1983, "I made the Normandy invasion with an 462d A.A.A. outfit that was attached to V Corps. In December of 1944 we were in the vicinity of St. Vith. I was transferred to a field replacement depot at Malmedy on December 14th and was transferred to the 106th on December 16, 1944 - the day the Bulge broke.

"On the 17th I was picking up the battlefield dead (Graves Registration). Can't remember how long it was before I was the lone (undertaker) and a member of the 424th Special Services Section. We were know as the "Dervish S.S." attached to Cannon Company "for pay and rations."

"We were a section of four men; Lt. W. K. White and 3 Pfc's. When not busy picking up bodies that showed up in the spring, or an occasional suicide, I helped the other men in drawing and issuing PX rations and chauffeuring personalities."

I find the idea of the combination of being in "Graves Registration" and "PX Services" as being a little bizarre. I know that Bill Mosolf felt the same. It must have had a great impact on his life from that point on. I can only imagine what it would be like to wander through the forest looking for dead bodies.

One of present Association members, can vouch for the misery that Mosolf went through in those days. I recently phoned him, after I ran across his name as a contributor/producer of the "Photo Album" that was published

in the summer of '44 at Camp Atterbury He is Robert A. de St. Aubin, now of Berlin, Wisconsin. In a letter he wrote on March 16, 1981 he said, in part, "My name is Robert A. de St. Aubin. I served in the Cannon Company of the 424th Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division from 3/9/43 until my discharge 12/20/45. My job was "Mail Clerk."

"After the Battle of the Bulge, we started getting replacements, one of which was "Willie Mosolf. I will never forget why I remember him so well. He was assigned to an officer and some other men to do graves registration work. The job was so bad I think I would have gone A.W.O.L., rather than help... Willie and the others had such a miserable job when the ground was frozen. We thought spring would be better... No such luck, the heat was worse..."

"How a man can live with this all these years and remain sane is beyond me..."

There is more to Bill "Willie"- "Staline" Mosolf than the misery painted above. There is another story in his other job description "PX Services" operating from the office - code-sign "Dervish S.S." - in their headquarters over a drug store in Ettlingen, Germany. They distributed unknown "tons" of PX material to the 424th. One count shows 53,200 candy bars, 49,00 packs of cigarettes, 207 wristwatches, 7,400 bottles of beer, 16,150 razor blades, 23,850 cigars, 1,100 tooth-brushes, 21,600 packs of gum, on and on and on.

Also there is the respect and loyalty he shows for his officer Lt. Wolfred White.

More importantly, in his papers to me I found letters, dated in 1984, between Pierre GOSSET of CRIBA, Andrew T. Ryder of GALAXY TOURS, stemming from a request from Mosolf and our Chaplain Mosley, seeking people who had befriended Mosolf in LIMONT, BELGIUM. It is a heart warming story. A story that reflects the

inner part of the man MOSOLF, nick-named "Staline." He was in search of a part of his past. A pleasant part of his past, amongst all the misery he shared.

It is another story of the friendship of the Belgian people towards the American soldier. It shows what power a forty year old memory and a picture can have, that is when it is directed to the right people.

Date-line Leige 15 December 1984, a letter from Pierre GOSSET, secretary of CRIBA, describing his successful efforts in finding the family that Bill Mosolf had been searching for near LIMONT, BELGIUM. It shows, once again, the cooperation of the CRIBA organization. The miseries of Mosolf's war, must have been set aside when this report reached him. Yes, war is hell, but out of the misery of war, comes compassion, love and respect from those that you are fighting for. Many a friendship has reached across the sea, born of the necessity of man to leave his home to do

that which becomes necessary to stem the tide of evil.

Pierre GOSSET's report on his search for Mosolf's Belgian friends of 1944.

1. LIMONT (REMICOURT) 18 kilometers west of Liege, in the cultivated plain of HESBAYE. There is still an old windmill, which worked in 1944. Knowing well that village, which was the birth-place of my mother and the windmill where, as a child, I went with my grandfather. I was nearly sure that the village that MR MOSOLF was looking for was not this one.
2. LIMONT (TAVIER) 26 kilometers south-west of Liege. Land of meadows and small wooded hills. Sunday, 28 October 1984 - Below the level of the road #38 climbing out from SEARING to OUFFET, a stream winds. This road runs along four houses on the right, indicating the entrance of the village. A hundred meters farther on the left of the highway, a road climbs steeply to the center of the village on top of the hill.



Photo 1985 - by Pierre GOSSET: Water Mill of LaChappelle, LIMONT, BELGIUM
The watermill occupied by Bill MOSOLF and friends in 1944
Pierre's wife to the left

At the bottom of that road, two small farms. After a slight bend, on the right of Road #38 we see an imposing castle-farm made of local blue freestone and over there above the farm, a building on the bank of the stream. Ideal site for a watermill.

As a matter of fact the present dweller confirms that it is a former watermill transformed into a superb country-house.

3. After a few inquiries in the area, we look for people who lived in LIMONT 40 years ago. We learn that in 1944 the watermill was occupied by the FABRY family.

Mr Aime' PRICNONT has continued the investigation.

Here are the results:

Watermill of La Chapelle: In 1944 occupied by Mr. and Mrs. FABRY with their eight children, the eldest 15 years of age.

The old Mr. and Mrs FABRY have died.

The eldest son, Andre' FABRY lives in TAVIER, BELGIUM. He has been contacted. When he was shown BILL MOSOLF's photo he yelled, "He is that American we called STALINE!" Forty years later, he remembers that 3 of the 4 American soldiers came at night to sleep in the watermill. It was December or January. He would have liked to obtained precise details from his brothers and sisters, but the FABRY family have scattered after the war. Four children have migrated to CANADA where they are presently living.

Anyway, Andre' FABRY is formal. He states that it was his mother who gave the religious medal and pieces of brown bread, baked by herself in the oven, to an American who was leaving for Germany. Andre' promised to write to MOSOLF.

4. The photograph: Bill Mosolf on left. In the middle, next to Bill, there is somebody who could be a truck driver

called JOHN CARROLL ? (to date not confirmed)

The civilian at the extreme right in 2d row is Marcel BAETEN. In 1944 he was age 25. Unfortunately he was killed in an automobile accident in 1981.

The little boy on the knees of the G.I. on the right, is Jean-Marie VERHOEVEN. He is Marcel BAETEN's sister's son.

5. On the back of the photograph is written:

Petit souvenir de Limont
M. Therese
Le 31-1-45

The handwriting has been recognized by the old school-teacher of Limont. She is 82 years of age.

That information allowed us to direct our inquiry: Marie Therese is the mother of the little boy on the picture and consequently the civilian's sister.

In December 1944 and January 1945 Marie-Therese BAETEN lived in one of the first houses of LIMONT on the highway, on your right side when you enter the village by the north.

The BAETEN family did not really live in the village. They were evacuees from SERAING.

Bill Mosolf will perhaps remember that the young lady was a clock-maker and repaired soldier's watches. By jeep they drove her to SERAING and LIEGE to fetch spare parts for her work.

Our inquiry through Marie-Therese BAETEN's life led us to ANTWERP and SPA. She now lives in SPA. Mrs COLETTE-BAETEN Marie Therese promised to write to Bill Mosolf the son Jean Marie VERHOEVEN.

Made by Center of Research and Information of the Battle in the Ardennes.

Liege, Belgium
12 December 1983
Pierre GOSSET

A LADY FROM LIEGE REMEMBERS THE AMERICANS

by Connie Szarka

1956 Shorewood Lane

Mound, Minnesota 55364

In March of 1980 when I began leading student groups to France, I experienced a depth of feeling which exists since America's entry into World War II. As our 45 teenagers and we four chaperons traveled by bus through significant areas of France and Belgium, many elderly people held up their hands in the victory sign when they realized we were from the United States.

For awhile we were living in June of 1944 along Normandy, sensing the warmth and grateful attitudes of many during the Liberation.

For me, it was the beginning of a quest to understand the tenacity, the human condition of the soldiers and the civilians who lived, fought and suffered during the campaigns of World War II. Although the times were difficult for Americans at home, they did not fully comprehend the horrors and devastation on war-torn soil.

As Ernie Pyle wrote, "the millions far away at home who must remain forever unaware of the powerful fraternalism in the ghastly brotherhood of war."

What kept the people going during the long period of Nazi occupation, when there was so little food, warmth or shelter? How did civilians and troops survive this madness?

The strengths and hopes of those elderly people we saw and met had held firmly even though their eyes reflected sights that, mercifully, the next generations would not have to view. "Men can do strange and great things when they have to do them", wrote Ernie Pyle.

Thus began a series of visits or informal interviews with French and Belgian people along the way of my travels.

Liege, 57 kilometers northwest of Stavelot, is at Belgium's eastern edge

Connie Szarka called after reading the article about me which appeared in the Minneapolis Star-Tribune January 7, 1990. That article appears elsewhere in this CUB.

Born while we were overseas, Connie has a great interest in the "human" side of the war.

A French language teacher at the Mound, Minnesota High School, she has traveled to Belgium and France many times with her students.

She volunteered to assist me with an occasional article reflecting her experiences and contacts with French and Belgian people.

Thanks Connie...

John Kline, editor

near the Dutch and German borders, 113 kilometers south and east of Bruxelles. Liege was headquarters for the Resistance movement during World War II. The Liegeois are known for their "joie de vivre" and good-natured attitude.

And they remember American kindnesses during the war.

Here is one lady's story as told to me in her gift shop.

"I was born in 1914, the day after my father left for World War I. When I was six years old I met him for the first time.

My sister became engaged to a Californian during World War II but he never returned from battle. My husband also went to battle and I kept this little gift shop even then.

One day three G.I.s came in to buy Easter greeting cards. Just then an air attack started and I took my baby into the cellar. I worried about my merchandise.

When the all clear signal sounded I emerged to find three separate piles of money on the counter. Just the right change for each card. I will never forget those American boys and their honesty."

Continued next page

Connie wrote the following letter with her first submission to *The CUB*...

I am sending you the short story I wrote for the May issue of *The CUB*. Really enjoyed writing it, recalling what it was like in Liege at that time, when I visited with the shop keeper.

Thanks for sending me all the material about the Bulge and your war experiences. I have just finished reading Joseph Gavroyes *Souvenirs de la Tormente*. He definitely points the finger at Marshal Montgomery for the December 26th decision to pull American back several kilometers to create a different front before a counter-offensive.

Also, when I traveled and talked to people they told me that so many were killed by Allied bombs that missed their targets - for example, the whole "old" city of St. Malo on the English Channel was leveled for that reason. They found the original plans and have rebuilt it exactly as it was.

Your service diary, John, is definitely something that had to be written. How fortunate that liberation came when it did - you were so weak and so thin. Your accounts of your long march and having

only snow for moisture, digging that grave, kindness of some of the farm ladies along the way, are all so poignant. I can imagine that it was difficult, even these years later, to write about it all.

I was glad to see the pictures of you and Margot and your family in the back of the diary.

I'm off to Paris and Rennes, Brittany with a small group of students on February 18 to March 3. Planning on taking a couple of short side trips and will see whom I can find to visit about their war experiences.

Perhaps we can meet for coffee or lunch when I return. You, Margot and I have had such interesting conversations by telephone, it would be nice to meet you both. My husband teaches in the English Department at the Minnetonka Senior High School and our son, Joshua, is a 7th grader. Until later -

Connie Szarka

(Thanks Connie, we are looking for more stories as time goes on. Margot is in Frankfurt Germany as I write this article for you. When she returns, we shall all get together and talk...

John Kline, editor)



CUB Laughs

by Geo. Levine 424/M

"This is his wife, you say you want to talk to SLIM, your old 106th Buddy?"

REMINISCENCE AND RETURN

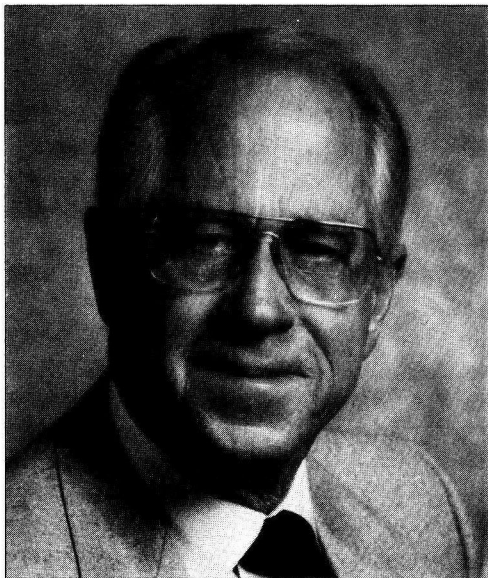
by Richard W. Peterson Ph.D. 423/1

The tanks of the 6th Armored Division arrived almost too late to use what remained of the daylight. But before darkness came on Good Friday in 1945 they roared down the main street of Stammlager IXA, Ziegenhain, Germany, liberating over 6,000 Allied prisoners of war, including me. We cheered them until we were hoarse, and begged for cigarettes and food. The tankers did not know they would find Americans in the camp, and had made no preparations for the starvation they discovered. They gave us all their own rations, promising to send more food and medicine to us the next day.

Forty two years later I returned to Stalag IXA. The cold afternoon light of spring in Germany contributed to the chill than ran down my back as I entered the main street. The trees which had been but pitiful sticks in 1945 now hid the buildings behind their 50 year old bulk. Only the clock tower could be seen as I approached what had been the main gate. An involuntary shudder went through my body. How often had I checked that clock praying for the hours to pass faster to bring us closer to meal time or liberation. Surprisingly the reliable German clock works still provided the right time.

The guard towers and the barbed wire are gone. Paving and the growth of shrubs and trees acted as camouflage for the desolation and filth I remembered. Some buildings now wore paint or aluminum siding. New buildings and homes sit on what was the periphery of the camp including a handsome Catholic church, but Stalag IXA has changed little since 1945.

In 1940, French prisoners of war built Stalag IXA not knowing that for the next five years it would be their home. During the war years it held over 3,000 French soldiers. Included among them until he escaped, was Pierre Mitterand the present President of



Richard Peterson joined "I" Company, 423d Infantry in Fort Jackson, South Carolina in March 1943 and served as S/Sgt in the Weapons Platoon until the regimental surrender December 19, 1944.

He spent most of his adult life in the banking business, retiring in 1987 as Vice-Chairman and CEO of the Continental Bank of Las Vegas, Nevada.

After retirement he earned his Ph.D. in Psychology, writing his dissertation on the "Successful Readjustment of a Group of Former WWII Prisoners of War."

The study is based on a sample of former prisoners from Stalag XI-A, Ziegenhain, Germany where Dr. Peterson was held.

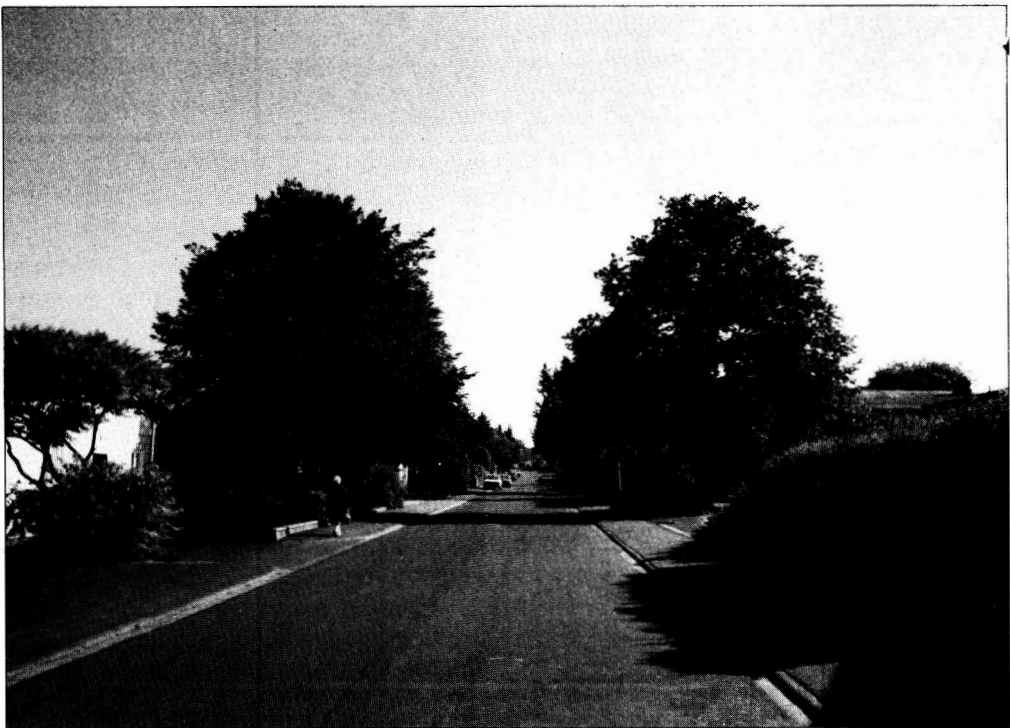
He presently serves on the faculty at the University of Phoenix, San Diego, and works with Viet Nam veterans as a Readjustment Therapy Counselor for the Veteran's Administration.

He has taught at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas and National University, San Diego.

He lives with his wife, Beverly, in Cardiff by the Sea, California.

He has presented two stories for us, one (this page) about his feelings and observations on returning to Ziegenhain, Stalag IX-A. The other which is a few paragraphs from his doctorates dissertation follows, and is an observation of the emotions that many of us have felt when we return to the point of our capture, or to the scene of battle.

France. In January of 1945, 1275 Americans arrived from Stalag IXB. Later in the year about the same number of British and an assortment of prisoners from



Main Street now, after 45 years
Stalag IX-A, Zeigenhain, Germany 1988

other Allied forces filtered into the camp. These emigre's swelled the population to over 6,000 just before liberation.

As I drove down the main street in 1987, the emotions that flooded over me were too much to handle. Memories of hunger, cold, fear, and hopelessness felt by dying prisoners of war rushed back with a frightening intensity. I almost fled back to my hotel, realizing that I needed some time to adjust before searching further into my past.

I found Roland Stimpel waiting for me at my hotel, the Rosengarten (built in 1620). Stimpel is a writer for the German magazine Stern. Horst Munk who was to be my host during my visit had told him of my coming. Roland wanted to explore Stalag IXA from the viewpoint of an American prisoner of war. He was doing a "then and now" article on the old camp which would appear under the title "Das Lager" in the August 1988 issue. Our visit had to be

cut short because of my weariness from travel and the effects of seeing Zeigenhain again.

I awakened about 4 o'clock the next morning. While taking a shower I realized that I had never experienced hot water in Germany before. I went down to the lobby, looking for breakfast. Deja vu - here I was ravenously hungry again in Zeigenhain, relying on someone else to feed me, and no food in sight. Four English businessmen were also prowling the premises grousing that they had been promised an early breakfast. I allowed that the feeding capabilities in Zeigenhain had always been found wanting as far as I was concerned.

Later in the morning I was met by Herr Wickert, the local bank manager who had answered some of my original letters inquiring about the old camp and a young man from Africa who would be his interpreter.

We proceeded to Stalag IXA, now Trutzhain, a village separate from

Ziegenhain. There I met Horst Munk who is now a good friend and Rudiger Geil, a teacher who has a keen interest in the history of the camp. We were joined by Roland Stimpel. Fortunately Geil and Stimpel spoke excellent English to offset my poor German. We spent the day together exploring the old area. Trutzhain is now about three times as big as the original camp. Many new houses have been built around what was the barbed wire perimeter.

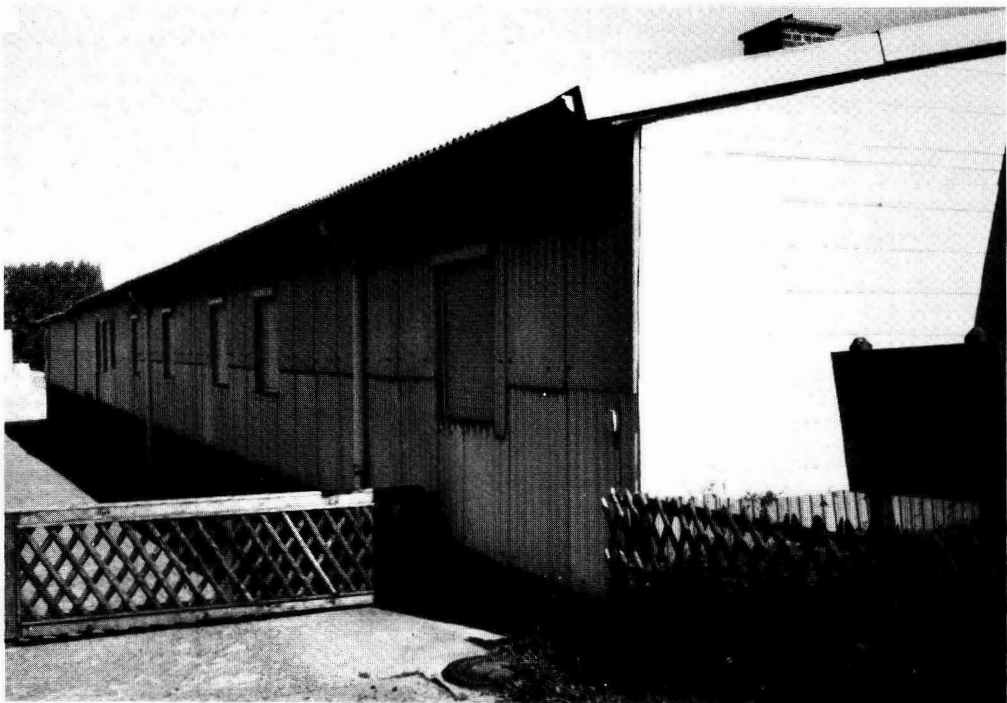
Rudolph Plotz lives in what had been a guard barracks which has not been changed since 1945. The American Army utilized the camp as a prisoner of war enclosure and used some of the buildings. On one wall an anonymous American GI painted the Statue of Liberty. Rudolph keeps the fading picture covered with opaque plastic. He is proud of the care he takes of it and worries about its deterioration.

In the early post war years the Stalag was a refugee camp. One of the old

barracks, now an artificial flower manufacturing plant, was used as a synagogue and has a huge Star of David painted on the ceiling. On the walls not covered by shelves one can still see the white Greek style columns that were painted against a deep red background.

The two and a half barracks in which we Americans lived are factories now. They are covered with corrugated steel siding. The front doorways are closed in as are most of the windows. Both of the plants were closed while I was there so I did not get to look inside them.

The old kitchen across the street from the barracks 499 others and I lived in is now a home for two families. It has a covered porch running its full length. The whole front is painted white and there are pots full of bright flowers hanging from the eaves. The rear looks just like it did in 1944, except for an abandoned Mercedes in the yard.



The barracks just across the street from the kitchen
Stalag IX-A, Ziegenhain, Germany 1988

In the back of "my" barracks only the latrine foundation remains. It was through the latrine the one unsuccessful escape effort was made. One man was killed in the attempt. No one escaped.

What had been the revier (first aid hospital) is now a small banking facility. The office building at the main gate in which the commandant and his staff operated is now a restaurant and bar. On one wall is a large painting of the original structure.

The Roman Catholic church is built in the shape of a pup tent in memory of the quarters used by French who built the camp and its first church, Notre Dame. During the war there were two churches built in the Stalag. 6 Priests stayed with the men during their captivity. Among them was Abbe Pierre Dentin of Amiens, France. He is still active in the church and with Les anciens du Stalag IXA, a group of French soldiers who were former prisoners.

In the new grade school built since the war is an excellent small museum. It was part of the effort of the late Paul Goudineau. Goudineau started the reconciliation effort which built the present friendship between the former French prisoners and the local Germans. These people really work for peace and understanding through regular visits and personal relations. I consider myself lucky to have been invited in 1988 to become a part of their comradeship. Horst Munk has done a great deal of work to upgrade and expand the museum since Goudineau died a few years ago.

The cemetery holds no prisoner of war bodies any longer. One enters it through gates carved as stylized barbed wire strands. A monument in the form of a grieving woman carved by a French prisoner during captivity stands in a prominent place. A bronze plaque commemorates by name and year those who died or were killed in the two air raids on the camp. The last air raid was on



The latrine
Stalag IX-A, Ziegenhain, Germany 1988



Warehouse, Office Building
Stalag IX-A, Ziegenhain, Germany 1988

March 20, only a few days before liberation. 15 French men were killed and 42 wounded in the still unexplained attack by an American P-47. In a separate cemetery down the road over 600 Russians are buried. Both cemeteries are well kept.

At the memorial service there were many German organizations in their colorful uniforms. Many German war veterans were among them. Prayers were said for the dead and for the well being of the living by French and German priests. The burgermeister of the area and other governmental officials spoke quietly to the group. A unit from the German Army placed a wreath with ribbons of the red, yellow and black of Germany on the memorial. It lay next to the one with the red, white and blue ribbons of France put there by the men of Le anciens du Stalag IXA. There was a unity in the feelings of grief expressed for the dead of both sides. It no longer mattered in which uniform a son, father,

brother, or friend had died. The group of old soldiers and their families seemed to melt together in the mottled sun light under the trees. Any sharp divisions that may have existed dissolved in our common sadness.

Once I thought I would never leave Stalag IXA. When I did I had no thought of returning. My two visits seemed to be enough revisiting of the past. But something draws me back and I will again rejoin the French this year to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the camp. I wonder why I want to return once more. Certainly not to visit the scene of some of my greatest trials. More than likely it is to go back where I lost forever the child that was once in me. I have never found that child again and I know he's not there. But perhaps I might find some of his feelings.

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Comments on his return to the battle area at Schoenberg from his Ph.D. dissertation.

by Dr. Richard Peterson 423/I

John, How nice to visit with you on the telephone yesterday! As I said you can use any or all of my letter to you.

The comments on p.i. of your diary are factual and well presented. I am glad to read that you are a romantic as well. The archives hold records that are dry and hopefully factual. One must set the stage mentally for the time in which they were written and put flesh and blood on the people about whom they are written. Your diary does that well for me, and I thank you for sending it on. It will hold an honored place in my library. I was most impressed with your reaction to the area around Schoenberg. It was mine as well, and surely others have experienced it too on returning to the area.

(note by John Kline... I expressed in my diary the feeling I had when I returned to the area in 1980, on my first visit since the war. My wife questioned me if the visit to my point of capture bothered me as we stopped near the woods south-east of Schoenberg, I said, "It did (bother me), for I was remembering the events of December 19, 1944. I was trying to remember what the area looked like then. I could see the men on the battlefield, I could hear the wounded screaming for medics. I was sure I was near the woods where so many had been killed. I could visualize Germans in white snow suits and camouflage. . . I was confused, uncertain and could not understand my emotions. I had to leave. I could not stay...")

From Dr. Peterson's dissertation "Successful Readjustment of a Group of Former World War II Prisoners of War."

In April, 1987 when I made my first trip to Germany since World War II, the Ardennes forest in the Schnee Eifel had frightened me. A flood of hazy but still

unnerving memories made it impossible for me to find the courage to even open the car window, much less step out of the door into those cold dark woods. A lone moss covered stone cross at the side of the road marking the grave of a German soldier had not contributed to my mental comfort. "There are a lot of ghosts in those woods, and they scare the hell out of me", I had admitted to General Oliver Patton who as a First Lieutenant had been part of my regiment. "Go sit in those woods and the ghosts will come", he had written, "It will be a special kind of personal exorcism."

While my courage was in better shape, I wondered what might happen. Would some German gray or American olive drab cloaked spirits move cautiously out of the woods with bayonets fixed on rifle muzzles aimed at chest level? Would I be able to see their faces, pinched by the coldest winter ever in Europe or watch them step gingerly on the crusted snow to avoid the mines and to make the least possible noise? Or would the ghosts be just my old and now familiar gut-grabbing memories of fear, cold and hunger returning to haunt me as they had so often during the last forty years?

Now a year later the June sun warmed my back as I sat in a forest clearing on a hill just above the little town of Schoenberg, Germany. I was reminded that I was a winded old soldier as I tried to regain my breath and quiet a pounding heart. Walking the hills of Southern California had kept me in fair physical condition, but nothing could have prepared me for the emotional upheaval of being on this particular hill in Germany again. The locale was as exact as the combination of a 64 year old memory and a 50 year old German military map could establish. Here on December 19, 1944 the 423rd Infantry Regiment in which I had served for almost two years ceased to exist as a fighting unit of the American Army. I became a prisoner of war and thought my personal battle

with the enemy had ended. No ghosts from that overly diagnosed battle came out the dark green of the Ardennes to disturb my ruminating, but Sammy Pate's face came back to me. I remembered his vitality and how he would stand arms akimbo with a grin on his face reflecting the invincible self confidence of a strong young man. And I felt the pain reflected in the crumpled face of the Colonel when he said, "I should have been sitting there" as he contemplated a bullet hole in the windshield of his jeep.

Ollie Patton had been right. A special kind of exorcism did happen for me when I returned to the places that had haunted me for so many years. Many of the ghosts finally disappeared. The memories I held since the war had become more real from the conversations with my comrades from IX-A. The survey information they had shared about their feelings gave me a deeper insight into our collective reaction to events. The maps Ollie Patton had directed me to and over which I had pored became real ground as I wandered through the battle areas. Many people I would meet as I trudged this road again would help to finish this incomplete chapter in my life.

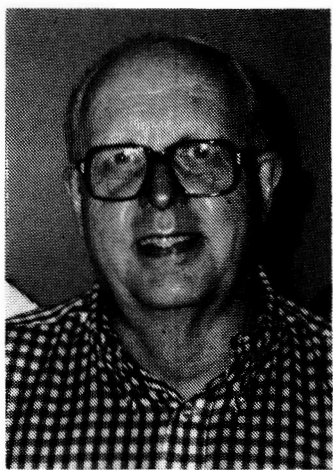
To arrive on this particular hill I had followed the same maps used in World War II. I was surprised to find we had not moved very far from our original positions. We had come very close to breaking out of the trap sprung by the German forces who had taken advantage of our thinly held lines. We had been frightened and confused when we were first captured and were convinced that we had been deserted by those who were responsible for the well being of the division. We felt abandoned by the Army when the promised cavalry had not come to rescue us. Our feelings of insecurity and acute anxiety that came at the time of capture would not be alleviated for months. We had no idea what to expect from our captors. As surely as the regi-

ment had been surrounded by forces too powerful to overcome each of us had been trapped by the invincible developmental forces in our backgrounds. Those forces would continue to affect our very survival as prisoners of war.

I drove slowly back toward our original positions on the high ground, passing the hills that had been regimental headquarters and the fields over which we had trekked. The woods thickened as I turned into a logging road and searched for the huge bunkers that had been the front line for my company. Instead of bunkers I found huge broken chunks of moss covered concrete, some raised on end and all surrounded by chain link fences. The reinforcing rods that still held some slabs together looked like exposed blood vessels. Momentarily I thought the bunkers could heal themselves if they chose. These broken monuments to war seemed to have a life of their own. Neither the weapons of war or the dynamite of the conqueror had destroyed them. They would only disappear in future centuries from the inexorable force of nature. It was not difficult to locate the remains of the huge bunker that had been company headquarters.

Across the road where we had dug in the mortars the earth was a different color where runoff had filled the holes. I stepped over the newer soil as if it were a grave not to be trod on. The woods were quiet and peaceful, but the darkness under the trees was depressing in this place that had seen so much death over the years. I drove slowly back toward Prum reflecting on how easy it was now to escape a place of pain.

(From "Successful Readjustment of a Group of Former World War II Prisoners of War", Richard Peterson, Ph.D. Copyright 1989)



Liberation Day A day to rejoice

by Dan Bied 422/A
151 Holiday Terrace
West Burlington, IA 52655
319-752-5708

I was liberated 24 April 1945, as many of you were, in Eastern Germany.

It was a Tuesday, if that is important. It was warm and sunny, I remember, and a few German soldiers led the way as we marched toward American troops near a town called Wurzen.

Our morale was sky high, while the Germans escorting us were dragging-ass. Some of our guys taunted the guards, challenging them to keep pace with our quick, anxious strides.

Germans and other DPs pushing little wagons loaded with their personal stuff - lamp shades, piles of clothing, etc. - clogged the narrow road. I felt sorry for the elderly people, many of them as old as my grandparents back in Iowa. But, I reminded myself, they probably would have been cheering Hitler if the tide of the war was reversed.

Suddenly, the tranquility was shattered by a group of P-47 Thunderbolts screaming in from the west. Flying full-bore at about 100 feet, the silver planes roared above a bean field to our left. They let go

with rockets that headed in our direction. "Whomp, whomp, whomp."

We all scattered, running and diving into the ditches. The Thunderbolts swung around to the north, then came back for another attack. They fired more rockets, then headed back toward, I guess, their airfields near the Rhine.

After crawling out of the ditches, and counting our blessings, we realized the planes hadn't been shooting at us, but at a Luftwaffe hangar, covered by evergreens, that was less than a half-mile away from the road. It was in flames.

It was at Wurzen, on the Mulde River about ten miles east of Leipzig, that the Germans surrendered us to troops of the 69th Infantry Division, with no emotion shown by the men we had crossed an ocean to fight.

Some of us waved our arms and whooped it up. Others got down and prayed, as I remember it, I think, nearly as I can recall after 45 years, I just stood in the road and watched. I was stunned, as well as elated, and appreciative to be freed.

I got into a truck with some pals. Most of the Germans ignored us as we were driven to a Nazi camp nestled in trees near a stone house, nearly big enough to be a castle, that was our mess hall the next couple of days,

We were driven to Naumberg, where we got showers, were deloused and given clean clothes. We also got some money. It was \$50 per man, I think. I remember a dentist inspecting my teeth, He asked me how old I was. I'd noted my 19th birthday in London, on 21 November 1944. I was glad my teeth hadn't fallen out, though I hadn't brushed them for more than four months.

For some reason I can remember seeing a movie, "Experiment Perilous," with George Brent, in a theater in Naumberg. Some of us roamed around the city, looking for souvenirs, and we ate all we could get our hands on, of course.

Alec Templeton, the blind British pianist, played a concert for us one afternoon, and I remembered a tune of his, "Bach Goes To Town," that was recorded by my favorite band leader, Benny Goodman.

I remember some other details, such as the sidewalk toilets we sat on in Naumberg as passing German civilians, typically, ignored us, and I remember I still had big scabs on my lower legs from what I thought to be malnutrition.

These were the happiest days of my life, in a way. Yet I don't remember many details, only a few highlights that have stuck in my mind.

There were glum-looking German soldiers standing in gondola railroad cars, sweating in the warm sun.

We were happy, meanwhile.

Even happier, I think, than the Germans we saw storming the Berlin Wall when it was opened last November. □

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V --- MAIL

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Art work sent home to his father in 1945.

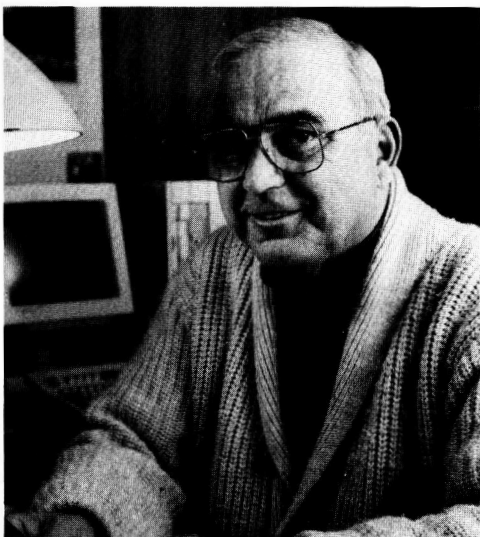
by Sgt James J. Klein

1315 Travis Street

LaCrosse, Wisconsin 54601

Ex-POW lifts shame of surrender

An association of members of his WWII division has helped a Minnesotan overcome the shame of surrendering in the Battle of the Bulge



John Kline of Apple Valley, edits a magazine for veterans of his former division.

By Chuck Haga
Staff Writer
Minneapolis Star-Tribune

The letter came three weeks ago from a man in the 106th Infantry Division Association, a veteran of the greatest land battle fought by U.S. troops in World War II, and John Kline recognized his old self in the man's shame.

The letter came to Kline, of Apple Valley, because he edits a magazine for an association of veterans who served with the 106th Infantry Division. Kline had received several letters of this nature in the past three years. The man, a relatively new member apologized for waiting so long to join the association.

"I guess you could say I have a problem," he wrote. "When I left the service, civilians seem to shun me as though I was something not wanted.

"To this day I find it hard to admit that I was a prisoner. . . . I am proud of our 106th Division and the men I fought with. I think it was a good division. But hardly a day goes by that I do not wonder why it had to happen to the 106th."

For more than 40 years, Kline wondered too, and felt a similar shame.

He was a sergeant in mid-December 1944, a machine-gun squad leader on a hill in the rugged Ardennes forest of Belgium. He was 19, fresh to the line. And like 600,000 other U.S. troops stretched along the Ardennes he was caught by surprise when three German armies launched the Battle of the Bulge on Dec. 16, 1944.

His unit surrendered three days later. Kline spent four months as a POW.

"We received some very bad press after the war," he said. "The British writers were probably the cruelest . . . made us out to be cowards. A lot of people were stuck with that image. I've talked to guys who said they would walk into a Legion club to have a drink, and somebody would say, 'Oh, you were with the 106th? You were one of those guys who let the Germans through the Bulge.

"I didn't talk a lot about it. If somebody asked about the war, I didn't hide where I had been. But I didn't go out of my way to talk about my part."

Then in 1987 Kline read a new history of the battle, "A Time for Trumpets." Author Charles MacDonald, who was there as a company commander, showed that the breakthrough was due to its own daring and to Allied intelligence failures. The individual soldier deserved no blame. "Surprised, stunned . . . nevertheless held fast until his commanders ordered withdrawal or until he was overwhelmed," MacDonald wrote.

It's the book that saved my life," Kline said "It shows that the Germans took three days to chew us up, and in those three days they lost their impetus. They used up a lot of gas and men."

He had left New York in the early morning of Oct. 17, 1944. *Did not see the Statue of Liberty*, he noted in his diary, which he had printed two years ago. *The*

trip was peaceful. I ate mostly Spam sandwiches and Mallo Cup. . . could not stand the English sausage and potatoes.

After training in England and France, his unit reached front-line positions in Belgium.

12/11/44 Every sound is amplified, every bush could be an enemy crawling towards you. Your eyes grow bleary from staring into the darkness. You are happy when the relief crew shows up. The next day, you take a good long look at the stump that moved during the night. You take note of the unusual objects, and then things start to settle down.

On Dec. 16, the Germans attacked just before dawn with half a million men and all the tanks, artillery and planes they could scrounge. Their goal was to retake the Belgian port of Antwerp with its supply depots, and in the process trap several U.S. and British armies. Hitler hoped to demoralize and perhaps divide the Allies, make the war seem too costly and maybe win a negotiated peace.

The 106th Infantry had been placed in what was thought to be a quiet sector, for more training. Allied strategists, preparing for an offensive elsewhere, figured there was little risk of German activity in the Ardennes.

12/19/44 During the day, Smitty, my gunner, was injured in the leg by an artillery shell. I was hit in the left boot on the same burst. . . The first artillery barrage was unbelievable. . . It seemed that every square yard of the ground was being covered. I could hear men on the slopes below screaming for Medics.

In three days of fighting, two of the 106th's three regiments were destroyed. The division lost 416 killed, 1,246 wounded and 7,001 missing - including Kline.

"Many of us didn't fire a shot at the Germans," he said. I had my machine gun at the top of a hill, in the woods. We were pinned down. . . . I didn't really see a German until an American officer walked up with a German officer and

said we had to give up. That probably was part of my shame: I personally didn't do a hell of a lot as a soldier in a battle.

"And then we had a lot of time to think. We didn't know what happened until later. We didn't know about any *Battle of the Bulge*. All we knew was that we had been overrun."

The captured Americans were marched to camps deep inside Germany. Along the way, Kline scratched diary notes and favorite recipes on scraps of paper and on the backs of pictures of his mother and father.

12/25/44 On the march by 6:30, marched all day and night, no water or food except snow. No Christmas, except in our hearts.

1/10/45 My 20th birthday. I am spending it as a guest of the German government at Stalag 4-B, Muhlberg, Germany. I had 1/6 loaf of bread, one tablespoon sugar, one slice margarine and a pint of grass soup with five boiled potatoes. Not bad fare. We were finally registered as prisoners of war, I became German prisoner #315-136.

Kline arrived at Stalag 8-A, near Gorlitz, Germany, on Jan. 13, 1945. He suffered from diarrhea, and his gums bled. After a month, the Germans marched their prisoners 415 miles to the west, to stay ahead of the advancing Soviet armies.

2/14/45 Valentine's Day. Evacuating Stalag 8-A on foot. We do not know where we are going. The guards are silent. We know they want to get away from the Russians. The guards are older men. They wear long grey winter coats and have little the red triangular patch on the lapel that shows they have had service on the Russian front.

3/2/45 We are all so skinny, our clothes hanging like rags. My hips have bruises on them because I have no meat on them. My combat boots are loose on my feet. Several have dropped out from exhaustion. I don't know what happens if you do.

Each day the sky is filled with vapor trails from the bombers. They are flying at very high altitudes and must be B-17s. Somewhere the Germans are getting a shellacking. That is the only good sign we have right now.

3/9/45 Walked 17 miles today. . . All we talk about and think about is food. I have written menus for just about everything there is. We will be talking and someone will start telling us about their favorite recipe, like basting turkey with cola or making peanut butter fudge.

3/14/45 One of our boys was killed last night. He tried to get some sugar beets that were in the barnyard and one of the guards shot him. George and I volunteered to dig his grave.

4/12/45 (In an infirmary near Helmstedt, Germany) For two weeks now I have had extreme stomach cramps. I am really getting weak. . . can barely walk. We have been told that American forces are on three sides of us. The German doctor asked us to please tell our doctors that he would have taken better care of us if he had medicine.

4/13/45 Liberation 10 a.m. Friday the 13th. An American artillery captain just walked into the infirmary with a large box of cigarettes, chocolate and K-rations. He says he is happy to see us. If he only knew how happy we are to see him. I couldn't help it I had to cry.

Later, in a U.S. field hospital, Kline saw himself in a mirror.

4/17/45 I am skin and bones, with bruises on my hips, and the skin is taut over my face.

On April 26, he was flown to Paris, where he was hospitalized for another week. He was flown to the United States on May 5, 1945. After two more weeks in hospitals, he was allowed to go home on sick leave to Terre Haute, Indiana. He was discharged in December of 1945.

"When I came back, I had to put my nose to the grindstone and get to work," he said. "I had a family (a 10 month old son). That probably helped me."

But he couldn't shake the bad memories, the nagging guilt. "Watching the former prisoners returning from Vietnam, even those people breaking through the wall now in Germany, it affects me," he said. "There are times when I drive down a road and into a forest of green pine trees and it reminds me of the Ardennes. This time of year, when it snows . . ."

He used to attend meetings of former POWs, "but I made excuses that I was busy, it just didn't set right with me. I know it does some of those people good, but I didn't think it was for me."

He heard about the 106th veterans association in 1987 and attended a reunion. He found people from his company and they talked about the fighting, the prison camps, the guilt. Somebody recommended the MacDonald book, and Kline read it.

When the association's magazine needed an editor, he volunteered. Now he encourages veterans of the 106th to share their stories in the quarterly, which he publishes out of his basement. "I relive the war just about every day, as the mail comes in," he said.

He hopes the disturbed veterans who write him read "A Time for Trum-pets," by Charles B. MacDonald, then come to the next reunion. If they do, "they will wonder what they have been worrying about all their life." ■

(This article appeared in the Minneapolis, Minnesota Star-Tribune on 1/7/90. A total of 30 phone calls and 5 letters were received. All were encouraging. Seven were former 106th Infantry Division men. Other callers (not to name them all) were from the 3d Armored Division; A 2d Division company commander (the outfit we relieved on the front line); an 8-inch rifle (artillery) man who had been near Aachen firing into the Huertgen forest. A B-24 pilot; a B-17 pilot who had a brother killed in the Bulge, and 5 persons who were born in 1944 or after. Maybe at another time I can give you the history of some of the interesting people who called. Not one person criticized me, or the the 106th for our action... J. Kline)

Alexander, Calvin C. 422/H

Rte 2 Box 247
Tuscumbia, AL 35674

Calvin, welcome to the 106th Association. Send us some information when you get time...editor

Arvold, Norman W. 424/B

7144 Bass Lake Rd.
Lake Tomahawk, WI 54539

Captured 17 December 1944. Our squad had put up a road block and were over run during the night. We lost two men during the fighting and the rest were captured. I was in 5 different prison camps. Liberated in May of '45. I was a Staff Sergeant. I am a retired widow.

Avent, Wallace R. 423/C

834 Newland St.
Jackson, MS 39211

Thanks for joining. If you have any news for the membership, please send it along... editor

Beale, Sidney H. 424/HQ 3BN

16400 Bubbling Wells
Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240

Was with Battalion Headquarters 424, 3d battalion. Left the 106th and went to West Coast for shipment to the east. Last tour was with 42d Military Government Unit in Seoul, Korea in 1945. retired from service, entered Michigan State College, graduated B.S. in agriculture in 1950

Married Phyllis Wever in 1949, 5 children, 4 boys, 1 girl.

Worked in the dairy industry, retiring in 1986.

Boyd, Thomas D. 422/C

1113 Winslow Circle
Longmont, CO 80501

I last saw the Bulge battered 106th on that hillside above Schoenberg. Lt. Col. Joseph Mathews gave Lt. Harry O'Neil and I his map to infiltrate westward. After making our way through the hills and hiding out in the day time, with a few encounters with the Krauts, we found the 7th Armored on the third day and were eventually evacuated to England, with exposure, frost bite etc.

Recovered we wound up back with the



outfit when it was re-constituted and saw VE day on the road to Bretagne Peninsula to hold a line enclosing a German Regiment and the submarine pens at St. Nazaire and L'Orient. Ultimately we rattled around several occupational units for a year.

I was recalled (reserve commission) during Korea but for some reason wound up in Berlin and finished my active duty there to work for a year and half on AFN as a newsman.

In civilian life I was a news reporter on Northern California newspapers and briefly on ABC News, KGO & Channel 7, and for UP in San Francisco. In the late '70s in Industrial PR work and advertising on the San Francisco Peninsula.

Retired now, in Colorado, with wife working for another couple of years. I am now doing scenic photography and selling through local galleries.

Have kept in touch with 1st Platoon Sergeant, **Romeo Rossi** (Detroit), who told me about the Association, and with Lt O'Neil (Salem, N.Y.).

Brown, C. Tom 424/UNIT?

Rte 1 Box 155A
Humansville, MO 65674

I was a machine gunner (MOS 604) at the time I was taken prisoner.

Leo B. Fairchild was taken by enemy fire and died in prison camp from lung damage. My Sergeant, **Johnny Johnson** from Georgia had his jaw almost torn off by a hand-grenade. I haven't seen him since. Sergeant **Adams** was my Platoon Sergeant.

I am now a minister of the gospel, or-

New Members

dained full gospel preacher and pastor and general superintendent, A Landmark Full Gospel, Inc.

Burt, Charles L. 423/F

203 Darrell
Levelland, TX 79336

I was captured on 19 December 1944 while serving on perimeter defense of the Regimental Headquarters when Colonel Cavender sent the Regimental Exec Officer out with a white flag. We were marched for many days to Limburg, Stalag 12-A. On the way, Colonel Puett persuaded the Germans to supply transportation for a large number of the men who were wounded, or unable to walk because of frozen feet. I was one of that group during the last day of that march. I was one of the fortunate ones, who also at the insistence of Col. Puett, received medical attention at Stalag 12-A, saving my ability to continue an active life the last 45 years.

From Limburg we were placed in box-cars and sent to Stalag 9-B, arriving there on Christmas Day, then marched up the hill to the camp. We were liberated there on Easter Sunday, 1 April 1945.

I was discharged from military service on 1 December '45 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas with the rank of Sergeant.

In late 1946 a long time neighbor girl and I were married. We raised two girls and two boys, and are the grandparents of five boys and two girls.

I retired from farming in 1976 and moved to Texas in 1983.

I am nearing my 80th birthday and due to arthritis have to use crutches. Other than that I am in fairly good health and enjoy frequent trips.

Cram, James V. 422/E

2711 Walnut Ave
Newberg, OR 97132

Staff Sergeant Co. E, 422d. Wounded and captured 19 December 1944. Took a couple of weeks to get to Stalag 12-A, Limburg. I have been trying to locate members from "E" company for years. Used to go to reunions, but never found any from that unit. I am planing on going

to Sacramento. Would like some back issues of The CUB.

(editor's note — Jim, Sorry but all the back issues have been used as we went along, acquiring new members. Maybe some person close to you has some older copies that they will let you read. We are in the process of publishing a "CUB Revue" that will cover all the important stories and articles from day one to date. It will not have the New Member and Mail Bag columns (because of space), but is expected to be 250 or more pages - we will be announcing it's availability date at the Sacramento Reunion which is from August 31 through September 4th, 1990...John Kline)

Crook, Richard M. ASSOCIATE

4114 Wyndwood Dr.
Toledo, OH 43623

Aboard PC 553 (as Executive Officer) on Omaha Beach during the Normandy Invasion, June 6, 1944 and there-after until January 24, 1945 when relieved of command at LeHavre.

Our ship served as the Primary Control vessel on the Easy Red sector of the Omaha Beach starting at 0515 June 6, 1944 continuing until about 1800 on the same day.

Now retired as a Captain of the U.S. Naval Reserve.

(editor's note — Captain Crook has a special interest in World War II, particularly in the 589th FAB. He is also interested in any information about Eric Wood - When I talked to him he said he was doing a study on the subject matter surrounding Eric Wood... John Kline)

Cunningham, Louis E. 106 RECON

113 Barberry Rd
North Wales, PA 19454

I was a member of the 106th RECON from its inception until captured at Grosslangenfeld, outside St. Vith. I have recently retired after working for the same company in the excess of 46 years, counting my military years.

I am still married to **Charlotte**, my wife of almost 45 years. We have two sons and three grandsons. Love to golf and ski and collect U. stamps.

Cunningham, Robert E. 424/CN

Rte 6 Box 137 A
Lancaster, SC 29720

I joined the 106th at Fort Jackson. I was a member of the Anti-Tank Company, then was transferred to Cannon Company, 424th Regiment. I was wounded in December 1944.

Married, we had one daughter who passed away in May of 1986. I am retired, enjoy wood-working and fishing.

(editor's note — Bob, nice to see you on the roster. Thanks for taking advantage of the new LIFE MEMBERSHIP that was just passed at the last reunion in Schaumburg, Illinois....John Kline)

Debruin, James H. 81st ENG/A

2711 E. Colvin Street
Syracuse, NY 13224

I joined the 81st as a (745) rifleman replacement in Belgium. After mine clearing, etc, duties and crossing the Siegfried Line, we built a timber trestle bridge on existing piers, across the Lahn River at Bad Ems, Germany.

After VE day we moved to Karlsruhe for light duty. After the Rhine crossing we built POW enclosures and at one point in time we moved with the Division to San Quentin and the to Rennes, France to regroup on a former Luftwaffe airbase near the English Channel (prior to VE Day).

Drehmel, John W. 81st ENG/A

871 So. Main St
Fond du Lac, WI 54935

(NOTE — From President Gus Agostini to Sherod Collins - Drehmel was in my platoon and one of the lucky ones that did not get captured. I contacted him and here is his membership fee. Kline called me the other night and told me that the president's article is due, so I have to get to that also. Kline keeps me on my toes, better that I get him the article or he will write his own... Gus)

Fowler, William K. DIV/HQ

980 Pembroke Way
Dixon, CA 95620

Formerly a member of the Association. I served as National Treasurer for four years. Retired from the Southern Railway.

Gianniotis, Lambros 423/HQ 2BN

135-25 95th Street
Ozone Park, NY 11417

Joined the 106th in March 1943. I was assigned as a cook in the 423rd Infantry Officer's Mess. Worked there in Fort Jackson and Camp Atterbury. I am listing a few names of men I worked with:

1st Lt. Richard Johnson

Sgt. Brenner

Sgt. Watkins

Sgt Waleski

In addition there were 6 waiters and 6 Kps who worked with me every day. I hope they remember me.

Gillan, James J. 424/SV

1227 Hilltop Rd.
Southampton, VA 18966

Goldberger, Julian D. 424/I

1522 Shellbark Place
Herndon, VA 22070

After hospital was attached to a special police unit. After discharge and school became a professional photographer. In a few years I became a manager of several retail business, later joined the United States Government as an employee in a security agency. Lived all over the world, except Europe, and never got back there.

Am now in real estate in an area outside of Washington D.C. (in North Virginia.)

Used to spend a lot of time hunting and fishing, but it's been growing so fast and far around here that it is now a long trip to do that. We are in the process of starting an American Legion Post at this time.

Married with two daughters.

Guy, Albert F. 81st ENG/?

4238 Floral Ave
Norwood, OH 45212

Drafted 11/21/1944, Basic at Fort Bragg, assigned to the 29th Division. Joined Air Force as Bombardier, washed out, sent to AFB in Childress, Texas. Sent overseas early '45, assigned to the 81st Engineers as a radio operator. In late '45 was transferred to 3rd Armored, then to 36th Division. Came home with the 36th and went back to my job as an electrician. Was married in 1946. My wife and I had

New Members

13 children. I retired in 1982.

Houser, William H. 424/HQ 1BN

2600 Prospect St
Reading, PA 19606

I had no idea that the 106th was having reunions for the past 43 years. It was by chance that I saw an article in the local paper about the 106th having a dinner here in Reading, Pennsylvania this past December. I, of course, attended and have since been in touch with two of my best friends of the war, **Abner T. Harris**, my First Sergeant, and a medic that was assigned to out unit, **Larry Walden**.

I am planning on attending the Sacramento Reunion this year. My address is above, and my phone number is : 215-779-6543. I was the company clerk... my typing is still not too bad.....

Hungerford, John I. 422/HQ

5742 Fenfield Ave
Woodland Hills, CA 91367

Krezminski, Edward S. 81st ENG/B

2803 Ardith St.
Joliet, IL 60435

Wow! What a heart warming surprise. Just one week before my 68th birthday, I hear from two of my army buddies, **Ed Wojahn** and **Pappy Den**, both from our 3rd Platoon, "B" Company, 81st Engineers.

It has been 46 years since we last seen or talked to them. I intend to keep in touch. There are so many stories and things to talk about.

I was discharged in February of 1946, got in the refrigeration field service for 8-10 years and have been in sales ever since. Going to retire April 1st 1990. Will have more time for my hobbies, golfing, fishing, gardening, even learned how to bake and cook and I like travel.

I have been married 37 years and lost my love two years ago.

My daughter Judy is living with me. I am in good health. If anyone from the old outfit knows me, please call or write. My telephone number is 815-436-9635.

Kuespert, Wilfred A. (Art) 423/F

7727 Bogart Dr. N.E.
North Fort Myers, FL 33917-5401

My friend **Jack A. Sulser** came all the way from Virginia to Florida to tell me that I had better re-join the Association, or else. He never did inform me of the alternative.

I was a member years ago. I joined the 106th from the 80th Division Cadre. ASN 35 332 660, POW No. 311 829.

Mormann, Elmer J. 423/E

20464 Iberia Ave #108
Lakeville, MN 55044

(editor's note — Elmer is another that found the Minneapolis Star-Tribune article and responded. He has had problems from time to time, like many of us, with his prison experiences. He visited me at my work office, since we live a few miles from each other. It was nice visiting and I am happy that the 106th and Elmer have once again gotten together. If you knew him, drop him a line. I know he will appreciate it... John Kline)

Newsom, Chancy C. 423/M

1421 S.W. 67 Ave- Apt #23
Miami, FL 33144

I was a member of "M" Company, 423d Infantry regiment. I was a gunner on a 30 cal water cooler Browning machine gun. Captured 19 December 1944 near Schoenberg, Germany. My 24th birthday was 16 December 1944. We were on the road for many miles and in box-cars for days. There were so many men in each car we had standing room only. Then the British Air Force strafed us killing several and wounding many. We finally arrived at Bad Orb, Stalag 9-B. The camp was liberated on Easter Sunday 1 April, 1945, when a Patton tank ran over the front gate.

By that time all the guards were gone. I was carried out on a litter because I couldn't walk. Went to a field hospital, then to Paris, then on to Mitchell Field, Long Island. It took over a year for me to get back to duty.

I wound up with the 24th Infantry Division in Japan, then to the Korean War. On July 3 1950 I was in Tai Jon, Korea when General William F. Dean was captured.

I rotated out of Korea after 18 months

with the Division. I was in the service 10 years, 11 months and 19 days.

Nicholson, Douglas M. 424/HQ 2BN

34 Hillshire Dr.
Lake Oswego, OR 97304

After all these years I am so pleased that I just recently learned of the 106th Infantry Division Association.

I joined the 106th in Indiana during 1944 and participated in its adventures until March 7, 1945. That was the day that I was wounded (land mine) during the final move to the Rhine River. After two years in the hospital for repairs, I was discharged in February of 1947.

My activity then changed to that of a student, University of Oregon, a career as a C.P.A. with Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Company, another career as a financial executive with Hyster Company, and now still another career as a retired person.

It has all been so interesting and I particularly look back kindly with all the time with the 106th Infantry Division.

Poole, J. Larry 423/A

116 E. Market St
Kingsport, TN 37660

(Thanks for joining. If you have any news for the membership, please send it along... editor)

Raby, Jr., Glynn G. 423/HQ 1BN

3575 Elkwood Cove West
Memphis, TN 38111

Just recently learned of the existence of the 106th Association. Please accept me as a member.

Was with the 106th from March 1943, at Jackson, until April 1944 at Camp Atterbury. Departed from the 106th with the first replacement group and went to ETO where I joined the 9th Infantry, "H" Company, 2d Infantry Division in Normandy.

My last contact with the 106th was in December, when it relieved the 2d in the Schnee Eifel mountains.

In 1978 my wife and I drove through St. Vith, Belgium and came across the 106th Memorial. I was pleased to find it. In June 1989 I was again at St. Vith (on a 2d

Division tour) and we spent three nights there. If you have copies of your recent issues, please send them to me. I would be happy to pay for them.

(editor's note — Glynn, please read my notes to James Cram, in this column. It will explain the lack of extra copies and the plans for a "CUB Revue." ... John Kline)

Renninger, Clair A. 423/HQ 2BN

190 Godfrey Ave
Conway, SC 29526

With 106th from activation in 1943 until taken prisoner in the Bulge. Taken to Stalag 4-B then to Stalag 4-A. Would like to hear from any person who remembers me. My wife's name is Patricia. My phone (803) 248-6454.

Ritchie, Richard R. 423/MED

17715 13th Ave North
Plymouth, MN 55447

John, read all the information that you sent. It was interesting to find the article in the Minneapolis Star-Tribune about you. I read and re-read your service diary, The CUB, the rosters of K Company, the 423d Medics and the 331st Medics.

I was Company Aid Man/Aid Station Technician for K Company, 3d Battalion, 423d Regiment from March 1943 to 12/20/44. Army Serial No. 37 663 809. POW No. 313 615.

I found that our experiences were parallel for the most part. We both ended up in the same camps at the same time, including Stalag 8-A on the Polish border and the 415 mile march evacuating from the Russians.

I was captured on the morning of 20 December along with the Battalion Surgeon **Lt Winberg** and was liberated April

***LIFE membership
now available
See inside cover
Left column***

New Members

13th 1945 at a farm bloc outside of Braunschweig.

I escaped April 10th before reaching Braunschweig. Everything was in a state of confusion on the roads to Braunschweig and I found that walking the road offered the best route to proceed, since there was small arms fire on either side.

I walked through Braunschweig all alone, asking Kommandos that appeared cooperative, which way the American prisoners took out of Braunschweig. Since liberation seemed eminent, I caught up with the columns at a farm bloc about 5 miles outside of Braunschweig.

The next day we were liberated by a tank and a jeep (with the 106th markings, unless I am badly mistaken).

I had a multitude of questions to ask and your material answered most of my questions.

What have I been doing the last 45 years?

First I went to school and graduated from the University of Northern Iowa in '49. Attended University of Iowa two years (summers) while teaching Science in High School at Dysart, Iowa. The next four years taught radar to Air Force Officers at Keesler AFB, Biloxi, Mississippi as a Civil Service employee.

The following six years I was a design and development engineer at Univac in St Paul Minnesota.

The following 25 years I was I worked for Control Data in Bloomington as a design engineer, test engineer and finally as manager in the Product Assurance Department. During 20 of these last 25 years I taught at the St Paul Institute adult night education classes in electronics.

I have five sons and a wonderful wife, Carol. We have been married 43 years and all of our sons and 3 grandchildren live within 25 miles.

(editor's note — Richard is one of those seven 106th Infantry members whose responded to my article of January 7, 1990 in the Minneapolis Star-Tribune. While most all of us were captured on the 19th, he and the battalion surgeon were captured on the morn-

ing of the 20th. He remembers being in the same barn as our regimental officers and having a conversation with Colonel Cavender. Since he lives nearby I called him while I was writing this column and told him I had just talked wit Col. Cavender in Sun City, California about two hours before. As most of you know, since I have mentioned it before, I keep in touch with Cavender two to three times a month, sometimes less. he is 92 years old, anxiously awaiting the 1990 Sacramento Reunion and the opportunity to visit with his old 423d Regiment comrades... John Kline)

Rubnitz, Douglas D. 422/H

Rt. 1 Box 266
Elkhorn, WI 63121

Schneider, Francis R. 590/SV

3329 Foggy Ridge Cove
Memphis, TN 38115

Married 46 years, two sons Ray and Rick. Ray served in Vietnam with the 1st Air Cavalry.

I am retired and just returned from a trip to Germany where I toured St. Vith, Bastogne, Liege and Stavelot. The place I remember best, from the winter of '44, was Stavelot.

Would like to know the whereabouts of **Lt. R. Ringer**, and **Lt. Hicks**, and old buddies **Bob Myers** and **Albin Nawrocki**. Bob played the trumpet, and I can still hear him, on the boat, as he played "Sugar Blues." just renewed contact with **Herbert J. Friedman** in Florida. All from the Service Battery, 590 FAB.

I am better known as "**Ollie**" **Schneider**, and was a Motor Pool Mechanic Sergeant who joined the 106th at Atterbury in the spring of '44. When the division regrouped after the Bulge I was placed with the 81st Engineers, until we received replacements from the Artillery. My jeep carried the name **Illinois Noise**, from which I was a native of that state.

(editor's note — After our original correspondence Francis sent along a copy of the following poem. He doesn't know where he got it. He brought it back with him and it was amongst his memorabilia for the last 45 years.

Francis, you asked about the book of poems written by **Dale Carver**. You may contact him at the address that was on the list of books that I sent you. If you have mis-placed that here it is again. Dale Carver, 724 Druid Circle, Baton Rouge, LA 70808. \$5.00 buys you a memorable book of poems, the 106th and the war as seen from the mind of Dale. Dale received a battle field promotion (1st Lt.) and was awarded the Silver Star. You will enjoy his views. As he says, "These poems laid around in my war memories for years and I thought they should be put to print"... John Kline

Francis here is the poem from your old memory box.

The Golden Lion - 106th Infantry Division

(by an unknown author, from
an unknown source.)

It hailed from Indiana
It was thirteen thousand strong,
The unbeaten roaring lion
Forever rolling on.

Her men were young and sturdy
Americans were they
Bound and bent for action.
And unbeaten to this day.

They moved up to the Siegfried
Her mighty banners waved
To hold this mighty sector
Was the order that was gave

The lions roar was sounded
And for twenty seven miles
Her crew of thirteen thousand
Waited for the German riles.

The German they were dauntless
And they were mighty too
It was the Golden Lion sector
They intended to break through.

The attack was made at daybreak

They came in heavy force
It was like a playful kitten
trying to stop a mighty horse.

The Lion was ferocious
It leaped to the attack
It used all of its fury
To throw the Jerry back.

But the odds they were against her
She was a beaten foe
She battled for position
But that was hopeless as we know.

The Lion now was limping
Its roar was getting weak
her troops they were retreating
In a mighty tangled heap.

Other forces came to save her
To hurl the Jerries back
And the U S. Silver Eagles
flew in for the attack.

Together they massed for action
The Jerries soon were 'beat
It was their mighty outfits
That were now in retreat.

Soon the fight was over
The Lions roars once more
A wiser stronger Lion
Than she ever was before.

Now she will be ready
And with victory at hand
You can bet the Golden Lion
Will help make the final stand.

The men who helped to make her
They have not died in vain
They will always be remembered
Because the Lion roars again.

Sciulle, George 422/UNIT?

1210 Bingay Dr.
Pittsburgh, PA 15237

Retired officer of the Pittsburgh National Bank, mentions T-3 Rand of the 106th Field Artillery. (Let us know what

New Members

unit you were with George and we will let the other men know so they can contact you... editor)

Simon, Ernest DIV/HQ

650 Greta Green Way
Los Angeles, CA 90049

If you care I can write some articles for **The CUB**. I have a number of photos while serving the 106th, which have never been seen in the U.S.A. I doubt that I will be able to make the reunions.

Sofarelli, John V. 424/L

704 34th St S.E.
Largo, FL 34641

John, I received the CUB magazine and Association roster. Thank you! I have gotten in touch with **Mike Mueller** (an old buddy) already. I will definitely try to make it to Sacramento. I am a retired home builder. Married for 41 years, two daughters, one son. Play golf, a 15 handicap (watch out for him in Sacramento...editor). I buy old farm house in Maine and renovate them.

Sorenson, Clarence 423/B

249 No. Munsterman
Appleton, MN 56208

(editor's note — Clarence also came to us by the way of my January 7, 1990 Minneapolis Star-Tribune story. His son, John Sorenson, called me (he lives locally) and said his father, Clarence, was in the 106th. I contacted Clarence and talked with him. He was unsure what unit he was in. He said "I think I was in the 23d Regiment." I figured it was the 423d, but he had forgotten. Since I had the "Combat Infantry Badge orders for the 423d Regiment, and Clarence thought he was in the 423d, I searched the list. I found Clarence listed with "B" Company 423d Regiment. He was delighted to hear that I had found that.

His son sent along, with his application for membership, a news story where Clarence was interviewed by a newspaper. Unfortunately the date and the name of the newspaper are missing, but it reads to be an interview right after his liberation.

Clarence is going on 80 years of age, even though he couldn't remember the unit, he sure remembered his army serial number (ASN). When I found his name in the CIB list I called and asked if he could

remember his ASN. He said "Sure, it is 37 321 743" It seems that you never forget your ASN. Now let's see what is my ASN, Hmmm! ... John Kline)

Spano, Robert M. 424/CN

4009 Silver Lake Rd
St. Anthony, MN 55421

Thanks for joining. If you have any news for the membership, please send it along... editor

Stavlo, Curtis L. 423/HQ

460 No. Leonard Street
West Salem, WI 54669

(editor's note — Had a couple of conversations with Curt. He found us through one of our LaCrosse, Wisconsin members. Welcome to the 106th, Curt... John Kline)

Swanson, Alvin P. 424/I

5504 - 37 Avenue So.
Minneapolis, MN 55417

John, thanks for The CUB (Oct-Dec 1989) and the roster of the current members. After looking over the names of the 424/I Company I recognize **Hubert Hochstetter** as a member of our platoon. I plan to write him a letter. We found our last contact with the 106th at the 3rd Annual Reunion in Chicago in 1949. We have a black and white picture of that event. Then nothing - until your article appeared in the Minneapolis Star-Tribune.

Dorothy and I have been married 49 years, have six children, eleven grandchildren and a start on the next generation with two great grandchildren. I retired in 1987 from Dayton-Hudson Company after 46 years in the downtown store as men's shoe salesman.

I joined the division at Camp Atterbury in August of 1944 and was with them through the whole war, coming home the summer of '45.

Our biggest battle was at the little town of Hunemont, where the Germans were well entrenched. We lost a couple of our officers and many men were seriously wounded. After pulling back for reorganization, we were right back in battle. At this time I led a squad of men and captured six Germans who were holed up in twin hay stacks. For that I received a Silver Star.

Then we were on guard duty for thousands of German War prisoners, until the end of the war.

Szarka, Connie ASSOCIATE

1956 Shorewood Ln
Mound, MN 55364

(editor's note — Connie come to the 106th as a person interested in the area in which we fought. On January 7, 1990 I had a 3/4 page story about my prison experience in the Minneapolis Star-Tribune. The writer did a pretty good job. I received 30 telephone calls, men from other divisions. A officer from the 2d Division who had replaced us. A B-24 pilot, a B-17 pilot, a for 3rd Armored, 32d Infantry half-track recon man, who told me that he could have been captured 8 times. The list goes on and on. One who had been in North Africa, then down to Salerno, Sicily and Anzio - said he had only 96 hours leave time in 42 months. All the calls were gratifying and supportive of the theme of my story.

What was most gratifying was that I received 5 calls from persons who had no military connection except their intense interest in World War II and in particular the *Battle of the Bulge*. All of these five were either babies at the time of the Bulge or had been born after that.

Connie Szarka is one of those. She is a French teacher at the Chaska High School, near Minneapolis, and has traveled to Belgium and France six times with French students.

She, after we discussed the history of the division and the background of my story, volunteered to submit some stories for The CUB. Her first story appears in this issue. As she says, "My stories will not be of battles, even though I have an interest, but they will be human interest stories about the area of Belgium and France." She is not as well acquainted with the St. Vith area, her knowledge is of Leige and Namur and the area. She also know her way around France.

I am looking forward to an occasional story that will interest us. She has also assisted me in some translations of material that was sent to me by members of the C.R.I.B.A. organization.

She is a genuine person. My wife and I

are anxious to meet her. She has had a couple of interesting conversations with Margot, my wife, whose home is Frankfurt, Germany. She, Connie, just returned from France, where she had toured with several French students. Margot is on her way to Frankfurt on April 12. (I am typing this portion of The CUB on April 8.) When we all get settled down, after Margot gets back, we will get together with Connie. I am sure it will be an interesting time.

I wish to, through this column, welcome her as a "War Buff," and thank her for her offer to assist us with an occasional story.

Look for her article elsewhere in this issue.... John Kline)

Thurber, Ralph E. 423/SV

3717 N. 126 Plaza Box 395
Omaha, NE 68164

I entered service November 22 1944 I served with several divisions but most of the time was with 106th Infantry Division. I hope to find some of my buddies at the reunion. My wife Vernelle and I will be married 49 years in August ('90). We have three sons and one daughter and 10 grandchildren.

Our oldest son, Daniel, who served in the Air Force for four years (60-64) is a Professor of English at Concordia Teacher's College, Seward, NE. Our second son, Gerald, is with American Bankers Insurance and lives in Omaha, Nebraska. Our daughter Karen is in Paralegal work and our youngest son, David, is completing four years with the Naval Reserves and is with the Lincoln Police Department, Lincoln, Nebraska. David has been urging me to contact you concerning the notices in the American Legion magazine.

I retired from Roberts Dairy in Omaha, as a mechanic and parts-man in 1982. My wife retired from the Omaha Public Schools in Food Service in 1987. We enjoy AmTrack and Bus Tours. My hobbies are fishing and model trains.

New Members

Twesten, Helen B. ASSOCIATE

Rte 3 Box 130
Carrollton, IL 62106

Dear John,

I am happy to be part of the Association. My only brother, **Charles A. Barton**, was with the 106th Band. He passed away on May 14, 1955 at the age of 34. he had a wife and 3 children, ages 8, 6 and 2. He also left a lot of voids in a good many lives. I learned about the 106th Association from your article that appeared on January 7th in the Minneapolis-Star Tribune.

(editor's note — Thanks Helen. That article brought 30 phone calls, five letters and help me discover 7 more people associated with the 106th Infantry Division. It was encouraging to find that 5 of the callers were born after 1944 and had such a great interest in the Battle of the Bulge... John Kline)

Vanderhorst, Eric J. 423/F

1023 Guatay Ave
Chula Vista, CA 92011-2201

Thanks for joining. If you have any news for the membership, please send it along... editor

Weidensaul, James L. UNIT UNKNOWN

524 Ardmore Ave
Pitman, NJ 08071

Trained at Camp Blanding, Florida November 1944, joined the 106th in France after the Bulge. After the Japanese surrendered I stayed in France at the American POW camps.

I worked with Mobil Research in

Paulsboro, New Jersey for 41 years. Have a daughter and four grandchildren, two of them living with me here in Pitman.

I keep busy by working for car dealers driving new cars in a 100 mile radius

Westfall, Pat N. 424/K

PO Box 202
Somerville, TX 77879

Joined the division at Camp Atterbury in August 1944. In December 1944 I was evacuated to a hospital in Belgium, then on to Paris and finally England. Never made it back to the division but spent a year in Germany just after the war.

Another tour of duty in '54-'56 was sent to Korea, made the Inchon landing and Iwon. was at the Chosin Reservoir in Nov and Dec.

Retired 30 April 1965. Worked 15 years at Texas A&M University. Since 1980 have been a Rural mail carrier. Plan to retire for the third time in November or December of this year.

Williamson, McAdoo 422/A

4829 Sherwood Dr
Ashland, KY 41101

I have received word from E.W. Schmalzried about **The CUB**. I am enclosing my membership fee and am looking forward to receiving the publication. My phone number is 606-324-5805.

Zorn, Seymour 106 SIG

11402 Accolade Terrace
Clinton, MD 20375



Vietnam Vet Searches for Info on 106th Father

Duane Duden would like to find any person who knew his father, Gordon W. Duden, 37163937, Sgt, "G" Company, 423d Regiment. Gordon was fluent in German. Lived and worked in Red Wing, Minnesota. Arrived in ETO 24 Sept '45.

Wounded in leg by a grenade.

Also served with the 30th Infantry Division. "A 118th Inf, "E" 120th Inf.

Contact Duane (Son), 1300 67th Ave No., #101, Brooklyn Center, MN 55430



by Dean F. Childs, 106 SIG, 245 S 56th St #75, Mesa, AZ 85206

Just a few lines to let you know we have formed a new 106th Inf. Div. chapter in Arizona. The roster shows seventeen 106'ers living in Arizona, we had nine of them, and their wives, that met at the Anderson House Restaurant in Scottsdale on Dec 16, 1989. Many new friends were made and we are looking forward to next year. (See photo above)

Back, L/R - James Henning, 422/HQ 3d BN; John Hoag, 423/I; Dean Childs, 106 SIG; Michael Guidice, 424/G; Richard Behr, 423/SV

Front, L/R - Em Pretty, 423/H; Thomas Bugner, 590 FAB; Al Fanelli, 423/SV; Lawrence Walden, 424/H



81st Combat Engineers, "B" Company, at the Schaumburg Reunion, submitted by Ed Wojahn

Back, L/R - Ed Nagel, Ed Wojahn, John Nichols, Martin Mahlin

Front, L/R - Valentine Derr, Robert Hanson, Earl Valenstien, Norwod Frye, Armondo Riccio



*Philadelphia Area, December 1989 Get-Together by Charlie Datte 591/SV
106'ers - (Above) Back (standing) L/R Geo. Southam; Jim Bard; Ray Smith;
Jack McDevitt; Harvey Bradford; Frank Borberly*

Front (kneeling) L/R - Larry Albertson; Al Vitali; Charlie Brown; Charlie Datte and (waitress) Jessica

From Charlie's "Dinner Speech" (in part) What an experience it was, the saga of the 106th from Fort Jackson to Atterbury, to France, Belgium, Germany. The ice, the snow, the mud, the cold. As Al Vitale would say, "It's INCREDIBLE!!"

Yes, this experience has in one form or another BONDED us together. It's a good feeling to share this time with each other. Although, for the most part, many of us are meeting for the first time, as survivors we are just plain glad we made it."

Nancy and I want to thank all of you for coming and with God's help we look forward to seeing you here again next December. To those that did not make it, please try next year - R. Boyle, E. Savage, T McHugh, C. Harvey and S. Wojtsik. Good Health, God Bless and keep smiling....

LADIES - (Below) L/R Gladys Albertson; Beth Smith; Maty Bard; Maurice Southam; Nancy Datte; Anne McDevitt; Melinda Brown; Phyllis Borberly; Anne Bradford



Policing the area . . .

Don't Complain, Don't Explain...

In the Bill Mosolf story (page 19) he stated that in the "Old Army" that the phrase I used for the heading on this explanation was the order of the day.

I must, however, make an explanation:

From quarter to quarter the production of The CUB is much like watching the packages accumulate under the Christmas Tree. The packages (letters) keep arriving and they are placed under the tree (in holding baskets on my desk) awaiting processing just prior to publication. While I have an idea of the numbers of pages (from experience) it is difficult to judge the exact size of the final product. Numbers of pictures, size of feature articles, and grouping of articles of like kind, to make a good presentation, all affect the final outcome.

When I finished the February CUB I had planned ahead to honor CRIBA (which I have) and to use a number of "Prison Camp" photos that have been sent to me in a display which I felt would be of interest to those the membership. In conjunction with the prison camp photos I also have some "de-classified" reports pertaining to conditions that existed in the camps and another report of an investigation by U.S. Army interrogators who came across some 120 liberated prisoners in a German Hotel near Leipzig. I plan to use them in the next issue.

The CRIBA story was of prime importance. The accolades for them are long past due. Side stories in connection with them and the help that they have offered were also interesting.

Also Dr. Peterson's excellent story was a choice for this issue. His story revealed much about the inner feelings of men as they return to the places they were so happy to get away from and being apprehensive about their feelings if they returned. His story should encourage you to return to those places that have tormented you all these years. It is sort of like putting you toe into the cold river stream, once you are completely immersed, you feel better.

Before I knew it this CUB had grown larger than my "target goal" of 44 pages! In fact it is turning out to be 52 pages (including front and back cover).

I hope you have enjoyed it. I do apologize to those who still have letters and stories that have not yet been published. Please have patience. I promise to keep The CUB interesting and will eventually get all the material published.

Like I used to tell the bill collector, "If you complain too much, I will take your name out of the hat." Can't wait to see you all in Sacramento - Mike Thome and Committee have a grand event planned.

Before I forget — When you send photos for a group gathering, rather than send several of individual tables, please be sure to send a "well lighted" group picture. It is difficult, because of space, to use a large number of pictures from each function. Stand close enough to get the whole group into the frame, that way assuring that the "flash lighting" will at least show the facial features of the people in the group.

Also of importance — DO NOT write on the back of the picture with a hard pen it leaves creases in the picture, also DO NOT use a felt tip, it rubs off on the face of the picture you place in the envelope with it. Prepare a label or one of those "3-M type" stick ons and then place them on the back of the picture — Thanks.....

In Comradeship,
John Kline
CUB editor



Sorry Folks That's all for now!

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