

THE ARDENNES * THE RHINELAND * CENTRAL EUROPE

The UB

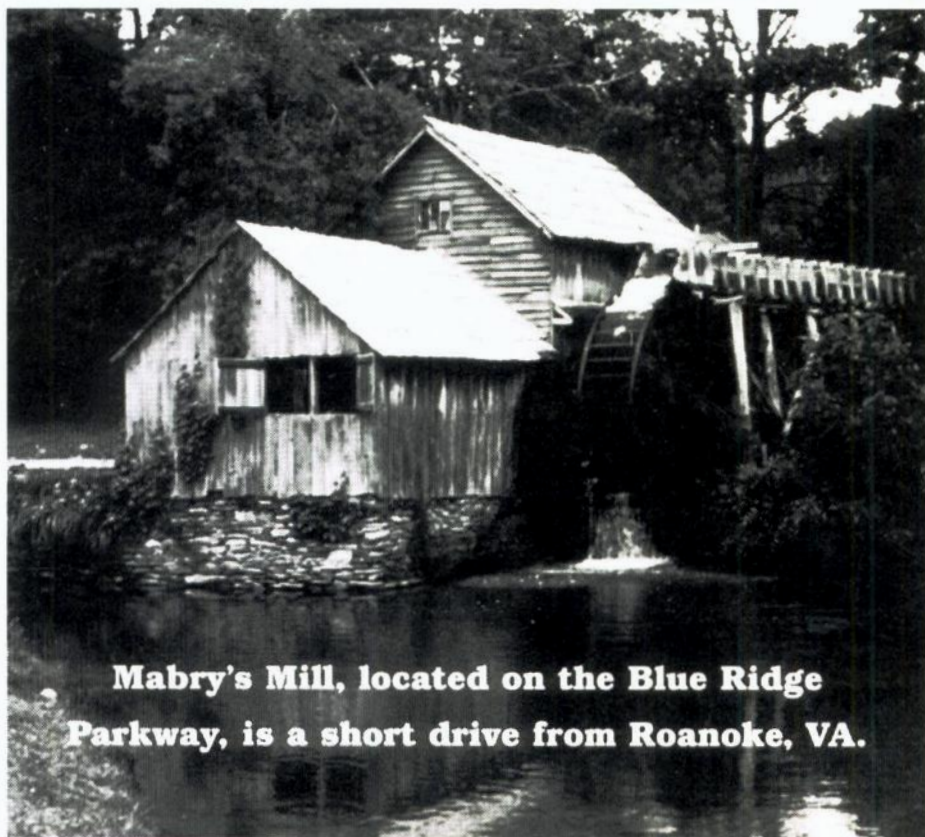
PUBLISHED BY AND FOR

*The Veterans of the
106th INFANTRY
DIVISION*

of the
GOLDEN LION

Vol 52— No. 3

APR-MAY-JUN 1996



**Mabry's Mill, located on the Blue Ridge
Parkway, is a short drive from Roanoke, VA.**

A Day to Remember by Col. T. Paine Kelly - 589th FAB Commander, page 29

The **CUB**

*A quarterly publication of the
106th Infantry Division Association, Inc*
5401 U. 147th St. West, Apple Valley, MN 55124

Membership fees include CUB subscription.

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John P. Kline – CUB Editor

5401 U. 147th St. W., Apple Valley, MN 55124-6637
612-423-4837 Email: jpk@mm.com
Home Page: http://www.mm.com/user/jpk

Business matters, deaths, address changes to:

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President's Message ...



106th Infantry Division Association
Richard L. Rigatti, President, 1995-1996
"B" Company, 423rd Infantry Regiment

I want to apprise you of the new appointments made this year:

As "STAND-Bys"

Editor: Hal Taylor, Grand Junction, CO

Adjutant Gordon Pinney, Whitney, NE

Treasurer: Richard Rigatti, Pgh, PA.

Chaplain: Dr. Duncan Trueman, Warwick, NY

In addition to the standby officers, we have also generated three new committees and named the Chairmen.

Order of the Golden Lion: Gil Helwig, Niles, MI

Resolutions: Alan Jones, Ft. Belvoir, VA

Washington Liaison: Jack Sulser, Alexandria, VA

Due to the interest started by two wives, Joanna House and Pat Rigatti telling the Orlando reunion attendees about their experiences back home, we started a "*From the*

Ladies" page in *The Cub*. The October issue had an article by Anne McDevitt and the January issue by Donna Hanson. We are looking for more contributions from the ladies for future Cubs.

This issue of *The Cub* should have carried a notice about a vote at the Roanoke reunion addressing the issue of a final annual reunion in the year 2002. It now appears that this planing was premature. Our membership has not dropped as we expected. Also, our financial position is stable because of the contributions by annual reunions. We therefore pass this responsibility onto future officers to determine when and if such action should be taken.

All nominations for the Order of the Golden Lion should be made as soon as possible. The committee needs at least ninety days before the Annual Reunion, in order to finalize votes and prepare (order) the Awards and Citations. See notice in this CUB by Gil Helwig, Order of the Golden Lion Chairman.

The mini-reunions were a fantastic success with 598 attendees at a total of 23 locations. Again, my thanks to the chairmen. The mantle of continuing this effort has passed onto our First Vice President, Major Hill of Ingleside, IL. If you were a chairman in 1995 please contact him as to your continuance or replacement. He will endeavor to add to the number of mini-reunions by utilizing zip codes.

Elsewhere, in *The Cub* is a new page of memorabilia for sale to members. These services are being supplied by **The Military Shop**. This offer will continue in all future issues of *The Cub*. (continued next page)

President's Message ...

(continued from page 1) We also will have a booth at the Roanoke reunion with displays of memorabilia for sale. Note that shoulder and jacket patches are listed on the memorabilia page. Please do not order them from the Adjutant, as in the past The only item that the Military Shop is not selling is our book, *The CUB of the Golden Lion: PASSES in REVIEW*, please continue to order that from the Treasurer, Sherod Collins.

We are looking for nominees for the Board of Directors. We are in need of representation from the Engineers, Artillery, Medics, etc. We also invite those members who left the Division before it shipped overseas, or joined the 106th after the Battle of the Bulge, as we are in need of their representation as well. If you can contribute to the Association, please nominate yourself.

John Kline has prepared a new comprehensive roster which is included with this CUB. It has cross referencing of the membership by state, city, unit and individual alphabetical listings.

The only current reunion that is not firm for the next few years is the one in 1998. A Marriott hotel representative has endeavored to promote one in the Harrisburg-Reading, Pennsylvania Area. So far he has five local member volunteers, but no chairman. If you would be interested, please let me know. See my phone and address on inside front cover.

Elsewhere in this issue is the notice of the Roanoke reunion. You should be receiving your registration packet soon. We urge you to promptly register both for the reunion and the hotel, as the committee planning rests on the number attending. Remember the two hotels are side by side and reunion events are scheduled in both of them.

See you in Roanoke., *Dick Rigatti*

Board Nominations for Fall 1996 Election

At this time we know of four vacancies on the Board of Directors, because of terms expiring. We must always be prepared for other vacancies due to reasons of health or death.

Please send your nominations to me, or to any other member of the Committee. -Michael Thome, Charles Rieck, Nolan Ashburn and Lloyd Diehl. Addresses, including mine, are in the new roster included in this CUB.

We are looking for a wide geographical representation, as well as a spread between all units, including the 81st Engineers, Field Artillery and other attached units.

Please mail your nominations with resumes so that they arrive before the end of May 1996.

John Swett, Chairman - Nominating Committee

As we grow older, many things which we did not think about in our youth begin to affect our lives.

We lose parents, brothers, sisters, spouses and friends. We are beset—many of us—with failing health and strength so that we are no longer able to do many of the things which we use to take for granted. Other events, also, begin to affect our living in various ways and we may tend to ask, “Why, me Lord.” Yet very few have had to deal with so many trials in their life as did Job. You all know his story so I won’t recount it here.

Maybe this story will help us to deal with our problems in a better frame of mind! (copied)

“A blacksmith known for his strong faith, had a great deal of illness. He was challenged by an unbeliever to explain why God would let him suffer.

“He explained, ‘I take a piece of iron, put it into the fire to bring it to a white heat, then I strike it once or twice to see if it will take temper. I plunge it into water to change the temperature, put it into the fire again, then I put it on the anvil and make a useful article out of it.

“If it will not take temper when I first strike it on the anvil I throw it into the scrap heap and sell it for scrap. I believe God has been testing me to see if I will take temper, I have tried to bear it as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been,

“Lord, put me into the fire if you will; put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O’ Lord, only don’t throw me on the scrap heap!”

We all know that most of us have been tried and found to still have some use left in us. Let us continue in our later years to face the trials with the same determination which we did when younger.

In Job we find a man who has been so tried by God that his “friends” accuse him of being unfaithful to God and this must be his punishment. Job replies to them in Chapter 13:13-16, “Keep silent and let me speak; then let come to me what may. Why do I put myself in jeopardy and take my life in my hands? **Though he slay me, yet will I hope in him;** I will surely defend my ways to his face. Indeed, this might turn out to be my deliverance, for no godless man would dare come before him.” And in 28:28, God speaks to Job thusly, “And he said to man, **The fear of the Lord — that is wisdom, and to shun evil is understanding.**”

Maybe the stories of these two servants of God will help us to deal better with the trials which come to each of us as we move through these closing years of our lives.

Dear God, please strengthen each of us to deal with the hard places in our lives as did Job and this blacksmith! AMEN



Rev. Ewell C. Black Jr., Chaplain
“A” Company, 422nd Inf. Reg.
212 Ridge S, Bishopville, SC 29010
803-484-6861



Dan Bied, "A" Co., 422nd Combat Inf. Reg.
108 Leffler Street, W. Burlington, IA 52655
Tele: (319) 752-5708

I've probably received a ton of mail since World War II, half of it "junk."

But the letter I received last winter from "Big Ike" Wolfgang delighted me more than just about anything I can recall. Gerhardt Wolfgang, known to his Wisconsin neighbors as 'Gerry,' was my BAR gunner in Co. A. 422nd, and he was a crack shot, gaining a lot of savvy while stationed in the Aleutians before being dispatched to Camp Atterbury.

He was a big, strong guy and enough older than me to seem like a big brother. My only brother had been killed in 1943. I had "Big Ike" as a friend in the Ardennes. The nickname had been pinned on him by Elmer Summers, who had served with Gerry in the Aleutians. I don't think there was any intended reference to the ETO's other "Ike," who I also admired.

I had received Christmas cards from 'Big Ike' and his wife, Birdie, for several years. But never a letter. So it was a surprise to hear from him last December.

"This is the anniversary of the worst day of our lives," Wolfgang noted in a letter dated Dec. 19, 1995. It was 51 years ago when I broke up my BAR. I can't forget it.

You kids must have been scared. I know I was and I was 25 years old.

"I'm not in too bad a shape for my age," he went on. "I had two little strokes. One blinded my right eye so now the deer have the advantage. I missed a big buck the first day of our season (at Chippewa Falls). I just can't learn to shoot left-handed. My 14-year-old grandson shot one for me."

My book was "pretty accurate," Wolfgang wrote. "We went different ways (after being captured). Crawford and Dorsey were both with me. They're both gone now so I guess I am lucky, as they were around your age." (I noted my 19th birthday in London on Nov. 21, 1944).

"This is the most I have written in 20 years," my lifetime pal, though I haven't seen him since December, 1944, concluded. "I hope you can read it."

I remember Crawford, a wiry guy from one of the states in the South, but can't recall his first name. Junior Dorsey and I were in the same squad and I heard from him about 20 years ago when he was living in Iowa. We spent a week in the same log hut in the Ardennes, so we were close friends in more ways than one, was sorry to learn of Junior's death. There has been so much death around me over the years, especially in the mid-1940s, I should be used to it. But I'm not.

The day I typed this column, last February, I went to a cemetery in Burlington, Ia., for a graveside service when a high school classmate of mine was buried. "Mr. Walters served in the Army during World War II," our newspaper reported when his body was brought back from Florida, where he died.

Bob and I were at Camp Wolters, Tex., early in 1944. He was on the cadre and I was a recruit, just there for 17 weeks of basic training. I had a long talk with him at

From West Burlington, Iowa....

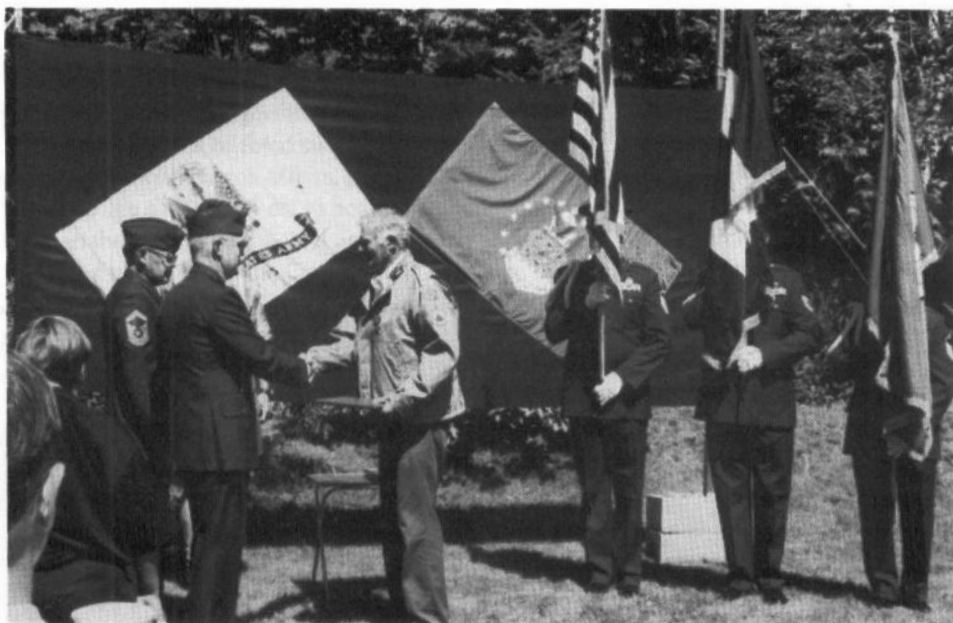
our 50th class reunion, in 1993, and Bob told me how much combat he endured during and after the D-Day invasion, as an infantry non-com.

I wrote something about Bob's ordeals in a column I do for a weekly shoppers guide delivered to some 20,000 homes. I wanted them to know that Bob was a D-Day vet and, therefore, a hero. I didn't want my readers to think he had it soft during "the good war."

It's tough to lose friends, whether they are war vets or high school classmates. Bob Walters was both.

Life goes on, of course, enriched in my case by such people as "Big Ike" Wolfgang and my association with members of the 106th Division Association.

God bless all of you.



From Herman Van De Bogart, 424/A

HCR 1, Box 2000 NSC-023
Tucson, AZ 85736

Family from five of the Canadian Provinces and five states in the U.S. came to a reunion at our summer place in Gold Bar, Washington in August 1995. There were over 80 there in all. On the last day of our reunion five members of the military from McChord Field came to present me with the Bronze Star. Lt. Col. Richard Herrice pinned the medal on me. Chief Master Sergeant Charles W. Olan read the proclamation, the other three members were the color guard.

Receiving this medal in the presence of so many of my family members made it more meaningful than had I received it 50 years ago. *Herman Van De Bogart*

**Important Notice from the
ORDER of the GOLDEN LION AWARD COMMITTEE**

NOTICE: THE COMMITTEE FOR THE "ORDER of the GOLDEN LION" AWARD IS SEEKING NOMINATIONS FOR SAID AWARD. NOMINATIONS MAY BE MADE BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OR BY A FORMER RECIPIENT OF THE AWARD.

ORDER SIX: Any recipient of the order of the Golden Lion, or any member of the Board of Directors may nominate a candidate for the Order of the Golden Lion by submitting a name, or names, to the GOLDEN LION AWARDS COMMITTEE appointed by the President. Included with the nomination(s) should be a statement stating the principal reasons or activities that qualify the nominee for the award.

All nominations must be received at a date **NO LATER THAN JUNE 15, 1996.**

Nominations should be mailed to:
Gil Helwig, Chairman OGL Committee
2006 - 55 Ontario Road
Niles, MI 49120-4832
616-683-8714



From Roger Maes (Associate) 73 Rue Grand Peine, B-7110 Houdeng-Aimeres BELGIUM

It's been now fifteen years that I've been searching for things about World War II. I now have a large collection of GI equipment, a Willy's Jeep, medals, badges, uniforms, K-Rations etc. I have searched for many years in the area of The Ardennes Offensive. I recently met Adda & Willie RIKKEN, fantastic persons.

It is a honor to me to write to you and I would like to met more 106th Infantry Division veterans. The picture of me and my Jeep was taken at the Bastogne Commeration in 16 December 1994. Please ask your comrades to look me up when they come to Belgium. *Roger Maes*

A LIFETIME IN EVERY MOMENT

by Association Member Joseph F. Littell, 422/I
Houghton Mifflin Company, 1996 -302 pp, \$22.95

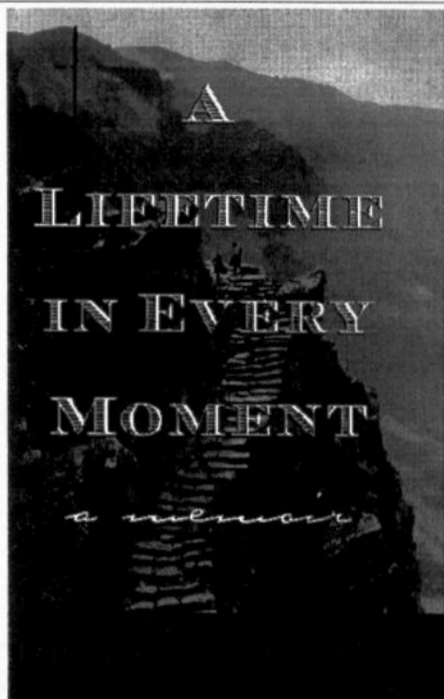
Not just another book by a veteran of our Division, but the autobiography of a man who has led a varied and interesting life, including service in Company I of the 422nd Infantry Regiment, combat on the Schnee Eifel and incarceration in a series of German POW camps, including Bad Orb, Berga am Elster, and solitary confinement at IXC.

The seventh child born in China to missionary parents, an eighth was added in Hawaii after their father was appointed Bishop of Honolulu. His tales of boyhood in those exotic areas are fascinating and mostly light-hearted, except for the tragic suicide of a talented sister. Their parents, absorbed with church affairs, packed each child at the age of 12 or 13 off to boarding schools in the U.S. to be checked on irregularly and unevenly by aunts or uncles, rarely seeing parents or siblings for years. Chosen as an exchange student to spend the spring semester 1939 at a school in Germany, he participated in paramilitary training and received a diploma signed by Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo. Until the war began in September, he spent the summer with a sister who was studying at Heidelberg University engaged to a German doctor at the Bad Orb sanatorium. What happened to the doctor and to the engagement I will leave for readers to discover.

After the war he earned degrees in English and rose through increasingly senior editorial positions at large educational publishing houses, finally co-founding McDougal, Littell, a major schoolbook publisher in its own right. With that background, it is no wonder that his book is extremely well written and edited. Although the book makes you feel part of his entire life to date, the chapters on his wartime experiences have the most direct appeal to veterans of the 106th, especially ex-POWs. One of three German-speaking POWs chosen to represent the prisoners in dealing with the camp administration at Stalag IXB Bad Orb, he tells the inside story how 350 GIs were selected for slave labor at Berga, a branch of Buchenwald concentration camp. For their efforts to impede the selection, the three were included. Continuing their defiance at Berga, they were threatened with death, escaped, were recaptured and sentenced to solitary confinement at IXC Bad Sulza. His account is riveting and reveals hitherto unknown details.

The title is adapted from a T.S. Eliot poem dealing with relationship of the individual to others, and in this soul-baring story we get to know not only the author intimately but also his siblings, parents, wives, children and other associates. All are worth knowing and come alive at his skillful hand. You might not want to trade places with some of them, but you can compare your family relationships and perhaps understand them better, as he finally did. This is a book I can unreservedly recommend to anyone.

If you cannot locate a copy at your favorite book store, send \$22.95 to Joseph Littell, 3710 Lakeridge Road, Fallbrook, CA 92028 - for an autographed copy. *Jack Sulser...*



106th Infantry Division Veteran Searching for World War II Comrades

Were you or a relative, ever a member of the 106th Infantry Division?

John Kline, M Co., 423rd Infantry Regiment
Sergeant, Heavy Machine Gun Squad Leader
Captured in The Battle of the Bulge Dec. 1944



106th Infantry Division - [History](#)
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Reunions held every year since 1947 - CUB Magazine every 3 months since 1947

The current membership of the Association is 1,630 (April 20, 1996)

If you want more information, send e-mail to jpk@mm.com

<http://www.mm.com/user/jpk>

Revised: April 20, 1996

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106th Inf. Div. Association on the WORLD WIDE WEB

by John Kline, editor If you are not acquainted, there is a large community of computer users that have access to, and use the INTERNET. I have been into computers since 1977 and just recently decided that I would see what all the commotion was about in the INTERNET and what they meant by "**Surfing the WEB.**" With the insistence of my two professional computer sons, who work for Cray Research and Silicon Graphics, I discovered what was new in the on-line communications, on The World Wide Web (WWW)

It would take you a life time to look at all that is out there in the communication field. So, you or your children or grandchildren should take a look at my "Home Page." This (picture above) is the home page which appears on the computer screen when you access the address I will give you later. If you click on the underlined text to the right of the "Lion's Head," you will be taken to other pages that display pictures and facts about each of the subjects. I installed the pages on a local computer, called a SERVER. That's the firm which connects me to

the INTERNET system. You have heard of that type of service as "America On Line (AOL), or CompuServe, Or PRODIGY. Same thing, except a local provider.

I designed the pages using a program called **NetScape Navigator**, which is designed to publish Web Pages. I installed my pages on April 3, 1996 and as of this date, April 20, over 230 persons have accessed and looked at the pages where I display, the 106th Association and myself. My goal is to contact 106th veterans, or their relatives.

You can access my WEB Pages at:
<http://www.mm.com/user/jpk>.

Listed on: Pentagon Bulletin Board
<http://www.army.mil>

On "World War II - 54 Years Ago,"
<http://www.webuild.com/~jbdavis/ww2.html>

"Dads War" by WW. Johnston, son of a deceased 7th Armored Div. veteran.
<http://members.aol.com/dadswar>

and other search sites eg: Yahoo.

If you do not have access to a computer, ask one of your children, relatives or friends, to take a look, and print you off a copy..

J. Kline, editor. (Email to : jpk@mm.com)

What's in this CUB?

I guess I could say "read it," but my nature makes me explain things.

As usual I cannot use all that is available and am slowly, but surely getting to some of the material I haven't been able to fit in.

The former commander of the 589th Field Artillery Battalion, Colonel Thomas Paine Kelly, Jr, (US FA Ret) has given us an excellent review of his experiences during the hectic days of December 1944, and his *REFLECTIONS* of those events. Personally, I have never read some of the facts that he gives. We should all thank him for sharing his experiences, I find then enlightening coming, as they are, from an experienced observer. I enjoyed working with Colonel Kelly in the reproduction of his story....

In the Centerfold you will find replicas of the ROANOKE REGISTRATION PAPERS. and AGENDA.

From Ted Slaby, Orlando Reunion Committee:

A number of Association members acted as sponsors for guests in the 1995 Reunion and paid full registration fees.

The committee has the names of these guests, but not their addresses - thus a reunion video was not sent to them. If the sponsoring members would like one to be sent to their guest, please write and tell me their address:

Ted Slaby
1103 Arbor Glen Cir.
Winter Springs, FL 32708

REGISTRATION FOR THE 50TH ANNUAL ROANOKE REUNION WILL COME SOON

Virginia Bowles advised me that the Registration Papers along with the Agenda will be in the mail, 1st Class to you, about May 15, 1996. That should be just after you received this CUB.

SEE THE CENTERFOLD OF THIS CUB FOR REPLICAS OF WHAT YOU WILL RECEIVE IN THE MAIL.

The official date of the 50th Annual Reunion is August 30 - September 2, 1996. There will be two hotels, within a short distance from each other, **A SHORT WALK ACROSS THE STREET.**

Roanoke Airport Marriott
2801 Hersgberger Rd, NW
Roanoke, VA 24017
1-800-228-9290

Sheraton Inn Roanoke Airport
2727 Ferndale Drive, NW
Roanoke, VA 24017
1-800-325-5353

Donors to our special Funds:

Wesley Eckblad and Leon J. Setter \$25 in honor of Rev. Ewell C. Black, Jr.

Joseph Tarantino \$25 Scholarship

Jack Carrico \$8 Scholarship

Michael Thome \$10 Scholarship

Frank Nausin \$20 Scholarship

Jerry Eisenman \$20 Scholarship

John Gregory \$20 Scholarship

Don Holzmuller 2nd \$25 Scholarship

Raymond Goeme, Belgium \$5

James Copper \$2

Thomas C. Ballowe \$5

Fredrick Vastine \$10

**PLEASE NOTE ADDRESS
CHANGE FOR BATTERY
PRESS - The CUB of the
Golden Lion: PASSES in
Review**

Battery Press is still at the same physical location, but Nashville has changed their PO Box numbering system:

Battery Press, Inc
PO BOX 198885
Nashville, TN 37219

I was informed that there about 50 of the books left in stock. There will be no reprints. Price \$34.95 plus \$2.00 postage (as of 9/9/95)

**STAN WOJTUSIK- NEW
VETERANS OF THE BATTLE
OF THE BULGE PRESIDENT**

Congratulations are in order for Stan Wojtusik, Sr. 422/G who has taken over the presidency of the Veteran's of the Battle of the Bulge Organization.

Stan was a prime mover for the Bulge Monument at the Valley Forge Military Academy, in 1994. In a news article from The Daily News, Lebanon, PA November 13, 1994, Stan is quoted as saying, "All kinds of emotions went through my head as I unveiled the monument. Pride, jubilation and yet intense sadness and grief."

Stan, congratulations, we know you will carry your duties well.....

Thanks for THE CUBS

Thanks to all of you who have sent me old CUBS. We use them to a good advantage. Some new members have requested old copies. In the next CUB I will list what old copies are available, on a first come first served basis. Donations for mailings would be appreciated.

**CUB PASSES IN REVIEW
FINAL REPRINT ORDER
RECEIVED.....**

(February 1996) New order of 250 received. Send \$25.00 to Treasurer Sherod Collins (his address is on the inside front cover of this CUB) for your "post-paid" copy. This is the final reprint. Order for your family, friends and local library. This will be the last reorder, so there will be NO MORE AVAILABLE after these are gone

(dateline 20 April 1996) Books have been selling. We have had some orders for four books at a time, to be used for family and libraries.

Make a mark for yourself, order them while they are still available. Donate them to the nearest VAMC library or to a library of your choice. Get a little publicity while you are doing it. Let me know, when you order, where they are going and I will give you credit in **The CUB**.

For First Class orders send an additional \$2.50.

For overseas orders send and add \$2.50 for SURFACE MAIL and \$14.00 for AIR MAIL.

**Dear Snow Birds
(and others who move):**

Please do you and your Association a favor. NOTIFY us when you move.

It is costing Fifty Cents for a change of address notification and \$2.50 for a forwarding fee when you **NEW ADDRESS** is not on file with me, your Adjutant, Pete House or Treasurer, Sherod Collins. Let one of us know when you move. J. Kline, editor



**OUR SMALLEST
(in attendance)
BUT MOST ENTHUSIASTIC
MINI-REUNION.**

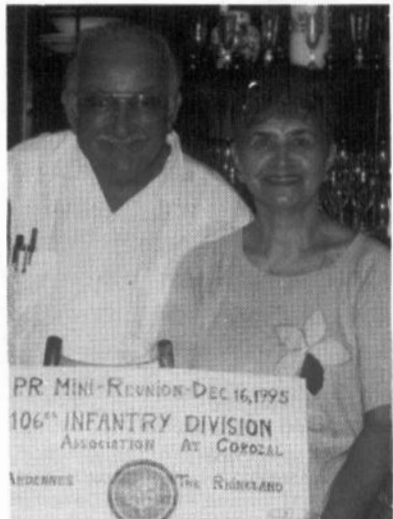
**Humberto Aponte (422/M)
Corozal, Puerto Rico**

**I/r - Ms Carmen Rios
Hernandez; Ms Rosana Colón
Santiago; my beloved wife
Aida L Rios; Mrs Ana H.
Santiago de Colón and Hector
Colón Rios**

**Our Mini-Reunion
Dining Table.
Our dinner was described
in the February CUB.**



**Family Crest of the von Kupferschein, family surname
of my mother's ancestors from Austria-Germany.**



Me and my wife Adia



COLORADO-WYOMING MINI REUNION

Chairman, Nolan Ashburn, 424/H; Co-Chairman Stanley Tuhsoki, 423/E: **Attending:** Joe & Lillian Cucarola, 422/B; John & Margerat Reifenrath, 423/B; James & Mary Dunn, 424/A; Harold Zimbelman and guest, 422/? An excellent turkey dinner was served, accompanied by Glen Miller music and informal discussions of each veteran's recollection Of Dec 1944.



STATE OF WASHINGTON, MINI-REUNION, held in Ken and Betty Corrigan's home in Olympia. l/r - Jean & Geo Strong, 423/HQ; Myrton Dickerson, 424/D; Ken Corrigan, 591/SV; Earl Knuth, 422/HQ; Ray Johnston, 423/H and Fred Pilkington, 422/HQ. Betty Corrigan must have taken the picture. Ken says, "We had a very informal meeting with lots of good food. Fred and Mary Pilkington offered to sponsor the 1996 Mini-Reunion at their home- Camani Island, Washington."



From Howard L. Bryant, 424/F PO Box 976, Coweta, OK 74429

L/R in the picture: Clifford Freilinger, Johns S. Nesbit, Sr and Howard Bryant, 2nd Squad, 3rd Platoon F Company, 424th Combat Infantry Regiment

Dear John,

What makes this picture unique is that all three of us, from the same squad, were wounded, minutes apart on Christmas Day, 1944 during the battle for Manhay. We each thought that the each of the others were killed. To me it is a miracle that we found each other and were reunited after more than fifty years has passed.

I joined the Association in the Spring of 1994. As soon as the CUB came out, I heard from **John Nesbit** (in the middle - 31 yrs old in '44). John was hit with a chunk of shrapnel from 88s right after the machine gunning we took just before dark. He managed to walk back to Battalion Headquarters and received aid.

Clifford Freilinger, on the left, took a round from the machine gun and a few minutes later was hit again by the same 88 shell that got me. Clifford laid in the field for 72 hours before being found. It was Zero temperature, he lost all his toes but one and was scheduled for a leg amputation, except a courageous doctor in Paris saved it.

I lost a lot of blood, but during the night got the strength, with God's help, to walk out. I found refuge in a house in a small village. These Belgian Angels took me in and notified the Medics. Incidentally my CRIBA friend **Eddy Monfort**, who lives in Manhay, wrote me recently that he had located this house and will shortly send photos and info about the people who lived there during that event.

Just thought it would be of interest that three foot soldiers found each other after all this time. Thanks for all your time, you do a truly great service to all us by your work with The CUB. John Nesbit, Jr's address is on the new roster, Clifford Freilinger lives at 3660 18th Ave SE, Albany OR 97321.



From Associate, Bill Bucher, Jr.: I am enclosing a picture that might be interesting to the men of the 106th. Taken in front of the "Arc de Triomphe" while my father **Bill Bucher, Sr., 424/AT** (now deceased) was in Paris during April 2-5, 1945. My father is the person crouched down with his left side turned toward the camera, displaying his "Golden Lion" shoulder patch. I would appreciate hearing from any of the men of the 106th that might recognize any of the soldiers in the photo.

My telephone: (704) 633-2769 - 430 Bob Wite Run, Salisbury, NC 28147.

I am also interested in any person knowing about hospital at Liege or the medical aid stations in use around mid-February, 1945. Also, the "Sanatorium am Hausstein" possibly near Trois Ponts, where my father wrote that he stayed as a patient before being sent to a hospital at Liege. Thanks *Bill Bucher, Jr.*

Bill Tower-106 Recon Troop

John, Here is a picture of me and my wife taken at Grosslangenfeld, Germany, when we visited there.

I was captured there on the 17th Dec. sitting in an M-8 Armored Car when they knocked out our vehicles. A lot is written about the collapse of our division and the Recon Troop surrendering in a couple of hours on the 16th. We were there until 3:00 P.M. on the 17th when we had to try to break out. Some of the Troop got away, but were captured near Schoenberg on the 19th.

(Bill, I am returning to Germany next September and have been invited to stay in the home of a 18 VGD Veteran who lives in Grosslangenfeld. We met him in Auw last September during our German-American meeting ... J. Kline, editor)





MARYLAND-VIRGINIA- D.C. MINI-REUNION submitted by Phil Hannon, 81st Engineers /A, photo by John Schaffner, 589/A. Bottom Row - l/r: Ernie Vermont, 422/E; Atillio Mascone, 422/M; Oliver Lothrop, Jr., 423/B; Bill Johnson, 424/K. Top Row - l/r: Walter Snyder, 589/A, Alan W. Jones, Jr., 423/HQ 1Bn; Jack Sulser, 423/F; John Blodgett, 423/I; Phil Hannon, 81 ENG/A; Ed McGinty, 589/C and John Schaffner, 589/A.

Held 15 December, 1995. David Ford, one of the associate members, with the help of M/Sgt James Milewski, the other associate member, gave a fine slide talk on *The Battle of the Bulge* area. Dave also set up a display table with books, maps, articles and pictures. Everyone enjoyed themselves and several suggested that the meetings, in the future, be held as luncheons so that no night time driving will be required.



GARDEN STATE CHAPTER NO. 1 - PARTICIPATES IN PARADE OF FLAGS AT ARLINGTON

Pictured are Charles Susino and 106th veteran, William Melichar, 423/SV, of New Jersey Garden State Chapter #1. They had the honor of carrying the US flag and American Ex-Prisoner of War flag in the Parade of Flags on Veteran's Day, November 11, 1995, at the Arlington National Cemetery. Twenty-four AXPOW members from New Jersey attended the Ceremony. From EX-POW Bulletin February 1996.



From the 1st Annual Reunion, Indianapolis, Ind. Photo furnished by Frank Lapato, 422/HQ. Frank is the third person, in line in front of the the "Membership sign" with head toward camera, his friend Joe Gasses, 422/HQ is just behind him. Both are current members of the 106th Infantry Division Association. Thanks for the picture, Joe. Everybody looks so young! Maybe we can learn the names of some of the other people in line.



The Military Shop, Peoria, Arizona, 106th Quartermaster, 9635 W. Peoria, AZ 85345. Operated by Dixon Poole, see back cover for advertisement. photo by Toby Anderson, 106 SIG.

Lt. Col. Marion Ray (US Ret) 424/D

Marion, a Sergeant in 424/D in 1944, has done a terrific job in looking for and finding many of his former "D" Company comrades.

There were 14 "424/D" Company men at the Orlando Reunion. The current roster (see the roster mailed with this CUB) shows 25 members of 424/D.

His recent contribution to his comrades is a "News Letter". The scanned snapshot of it, on the right, does not do it justice. Great job Marion.

The Bugle

FIRST EDITION JANUARY FEBRUARY MARCH 1994



PURPOSE OF THIS NEWSLETTER

For some months now, I have procrastinated about putting together this newsletter. Having received some letters from a number of you and sometimes not having answered them, but hopefully I gave you a phone call so be you know that I liked your letter. For years I had thought of Phil Rosenzweig, wondering if he made it out of Prozac Camp alive and well. The last time that I had seen him was when they pulled out a special group of health GPs for deployment to another prison from Stirling House at Loughlin. When I saw him again in the Association Directorate I sat down and wrote him a letter. It was considered to have been too long, but by letter and phone. See you

FORMER COMMANDER PASSES

Robert W. Pincus
Sunday, January 8, 1995, 12 ESTPA, our former Commanding Officer passed away. Shortly before Christmas 1994, Bob was operated on for cancer of the colon. He had entered the 5-year and death was much quicker than expected.

Major Powell, who after separation from service after WWII had completed his medical studies at the University of Pennsylvania and become a doctor of Ophthalmology. He later became head of the Department of Ophthalmology and Otorhinolaryngology. He was named Associate Professor in 1965 and after retiring from teaching, made Emeritus Associate Professor in 1982.

Doctor Bell is survived by his wife Ruth and three children, Robert Jr., William and Ruth Jr.

I have for all the time I have been home from Europe, kept in touch with Burke and Rosetta Sator. We like Co. D at the same time and became friends with Paul Morris and Henry Dux which most of you will not remember because he gave up the infantry and went to the Air Corps. He wanted to be a "fly boy" but turned out to be a engineer. We all got together one summer in Wisconsin which was home to Ethel and had become home to Mrs. Morris after his death.

A memorial service was held Friday, January 25th in Heritage Auditorium, U of Penn, followed by a reception in the Chace Room. Frank Kuchler and myself attended. Paul Satich, son of Christine P. Satich (phonetic) made a gallant effort driving in from N. Bergen, NJ but had to get stuck in traffic and arrived late. She had a good job, afterwards.

I had the pleasure of spending two days with "Captain" Prescott on the 16th and 30th of July 1994. At the time he looked great and spoke of his intentions of retiring from active practice and spending time with Ruth his wife, traveling and being involved with those activities they both enjoyed. This was an avid flower grower and won numerous prizes for his arbutus, azaleas and camellias.

Those two days were very enjoyable and we talked about Camp Atterbury, and his assignment to the 105th Division and to Company C, 426th Regiment. We talked about the long trip across the Atlantic and our eventual arrival at Reberly, England. He told me of going back with his son Ruth, who was a lieutenant trip. We said that while we were there in '44, he had suggested a bicycle to ride back and forth, from his quarters to a private home to our company area, rather than use the military route. He described to me, with a big smile on his face, that while we were waiting to go out to the front line, he had given the boys a bicycle to ride to the front line. He said that the boys who came each day to go out on and on, to the front line, in short time, the number of the day he had arrived at the company was limited and needed to ensure the bicycle. The company

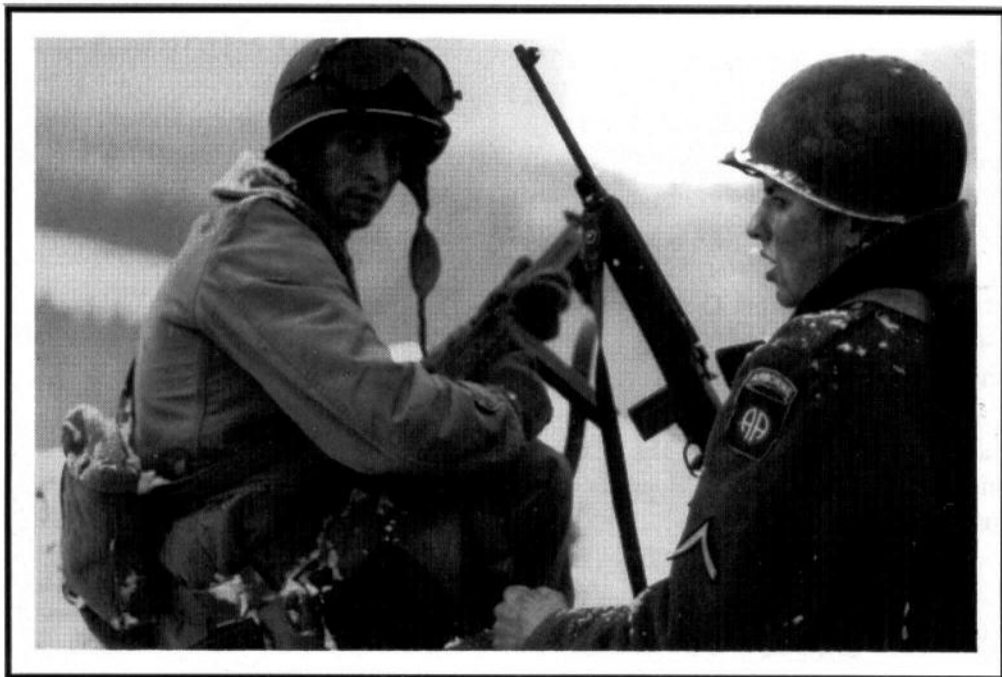


CAMP ATTENBURY, INDIANA, Summer 1944
Captain Robert W. Penard, Commanding, left, and
1st Lieutenant Charles H. Conigan, Executive
Officer, right.



Dick McKee, 422/A writes: "422/A held an annual reunion at Houghton, Michigan on 9 Oct 1995. It was hosted by Roy and Shirley Maki. We usually have about 15 members, but this year only 7 reported in. The Makis were excellent hosts and took us on a tour of Michigan, including Copper Harbor and the old copper mines.

The sad part was that on the week following, Roy Maki had a fatal heart attack. Left/Right in the photo: John Damaon, Dick McKee, Charles Labor, Gene Powell, Roy maki, Clinton Hohenstein and Clifford Shows - all Ex-Pows - 422/A.



From L.C. Anderson, Jr., 81st Engineers Headquarters:

Lyt, as he is known, sponsored a membership for a young CRIBA member, Jean-Paul Linden. 47 Rue Eysden-Mines, B-6658 GRAND HALLEUX, BELGIUM.

Lyt writes, "Last December 1994 I toured several Belgian towns with a group from the 82nd Airborne. I met several CRIBA members during a lunch at Trois Ponts and at Stavelot, and they were most hospitable. One young Belgian lad that I met has corresponded with me over the past year. His name is Jean-Paul Linden, he was the person that found "Poppy Connor's" barracks bag (Milton Conner 592 FAB) in his family barn. He is a 106th fan and has a life-long collection of battle souvenirs from our division sector, including weapons and equipment from the 106th as well as the Airborne. I am including a picture of him. He and his friends offered their services as guides."

I enjoyed the Orlando Reunion and hope to get more 81st Headquarters veterans to the Roanoke Reunion. *Lyt Anderson*

(from the editor - Lyt, this is the third "sponsored" CRIBA member we have had in recent months, Thanks. I substituted your picture with one that Jean-Paul sent me. It shows him (on left) and a friend, Andre' Sebastien, also a CRIBA member, in some "reconstituted" War Dress. Looks pretty real doesn't it?

In his note he said, "We are all passionate of the time (the war) and we are trying not to forget the tragic events of 1944 where young people, like us, lost their lives to save our freedom."

Jean-Paul is also looking for Golden Lion necklace (bolo-tie). Jean-Paul and Kenneth Coss, 424/L, appear in a photo on page 28 of the JAN-FEB-MAR 1996 CUB. It shows in that picture he traded his CRIBA bolo-tie for Ken's 106th Cap.

For a young man with a message like his (above) we should find him a bolo-tie. J. Kline, editor)

ANGELO, MARIO J. 423/D

636 ASHLEY CIRCLE E
ROCHESTER HILLS, MI 48307
810-853-0565

I was a Section Sergeant, 1st Section, 2nd Platoon, D Company of the 423rd Regiment. I was active in our sports teams, softball, football and Volley ball. I was wounded and had an operation in the German prison camp. I later escaped.

BACHMURSKI, STANLEY M.

401ST FAB (attached)
843 CASCADE DRIVE
NEWPORT NEWS, VA 23608
804-877-2217

BERTETTA, STEVEN C. ASSOCIATE

1020 SAN GABRIEL CR #442
DALY CITY, CA 94014
415-584-5678

COLLINS, JOHN W. 423/I

210 HILLVIEW
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78209
210-822-0873

EVANS, JENIFER R. ASSOCIATE

1398 SILVER LAKE DR
MELBOURNE, FL 32940

(Editor's Note - Jenifer is the daughter of Ray Vaughn, 423 Cannon Company. It was our pleasure to have Jenifer with us, along with her father and mother, on the trip in September 1995, where we met with the German-Veterans and with our Belgian friends. J. Kline, editor)

FOSTY, ALBERT ASSOCIATE

8 RUE TILLMANS
B-4620 FLERON, BELGIUM

Letter to Membership Chairman, Gilbert Helwig from John M. Roberts, 592/C, who sponsored a LIFE ASSOCIATE membership for Belgian Albert FOSTY;

I am enclosing \$75 in order to enroll

Albert FOSTY as a LIFE ASSOCIATE. Mr. Fosty was one of the drivers who escorted me around The Battle of the Bulge area in Belgium and Germany, when I visited the area in September 1994. I was with the group that traveled with GALAXY Tours.

Since my trip, Albert and I have kept in touch by letter. He is a member of CRIBA and continues to devote much of his time to see that American veterans are welcomed to Belgium and helps them seek out places they want to see. He also helps care for the 106th Memorial in St. Vith and tends to graves of American soldiers.

By adding the name of Albert FOSTY to the Associate membership list is just a small token of appreciation that I would like to extend to him on my behalf as well as the many other veterans he has personally assisted over the years. As the ranks of us old veterans continues to dwindle, perhaps the younger Associate members will be able to keep the group and our memories alive. I plan to attend Roanoke this year, health permitting.

GOEME, RAYMOND ASSOCIATE

104 rue de Louvergne
B-4052 Beaufays, BELGIUM

(Editor's note - In a letter, Raymond, a member of CRIBA, wrote: "I thank you for the copies of the CUB and the kind letter. I share Henri REGISTER's opinion about your recent visit to SPINEUX and the meeting with the villagers. I wish to also become an ASSOCIATE member." Signed Raymond GOEME.

I repeat Henri REGISTER's letter (Henri is an ASSOCIATE MEMBER of our Association):

"Dear Mr. Kline, I had the pleasure to see the "CUB" from February 1996 and I found this issue, as the preceding ones, very well presented. We spoke of it during the reunion of our CRIBA committee on 7 February and everybody was delighted with your presentation of the meeting between

New Members ...

the members of the 106th Infantry Division and the members of CRIBA. The ceremony at SPINEUX was, for the members of CRIBA, a very nice success due to the friendliness and the friendship of the inhabitants of the small village. Those people are to be credited with the good organization and success of that meeting.

Three members from CRIBA will make a trip to the United States in the September of 1996. We will visit Washington, D.C., Maryland, Virginia, Texas and Louisiana. We will attend the 49th Reunion of the 3rd Armored Division Association at Fort Worth, Texas, the first week of October.

The trip should last three weeks. We will not have the opportunity to pass in the vicinity of Minneapolis (Apple Valley) and I am sorry for that. America is such a big country that it would take more than three weeks to meet the many friends we have there." Sincerely, Henri ROGISTER... J. Kline, editor)

GOVROYE, JOSEPH LIFE ASSOCIATE

31 RUE M BECKERS
B-4630 SOUMAGNE, BELGIUM
FROM JOHN GATENS, 589TH
FAB, AS SPONSOR OF Joseph
GOVROYE as a LIFE ASSOCIATE: "I first met Joseph back in 1984 when I went on a tour of the Bulge area with the "Veteran's of the Battle of the Bulge.

I was completely overwhelmed on one day of the trip. In the Hotel parking lot there were about thirty members of CRIBA, with their cars, ready to take each person to his special place. My special place was "Parker's Crossroads." This was when I first met Joseph. I was assigned to him. The reason he was assigned to me was that he lives a short distance from "Parkers Crossroads." Joseph was a

young boy of sixteen during The Battle of the Bulge and remembers it well. He is also a close friend of Marie Le Haire, whose family lived in the farm house on the corner.

"Joseph doesn't speak English, but he had another young man with him that did. We had a great time. After taking me to many of the interesting places of the battle area, we wound up at "Parker's Crossroads." Now there is a beautiful Hotel-Restaurant where the farm house stood during the battle. Joseph introduced me to Madam Marie Le Haire and she and I have been close friends since. On two other trips back, Joseph has driven me anyplace that I wish to go.

"For these reasons I am sponsoring a LIFE ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP for Joseph. I am very happy to be able to do so."
Signed John Gatens

HANCOCK, TURNEY 424/HQ 1BN

3932 KEELEY DR
NASHVILLE, TN 37211

I was inducted in service 3 November 1943 at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Stayed one day then was sent to Fort Jackson where I joined the 106th. After training I was shipped out as a replacement.

I joined the 23rd Infantry Regiment, 2nd Division in South Hampton, England. I left South Hampton 2 June for the invasion of France, destination Omaha Beach. I was also in The Battle of the Bulge. I was discharged 19 November 1945 in Camp Claibore, La.

I went to work in Nashville, Tenn, where I met my wife Chris. We were married 5 April 1947. We have two sons and four grandchildren.

(Continued on page 25)

**ROANOKE, VIRGINIA
WANTS YOU!**



**50TH REUNION
AUG./SEPT., 1996**

REGISTRATION FORM
106TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
50TH ANNUAL REUNION
AUGUST 30 - SEPTEMBER 3, 1996
HARRIOTT ROANOKE AIRPORT (540/563-9300)
2801 Herahberger Road, NW; Roanoke, VA 24017
SHERATON ROANOKE AIRPORT (540/362-4500)
2727 Ferndale Drive, NW; Roanoke, VA 24017

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

UNIT _____ CO. OR BATTERY _____

YOUR REGISTRATION FEE \$95.00 \$ _____

SPOUSE'S REGISTRATION FEE \$95.00 \$ _____

GUEST(S) REGISTRATION FEE \$95.00 NO. _____ \$ _____

Registration Fee includes complete program except for
Optional Attractions listed below:

OPTIONAL ATTRACTIONS:

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30 11 AM - 4 PM BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY (LUNCH INCLUDED)

TOUR 1: CHATEAU MORRISETTE WINERY #PERSONS _____ @ \$28.00 \$ _____

TOUR 2: PEAKS OF OTTER #PERSONS _____ @ \$30.00 \$ _____

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31

11 AM - 3 PM CITY TOUR: HISTORIC HOMES, FARMERS' MARKET,
ROANOKE STAR (LUNCH NOT INCLUDED) #PERSONS _____ @ \$14.50 \$ _____

12:30 PM - 4 PM NATURAL BRIDGE AND WAX MUSEUM
(LUNCH INCLUDED) #PERSONS _____ @ \$33.00 \$ _____

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

3 - 6 PM VALLEY VIEW SHOPPING CENTER EXPRESS
SHUTTLE (NO CHARGE) #PERSONS USING _____

5 - 10:30 PM SMITH MOUNTAIN LAKE DINNER CRUISE; LIMITED
TO FIRST 120 WHO APPLY) #PERSONS _____ @ \$48.00 \$ _____

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

10:30 - 1:30 HOTEL ROANOKE AND CONFERENCE CENTER
(LUNCH INCLUDED) #PERSONS _____ @ \$12.00 \$ _____

1 - 4 pm VALLEY VIEW SHOPPING CENTER EXPRESS
SHUTTLE (NO CHARGE) #PERSONS USING _____

TOTAL FEES ENCLOSED \$ _____

ALL FEES MUST BE RECEIVED BY AUGUST 1, 1996
MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION REUNION
MAIL TO: 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION REUNION
P. O. BOX 4317, ROANOKE, VA 24015-0317

(IF YOU WANT A RECEIPT, INCLUDE A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED CARD OR ENVELOPE)

TOUR AND MEAL TICKETS WILL BE HELD IN YOUR NAME AT RESERVATION DESK.

CANCELLATION POLICY: FULL REFUND FOR REGISTRATION FEE(S) AND OPTIONAL
TOURS MAY BE RECEIVED ONLY IF REQUESTED PRIOR TO AUGUST 1, 1996. ANY FEES
CHARGED US BY THE TOUR OPERATORS WILL BE DEDUCTED FROM THE REFUND.

HOTEL REGISTRATION: PHONE OR MAIL DIRECT TO HOTELS (SEE NUMBERS AND
ADDRESSES ABOVE). RATES: 1 TO 3 OCCUPANTS--\$70 HARRIOTT, \$69 SHERATON--
BOTH RATES PLUS 9.5% TAX. FREE PARKING AND AIRPORT TRANSPORTATION.

DATE OF ARRIVAL _____ DEPARTURE _____
ATTENDED PREVIOUS REUNIONS? _____ YES _____ NO

106TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
50TH ANNUAL REUNION - ROANOKE, VIRGINIA
AUGUST 30 - SEPTEMBER 3, 1996

MARRIOTT ROANOKE AIRPORT (540/563-9300)
2801 Hersherberger Road, NW; Roanoke, VA
SHERATON ROANOKE AIRPORT (540/362-4500)
2727 Ferndale Drive, NW; Roanoke, VA

Thursday, August 29 Early arrivals

Friday, August 30

9-11 & 2-8 Registration, Marriott Hotel
11:00 - 4:00 Tours: Blue Ridge Parkway (2 tours)
1. Peaks of Otter
2. Chateau Morriette Winery
1:00 - 8:00 Hospitality Room Open, Marriott
Dinner on Your Own

Saturday, August 31

8:00 - 4:00 Registration, Marriott
8:00 - 9:00 Plated Breakfast, Marriott and Sheraton
9:15 - 11:00 Board of Directors, Marriott
10:00 - 6:00 Hospitality Room Open, Marriott
Lunch on Your Own
3:00 - 4:00 "Overview of Recent Reorganization of Veterans
Affairs Medical Centers" with Question/Answer
period - Dr. John M. Presley, Director,
Salem (VA) VA Medical Center
11:00 - 4:00 Tours: 11:00 - 3:00 City Historic Tour; Lunch on
Your Own
12:30 - 4:00 p.m. Natural Bridge,
Lunch Included
7:00 - 10:00 Reception/Buffer Picnic Dinner, Sheraton
6:30 - 8:00 Cash Bar, Sheraton

Sunday, September 1

Breakfast on Your Own
7:30 - 8:30 Past President Breakfast
8:00 - 12:00 Registration, Marriott
9:00 - 10:00 Memorial Service, Sheraton
12:00 - 2:30 Men's Luncheon, Marriott
12:30 - 2:30 Ladies' Luncheon, Sheraton
3:00 - 6:00 Express Shuttle to Valley View Shopping Center
Dinner on Your Own
5:00 - 10:30 Tour: Smith Mountain Lake Cruise, Dinner Included
6:00 - 9:00 Hospitality Room Open, Marriott

Monday, September 2

Breakfast on Your Own
9:00 - 3:00 Hospitality Room/Displays, Marriott
10:30 - 1:30 Tour: Hotel Roanoke & Conference Center; Lunch
at Hotel Roanoke
Lunch on Your Own
1:00 - 4:00 Express Shuttle to Valley View Shopping Center
3:00 - 4:00 New Board of Directors Meeting, Marriott
6:30 - 7:00 Cash Bar, Marriott
7:00 - 12:00 Banquet and Dance, Marriott

Tuesday, September 3

7:00 - 8:30 Farewell Buffet Breakfast, Marriott and Sheraton

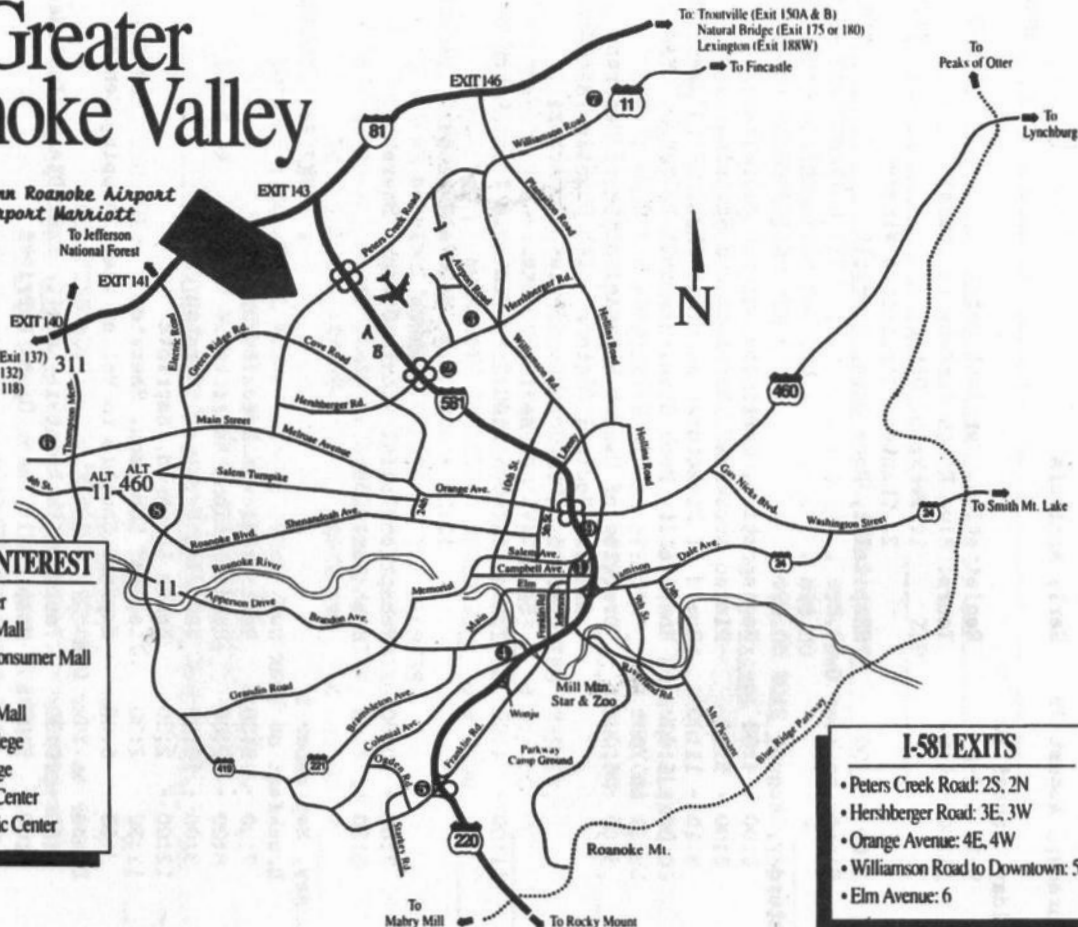
Greater Roanoke Valley

A Sheraton Inn Roanoke Airport
B Roanoke Airport Marriott
 To Jefferson National Forest

To: Second Salem Exit (Exit 137)
 Dixie Caverns (Exit 132)
 Christiansburg (Exit 118)

POINTS OF INTEREST

- 1 Visitors Center
- 2 Valley View Mall
- 3 Crossroads Consumer Mall
- 4 Towers Mall
- 5 Tanglewood Mall
- 6 Roanoke College
- 7 Hollins College
- 8 Salem Civic Center
- 9 Roanoke Civic Center



I-581 EXITS

- Peters Creek Road: 2S, 2N
- Herschberger Road: 3E, 3W
- Orange Avenue: 4E, 4W
- Williamson Road to Downtown: 5
- Elm Avenue: 6

(Continued from page 20)

I went to work for a truck-line in 1951, where I followed that line until 30 June 1980. I had two major strokes on 4 July 1980, had major surgery and was had to retire 20 November 1980 at age 57.

I wish to thank Harold Bratten for getting in touch with me. I heard the Reunion will be in Nashville this year, hope to see you.

(Editor's note - Turney - the reunion is in Roanoke, Virginia. The announcement is in this CUB... J. Kline)

RENE, HERMAN ASSOCIATE

BURTOVILLE
B-6690 VIELSALM, BELGIUM

(Editor's note - Rene HERMAN searches the battle area for artifacts, and has done so for many years. He is anxious to met and help any American veterans that return to the area. He has visited with Adda & Willie RIKKEN, our friends at Gouvy, Belgium. He has many souvenirs, dog-tags and memorabilia taken from the battle areas. He wishes to meet more Americans and learn of their experiences... J. Kline, editor)

JONCKEAU, MARY LIFE ASSOCIATE

71 Rue HENRI PIRENNE
B-4800 Verviers, BELGIUM

FROM JOHN GATENS: "589th FAB, Battery members, Joseph Schaffner, Walter Snyder and I, wish to sponsor Mary JONCKEAU as a LIFE ASSOCIATE MEMBER. Mary is a very active member of CRIBA and has driven many of the GI's throughout the battle area. She was especially kind to us during our last visit to Belgium, on the 50th Anniversary TOUR.

Mary visits the HENRI CHAPPELLE American Cemetery often, as well as the ERIC WOOD Memorial, placing flowers and tending to the sites. She has adopted the 106th Infantry Division as her own. Any member, wishing to tour the Bulge area, to find his special place, should contact her. She is more than willing to help

them accomplish their wishes." Signed John Gatens

LEMOINE, AUGUSTE ASSOCIATE

CAHAY, 58
B-6690 VIELSALM, BELGIUM

(Editor's note - Another friend of the RIKKEN's, who has searched the battlefield and wishes to met and help American veterans as they return... J Kline)

LINDEN, JEAN PAUL ASSOCIATE

47 RUE EYSDEN-MINES
B-6658 GRAND HALLEUX, BELGIUM

Sponsored by L.C. ANDERSON, 81st ENG/HQ. L.C. wrote that Paul was a very helpful young man and wishes to sponsor his membership. Thanks to L.C. we have another young Belgian who is part of our Association.

(Editor's note - I have pictures of Paul. Hopefully I will have room for them in this CUB.

Paul LINDEN was present at SPINEUX during our September 1995 visit. He is a charming young man who has much knowledge of the history of the battle. He, if you will recall several CUBs back, is the person that discovered and returned a barracks bag belonging to MILTON CONNOR, 592 FAB, B Battery. I always get CONNORS age wrong, but he has to be at least 84. He was one happy man when he received his long lost barracks bag. I wonder if the government charged him for it when he returned home... J. Kline, editor)

LOGAN, ROBERT C. 424/HQ 1BN

430 N. COLLEGE ST.
CARLISLE, PA 17013
717-249-2058

I was a member of the 106th from activation at Fort Jackson until I was captured at Winterspelt, Germany in December 1944. I was interned in the following camps, Stalag 12-A, Limburg; Stalag 10-C, north of Hanover; and Sand Bostel near Bremerhaven. I was liberated by the British Army by members of the Black Watch and Armored Guard Units.

MAES, ROGER ASSOCIATE

RUE GRAND'PEINE, 73
B-7110 HOUDENG-AIMER, BELGIUM

(Editor's note - I would like to make a special plea to members of the Association to contact this new member. He is very anxious to learn about the experiences of the American Veterans, especially of the 106th Infantry Division. If you have a diary, or wish to transcribe a letter explaining your experiences in The Battle of the Bulge, please send it to Roger. He recently became acquainted with the RIKKEN's, our personal friends. I am told that he and his buddies recently found 50 American Gas Masks that had been cached in a hole somewhere in the Ardennes. He has much memorabilia and artifacts from the battlefield. He is anxious to hear your stories, so please write to him. He writes good English in a friendly manner. My thanks goes to Roger. I haven't had the time to answer all the letters I get and am taking this manner of giving him my personal thanks. I hope to me you, Roger, during our next visit to Belgium... J. Kline, editor)

MAKOWSKE, RAYMOND T. 423/K

8621 VALLEYFIELD RD
LUTHERVILLE, MD 21093

MCDONALD, STANLEIGH 806 ORD

1290 N. WESTERN AVE #209
LAKE FOREST, IL 60045
847-234-6889

My role in the Ordnance Company that was attached to the 106th Infantry at St. Vith was to drive a 6X6 GMC truck. We removed the gas governor so that we could "Put the Hammer Down" and run the trucks as fast as we could. I was assigned to make ammunition runs to and from the depots, to supply the 422nd and 423rd Regiments. Other runs were to parts depots for the Quartermaster.

During the Bulge our runs were constant during day and night. I made a trip to Bastogne to drop off ammunition, just before it was surrounded. Generally there were three 6X6 trucks in our "packs" and many times we were within firing range of

the Germans. On one trip we passed the site at Malmedy where the men of "B" Battery of the 285th Field Artillery Battalion, and other units, were slaughtered in the "Malmedy Massacre." We took a quick look and continued on our route. I was in the lead truck of the three trucks, The truck had a mounted 50 Cal machine gun. My Staff Sergeant manned that gun. There were several times we passed German foot soldiers, in the woods, as we "put the hammer down" and continued on our way.

(Editor's note - Stan, a good book written by Michael Reynolds, entitles THE DEVIL'S ADJUTANT, Jochen Peiper, Panzer Leader describes in great detail the incident at Baugnez Crossroads, later to be called The Massacre of Malmedy. Published in Great Britain by SPELLMOUNT LTD, Staplehurst. It is available from stores in the USA like B. Dalton. I happened to buy my copy at the LaGleize Museum, LaGleize, Belgium, during our September 1995 trip.

The units involved in that massacre, taken from the list of dead and of those that escaped were, B Battery, 285th Field Artillery Observation Battalion, 575th Ambulance Convoy, 546th Ambulance Convoy, 518th MP Battalion, 32nd Armored Recon Convoy, 86th Engineers, 23rd Infantry Regiment, the 197th AAA Battalion and the 200th Field Artillery Battalion. By far the most men involved were from the 285th FAB, either B Battery or HQs Battery. In a quick scan of the list I found 105 men of the 285th of which 45 were either wounded or unharmed. Some have asked if any 106th men were there. The records do not reveal any men from our units... J. Kline, editor)

MILLER, GLENN C. 422/H

1004 MAPLE ST
PIQUA, OH 43356

(Editor's note - Glenn, is an Email buddy of mine. His screen name is 75474.2576@compuserve.com., for those of you who are on Email. Glenn, have a good trip to Belgium/Germany. You certainly have it well planned. This CUB will be waiting for you when you get back. Get some good pictures of Eastern Europe, maybe I can find a spot for them in The CUB, although with the backlog of material I hesitate to make a plea for more material. Bon Voyage... J. Kline, editor)

OSBORNE, M.D., GEORGE M.
423/HQ 3BN

4453 VIEUX CARRE CR.
TAMPA, FL 33613-3055

I was Captain George Osborne in the 423rd Infantry Battalion Medical Detachment. I received the Combat Medical Badge in The Battle of the Bulge and later applied, because of information in the 106th Bulletin, for the Bronze Star, which was sent to me.

I attended two 106th Reunions, don't know why I let my membership lapse, but here I am again.

On a recent cruise (Hawaiian-American) my wife and I were seated at a table with Mr. Ralph Bean and his charming wife Cynthia. Suffice it to say we were both in the 423rd Infantry Battalion at St. Vith. It was his ill fortune to be captured. He told me to get with it again! Ralph and I could not get over the coincidence of two soldiers in the same Battalion at a table for four on a Hawaiian Cruise on the SS Independence. We both were proud that we served with the 106th and were The Lion in the Way that delayed Von Rundstedt and his Armored Divisions - as IKE said "We served our country well."

RENARD, ERIC ASSOCIATE

6 RUE DU COTICULE
B-6690 VIELSALM, BELGIUM

SMITH, WILLIAM B. 423/L

44 COUNTRYSIDE ROAD
COLUMBIA, NJ 07832
908-496-4266

(Editor's note - William B. Smith, 423/L, is the father of Wayne W. Smith. Wayne has been looking for information about his father. In going through his father's records he came across references about the 3rd Armored Division and the 423rd Infantry Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division. He contacted Sherod Collins, having found his name in connection with our Association. Sherod referred him to

me. Turns out that Wayne is on-line and we have been passing information vi Email. He works at a Government Army facility.

I advised him of my Email address and the fact that I have placed a "Home Page" on the World Wide Web. By the way, the URL for that "Home Page" is <http://www.mm.com/user/jpk>. If you are not computerized, ask one of your relatives or friends who are into the Internet or the World Wide Web (WWW) and have them punch up that address. They will see eight pages of 106th Infantry Division Association history and Personal history. I have had over 230 hits (visitors) to my Web Site from 4/4 to 4/20/96. There's lots of information out there about World War II. Another good contact was a son of a 7th Armored veteran who has gobs of information on The BULGE and the part that the 7th Armored played. That's another story, but the URL for that site is; <http://members.aol.com/dadswar>.

Back to Wayne Smith and his dad William, sorry guys; William is now a member of our Association and has received his membership and a copy of The CUB of the Golden Lion: PASSES in REVIEW. Welcome aboard, Smiths... J. Kline, editor)

SOWELL, ROBERT F. 424/E

612 VIA DEL MONTE
PALOS VERDES ESTATES, CA 90274
310-378-5404

I served as Platoon Guide for the Platoon Sergeant as part of the attacking force in the Battle for MANHAY on 24 December 1944. Except for a brief period of time in the AIR FORCE CADET program at Miami Beach, I served with the 106th from the time it was founded in Fort Jackson, until I was evacuated from the line in the Ardennes on 19 January 1945, spending two months in a US Army Hospital at Cardiff, South Wales. I then ran a PX Company at Camp Philip Morris at LeHavre until sailing home the Summer of 1945.

I rejoined the Advertising Department of the Union Pacific Railway in Omaha before entering the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri. There I earned my BS of Journalism in three years by attending three sessions (including Summer)

New Members ...

annually. I graduated in 1950.

After graduating I joined Safeway Stores Advertising department. Then the Korean War broke out. Since I had received a Direct Commission in the Army Reserves, in 1949, I was recalled and experienced six additional months of combat as a Platoon Leader with the 5th Regimental Combat Team. I was awarded two Bronze Stars and a Purple Heart. Martha and I have three lovely daughters (two are twins). Our home in Palos Verdes Estates overlooks Monica Bay in Southern California.. Settled into San Francisco where I worked as Advertising Manager of Folgers Coffee. After a few years with Folgers I joined the Young & Rubican Advertising Agency in Los Angeles, continuing in marketing until 1960 when I became a Real Estate Broker and Developer. I am now semi-retired, but keep busy appraising property.

I would look forward to hearing from any of you, my friends and comrades-in-arms, especially "Hump" Schiro and Art Chatfield. John Gregory introduced me to the 106th Infantry Division Association.

(Editor's note - Bob, we have no other person to thank than John Gregory, except you of course. Look in the new roster I have enclosed in the May CUB, as you probably already know both "Hump" and "Art" are already members of the Association - they appear in the alphabetic listings. Do I dare ask: How did Schiro get the name "Hump?" ... J. Kline, editor)

STREVER, LINDA J. ASSOCIATE

7023 WOODARD BAY RD NE
OLYMPIA, WA 98506-9630
360-357-2860

My father was a member of the 106th Infantry Division and was captured in The Battle of the Bulge. I am a poet, working on research for a book about my parents' experiences during the '30's and the '40's. I am interested in reading and hearing

about the battle and the POW experiences that may have been similar to my father's.

TIMM, EUGENE A. 423/D

139 GROSSE PINES DR
ROCHESTER HILLS, MI 48309
810-652-2917

I was a Jeep driver for a machine-gun squad. Captured 19 December 1944, arrived at Stalag 9-B, Bad Orb morning of 25 December, liberated by the 106th Cavalry (not a part of the 106th Inf Div) on 2 April 1945.

Originally from Neenah, Wisconsin. Returned there after discharge at Fort San Houston in December 1945. Worked in Neenah for awhile then went back to school, University of Wisconsin, earned a BS MS and Ph.D. January 1955. Joined Parke-Davis Pharmaceutical Company, Detroit, Michigan, as a Research Virologist - 8 years of research - through different positions, Vice-Pres. Of QC and Govt. Regs. After 25 years I took early retirement from the ten merged Warner Lambert-Parke Davis in new Jersey. Did some consulting, joined Swiss/Austrian firm Immuno (?) as president of the US operations, retired officially 3 December 1992. But continue on the Board and do some consulting business for the company.

Married Lois in 1951. We have one son and two daughters and four grandchildren. I enjoy my cottage up north on the lake (Gaylord, Michigan) and fishing, traveling, reading, relaxing and woodworking. Hope to go to the Roanoke gathering and renew acquaintances.

(Editor's note - Eugene, hope I got the name "Immuno" correct. I am not familiar with the name and it was indistinct on your letter... J. Kline, editor)



**Lt. Colonel T. Paine Kelly, Jr. 1944
Commander 589th FAB**



**Colonel T. Paine Kelly, Jr. (US FA Ret)
Attorney at Law**

A DAY TO REMEMBER

by Colonel Thomas P. Kelly, Jr. (F.A. Ret)
Battalion Commander, 589th Field Artillery Battalion
PO Box 1531, Tampa, FL 33601

In early 1995, the United States of America celebrated the 50th Anniversary of the battle that sealed the fate of Hitler's Germany, and thereby preserved liberty and democracy for most of the people of the world. It was called the Battle of the Bulge because the last onslaught of the German Army, perpetrated by all of its remaining reserve military forces, created a bulge in the eastern front of the Allied Armies covering hundreds of square kilometers of the sovereign territory of four nations (Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg and France) that had

been overrun by the Allies in late 1944, and that was envisioned by them as the launching pad for the final drive to end the War.

The Battle was finally won by the Allies in February, 1945, but was initiated by the Germans on December 16, 1944, a very cold, overcast day that was a carbon copy of a long series of days that had afflicted western Germany and eastern France in late 1944 (and were to continue to do so). The movement of German forces on that day led to the worst single day catastrophe from the standpoint of casualties in the entire military history of the United States, a day upon which the 106th Infantry Division suffered approximately 8,000 casualties (the exact number will never be known) or over 55% of its to-

tal strength. And the vast majority of these losses occurred in the relatively small triangle between Bleialf and Auw, Germany, and Schönberg, Belgium, and in an area that did not exceed three square kilometers (two square miles).

In addition to the casualties in the 106th Division there were losses by the cavalry, tank destroyers, anti-aircraft, engineers, medical and other troops supporting the Division, and by many other American units in numerous sectors of the battlefield, including the 99th Infantry Division in line north of the 106th, and the 28th Infantry Division, south of the 106th.

The day was December 19, 1944, a day to remember.

Of course, all of these facts are the subject matter of many histories written closer to the date of their occurrence than any commentary that I might add as a footnote at this time. But it occurred to me as I read accounts of the Battle of the Bulge on its 50th Anniversary, that there was an insight that was missing in all of the histories and narratives that I have read, particularly regarding the loss of the 422nd and 423rd Combat Teams of the 106th Division, because the historians and chroniclers were not there. And I suddenly realized that I was in a unique position in that I not only spent the days and nights of December 16-19 in or near that fatal triangle, but I was probably the only person alive now or then who had spent many hours with each of those units on December 19, and who had discussed their dilemmas with their respective Commanding Officers. Perhaps because of my close association with the principal actors in the tragedy of that day, and the previous three days, I can relate an additional basis for understanding

what occurred, and why.

As with all history, it is difficult to find a logical beginning, particularly if interest in the theme is to be maintained. But some explanation of why I was in the area, and why I was free to roam between two infantry regimental commanders who were in only sporadic and indirect communication with each other (and each of whom was not even sure where the other was engaging the enemy), is necessary for a full understanding of the situation. In relating the series of events over that period of four days, it is my intention to describe only incidents that I witnessed and now remember, unless I expressly qualify information from other persons and my own assumptions as such; and the facts will not be exaggerated or dramatized. There are some things that one never forgets, and the events in which I participated during those four days neither require nor would permit embellishment.

The 106th Infantry Division arrived in the area of St. Vith, Belgium, on December 8, 1944, after a trip across France and Belgium on the "Red Ball Express." We had been briefed on our mission during the journey. We were to replace "man for man and gun for gun" the 2nd Infantry Division, which was in position on and west of the Schnee Eifel (a ridge rising out of the Ardennes plain about twenty miles in length extending generally east and then north from Bleialf to Roth in extreme West Germany). Until captured by the Americans in November, the Schnee Eifel had been an important segment of the Siegfried Line and the commanders of various infantry units of the 2nd Division were enjoying occupancy of the German bunkers as their respective headquarters.

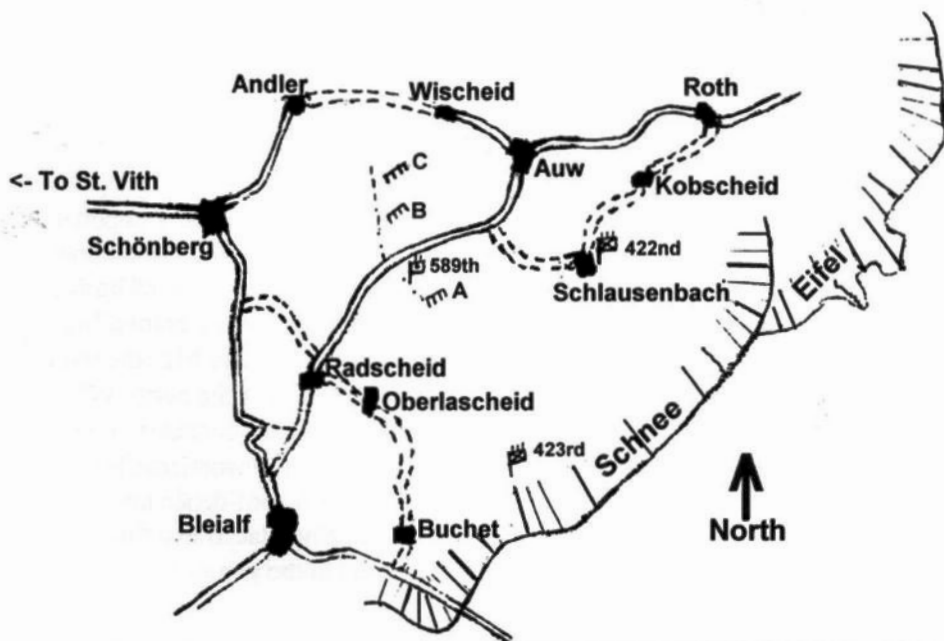
I was the Battalion Commander of the 589th Field Artillery Battalion, equipped with twelve 105 mm. howitzers, in direct support of the 422nd Infantry Regiment, commanded by Colonel George L. Descheneaux, Jr. Upon our arrival in St. Vith the battalion was assigned a bivouac area on the St. Vith-Schönberg road and I was summoned to Division Headquarters to receive orders for the occupation of our positions. All of the commanders of regiments, battalions and special troops were greeted by Major General Alan W. Jones, the Division Commander, who announced that the elements of the Division would begin to occupy the positions then held by the 2nd Division on the night of December 9-10 in blackout conditions and with minimum sound in order to prevent the enemy from learning that the 2nd Division was being withdrawn. That unit was to participate in a "top secret" attack scheduled for a few days later to prevent the destruction of the Roer River dams by the retreating Ger-

man forces, with consequent flooding of the American route of advance.

I was told that my Battalion had the honor of being the first unit to occupy its position in order that we could register on the Division Artillery Base Point for the benefit of all of the artillery battalions in the Division. The 2nd Division was to start its withdrawal that night and my Fire Direction Center and one of my firing battery sections was to occupy positions after 1600 hours on December 9 and register on the base Point before dark. All commanders were to reconnoiter their unit's positions before dark on December 9 and establish liaison with their counterparts in the 2nd Division for briefing.

On the following morning, I had no difficulty finding the Command Post (CP) of my corresponding battalion of the 2nd Division. It was located approximately two-thirds of the way from Bleialf to Auw on the road connecting those two towns. (See map below)

My counterpart commander was busy with his battalion's displacement



and I was briefed by his Executive Officer, a Major with many months of combat experience. Over a cup of coffee in his Headquarters Battery's Mess, he tried to acquaint and impress me with the inherent dangers of our position. He pointed out that the Division's sector had a front of 28 miles, four or five times the length of the normal front for a division in a defense posture. Further, our batteries would be exposed to an enemy advancing from the east with nothing in front of us except a reinforced battalion of cavalry (light tanks and armored cars). He demonstrated by reference to my map that substantially all of the Division's infantry positions were south and west of our batteries and could not protect us from, or come to our rescue in the event of, a sudden attack from the east or northeast through the open plain north of Auw-Roth (known as the "Losheim Gap").

I listened patiently to the Major (the coffee was welcome after our ride in -20 degree weather), but I was not impressed with his warning of danger. After all, did we not have the Germans on the run, and didn't they have more than they could handle on their eastern front? I attributed the Major's polemic to an attempt to justify the assignment of the great 2nd Division to a "quiet sector" of the front. But I would remember his words with considerably more respect eight days later.

I reconnoitered all of the gun positions with the Major and went up on the Schnee Eifel with him for designation of the Division Artillery Base Point. I then returned to the bivouac area with high expectations of firing our first rounds in anger, explained to the assembled officers of the Battalion how to reach their respective positions, marking them on their maps for night occupations, and empha-

sized the order that no gun position could be altered in any respect. I then led the fire direction section and one gun section from B Battery into their positions and registration was duly accomplished by B Battery's forward observer. The 106th Division was in the War.

Throughout the week of December 9 to 15, the 106th Division was indeed in a quiet sector. There was a minimum of firing on targets of opportunity and for interdiction east and south of the Schnee Eifel. The weather remained cold and overcast, with a ceiling of 500 to 1,000 feet, and the ground had a snow cover of one to two feet. We saw no aircraft of any description or allegiance, but there was a V-1 launching site near Prüm (southeast of the Schnee Eifel) and "buzz bombs" were constantly flying overhead at a height of approximately 500 feet directed at targets in Belgium and perhaps England, although we had several "shorts" that fell and exploded just beyond our positions.

With limited firing through our fire direction center, I took advantage of many opportunities to visit Headquarters of the 422nd and its front lines, and became very familiar with the disposition of its forces and the terrain. Due to the escarpment that formed the south slope of the Schnee Eifel, the infantry's position along its crest was virtually impenetrable to frontal attack. But the last outpost of the Division was southeast of Roth and the southernmost strong point of the next infantry division in the line (the 99th) was several miles to the north. While I did not (and do not) consider myself an infantry tactician, I wondered by whose design so much confidence and responsibility was being placed in a few hundred cavalymen in the gap.

When I put this question to my Combat Team Commander, whom by now I addressed by his nickname "Desch" he just shrugged his shoulders. "They won't let us do anything about it," he said. The Roer Dam operation had not yet jumped off and VIII Corps insisted that there would be no change in disposition of forces.

My CP and the Battalion Fire Direction Center were located in the home of a German family, who had moved into the basement of the house next door. Inasmuch as my predecessor Battalion Commander had slept in the best bed in the house, and taking seriously the Corps' order of "man for man", I slept in the same bed. At about 0600 hours on December 16, I was awakened by explosions in very close proximity to the house. There had been some interdiction fire on a crossroads near the CP during the preceding week, but this was different. Within two minutes I was in the Fire Direction Center and talking by radio to the forward observers (FOs).

The FOs for A and B Batteries were on the Schnee Eifel near the Headquarters of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, respectively, of the 422nd. They had little to report except sporadic artillery fire along the ridge and word of mouth reports of a fire fight near Roth, north and somewhat east of their positions. However, at my suggestion, the FO for C Battery was not with the regiment's 3rd Battalion on the Schnee Eifel, but was in the area of Schlausenbach-Kobscheid south and west of Roth. He was a small but very wiry young 2nd Lieutenant of Russian descent named Fomenko who allegedly could converse in seven languages, and I had always hoped that he was more articulate in the other six. But on this morning, his message was loud and clear: he

had heard constant heavy firing to his northeast in the vicinity of Roth and was on his way there to find out what was going on. I cautioned him not to get too close but to keep us informed.

I also called the firing batteries and ordered them to be prepared to fire to the east and as far north as Roth. This was not an easy directive to follow because their pieces were not only sited to the south southeast but the trails (the counterbalancing frames on which the tubes and wheels were mounted and by which the howitzers were towed) were in deep pits. These had originally been dug by our counterpart battalion of the 2nd Division because, due to the height of the Schnee Eifel, it was necessary to resort to "high angle" fire in order to target enemy forces charging the ridge. It was a Herculean task to lift the howitzers out of their pits and site them in another direction, but it was accomplished, together with Fomenko's registration on a new base point, within an hour.

By this time Fomenko was in a position to see German forces, including tanks, on the Roth-Auw road. However, because elements of the friendly battalion of cavalry were also in the area, we did not attempt to take the advancing Germans under fire. I did report their presence to Colonel Malin Craig, our Division Artillery Executive (and son of a former Chief of Staff of the Army of the same name) who was with General Jones at Division Headquarters. He did not seem too perturbed but told me to keep him informed. I took no further action at that time except to request Battery B to send a forward observer to the area south of Auw. I did not know that the Battery Executive, a 1st Lieutenant named Wright, would undertake this assignment,

but apparently his Battery Commander, Captain Arthur C. Brown, took over his duties as commander of the gun sections so that they could leave the designated FO with the infantry 2nd Battalion.

During the morning there was a feint by the enemy in front of the Schnee Eifel and we fired on a few targets of opportunity (which we were able to do without high angle fire). However, the situation worsened rapidly after noon. Fomenko and Wright reported enemy troops, vehicles and tanks entering Auw without opposition (I was later informed that the cavalry forces had withdrawn). I had earlier ordered Captain James B. Cagle, Jr.,

Commander of our Service Battery, in position west of the Schönberg-Bleialf road, to bring all available ammunition to the firing batteries. This had been accomplished and Captain Cagle reported that he was attempting to obtain more rounds from the Division ammunition dump.

We opened fire on the Germans in Auw (except for C Battery due to a stand of trees in its line of fire to the east), and reported the enemy's advance to Division Artillery Headquarters. Brigadier General Leo T. McMahon, the Division Artillery Commander, wanted numbers and when I reported to him that there was at least a battalion of infantry and a troop of tanks, as estimated by Fomenko, he was incredulous. He laughed and said my forward observer must have a flair for the dramatic. Apparently at this point Division G-2 considered the enemy activity to be a reconnaissance in force rather than an attack.

During the early afternoon the situation deteriorated precipitously. My Headquarters Battery Commander, Captain Alva R. Beans, and his Executive Officer drove his jeep into the area east of B Battery and just north of the junction of the Bleialf-Auw road and the road to Schlausenbach, where they came under fire from German foot soldiers dressed in snow suits and completely invisible at a distance greater than 200 feet. Both of the Americans were hit before they could get away; Captain Beans was so seriously wounded that he was evacuated immediately. This incident put in train a number of events. I ordered B and C Bat-

I ordered B and C Batteries to send detachments with machine guns and carbines to dig in immediately in front of their gun positions to take under fire the snow-suited Germans . . .

teries to send detachments with machine guns and carbines to dig in immediately in front of their gun positions to take under fire the snow-suited Germans. This was accomplished and after a few rounds were exchanged the Germans withdrew and began a flanking action around

the north or rear of C Battery. This move was to lead to disaster, but for the moment we had respite from duty as foot soldiers, for which we were not fully prepared.

Despite the constant firing by two batteries into Auw, the Germans continued their advance westward down the Auw-Wischeid road in rear of C Battery and in the direction of the 592nd Field Artillery Battalion, the Division's medium artillery (155 mm. howitzers), which was in position northwest of our positions and south of Andler. It was impossible for us to fire on this advance, but almost immediately we were con-

fronted by a new target. A column of tanks left Auw on the Bleialf road headed for the heart of my Battalion. We immediately shifted our fire to this column as directed by Lieutenant Wright, who proved to be an excellent FO. After we had massed our fire for several rounds on the column, knocking out at least one tank, Lieutenant Wright sent fire direction this last message "Down 100, right 100, fire for effect, and give me 20 seconds to get the hell out of here or they will land on me." We waited the 20 seconds and could hear the rounds exploding over his radio as though they were in the next room.

Most of the tanks then withdrew, but one continued on the road toward our Command Post and reached its junction with the Schlausenbach Road. At that point 1st Lieutenant Theodore Kiendl, Executive of A Battery, took the lone tank under direct fire by his No. 1 section and knocked it out with the second or third round using armor piercing projectiles. It appeared for the moment that we had been saved from immediate invasion.

Of course, all of this was reported to Division Artillery Headquarters as it occurred, and gradually it appeared from the responses we received that Division and Corps were taking us seriously. We were told to hang on. But then there was the most serious development of a long day. For the last hour we had been having difficulty hearing our two FOs due to interference by German transmissions on our frequency. This condition had worsened and by the middle of the afternoon our reception was limited to the guttural commands of the advancing enemy. When I attempted to report this development to Division Artillery, I found that, probably due to the shelling of the Schön-

berg-Bleialf road by the Germans, we had lost communication by telephone. I gave an order to Headquarters Battery to trace and repair the line and damn the projectiles.

I knew by reports from C Battery that the Germans were attacking their gun position from the east and the north and had probably reached the town of Andler. Consequently, I was not surprised to see the entire 592nd Field Artillery Battalion emerging from the trail to our B and C Batteries and turn west on the Bleialf-Auw road. My immediate reaction was that the 592nd had received a displacement order from Division Artillery and we may have received one also if we had not lost communication. (I learned that night that Lieutenant Colonel Richard E. Weber, Jr., Commander of the 592nd, having been attacked and threatened with encirclement by the Germans and having lost his communication with Division Artillery, made the decision to evacuate; the Battalion continued its retreat and was west of St. Vith before it stopped to await orders. In my opinion, Weber made the correct decision.)

There was then a development that could have caused me to give a similar order. The tanks that had made the earlier move toward our position from Auw, and had paid the price, were light tanks. At about 1700 hours we received a message from our outpost, located beside the road to Auw and beyond a barn about 300 yards east of the CP, that a medium tank was approaching from the east with guns blazing. I called A Battery to order direct fire, but I had trouble getting through to the gun position, and as I finally did so, I looked up into the smiling face of my Executive Officer, Major Eliott Goldstein. It was the first smile I

had seen that day. Major Goldstein casually informed me that he had knocked out the tank with one round from the bazooka he found at the outpost. There were no more tank attacks on our position.

It was fully dark when telephone communication with Division Artillery was restored and I received a call from General McMahon. He asked about our situation and I told him about the tank and infantry attacks, that C Battery was virtually encircled by the enemy and that we were still firing volleys into Auw but the howitzer tubes were too hot to touch and ammunition was running out. He gave the order to displace to positions west of the Schönberg-Bleialf road and to be in position and ready to register at daylight. But he warned that displacement to the rear was no guarantee of security; he understood that Bleialf was under attack and if it fell there would be no infantry to oppose an advance to Schönberg.

I gave the order to all firing batteries to cease fire and prepare to displace to the rear. But when I communicated this command by telephone to Captain Malcolm H. Rockwell, Commander of C Battery, he said there was no way for him to comply; all of his men were engaged in fire fights on three sides (only the south side was free of enemy infantry), and if he pulled them out in an effort to retrieve the trucks and howitzers they would all be killed. I asked if he could spare the few men necessary to disable the vehicles and destroy the howitzers before evacuating and he said he would try. When I called back fifteen minutes later, the line was out. It was to be eight very long hours later before I heard again from what was left of C Battery.

There is a tenet having the force of law in the Army (as there is in the Navy)

that the Commander must be the last to leave a position of danger. Although it is usually the job of the Artillery Battalion Commander to reconnoiter and assign new battery positions in the event of a displacement, in view of C Battery's disastrous situation I delegated this duty to Major Goldstein and he left with a small group from Headquarters Battery to lead the firing batteries into their new positions. I told him not to be concerned about a position for C Battery and to use the steeple of the church in Auw as the base point for registration; I wanted to be sure that every round we fired was put to good use.

I was called by Colonel Craig for an update, and I told him about C Battery's predicament and that B Battery was also under attack by ground fire, delaying its departure. He said that the 2nd Battalion of the 423rd Infantry Regiment was in Division reserve and he would talk to General Jones about releasing the Battalion to move through our area and cover our withdrawal. He also said he would ask the Colonel commanding the Corps Artillery Group to call me.

Within thirty minutes I had a call from the Commander of the Corps Artillery. I told him that the Germans had tried twice to come through our area during daylight and we had repulsed them but we were pulling our howitzers out of their pits and had no way to fight them if they made another try. I also pointed out that the 590th Field Artillery Battalion was in position just west of us and was also vulnerable, as were the two regiments on the Schnee Eifel if the German forces from Auw came through us and attacked Bleialf from the north, joining forces with the Germans attacking that town from the south. The Colonel listened sympathetically and after a long

pause said, "We have lots of targets to the south - I don't know if the rounds we would throw into Auw would be worth it. I said, "Well I don't know either; what is a battalion of artillery worth?" Another pause, and then, "You will be hearing from us." The firing by Corps Artillery into Auw began within twenty minutes and continued at intervals throughout the night.

We had been receiving reports from our outpost regularly until about 2100 hours when the messages stopped. I told a telephone operator to ring the outpost and he did so, but there was no answer. I took the phone and it was ringing but no one was on the line. I thought there was an even chance that the "snow troops" or other enemy infantry had

captured our outpost and were on their way to the CP. I looked around and other than Major Arthur C. Parker, the Battalion S-3, the only officer in sight was 1st Lieutenant Leach, the Battalion Motor Officer, who was there as liaison with Service Battery. I told Parker to post guards around the CP and then said, "Come on, Leach, let's find out what's wrong." I drew my .45 cal. automatic and without a word he did likewise and we went out into the cold night and headed east along the road to Auw.

I was in the lead and as we approached the barn beyond which the outpost was located I left the road to circle the barn and approach any enemy who might be hiding there from the south. As I rounded the southeast corner of the barn, I saw the problem. The telephone operator was stretched out on his sleeping bag, snoring loudly. I kicked him awake, waved my .45 in his face and told

him that if he went to sleep again I would use it. Leach and I then proceeded to the outpost proper and found the three men manning it in the same outstretched posture. They received the same warning and then I told the Sergeant in command to follow me. I walked another 100 yards to the east to the German tank Goldstein had knocked out a few hours earlier and the Sergeant followed me with his automatic rifle. I said, "This is your post. The tank will give you all the cover you will need. If you see anything move, fire at it." I rejoined Leach and we went back to the CP.

I was not as tough as I sounded. About thirty minutes later the Sergeant called the CP and asked to speak to me.

When I answered the phone he said, "Colonel, I'll go back out there if you order me to, but it is scary as hell out there. I thought I heard somebody moaning in that tank. If you let me stay at the outpost I promise you I will not go to

sleep, on my honor." I said, "Sergeant, your honor is good enough for me." Headquarters Battery was in march order by that time, and I made sure that a vehicle and instructions were left for the outpost personnel to reach the new position before ordering the Battery to displace.

A Battery was the next to go west at about 2300 hours, slowed by the bitter cold and blackout conditions on a very dark night. B Battery was having almost as much trouble with sniper fire as C Battery and at about 2400 hours when I was despairing of saving either unit, into my Command Post stomped Lieutenant Colonel Joseph F. Puett, Commander of the 2nd Battalion of the 423rd. His advance

I walked another 100 yards to the east to the German tank Goldstein had knocked out a few hours earlier. . .

guard was in trucks outside behind his command car. I tried not to show how glad I was to see him. We went outside and I showed him the area occupied by the two beleaguered batteries. He sent one platoon to that area with orders to surround the batteries and one platoon to the front to occupy both sides of the road beyond our outpost. For the first time that night I could breathe normally.

It was nearly 0300 before B Battery made its appearance; some men had been lost but all howitzers and radios were intact. The column was dispatched to its rear position, together with the outpost personnel, leaving me with my driver, Flaherty (I had chosen him because he never questioned an order and rarely spoke unless asked a question), my command car and one guard armed with a carbine, together with whatever came out of C Battery's position. Puett had taken over my Command Post, but the road to Auw was quiet so I waited in the cold and the dark on the trail leading to the position of my last remaining unit.

It was dawn before I saw shadowy figures approaching down the trail from the north. I did not have the heart to count, but there couldn't have been more than 35 survivors of a complement of nearly 100. They brought nothing out with them but their weapons and ammunition. I told them to proceed on foot toward Bleialf and paid a last visit to my former CP to tell Puett that my unit was now displaced and that the next point of vulnerability was Radscheid, where the Headquarters and firing batteries of the 590th were located. I then proceeded west in my command car until I caught up with Rockwell and his group. I dismounted and walked with him to Radscheid.

As we walked Rockwell told me that

he had carried out my order to disable his vehicles and destroy his howitzers and other equipment. But he was despondent because of the men he had lost, including his Executive Officer and best friend.

The conclusion was inescapable that he and his stragglers would not be effective as ground troops, but might be welcomed by B Battery to replace its losses. I told Rockwell I would see him in Radscheid and went on ahead to obtain a truck from the 590th to transport him and his group to B Battery.

But when I entered the CP of the 590th I could tell that the news was bad. The Battalion Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Vaden Lackey, whom we called the old man because he was over 40 years of age, had a sober look on his usually pleasant face. He had sent a reconnaissance party to the Schöenberg-Bleialf road and it had been fired upon by Germans, and there was a steady stream of enemy troops moving north as far as they could see, which was almost to Schöenberg. He said he had also heard by radio from Division Artillery that Schöenberg was taken by Germans advancing from Andler. His telephone lines to Division Artillery had now been severed. Two singularly depressing facts emerged from this account: my Battalion was either captured or had made its escape through Schöenberg before it fell; and what was left of the 422nd and 423rd Combat Teams was surrounded by strong enemy forces.

Upon his arrival at Radscheid, I advised Rockwell of the situation, telling him that he could make his own decision to stay with the 590th or to try to get out of the enemy encirclement in the direction of St. Vith where he might find the remnants of the Battalion. He chose the

latter course and started north with his remaining cannoners on the unimproved trail to the Schönberg-Bleialf road. I made an attempt to break out by another route to the northwest but came under fire from an .88 mm. gun near Wischeid and was lucky to get back to defilade on the road to Radscheid. There I joined Lackey. As a skilled artilleryman without a command, perhaps I could be useful to him or to the 423rd Commander, Colonel Charles C. Cavender. Without a single artillery piece I probably could not perform any useful service for my own regimental commander.

At noon on December 17, the 590th was firing rounds into Bleialf when Lackey received an order to cease firing and proceed south to provide a perimeter defense for the 423rd, which had been ordered to close in to its position on the Schnee Eifel for the night. I followed Lackey in my command car from Radscheid

through Oberlascheid to the Regimental Command Post east of Buchet. There we met with Cavender, who was having the same problems with communications that I had experienced, but who had intermittent radio contacts with Division. He had received two messages of extreme importance: We were to receive an aerial drop of ammunition and food the next morning at specified coordinates and the area of the drop was surrounded by a full Company of the 1st Battalion, and the Regiment was to attack north and west across the Our River (which flowed through Schönberg) with the 422nd on our right on the following morning. How-

ever, he was unable to communicate with the 422nd to coordinate the advance, even through Division.

That night I ate my first meal, courtesy of the 423rd Headquarters Mess, in two days. I remember a conversation with Lackey, as we munched on our K rations. He said, "I'm sure you realize that we are going to be killed or captured tomorrow."

I contemplated that remark for a moment and then said, "No, I don't realize that. You can be killed or captured tomorrow if you want to, but I don't. And you will have one hell of a better chance to stay alive and free if you don't believe you'll be killed or captured."

He said, "You're just not being realistic." I replied, "Life is the only realism I'm interested in, and I plan to hold on to it."

I also got my first sleep in two days in Cavender's German built bunker. The next morning after breakfast there was a long wait

for the aerial drop, which never came. At about 1000 hours the Combat Team began its march north. The 2nd Battalion, which had closed into the area of Oberlascheid on the 17th, was in the lead and ran into German troops advancing northeast from Bleialf toward Radscheid at noon. Cavender ordered an attack to clear his route through that village and a battle ensued in which Puett's unit was supported by howitzers of the 590th. Feeling particularly helpless without any means of contributing to the defeat of the Germans, I drove to a high point near the junction of the road to Bleialf with the roads to Schönberg and Radscheid where

**Cavender ordered an
attack to clear his
route through that
village and a battle
ensued. . .**

I could watch the engagement. It appeared that neither side was prevailing until late in the afternoon when Lackey, who was running short of ammunition, began using white phosphorus projectiles. The effect was immediate and devastating: The enemy withdrew beyond the Schönberg-Bleialf road.

During the battle the 3rd Battalion moved north through Radscheid and along the unimproved road toward Schönberg, while the 1st Battalion relieved the 2nd in contact with the enemy. I joined with Cavender at his Headquarters in Radscheid after dark (he was in the same building that was Lackey's CP until the day before). He had lost contact with the Commander of the 3rd Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Earl F. Klinck, and I was with him when he ordered a communications sergeant to lay a wire to the north until he found the Battalion CP. I was advised by Cavender that a new order had been received from Division to attack Schönberg in the morning and that the 3rd Battalion was to lead the attack. I asked if I could go with the wire detail and perhaps counsel with Klinck about the use of the 590th in his attack. Permission was granted.

Before we started north the communications sergeant told me that Cavender had sent him down the road to Auw in an effort to make contact with the 422nd and lay a wire into its Headquarters. He said that about one mile down the road a German with a blazing burp gun had appeared at the side of the road. One of his men had killed the German with his automatic rifle, but not knowing how many of the enemy were around, they had beat a hasty retreat. We then started north in our two vehicles; presumably in deference to my rank the sergeant had waved

me into the lead. But as we proceeded through extreme darkness with dense woods on both sides of the roadway, I remembered the sergeant's account of his recent experience. I had drawn my .45 and the soldier sitting beside me in the front seat of my command car had his carbine at the ready, but we would be no match for a burp gun in the woods.

I ordered Flaherty to stop and I got out of the command car and walked back to the wire truck. I said to the Sergeant, "You guys are much better armed than we are, why don't you go first?"

The sergeant's immediate reply, "I don't like anybody following me when I'm laying wire. You might get tangled in the wire or at least damage it." My response: "Then your two automatic riflemen will ride with me on the running boards of my command car. The sergeant started, "But these are my men . . ."

I interrupted, "That is an order, sergeant." There was a long pause and then a salute by the sergeant (tinged, I thought, with mockery) who nodded to the two riflemen. I felt much better with one of them on each side of my command car, but I held on to my .45.

We proceeded to a left turn in the road that I knew would take us to the Schönberg-Bleialf road. But there were tracks continuing north and the sergeant and I agreed that they were made by vehicles of the 3rd Battalion. We continued north, following the tracks through the darkness, until we reached a small valley or hollow in which we began to make out the shapes of vehicles. I dismounted and walked ahead of my command car; the vehicles were indeed those of the 3rd Battalion and every driver and all other personnel in the trucks were asleep. I thought, "What a nice surprise party for

the Germans," who were in strength along the main road less than a kilometer to the west.

I made out a sharp rise to the north and correctly guessed that Klinck had established his CP there. I showed Flaherty where I wanted him to park my command car and then proceeded up the slope a distance of about 200 yards, where I found Klinck.

He informed me that he was to lead the attack on Schönberg in the morning, supported by the other two Battalions on his left. From his map he estimated the distance to Schönberg to be 1 ½ kilometers (about one mile) and mostly down hill. He understood that there would be

an aerial drop of ammunition and food, both of which were in short supply, on his position soon after daybreak. I assured him, from my conversations with Cavender, that the other two Battalions and the 590th were on their way north and

would close in on his position during the night. This was confirmed a few minutes later by Cavender himself, telephone communications having now been established by the wire truck that had followed me to the position.

I made a trip to my command car to get my bedroll and found Flaherty and the guard asleep in their seats. It was then only about two hours before dawn so I decided against the bedroll, which I hadn't used since the first night in the bivouac area near St. Vith. I could hear many vehicles closing into the hollow to the south and assumed that the remaining units were arriving for the attack. I went back up the hill, found a patch of ground

without snow or ice and sat against a tree, waiting for dawn.

December 19 was the first reasonably clear day I had seen in Germany. I thought surely the promised drop would be made, but it was not. Neither were orders received to cancel the attack. Instead Cavender received a garbled message from Division calling upon every man to do his duty in somewhat dramatic language that I considered unnecessary and uncalled-for. Commanders of all units assembled on the hill where Cavender had now established his Headquarters at about 0800 hours and a detailed order for the attack was given by Cavender and his Executive Officer, Lieutenant Colonel

Fred W. Nagle. The 3rd Battalion was to begin its advance at 1000 hours, supported by the 2nd Battalion on its left and the 1st Battalion on the extreme left, along the Schönberg-Bleialf road. Although short of ammunition the 590th

would provide artillery support from positions south and east of the high ground on which we stood.

At that moment we heard artillery firing in the west and then heard the whine of projectiles overhead. Fortunately, the shells fell 100 yards beyond the point where we were assembled, but tree bursts made our position very uncomfortable. I saw a slit trench and dived into it, as did many others. When I looked up I saw the white, tense face of a corporal. "Is this your slit trench?" I asked. The corporal nodded. Shells were still falling in the trees just beyond us. I got up, pushed the corporal into the trench and jumped in on top of him. My back was at ground level,

**I thought surely the
promised drop would
be made, but it was
not . . .**

but he was very secure.

After four or five salvos the shells stopped and I bounced out of the trench. Immediately there were hundreds of guttural shouts and massive small arms fire from the hollow south of the hill. This could mean only one thing: the enemy had attacked the rear echelon including all of the vehicles and drivers of the combat team. I wondered about my faithful Flaherty and said a little prayer. Then I remembered that in my bedroll was a bottle of Old Forrester, my favorite bourbon, that I had brought from the states and had resolved not to open until the Germans finally surrendered, at which point I had planned to drink it all in one sitting. I consoled myself with the thought that the way things were going, the Germans might never surrender.

Cavender was giving orders to his Battalion Commanders designed to protect the troops forming for the attack on Schönberg from the enemy in the rear, thus depleting his forces for the attack. I looked for and found Lackey and asked him if his Batteries had gone into position to support the attack or if they were overrun by the enemy in the hollow. He looked at me with ashen face and said he was afraid they were lost; he had delayed the order to occupy gun positions until he had heard Cavender's orders for the attack. So the depleted and outnumbered 423rd would attack entrenched forces of the enemy, reinforced with armor, without artillery fire support or sufficient ammunition to sustain the attack. The hopelessness of the situation was apparent to everyone.

I waited until Cavender had given orders to, and had dispatched, all of his officers, including the very competent Nagle. I then approached him and said

that it appeared that he would not have artillery support and, therefore, any hope that I might have assisted in the attack had vanished. He agreed. I asked if he knew the location of the 422nd, because I felt it was my duty to join my own Combat Team if I could not be of any use to him. Again, he agreed but knew only what he had learned from one of his patrols earlier that morning: the 422nd was advancing on Schönberg from positions south and east of his regiment. I wished him luck in his attack but he managed only a weak smile and a shake of the head.

I said goodbye to Lackey and struck out down the hill in a southeasterly direction. Now I was really alone. The area in which I found myself was strangely quiet, almost eerie in its complete silence. There were birds and squirrels in the trees and a few rabbits in the brush, apparently oblivious to the presence of thousands of armed men all around them bent upon each other's destruction. I saw a figure on a hillside 150 yards to my right, heard the crack of a rifle and a sound very like that of an angry hornet go past my ear. I dived into a clump of bushes and crawled from there into a copse of pine trees. I looked back and the figure was gone so I proceeded in a southeasterly direction as defined by the hand compass I always carried.

I was fired at twice more without knowing where the shots were coming from and was becoming skittish. When I heard the tramp of feet approaching through dense forest I again dove into underbrush and looked out under the branches and leaves in the direction of the sound. To my great relief I saw GI combat boots. I waited until they had passed and then rose up out of the brush and said, "Don't shoot. I'm Lieutenant



Colonel Kelly, Commander of the 589th Field Artillery and I'm looking for the 422nd Headquarters." The sergeant commanding the patrol said, "We're going in that direction, Sir, follow us."

There was firing ahead of us that grew louder and sharper as we proceeded. We detoured around several fire fights involving burp guns and light machine guns of the enemy and automatic rifles and .50 caliber machine guns of the 422nd. I heard mortar fire, but was to learn that it must have been German; the 422nd had exhausted its supply of mortar shells. Finally, the sergeant pointed to a tent in a clearing on a hillside and then continued his route. I made my way to the tent.

It was about 1500 hours when I first saw Descheneaux at his Headquarters. He was distraught and appeared close to tears. He said he was glad I was still alive and only hoped we both would live through this. He said he had been promised aerial drops that had not happened, was out of food and running short of ammunition of all caliber's. I told him I had

been with the 423rd Combat Team and described its situation. He said he was sorry that the two regiments couldn't help each other. As we talked we were standing outside his Headquarters tent and the Medical Aid Station was only about 75 yards away. Every time a wounded man was carried by on the way to the Station, Descheneaux looked at him and became a little more teary.

I left him to dig a slit trench beside the Headquarters tent. I grabbed a shovel and had broken ground and made some progress when I saw an officer (I believe it was Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Matthews, Jr., the 422nd Regimental Executive Officer, but at this time I am not certain) run by me with a large white object that looked like an undershirt. I thought it was odd, but when he continued to run north, in the direction of the Germans, it came to me. He was carrying a flag of truce and intended to surrender us to the enemy.

I dropped my shovel and ran back to where I had left Descheneaux. "You can't surrender, Desch," I said. "If you

hold out for about two more hours, a lot of us can try to get out to the west tonight." Descheneaux said, "What else can I do? I don't want to be responsible for any more killing. Our situation is hopeless, why go on getting men killed?" Then he turned away and shouted an order: "All of you destroy your weapons, now! Cease fire, now! Call in your units and line them up on the road to the north!" Then he put his hands over his face and cried unashamedly.

I turned away and broke my .45 on a rock. I had sworn I would never again be captured; it had happened once on maneuvers in Tennessee and I had escaped. I swore at that moment that I would escape again. (In the event, I did; but that is another story.) I followed Descheneaux and his staff to the front of the column forming on the road to the north, with armed German troops all around us.

REFLECTIONS

As I have written this account of my experiences from the beginning to the end of my days in combat, it has amazed me how full and clear my memory is of events that occurred more than 50 years ago. At first I wondered if I could give an accurate account after so long a time; but one recollection recalled another until I believe that I have remembered and recorded everything of significance that happened in my presence in the four days of December 16 to 19, 1944. I don't pretend that the conversations are word for word, but the substance thereof is accurately related.

I learned later that Cavender held out thirty minutes longer than Descheneaux, and much longer than I thought he could. I was also informed that a group of infantrymen in the 2nd Battalion of the 422nd did not get the order to surrender and un-

der the command of the Executive Officer of the Battalion avoided capture for an additional two days. But the most heartwarming information that I received after the event was that my 589th Field Artillery Battalion was awarded both the French and the Belgian Croix de Guerre for gallantry in defense of an important crossroad at Baraque Fraiture by elements of the Battalion that escaped from the Schönberg pocket on December 17. I can only hope that I may have contributed in some small way to the persistence and courage that soldiers of my Command displayed at that crucial stage of the Battle.

After I left the German prison camp near Hammelburg with the substantial assistance of a rather foolhardy but extremely welcome reconnaissance in force, planned and executed by General George S. Patton, Jr. to rescue his son-in-law from the same camp, I was able to contact General McMahon at Rennes, France where the 106th Division was being reconstituted and refitted. I wanted to rejoin the Division but was informed that as a former prisoner of war, I would not be permitted to do so but must return to the States for reassignment. I was also told that I had been awarded the Silver Star for my part in the Battle of the Bulge.

While it is inappropriate and perhaps even presumptuous for one to question such a high honor, the mere performance of one's duty should not be a basis for special recognition. I saw many, perhaps hundreds, of the members of the 106th Division who gave a great deal more for their Country than I could ever claim to have given, including their lives. But I have no doubt that they received an even greater reward.

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In Memoriam

Alexander, Calvin 422/H

Rte 2 Box 247, Tuscumbia, AL 35674

Passed away 8 Dec, 1995. Survived by wife Ruth, three daughters, three granddaughters and his good friends Bill Ivy, Charles Rieck and Larry Post.

Barker, Thomas 422/HQ

2938 Hale St., Philadelphia, PA 19149

Thomas passed away 7 Nov, 1995. he was proud to have served with the 106th. Sent by his wife, Virginia.

Carpenter, Ben 424/HQ 1 Bn

3737 Highland Ave, # 109, Downers Grove, IL 60515

Died by as a result of a stroke 22 July 1995. Survived by his sister Dorothy. Notified by Russ Villwock.

Clark, James J. 424/HQ

Joseph P. Maloney, after searching for years finally located his buddy James J. Clark, but found he had died in 1986. James, first man in HQ's Company to get hit, was wounded badly by mortar fire and was sent to the rear.

Bell, Roger W., 589/HQ.

2231 Pine View Lane, Janesville, WI

Notified by Lois Bell. Roger died 31 Dec 1995, survived by wife Grace and three children

Fry, John C. 424/F

412 Euclid Ave, Temple, PA 19560

Died Feb 1996, survived by Lena his wife, a sister and brother. Fry was employed 35 years as a dry-charge operator for former Price Batteries, now Exide, retiring in July 1985.

Farris, Fred Div/HQ

104 Pinehurst, Salem VA 24153

Fred died peacefully on 30 November 1995 after an illness of 5 months. He served on the 1988 Reunion Committee in Roanoke, Virginia. Mrs Willie Farris, his widow, will assist Virginia Bowles in this year's Reunion at Roanoke. Fred served in the Adjutant Generals Office.

Hanger, Charles E. 423/E

Charles, from Carmel, California, died 23 July 1995. He enlisted in the Army in 1943 and was commissioned a lieutenant. Imprisoned at Officers Camp #79 he was liberated by American troops rushing to Berlin in April 1945. We were informed of his death by Life Associate -Bob Lowry, his good friend.

Hauxwell, Burton 423/H

388 Atwater St, Lake Orion, MI 48362

Passed away 3 June 1995. His daughter Betsey said he had been a lifelong member and enjoyed the CUB.

Karns, Russell 81st ENG/A

116 W Siddonsburg, PA

Died of a heart attack 14 Jan 1996 according to his wife Mary. He was retired from the state Department of Corrections as a woodworking instructor.

Kelly, Edmond D. 423/D

PO Box 308, Middleton, NY 10940

Passed away 10 December 1995 according to his attorney.

Mansfield Jr., Horace 424/A

819 Gate Rd, Monroe, NC 28112

Date of death was 5 July 1995 according to word from Sherod Collins.

Prokorym, Casimir 81st ENG/HQ

2520 Chestnut St, Stuebenville, OH 43952

A former member of the Association Board he and his wife attended numerous reunions. No date of death given.

Redmond, Dean T. 422/HQ 3BN

611 N. Center St., Statesville, NC 28677

Dean a frequent and longtime attender of our reunions, passed away 5 April, 1996. Sherod Collins was notified by his wife, Peggy. Dean had been working towards publishing a book on *The Battle of the Bulge*.

Ulmer, Ray 592/SV

22 Woodbrook Way, Aston, PA 19014

Passed away 4 January 1996, survived by wife Marge. Info sent by Chas Datte.

Whitner, Donald R. 422/F

PO Box 214, Millville, PA 17846

Don died at home 20 March 1996. He had attended several reunions. Captured and held at 4-B and 9-B. He is survived by his wife Vivienne, sons Reber and Rusty and Grandson Jason. A life member of the Order of the Purple Heart and several national veteran's associations.

Wingart, Lamar 423 Infantry

Reported by Pete House. Lamar, Pet's Attorney, later became a juvenile judge, then a circuit judge. Survived by his wife Mickey, two daughters, two sons, three sisters and 10 grandchildren. Died 23 March 1996. He was in a group of students who arrived on the same train, with Pete House, at Fort Jackson 13 March 1943.

Ucchino, Domic 423/I

His brother Joseph notified me that Dominic died 10 February 1995. Joseph can be reached at 2838 Howland Wilson Rd NE, Cortland OH 44410. Telephone, 330-856-1074



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