

THE ARDENNES \* THE RHINELAND \* CENTRAL EUROPE

# *The* **UB**

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR

*The Veterans of the  
106th INFANTRY  
DIVISION*

*of the*  
**GOLDEN LION**

Vol 56 - No. 3

APR - MAY - JUN 2000

*Entrance to Camp Atterbury Museum*



**This issue: Featuring the 424th Infantry Regiment  
and Clifford Doxsee's - Return to Slaughter House FIVE**

# The CUB

*A quarterly publication of the  
106th Infantry Division Association, Inc.*

*A nonprofit Organization- USPO #5054*

*St Paul, MN - Agent: John P. Kline, Editor  
Membership fees include CUB subscription.*

Paid membership 10 May 2000 - 1,676 members

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Life Vets/Associates . . . . . \$ 75.00

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## Annual dues, payable for July 1 to June 30

Annual Vets/Associates . . . . . \$10.00

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**Colonel Joseph Matthews 422/HQ** (LIFE)

4706 Western Blvd. Raleigh, NC 27606

E-mail % son Robert; rjmatt@bmd.clis.com

This May CUB finds us on the verge of summer and from here it will soon be reunion time.

The two vice-presidents Marion Ray and Joe Maloney and I spent much of the early months of this year working out our program contents and the events schedule. From half a continent away with their help and with AFR handling the logistical details, we have managed nicely.

We have taken into consideration the expressed wishes and suggestions of members following last year's reunion. As to inquiries regarding breakfast in St. Louis, AFR has arranged for the hotel to set up a no host breakfast bar for those who go on the morning tours. There will of course be the usual breakfast available in the hotel dining room.

We look forward to a fine time in St. Louis. It is a good reunion city with lots of attractions and a mid-continent location. You will have received your reunion schedule and the hotel reservation form and if you have not sent these in, now is a good time to do so.

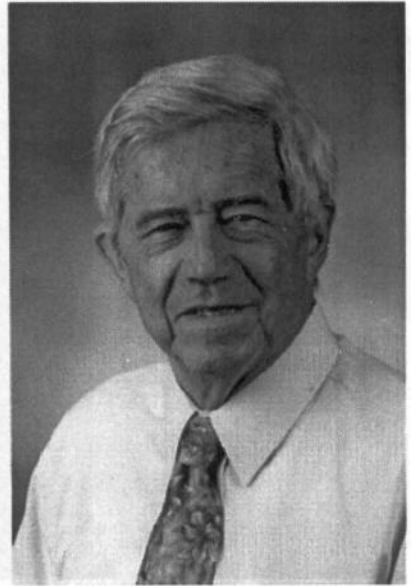
Next year we will meet in Washington D.C. and this year at the board meeting it will be decided where to meet in 2002. To that end, Marion and Joe have attended the Army Divisions Assn survey of Hampton, VA, as Hampton was recommended to us last year at the board meeting. Our incoming president Marion and his first VP Joe will report to the board on the survey of Hampton hotels and points of interest. Other cities that would like to have us visit them will be reviewed and considered by the board.

I regret the resignation of Phil Cox from our board and thank him for his willingness to serve and for his period of service. By my count, we will replace him and the four members whose terms expire this year (I'd have gone off the board last year but was extended as the incoming President). Frank Lapato, Nominating Committee chairman has been busy putting together a good slate of candidates for us.

In closing, come see your friends and enjoy St. Louis this summer.

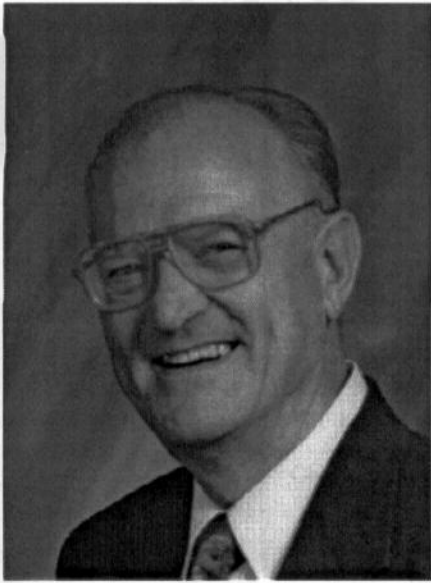
*John Gregory*

President, 106th Infantry Division Association



John A. Gregory, President 1999-2000  
106th Infantry Division Association  
"E" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment  
4624 Ashton Dr, Sacramento, CA 95864  
916-481-3353 - oldshoesac@juno.com

## **" Chaplain's Message . . . "**



Chaplain

Dr. Duncan Trueman, 424/AT  
29 Overhill Lane, Warwick NY 10990  
914-986-6376

**Psalm 139:7 "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?"**

An old video-tape entitled "Truce in the Forest" tells the TRUE story of an actual incident during the Bulge. You may have read about it in Readers Digest (Jan.1973) or encountered later aspects of it on television.

This story tells how four American soldiers, one wounded, found their way to a small cottage on Christmas Eve 1944. The lady who lived there with her young son, allowed them to bring their wounded companion in for the night. Later that same evening a group of German soldiers also sought and were given refuge, This true story tells how the two groups made peace that night, sharing the woman's meager food. A German soldier even treated the wounded American. When morning came they went their separate ways in peace.

The young boy in the true story is still alive, living in Honolulu. We have communicated about this incident during the *Battle of the Bulge*.

Stop and think about the risks that were taken by both Germans and Americans that night. Their relationship was uneasy at first, as you may imagine, but it began to soften as the evening wore on.

I have always had difficulty imagining myself in that situation. After a while you don't think twice about killing. Would I have blasted the first enemy coming through the door? Would a firefight then have broken out? Who would have survived?

Writing to Fritz Vincken in Honolulu a few years ago, I raised that question, saying that I wished I could know how I would have reacted. I quote his reply:

**"Allow me to reassure you that you would have acted as those soldiers did. You, too, would have felt the presence of God."**

Fritz must be right. God's presence must have been powerful to those soldiers that Christmas Eve ...to both friend and foe. Truce in the Forest?

It's a kind of miracle story. We sometimes think of miracles as things too good to be true, but here's one that really happened. Maybe they would happen more often if we did not flee from His presence...

**"If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there." (Psalm 139:8)**

## Editor's Report

John Kline, editor

We are a little late, but here it is. Spring got in the way. I think you can understand that.

In this issue I will start to catch up on the 424th Infantry stories. I have enough material to write a book, but at this age don't seem to have the energy.

My 106th Infantry Division Home Page

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

is attracting a lot of viewers. At the time I am writing this I have had nearly 52,000 viewers since 3 April 1996. The site is producing about 350 email letters and responses per month. Most of these inquiries are from relatives of WWII veterans seeking how to find information about their loved one, who didn't talk much about the war during their lives.

A considerable number are 106th vets who discover that the Association of 106th veterans does exist. Most all New Members listed in this issue came from a contact with the 106th Infantry Division Home Page.

## ANNUAL DUES PAYING MEMBERS - Please Note

If you are a member paying ANNUAL DUES your membership fee for the year July 1, 2000 to June 30, 2001 should be paid by June 30, 2000. Those not paying up will not receive the August CUB magazine. Your membership expiration date appears on the label of every CUB magazine shipped.

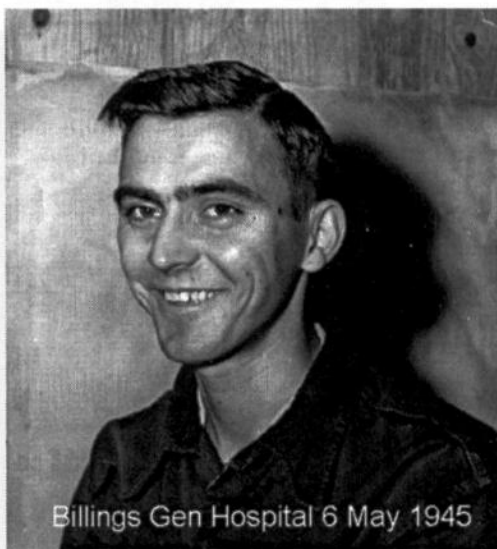
## WIDOWS OF 106TH VETERANS

If your husband paid an ANNUAL AUXILIARY fee (\$2.00) for you, The CUB magazine will be to you mailed until the next June 30 after his death.

If your husband paid a LIFE AUXILIARY Membership fee (\$15.00) for you, we extend the mailing of The CUB to you until the second June 30 following his death.

Widows of all deceased veterans can purchase regular ANNUAL ASSOCIATE or LIFE ASSOCIATE memberships.

\$10 a year ANNUAL or \$75.00 LIFE.



Billings General Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, one day after returning to the States, Liberated Friday 13 April 1945. Gained 15 plus pounds, 30+/- pounds to go.

John Kline, 423/M, Editor

11 Harold Drive - Burnsville, MN  
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Home Page: <http://www.mm.com/user/jpk>

## Feature Stories

### RETURN TO DRESDEN, SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE:

Gifford Doxsee, HQ CO, 3rd Battalion, 423rd Infantry has presented us with an excellent story. A return to Europe with a visit to Germany, Denmark and Prague. Including Dresden, Slaughter House FIVE, where he was a POW, along with many other 106th soldiers. Kurt Vonnegut, 106th veteran, novelist, made this POW Camp famous with his story - SLAUGHTER HOUSE FIVE.

The highlight of this story of his return to Dresden was his visit with a German lady, Frau Hanni Hippe, who, in 1944-45, as a young lady helped Clifford and some of his comrades, in their direst of times. A wonderful story, now saddened by the recent death of Frau Hanni Hippe.

## OLD CUBS

Thank you! Your CUBs will be made available to the membership as "back issues" for the benefit of the Association.

Al Siekierski, 592/C

Rev. Ewell C. Black, Jr., 422/A

Charles S. Garn, 424/H

Glynn Raby, 423/HQ 1st Bn

Paul M. Trost, 423/H

**PLEASE- NO CUBS DATED Newer than 1985**

**I need CUBS 1945 to 1985... J Kline**  
John Kline, editor.

## Donations

Charles Bethea, Associate	200
William T. Reyenga, 423/MED	100
Wilfred Kuespert	100
Damon F. Young, 423/D	5
Frank Lapato, 422/HQ	25
Erv Szpek, Jr	
behalf of his father Erv, Sr.423/I	20
William Rowan, 424/K	2
Bernard Mayrsohn 423/CN	25
Paul Macelwee 422/C	5

**Current Membership 1,676**  
**(May 10-2000)**

## Membership Statistics

As of July 1999 - 1,671
As of July 1998 - 1,661
As of July 1997 - 1,641
As of July 1996 - 1,640
As of July 1995 - 1,689
As of July 1994 - 1,646
As of July 1989 - 1,417
As of July 1987 - 745
As of July 1984 - 555
As of July 1979 - 450
As of July 1977 - 415

**As of July 1947 - \* 1,600**



## REVIVE the WOMAN'S PAGE in the CUB magazine !!!!!

by Richard Rigatti, Board member, Past-President

I spoke at the Women's Luncheon in Schaumburg in an effort to revive the Women's page in the CUB.

You all may recall that this was initiated at the Orlando Reunion in 1995. At least two issues of the CUB, after that, had excellent stories and pictures of interest to the WOMEN.

I'm again asking the women to respond with personal stories about their experiences in relation with men that they married, or were already married to, that were in the 106th Infantry Division.

Sweetheart stories, home front hardships while your husband was in service, anxiety for loved one away from home, or while they were overseas.

Dear ladies, please submit your stories and photos to the editor for inclusion in The CUB Magazine.

## Congratulations to Grandpa Milton Schober, 424/F

Milton, I have your very nice story of your trip to the Netherlands in October 1999 to visit with your son, Allan and his wife Nancy. Especially to see the new grandson they gave you in May 1999. Also of your visit with a new found friend Antoine Nouens, who you ran across in the Bulge Bugle. I will print that story along with your 424th stories in the next CUB



Grandpa Milton Schober with his new grandson Andreas, in the Netherlands, October 1999. Andreas was born in May 1999 to Milton's son, Allan, and daughter-in-law Nancy.

**BEFORE THE VETERANS DIE**

3rd edition  
World War II memories.  
61 pages - \$8 ppd

by: **Dale R. Carver**  
Poet Laureate of the  
106th Infantry Division Assoc  
.Silver Star recipient 1945  
424th Headquarters  
A&P Platoon Leader  
742 Druid Circle  
Baton Rouge, LA 70808  
225-767-3111

**BEFORE THE  
VETERANS DIE**

by  
**Dale R. Carver**



---

**A SONG FOR THE INFANTRY**

*"Into the wild blue yonder"  
the Air Force proudly sings.  
"From the Halls of Montezuma"  
the Marine Hymn stoutly rings.*

*At the break of day, The Navy  
sings of setting sail.  
The lumbering Field Artillery  
"Hits the dusty trail."*

*Scores of divisions of Infantry,  
an immense heroic throng,  
hundreds of thousands of them died,  
and they died without a song.*

*We will make them a verse;  
we will sing for them a song;  
feeble though our tongues may be,  
our hearts cannot be wrong.*

*We're the Minute Men of Concord;  
we set our country free.  
We are founders of a nation,  
the mighty Infantry.*

*We served with Grant at Vicksburg;  
for Lee we wept and died.*

*In blue and grey formations  
we fought and marched with pride.*

*And when the world tottered  
we crossed the troubled deep --  
no sunset on the crosses  
that marked our brother's sleep.*

*Stalwart comrades have we  
in the Field Artillery,  
cannons behind the rifles  
of the fighting Infantry*

*Marines are fearless fighters,  
but their ranks are few and small --  
in time of all-out warfare,  
for the Infantry, the call.*

*Afar the Air Force ranges  
in shining ships, well manned,  
but the foe was never vanquished  
till we occupied the land.*

*We're the Minute Men of Concord,  
We'll keep our country free.  
We are proud of our tradition --  
the U.S. Infantry..*

## BATTLEGROUND EUROPE

### ST. VITH

#### 106th Infantry Division

FOREWORD by John Kline, 106th Infantry

Author: Michael Tolhurst, East Sussex

Pen & Sword Books Ltd, 160 pages

South Yorkshire, United Kingdom

I met Mike Tolhurst, who is an ASSOCIATE member shortly after I became editor of The CUB in 1987. Mike, for years has vacationed in the Ardennes area. I once received a photo of him in a foxhole, with a carbine, uniform and helmet, with a 106th patch on his left shoulder. He sent me many photos of the Ardennes over the years I have known him.

His book is about the *Battle of the Bulge* as it unfolded in front of St. Vith. It covers the action in the first few days of the battle, leading up to the battle at St. Vith.

One of a series of books entitled **BATTLEGROUND EUROPE**, it is one of 24 books covering both World War I (20 titles) and World War II (4 titles) including this new one, ST VITH.) Over 160 pages, replete with photos and personal experiences of 106th soldiers.

These books are written to describe the battle, then give explicit instructions on how to get to the scenes of action described.

**Thanks to the many, many 106th veterans who have already purchased this book. The book is moving well. All commissions generated from the sale of the book go to our Association.**

Mike Tolhurst knows the St. Vith, Schoenberg, Bleialf area like the palm of his hand. He describes nearly every road, village and trail leading throughout the battle area.

I know you will enjoy it. I have had good comments from those that have already purchased it.

#### CONTENTS:

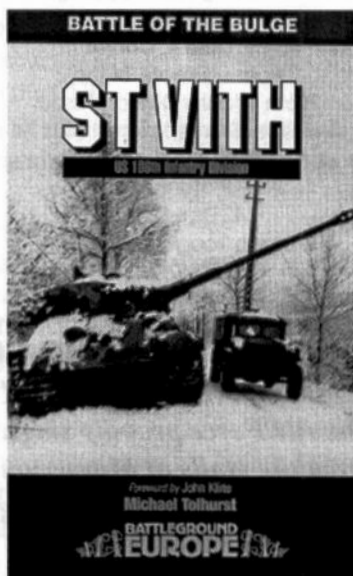
##### Chapter 1 THE GOLDEN LIONS

A Brief History.

##### Chapter 2 INTO THE LINE

Arrival in Belgium and the 'Ghost' Front

##### Chapter 3 THE GERMAN PLAN



#### Operation 'Watch on the Rhine'

##### Chapter 4 THE ATTACK

Saturday 16 December 1944

##### Chapter 5 THE INEVITABLE

Surrender

##### Chapter 6 THE AFTERMATH

Prisoners of War

##### Chapter 7 TOURING THE BATTLEFIELD TODAY

Over 100 photographs of the Bulge era. Many maps, Indexed, personal memoirs of 106th veterans, photos of St Vith, and area, and the damage it sustained.

**Send \$20.00 (no credit cards) to:**

**Sherod Collins, Treasurer**

**106th Infantry Division Association**

**448 Monroe Trace**

**Kennesaw, GA 30144**

Your book will be mailed direct from the publishers stock in Pennsylvania. Allow two - three weeks for paper work and shipment. ☒

**The 54th Annual Reunion will be held at the  
St Louis, Missouri, Marriott Hotel, Airport  
September 7-11, 2000**

**Early Bird arrivals Thursday Sept 7;  
Official Welcome Party Friday evening September 8;  
Men's and Ladies Luncheons, Saturday Sept 9;  
Banquet, Sunday Sept 10; Farewell Breakfast, Sept 11**

**Room Rates: \$75.00 plus tax. Rates guaranteed beginning  
Monday September 4 (Labor Day) through Monday September 12.**

**Room Reservations can be made now  
Toll Free - 1-800-228-9290; Direct 1-314-423-9700  
Tell them you are with the 106th Group.**

**2000 Reunion Registration Forms were mailed  
March 2000.**

**If you did not receive Registration Forms by mail  
Please contact John Kline 1-952-890-3155  
or email: jpk@mm.com  
My mail address is on inside front cover...**

***Donate Personal Memorabilia  
to the Camp Atterbury Museum***

In order to donate items to the Camp Atterbury Museum, you must sign a "Gift Form and Receipt." The form must be requested and signed prior to sending or taking the articles to the Museum.

To order a form or send artifacts and memorabilia write Chief Warrant Officer in charge:

CW3 Myles W. Clayburn  
Camp Atterbury Building I  
Edinburgh, IN 46124-1096

**See photographs of Museum on page 14**

***Change of Address ????????*  
*If you move send the Adjutant  
your change of address.***

***Adjutant Gordon Pinney  
60 Pinney Road  
Whitney, NE 69367-2587***

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**UNUSUAL EVENTS AND FACTS ABOUT WORLD WAR II**

by Sherod Collins, Treasurer/Historian

***Ain't It Gruesome***

One of several B-17 bombers in which Clark Gable flew missions. This plane was the leader of a bomber attacked on Gelsenkirchen, Germany, in August 1943 and Gable flew along to take pictures for a training film he was producing for the U.S. Army Air Force.

***Agnew, Spiro T.***

U.S. Vice President under Richard Nixon. During World War II Agnew was a Company Commander in the 10th Armored Division in Europe, winning a bronze star.

***Airborne Division's (American)***

11th Airborne Division- fought that Leyte, Cavite and Manila.

13th Airborne Division- only Airborne Division not to see action and World War II.

17th Airborne Division- fought that the Rhine crossing and in Germany.

82nd Airborne Division- fought in Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Ardennes and Nijmegen.

***AAA-0***

Slogan devised by Colonel Harry A.(Paddy) Flint for the 39th Regiment of the 9th Infantry Division in Sicily in 1943. The abbreviation stood for "Anything, Anytime - Bar Nothing." Colonel Flint ordered the letters painted on all equipment as a means of instilling pride in his unit. (Flat was rated as one of the best American commanders in World War II and was killed that Normandy by a sniper. )

***A-A Line***

Designated objective of Hitler's invasion of Russia, Operation Barbarossa, June 22, 1941. It consisted of a 1250 mile line stretching from Archangel on the Arctic Ocean to Ashtrakan on the Caspian Sea. Hitler believed that the Russians could be contained east of this line in the Asiatic Russia with armed patrols.

***Aaron Ward U. S. S.***

U.S. Navy destroyer (DM-34) That Was Hit by 5, Cons Aircraft in May 1945 and Survive. It Was Stationed off Okinawa as Radar Picket Ship #10 and Was Commanded by W. H. Sanders.

***A Card***

U.S. Gas Ration Card. It indicated the lowest priority of gas rationing and entitled the holder to three gallons of gas per week. *Sherod Collins, Historian*

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**CONGRATULATIONS**

**Lou Cunningham**

***106 Recon Troop***

**On your recent election to Executive Vice-President  
*Veteran's of the Battle of the Bulge***

## HISTORY CHANNEL "GREAT RACE 2000"

John Swett and Ken Smith, 423/H

See pages 11-12 of the Jan-Feb-Mar 2000 CUB Magazine for a more detailed report on the jeep (right) that Ken and John will be driving... **Team Name: OLD SOLDIERS, Jeep Name: NASTY II**



Ken Smith had taken up stock car racing in his spare time while running his oil business in Wyoming, and John Swett's automotive interests started him on a collection of soon-to-be classic cars. Over time, learning of these common interests, Ken suggested they think about getting into the **HISTORY CHANNEL Great Race**, the race that takes older cars from one end of the country to another. They had the 1943 Ford Jeep rebuilt for them. They have been

readying the jeep for the **HISTORY CHANNEL GREAT RACE** this June from Boston to Sacramento. We hope you all will be following their progress on the **History Channel in June**, (check the TV schedules for time) and if you are not at the stops along the route, try to be at the finish line in Sacramento to welcome the conquering heroes. ☒

Day	AM Pit Stop	Lunch	PM Pit Stop	Overnight
<b>Sunday 6/11</b>	<b>Start Boston</b>		Sturbridge, MA	Holyoke, MA
<b>Monday 6/12</b>	Pittsfield, MA	Albany, NY	Norwich, NY	Birghampton, NY
<b>Tuesday 6/13</b>		Ithaca, NY	Wellsville, NY	Olean, NY
<b>Wed, 6/14</b>	Franklin, PA	New Castle, PA		Canton, OH
<b>Thursday, 6/15</b>	Mansfield, OH	Connersville, IN		Noblesville, IN
<b>Friday 6/16</b>	Crawfordsville, IN	Danville, IN	Bloomington, IN	Peoria, IL
<b>Saturday, 6/17</b>	Galesburg, IL	Moline, IL	Iowa City, IA	Des Moines, IA
<b>Sunday, 6/18</b>		Lincoln, NE	York, NE	Grand Isle, NE
<b>Monday, 6/19</b>		DAY OFF		
<b>Tuesday, 6/20</b>	North Platte, NE	Ogallala, NE	Kimball, NE	Cheyenne, WY
<b>Wed, 6/21</b>	Rawlins, WY	Green River, WY		Salt Lake City, UT
<b>Thursday, 6/22</b>		Wendover, UR	Wells, NV	Elko, NV
<b>Friday, 6/23</b>	Battle Mtn, NV	Winnemucca, NV		Reno, NV
<b>Saturday, 6/24</b>	Placerville, CA		<b>FINISH</b>	Sacramento, CA
Confirmed Cities are BOLDEN,      Route between cities is not published due to competitive reasons.				



**Pittsburgh Area Mini-Reunion December 1999** Joseph Maloney, Chairman

The gang that was there: Howard/Dorothy Lowenberg, Frank Lapato, Harry/ Jennie Kolezez, Ed/Betty Huminski, Joe/Vivian Maloney, David/Jean Peters, Francis/Jean Langham, Ray/Eileen Devaty, Pete/Diane Yanchik, Dick/Pat Rigatti, Dave/Leona Hunter, Al/Marge Yelochan, Jim Wiggins, Dr. John/Marlyn Robb, Frank/Anne Kravetz (USAF), Bill/Dene Christy (Airborne) and David White Director National Flag Foundation - Guest Speaker.

A good meal was enjoyed by all. Dave White spoke on the need to educate our youth more fully in the real history of our country and flag. Lots of questions after the talk. Once we had what is called in school, Show and Tell. Ed Huminski brought in a First Aid box which was used to put his belongings in when he was wounded at St Lo. Jim Higgins showed a book written by an officer in Jochen Peiper's 1st SS Panzer group. Joe Maloney showed a 1918 canteen and a pair of 8" pliers he used. These two items and an M1 rifle were all he brought out of the *Battle of the Bulge*. We once again had an "Empty Chair" to commemorate those who did not come back and those of our buddies who have died in the past year, as well as those that are MIA's. Dick Rigatti spoke of the involvement of the Pittsburgh members of the 106th Infantry Division Association. Howard Lowenberg was presented with an empty coke can label written in Hebrew that came from Israel. Jean Peters brought a tray of delicious Baklava. Dorothy Lowenberg and Francis Langham brought favors for everybody. We had a GREAT time!



**1999 Mini-Reunion, Topeka, Kansas, Bill Stahl 422/K., 211 Arapahoe Ct, Junction City, Kansas 66441**

Due to an editor's error the Kansas 1998 photo was printed on page 31 of the February CUB. This photo replaces it. Front l/r: Arletia Stewart; Doris Underwood; Phyllis Jones; Juanita McCall; Mary Lous Stahl and Mary Mock.

Back l/r: John Stewart 423/SV; Jake Underwood 590/A; Leroy Butter 424/D; L. Martin Jones 423/G; Theodore McCall 81st ENG/A; William Stahl 422/K and John Mock 422/I. December 11, 1999 - Topeka, Kansas

## A NEW 106th BOOK

By Hal R. Taylor, 423/CN  
2172 Rockridge Drive  
Grand Junction, CO 81503  
970-245-7807  
email: hal@gj.net

## A TEEN'S WAR

Training, Combat, Capture

Hal says "Available at bookstores"

ISBN 1-58500-491-X.

Also listed in Ingram's Books in Print catalog.

Paper Bound; 5" x 8" - 266 pages,

Available OnLine at

<http://www.1stbooks.com/>

Type "A TEEN'S WAR" in the search box.

An OnLine version available at 4.95

A Printed Bound Copy at \$10.95 plus shipping.

### About The Book:

A Teen's War describes the experiences of a small town boy in the latter stages of World War II. Portions originated from letters written home about induction, training, and time overseas with the 423rd Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division and that unit's short period of combat in the Battle of the Bulge.

Details of capture and escape came from items the author wrote in prison or shortly after returning home in 1945. Them material also includes comments of home folks as they reacted to missing reports.

The story is unique compared to most war books, for it contains none of the pedantic pretenses of most military histories, filled with strategy or the so-called "Big Picture." Instead, A Teen's War tells how a young, private soldier became aware of reality and the world around him despite his limited view.

All readers who have ever heard the words, "missing in action," will find this book interesting. Readers who were prisoners of war

## A TEEN'S WAR

...TRAINING, COMBAT, CAPTURE



themselves, particularly of the Germans, will recall those hellish times and understand that recollection enables one to live and to cope with the realities of today.

Hal Richard Taylor

### About the Author:

Hal Taylor retired as Director of Public Affairs from the U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1980 after a career that included work at four universities and for a special project in communication. Then he became an international consultant and secretary-treasurer of the professional society, Agricultural Communicators in Education (ACE).

In 1988, he and his wife moved from the Washington, D.C. area to Mesa County, Colorado, where relatives had once lived.

He soon published a family history, *Remembering...Some Taylor-Farwell Connections*. He has authored several articles on communication and has written a number of chapters for books on agriculture.

### CUB Editor's Recommendation:

Great Book. Buy it and Read it!!! You won't put it down till you finish it.....



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### ***RECON TROOP Holds End of Millenium Reunion in Tuscon***

Submitted by Paul Thompson

Twenty-Five veterans, friends, spouses and children gathered in Tucson under the cable direction of Earl Liston and Mary Henry. Marianne Earl arranged a first-class program including a train ride through unique Sabina Canyon, a visit to Pima Air Museum, dinner at the Pinnacle Peak Steak House and of course plenty of B. S. time in the hospitality room. Pinnacle Peak Is a recreated frontier Village. The steak house has hundreds of neck ties hanging from the rafters seized from "Eastern Tender foots," who arrived inappropriately dressed. Fortunately all of us were "old hands" and escaped with all our clothing.

We especially appreciated Randy Mechling (Roy Meckling's son) who helped with the chauffeuring and supported a lot of us through our more embarrassing "Senior moments." Congratulations were also offered to Lou Cunningham on his recent election to Executive Vice President of the "*Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge.*" Earl and Mary closed the reunion with a banquet at the "Olive Tree." For next year, the Sweet's have offered to force the reunion in Dolphin, Missouri.

**Front l/r:** Clara Haines; Randy Mechling, Dale Sweet, Jean Sweet; Tony Petrovitz; Mary Henry; Earl Lisdon **2nd row:** Behind Randy- Laura Thompson; Charlotte Cunningham (barely visible), Pete Petrovitz; Izzy Mele; Terry Thorpe and Bob House **3rd row:** Joe Haines; Paul Thompson; Lou Cunningham; Lorraine Ortner; Sophie Beltz and Dick Beltz **Top Row:** Bill Selje; Vivienne Selji and Butch Ortner **Not Shown:** Ralph Kuzell; Margaret Kuzell and their daughter. ❖



**Box-Car Buddies- 1944:** At the German/American being held in May 1999 the high point occurred in Prüm, Germany when six members of the 106 Infantry Division gathered together to recollect and reminisce about their time together as POWs in the same box car.

They recalled all too clearly being packed like sardines in the car in Gerolstein. Even 55 years later they felt the fear again that they experienced in the Limburg railyards when the RAF bombed the train just before Christmas 1944. They spoke with gratitude of the courageous G. I. who somehow got free to unlock the box car doors and give those behind them a chance to escape the bombardment. They remembered to that not everyone return to the car after the rate was over and the fates of the missing are still in history.

They remembered also that ten days spent in the box car seemed like an eternity. The cold, the hunger, and the demoralizing sense of failure were all impressed so deeply into each one's mind so as to never be forgotten. This meeting was a brief time to celebrate having survived and to be able to gather again, despite their scars and ailments, but united forever by that indefinable bond that is unique between those who have been on the field the battle.

**Left/Right:** Walter Greve; Donald Cooley; Cynthia Bean (she wasn't in the box-car); Edwin Dunn; Ralph Bean; Wesley Caldwell and Jack Roberts. All were in 423/HQ 1Bn except Roberts who was in C Battery, 591st FAB ☒



In Memory of our Commander and his Lady

John, . Here is a special photo I took for you last October. Everything was carefully planned: The angle, the background, headstones, the way your publication is supported by the memory of a GREAT MAN, The Sunlight --

Perhaps I get a bit sentimental at Arlington, but when it is the final resting place of my father, my wife and thousands of American Icons, my feelings are inevitable!

I'm still considering St Louis and do my drill with a Reserve Unit in Chicago, the same week-end. Where there's a will there is a Way.

**LTC Robert B. Leach, Associate member** Senior Artillery Officer 1st Brigade, 85th Infantry Division (See "New Member" Page 31 Oct-Nov-Dec 1999 CUB)

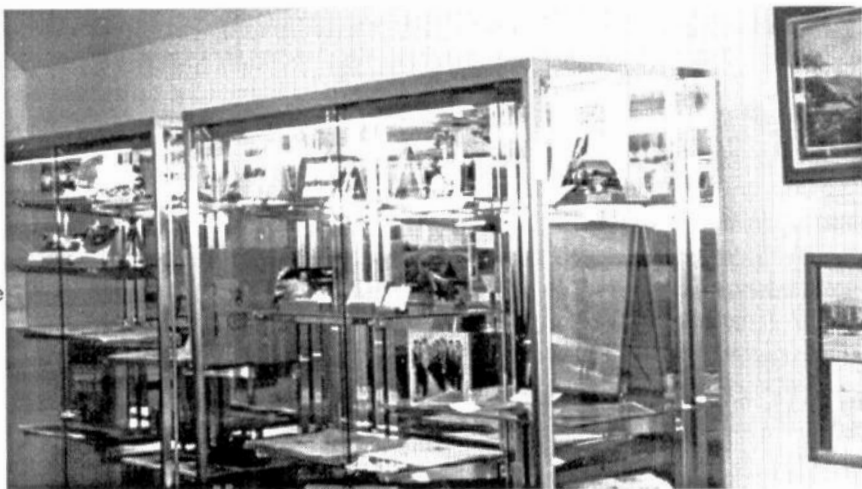
## Camp Atterbury Museum . . .



Looking down  
row of display  
cases in  
Museum

106th Display  
last one on  
right  
and display  
area on  
left wall

106th  
Infantry  
Division  
Display Case



Part of  
106th  
case  
contents

# Camp Atterbury Museum . . .



Bottom of  
106th  
Display  
Case

Information  
Wall  
artifacts from  
local  
residents  
around  
Camp  
Atterbury  
106th Flag  
in  
corner



Information  
Wall  
artifacts from  
local  
residents  
around  
Camp  
Atterbury

## Camp Atterbury Museum



Outside  
Park  
Display  
Area

World War II  
Troop Car  
donated to  
Camp  
Atterbury  
to be  
converted  
to a  
Gift Shop.



O. Paul Merz  
422/SV  
106th co-rep  
with Phil Cox  
423/B  
Our Reps  
to the  
Camp  
Atterbury  
Display Park  
Committee



Slaughter-House Five or Building number five in the Dresden Slaughter-House compound  
September 1999

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### ***Preface***

Dr. Gifford B. Doxsee, 423/HQ 3Bn  
1 Canterbury Dr  
Athens, OH 45701  
e-mail: doxsee@ohiou.edu.

I was taken prisoner in the *Battle of the Bulge*, 19 December 1944 when the Regimental Commander, Colonel Charles Cavender surrendered the remnants of his Regiment to the Germans outside Schonberg, Belgium.

After being taken by freight train to Stalag IV-B (Muhlberg, Germany) I was subsequently, 12 January 1945, taken by train to Dresden as part of an Arbeitskommando of 150 Privates and Private First-Class, including Kurt Vonnegut, loosely where we were housed in building 5 of the Dresden slaughter-house area. This became the title of Vonnegut's *Slaughter-House Five*.

The building was hit during the fire bombing February 13-14, 1945 and had to be rebuilt after the war. Therefore it looks very different now than for what I remember of it one-half century ago.

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### ***The story of my visit to Germany, Denmark and Prague September 1999.***

Dr. Gifford B. Doxsee, 423/HQ 3Bn

In September 1999 I enjoyed a two-week trip to Europe in which he had several reunions with German and Danish friends and also visited several sites in and near Dresden where he had been held as a POW during the last months of the Second World War in 1945. Here are several highlights. Ruediger Mandry met me on arrival at the Frankfurt airport and drove me to Dresden via Quedlinburg, Germany, and Viborg, Denmark, where we visited friends in both towns. A graduate of the University of Leipzig which now has a sister relationship with Ohio University where I taught history for 35 years, Ruediger came to Athens, Ohio, for several months in 1998 during which time we became friends. We went first to Quedlinburg for a reunion with Ulrich Hahn and his parents, Rolf and Hella Hahn. Hella's father, Werner Harborth, was taken to the Soviet Union as a slave laborer at the end of World War Two and



Dr. Chris Christianson, in his home in Viborg, Denmark  
September 1999

members played a role in our surviving our months of imprisonment.

Mary and I met the Christiansens in the early 1980's through mutual friends, and we have previously visited each other's homes in Denmark and Ohio. In 1994 The Ohio University Press published the English translation of Dr. Chris Christiansen's memoirs entitled **SEVEN YEARS AMONG PRISONERS OF WAR, 1941-1948.**

Dr. Christiansen was himself taken by the Russians as a hostage and jailed outside Moscow for a full year, as he was in Berlin when the Russian troops occupied that city to us to.

Like Quedlinburg, Viborg was also a onetime capital of Denmark,

held there until 1950 when he returned to Quedlinburg in broken health. In March, 1951, The Christian Science Monitor published his letter asking for an American pen pal. I responded because of the parallels in our lives, and that started a correspondence that endured for nearly 40 years until Werner's death in 1990. My wife, Mary, and I were able to visit Quedlinburg in 1983 when we met Werner, his wife, daughter Hella Hahn, and her family. Werner's grandson, Ulrich, visited us in Ohio for two weeks in 1996 after the completion of his education and military service and just before he began his teaching career in a German high school north of Hamburg. Quedlinburg is a very historic town, having been once the capital of medieval Germany.

Our purpose in going from Quedlinburg to Viborg, Denmark, in northern Jutland, was to enjoy a short reunion with Dr. and Mrs. Chris Christiansen. Chris inspected Allied POW camps in Germany during the Second World War as part of a team of international YMCA and Red Cross workers. Their objective was to insure that the German army was treating POWs in accordance with the requirements of the Geneva Convention. Since Dresden lay within his sector of visitations, he and his team

and our walking tour of the oldest part of the city with Inger Christiansen was another highlight. In Dresden the Mandry family hosted me in their home for two days in the western suburb of Radebeul West, after which I enjoyed the hospitality of Uwe and Barbara Wehling in the eastern suburb of Pappritz. During those four days it was possible to visit several persons and sites connected with my wartime experience as a POW. Rudiger took me the first morning to call on Frau Hanni Hippe, now in her 90's and living in a retirement home for seniors in downtown Dresden. She and her family had owned and operated the Hellendorf Gasthaus in the village on the Czech border to which we were evacuated in mid-April, 1945, as the Allied armies were approaching Dresden from both directions. When leaving Dresden, we expected to be in American hands within three or four days, but the American troops stopped advancing eastward because of an agreement between General Eisenhower and the Russian Commander, Marshal Zhukov, allotting that part of Germany to the Russian zone of occupation. We spent nearly four weeks in Hellendorf with no work, little food, and very crowded conditions as 150 of us were packed into a single room in the village inn or Gasthaus.

## Clifford Doxsee - Return to Slaughter House 5 ...

I had met Frau Hanni Hippe in 1983 when Mary and I visited Hellendorf, but I learned much more about her during this visit. It turns out that she felt such compassion toward us young American boys who were weak and starving in the spring of 1945, that she secretly brought food to us when the guards were away or otherwise distracted. She wondered for years what had become of us until recently when, one by one, several of us have visited her either in Hellendorf or more recently, in Dresden. She has treasured our letters, photos, and other mementoes of the time in



Frau Hanni Hippe and Gifford Doxsee, 423/HQ 3Bn, taken in her apartment in the retirement home for Seniors, Dresden, September 1999

1945 when her sympathy for suffering fellow human beings overcame the natural inclination of hatred toward a wartime enemy. Ruediger took me also to the former slaughter-house compound on the northwest edge of Dresden's Old City. This is now being transformed into a new state fairground. Several of the old, crumbling slaughter-house structures are still standing, including building number five where we had been housed prior to the February, 1945, fire-bombing. Eventually all of the older structures are to be razed. Right now the contrast between the old and new construction is striking. The Dresden suburb of Gorbitz, to which we were taken after the fire-bombing, to share accommodations with South African POWs, has been transformed beyond recognition by the construction of many high-rise apartment houses and new commercial structures along the Kesselsdorfer Strasse, on the cobblestones of which we trudged daily from February to April, 1945, as we walked into the city to clean up rubble. Only the cobblestone street looks today as it did in 1945. My final journey into nostalgia was the drive up to Hellendorf in the Erzgebirge (Ore Mountains) with Uwe and Barbara Wehling on

Saturday, October 2nd. The Wehlings are both Dresden police officers who became acquainted with the POWs of Slaughter-House Five because their knowledge of English brought them into contact with Erv Szpek, Jr., and the inquiry into the execution of Michael Palaia by the SS in March, 1945, because of his theft of a jar of string beans from the cellar of a bombed house in Dresden. The Wehlings had hosted Erv in 1997 when he visited Dresden, and he, in turn, had toured them around portions of the US Midwest when they spent two weeks as his guests in 1998. Erv's friendship with the Wehlings opened the way for me to enjoy their friendship and hospitality as well. In Hellendorf we visited the family of Dieter and Liesbeth Lobitz, the current owners of the Gasthaus. Alas, Hellendorf has fallen on hard times because the reunification of the two Germanys has caused inflation, making border towns like Hellendorf vastly more expensive than the Czech counterparts just a kilometer or two away. Tourists therefore patronize hotels and restaurants on the Czech side of the border to save money, while establishments in the German border villages are enduring a prolonged recession. Dieter Lobitz toured us



Frau Hanni Hippe and Ruediger Mandry, in the garden of the retirement home where Hanni lived in September 1999.

with a group of thirty "Friends of Dresden," mainly from Columbus, Ohio, which is now a sister city with Dresden. The tour group included Columbus mayor, Greg Lashutka and his wife, as well as Frank Wobst, President and CEO of Huntington Bancshares, one of the largest financial institutions in Ohio. Frank had been born and raised in Dresden, migrated to the USA in the 1950's, and in recent years has been an avid promoter of German-American friendship, particularly linking Dresden and Columbus. We spent four additional days in Dresden, followed by three days in Prague, visiting museums, castles, churches, and the like before flying back to Ohio and thereby ending a most memorable journey.

### With Sadness I have to report:

Hanni Hippe died 22 December 1999, 9 days before her 90th birthday

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through more of the Gasthaus than I had ever been able to see before, including the extensive wine cellar that stretches under the roadway in front of the inn. His gracious hospitality to us was the final episode of my nostalgic visits to sites of my wartime confinement. The final week of my European visit included touring

## OVERLORD RETURNS 1944-2000

**Belgians to come to USA to say "Thank You" to America and all WWII Veterans, just because they do not FORGET.**

A group of WWII military vehicle collectors will come to the USA to say "Thank You" to our country and to the men that liberated Belgium in 1944.

There will be 20 of their WWII vehicles, including "Fish'n Chips," the M5 Stuart light tank which was the first to enter the town MONS in Belgium on September 2, 1944.

The Belgians will be in New York on 29 and 30 June. In Washington D.C. July 2-4. They will participate in the *Independence Day Parade of the Millennium*.

They will visit veteran Major Tucker in Richmond on July 5-8. They will go to Atlanta on July 11th.

They will be in Brewton on July 13-16 to visit veteran James Carroll, first US motorcyclist to cross the French border to the Belgian Town BONESECOURS.

And finally, they will be in New Orleans on July 18th before they go back to Belgium on July 21st. They wish to be sure to tell you **THEY DO NOT FORGET!!!!**

For further information email" [overlordreturns@peruwelz.be](mailto:overlordreturns@peruwelz.be) or [save.phillipe@skynet.be](mailto:save.phillipe@skynet.be)

## **"L" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment**

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### **History of "L" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment 106th Infantry Division**

#### **CUB Editor's Note:**

*While we have titled this article on the 424th Infantry Regiment, as "L" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment, the actions described in training, shipping overseas, overseas training and battle on the Continent are similar to other units of the 424th.*

*As I have said before, there is so much material on the 424th that it is difficult to break it apart and reassemble it. We have more coming in the next issue of The CUB. Vets. like Milton Schober, and many other 424th veterans have furnished me with personal articles and photos, which will be coming up in future issues.*

*This article which John Schaffner, 589th FAB sent me and who also helped me with some of the very indistinct text,. He says this copy came from Grayson Bishop, Communications Sergeant for "L" Company, 424th. It was in the possession of Mrs. O'Brien, widow of Lt John J. O'Brien who was in combat with "L" Company. My records show Captain James Bartell as the Commander of "L" Company. Lt John J. O'Brien was the Executive Officer. It may have been he or 1st Sergeant Jerry Schaaf who transcribed these facts. They are written in similar style as an "After Battle " report. The fact is that there was no indication, on the papers we have, of who wrote this interesting story - 19 legal size pages in all. Many which were hard to make out.*

*Under whatever circumstances it is an excellent background story on "L" Company, and pays tribute to the ALL the valiant soldiers of the 424th Infantry Regiment*

*The photos use in this presentation came from Hans Wijers, Holland, an Associate member of our 106th Infantry Division Association. Thanks to all . J Kline, CUB editor...*

### **From Atterbury to England**

The story of this Company's combat experiences begins at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, in October 1944. This Company is Company "L" 424th Infantry Regiment, 106th Infantry Division organized at Fort

Jackson South Carolina in March 1943, and veterans of maneuvers in South Carolina and Tennessee before coming to Indiana in March 1944. Training at Camp Atterbury reverted back to the previous year's in South Carolina, as men who had received the training taken by the unit were sent overseas as replacements, and others were sent in to round out their training.

In September 1944, the Division was alerted for overseas movement and final preparations were began. Inspections, final issue of equipments and a million smaller details were the orders of the ensuing days. Finally, all was made ready.

Company "L" left Camp Atterbury Wednesday morning October 11,

1944 and traveled by rail to a staging area in the eastern part of the United States, Camp Myles Standish, Mass. At CMS everything essential to a soldier overseas was carefully rechecked; the last puncture of the "harpoon" was endured, lectures were received on all phases of overseas movement from boat drill to subsistence in case of an emergency at sea, and, when all was complete, everybody went to Boston on their last good binge before leaving the States. Then; on October 20th, just eight days after arriving at CMS, everybody packed up boarded the train again, and departed for the POE. On this train ride

however, the second-guessers were crossed up, for instead of going to Boston to sail, we back-tracked and made for New York City. Plans called for us boarding the ship at night and sailing under cover of darkness, but a train wreck forced us to lay up at New Haven, Connecticut for about four hours, with the result that it was nearly daylight as we left the train at Hoboken, New Jersey and got on the Hoboken Ferry for the short trip back across the Hudson River. It was daylight when the ferry bumped into the concrete pier on the Hew York side of the river, and we piled off into

## "L" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

our first contact with the Red Cross, the coffee, doughnut, and candy bar dispensers who have yet to miss a ship. Loading began immediately after the Red cross formality and a few minutes after the last man had struggled up the gangplank the big ship was cut loose from her moorings, pushed and pulled out into the river by tugs, pointed downstream and was turned loose. So began that voyage so well known to the millions who had made it before and during the war - down the river past Manhattan's

Leader of the original company at Fort Jackson, and had worked his way up to the top, was the skipper - the Company Commander. Executive Officer was 1st John J O'Brien, of Whitehall, New York a red headed fighting Irishman. Leader of the first platoon was 2d Lt: Robert H. Britton of New Jersey. 2d Lt Orville H Bauer of Toledo, Ohio commanded the second platoon. The third Platoon's leader was 1st Lt Edward G Penniman, of Lynn, Mass. and the fourth platoon's leader was 1st Lt



skyscrapers, the Bowery, past Brooklyn and into the harbor, out past the Statue of Liberty. Everybody crowded to the rail to catch a final glimpse: of the old lady, and on out to the open waters of the second largest pond in the world-the Atlantic.

Before continuing with the voyage of Company "L" across the Atlantic to England, let's pause a minute and catch a quick glimpse of it's leaders- the men on whose shoulders largely rested the fate' of the company. Captain Ben Bartell of Staten Island; New York who' was a platoon

Matthew C Book, of Los Angeles, California. First Sergeant of the Company was Sergeant Gerald Schaaf of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Platoon Sergeants were Tech Sgt Steve Koval. Tech Sergeant Benjamin Fabisiak, Tech Sgt Albert Barberi and Tech Sergeant William Cornwell, heading the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2d, 3d and 4<sup>th</sup> Platoons, respectively. These were the leaders of Company "L" as it headed towards Europe.

Our ship was the *HMS Aquitania*, British owned and operated. Having seen service

## "L" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

in World War I as a troop transport, it was pressed into the same operation at the outbreak of this conflict. Large and fast, the *Aquitania* sailed alone, relying on its speed rather than the protection of a convoy in the event of any hostile action. Consequently, we made good time going across. Life aboard ship was largely routine. Boat drill took up a few hours each day and helped to break the monotony, as did a USO camp show unit headed by Hollywood actress and singer Irene Manning. Aside from those two features, however, there wasn't a great deal to do except watch the water go by. Naturally some of the boys got a little sea sick but on the whole the voyage was smooth and uneventful. Nevertheless, everyone was glad when, on the seventh day at sea, we were picked up by escort vessels of the Canadian Navy, and even more happy when we finally sighted land. Ireland and the Isle of Man on Saturday morning October 28, 1944. That same afternoon we steamed into the Firth of Clyde and dropped anchor off the town Gourock, Scotland. We stayed on board the *Aquitania* that night, but on Sunday morning we debarked (disembarked) rode a ferry into Gourock, and boarded our first English train. Here again we came into contact with the Red Cross and the English version of coffee and doughnuts was just as good as that in New York. Shortly after noon our train pulled out and we settled back to enjoy our first glimpses of the Scottish and English countryside that we later came to know so well. Our train took us through Glasgow, Edinburgh, then south along the North Sea to Hull, inland again to Newcastle where we stopped long enough to get coffee and muffins, then on to Banbury, and finally our destination, Chipping Norton 21 miles northwest of Oxford and about 80 miles west of London.

Across the Channel and into Germany.

We arrived at Chipping Norton, England

about one o'clock in the morning, of Monday October 30, and as we climbed the hill from the station to our billets, we were not very impressed. Our new homes, Nissen huts, made us feel a little better, although they were plenty cold that first night, and, after a nights sleep and a good breakfast of powdered eggs, we were ready to see the town and meet our British allies. Meet them we did, and for more than a month we were both pestered and pleased with the children way laying us and following us wherever we went with cries of "Any gum chum?" "Chippy" was a representative English town, and very few that were there will soon forget it, the pubs with their beer and cider, the two theaters, or cinemas, where, if you worked it right, you could see four movies a week, the girls from the Women's Land Army, the RAF fellows who didn't really appreciate our intrusion, and even got us blamed for a roadblock that they constructed on Halloween, the Good Luck Restaurant, the parties at the Town Hall, the mock battles as we simulated taking' the Town Hall. The mock battles as we simulated taking the village - all of these and many more incidents are firmly imprinted in our minds. No, "Chippy" won't be soon forgotten.

Our time in Chipping Norton was not all play though. On the contrary, we went through some of the hardest training ever experienced by the company, as the officers and non-coms worked to erase all the kinks of the ocean voyage and put the final polish on the men before going into combat. There were problems encountered in the training-it was five miles from "Chippy" to the training area, it rained almost constantly, the terrain in the training area was one hill after another - but the mounting spirit and high morale of the entire company brought us through in tip-top-shape. We were ready for any thing

## "L" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

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the Germans could throw at us. Little did we know that they would throw the entire book and a few pages of their own writing.

Before leaving England a few changes were made in the officer personnel of the company, as well as among the non-coms. Lieutenants Beck and Penniman were transferred and replaced by 1st Lt Richard Sipe of Indianapolis, Indiana and 1st Lt Woodrow Kramer respectively. Also S/Sgt Stanlez Lovett was promoted to Tech Sergeant and became Platoon Sergeant of the third platoon. Otherwise the company was led by the same men mention above.

As the end of November rolled around, it became a generally accepted fact that we would soon move to the continent, and on December 1 we did pack up and leave Chipping Norton. Actually it was December 2, about 1:00 in the morning (we always seem to move a night) as we boarded the train and headed south for the channel coast. At 5 AM we left the train at Southampton and we walked from the station to the dock. For nearly four hours we set in the shed waiting to board to ship, and finally we pulled ourselves up to the gang blank that we were ushered into what seemed to be the lowest hold in the ship. Soon after we boarded, the ship was cast off and we steamed to a point just outside the harbor, where relay at anchor for the rest of the day. Shortly after darkness and following, we began the short trip across the channel, and the next day found us lying at anchor off the coast of France. Then, for four days we sat there, waiting for the waters to calm down enough to allow landing craft to be brought alongside. Finally on December to 6, the ships officers steamed the vessel, the *SS Monowai*, into the harbor, and unloading was begun immediately. The Company was loaded into an LST shortly after dark, going down a steel ladder to get off the *Monowai*, taken into shore, and marched away from the

beach to await transportation.

This was Le Havre, France. As we marched up the streets we became increasingly aware of the power of the Air Corps. In the dock area nothing was left standing, not even a small wall. The further we got from the harbor the better the city was, but the harbor area was definitely ruined. The Air Corps really did a good job there.

It began snowing as we sat on the piles of rubble waiting for the trucks, and the snow gradually changed or rain as time wore on. Conditions were not conducive to good sleeping, but plenty of snores floated up from the wreckage. It was nearly 2:00 in the morning when the trucks finally showed up (again we move and died) but nobody was sorry he when we rolled out of Le Havre. They were too tired to be sorry. After a two our ride we piled off the trucks into a driving rain storm at a rear assembly area near Yerville, France. We remained there just one day, but in that time we were issued over shoes, assigned to a Corps and Army-the 8th Corps of the 1st Army, and re-grouped into combat teams within the division. On Friday December 8, we again climbed on trucks and headed east toward the 1st Army front in Germany. Through northwestern France and into Belgium the convoy rolled, and late Saturday evening we arrived at a forward assembly area near St. Vith, Belgium. This was some 15 miles behind the front lines. Here, in a portion of the Ardennes Forest, we bivouacked in the snow and awaited orders to go on line. They were not long coming. Reconnaissance parties went up the next day to look over our portion of the front. On Monday the advance party went up, including Lieutenant O'Brien; 1st Sgt. Schaaf; the four platoon sergeants; the machine gun and mortar section sergeants, S/Sgt Francis Galipeau, of Bennington, Vermont and S/Sgt John Craft, of Isola, Mississippi; and one rifle squad from the

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first platoon, led by Staff Sergeant James Stanford, of San Francisco, California. Then, on Tuesday, Dec. 12, Co. L. as a unit moved on line at Heckhuscheid, Germany, 10 miles southeast of St. Vith, replacing Company I, 23rd Infantry, 2nd Division. All the days of training, all the hours of hard work, were now a thing of the past. This was what the training has been for. This was definitely "it."

On line before and after the breakthrough, life on the Siegfried Line for Co. L. would have surprised even the most veteran military observers. Certainly it was surprising to the man on the company who were new to the sort of thing had been taught to believe that the front lines were a point where all the misery in the world was consolidated. Far from it in this case. We move from the forward assembly area where we slept in pup tents pitched in half a foot of snow to the front lines where each man had a bunk in a log bunker. Most of the bunkers had a stove and were built for six to 12 men to live in comparative ease and comfort. Within a short distance of the bunkers were the foxholes our gun positions, all of them deep enough for a man to stand in and all protecting the man from the air and tree burst by means of log and dirt covers. The bunkers, beside the logs and dirt, were thoroughly sand bagged so that a person can sleep and rest securely, usually not hearing an exploding shell if it were right outside the bunker. Even a direct hit would have had little or no effect on a majority of the bunkers, so good was their construction.

A good place to sleep was not the only advantage of our front-line position. Centrally located in the Company area was a mess hall, where the cooks turned out two hot meals a day. Because of the hilly terrain, the company Jeeps were able to bring food, supplies, and ammunition directly into the Company area. Movement

by personnel, although naturally restricted by the constant danger of enemy shelling, could nevertheless be done without fear of being seen by the enemy. Only one squad of the first platoon, who were in position on an open hill, were forced to keep from moving during the daytime.

This, then, was our first visit to the front and we took advantage of the situation to catch up on our sleep for the first time since leaving England. For two or three days everybody slept and made improvements on their bunkers and foxholes. Only slight enemy shelling at very infrequent intervals kept us from realizing that we were still running problems in the States. The company remained remarkably calm considering it was their first time on line, and there were very few cases of men hearing or seeing things that were largely the product of their imagination. A visitor would have believed that the Company had been on line since the landings in North Africa. One bunker scoffed at the idea of anything happening to such an extent that they rounded up a cow, milked it twice a day, and had almost enough milk for the whole company. For four days the only thing that disturbed our peace and quiet was an accidental fire in one of the bunkers that destroyed most of the equipment of the man. As it turned out, later, it didn't matter a great deal, for on the morning of December 16th the peace and quiet came to an abrupt halt.

At 5 AM on that eventful morning things were just as quiet as they had been for the last four days, perhaps a little more so. At about 5:20 AM, however, the enemy opened up with a thunderous artillery barrage, featuring their multiple rocket guns which are known to the GIs as "screaming meemies." The sound of one sent chills up your spine, but fortunately their range was wrong and most of the barrage pondered overhead. Just as the

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barrage was lifted, two huge spotlights, apparently anti-aircraft search lights were lit directly in front of the first platoon, lighting up the entire terrain. The entire company was instantly alert and waiting for anything that might turn up. First platoon men, peering into the lights, picked out huge groups of enemy soldiers advancing up the hills towards our positions. Though we were not aware of it Von Runstedt's last ditch offensive was on.

Immediately a call was put into Battalion to bring down our own supporting artillery, but the enemy barrage had cut the communication wires. We were on our own, and the only form of artillery to be had was from the 60 and 81 mm mortars, neither one designed to fill in for the artillery. Nevertheless, all the crews swung into action and poured every bit of available ammunition into the advancing enemy.

Because of their position slightly in front of the rest of the Company, the first platoon was hit first. Holding their fire until almost overrun these men, when they got open up, cut down the first waves of the enemy as if they were shooting ducks or clay pigeons. Enemy soldiers were literally stacked up in front of the foxholes. Mortar fire from the attached mortars also took a terrific toll, but the strength of the attacking forces was such that a sizable force soon opened a breach in our lines and penetrated to the rear of the first platoon. Never faltering, these men fought the enemy off from all directions for nearly four hours until the support Company of the Battalion came to their aid.

At about the time that the first platoon was first cut off, leading waves of the enemy hit the third platoon and the right flank of the second platoon. Again the attached mortars played Merry Hell with the Germans, but because of the size of the enemy forces great numbers succeeded in storming through to the very mouths of the

foxholes. Here they were met by a withering hail fire as the boys opened up with everything they had, and once again dead Germans were stacked up in front of our rifleman. Despite this fire, however some Germans did succeed in breaking through and capturing our CP forcing Captain Bartell, Lieutenant O'Brien and the rest of the Headquarters personnel to move up to the second platoon CP to continue the fight. The speed with the Germans closed on our CP is illustrated by the fact that Captain Bartell and Lieutenant O'Brien went out the windows of the building as the Germans came in the door. So desperate did the situation become that a vast majority of the men sat in their foxholes and prayed for daylight to come so that we could take the initiative and regain the ground that we had lost. Yet, not once did the men lose control of themselves, everyone remaining calm and in full control of their faculties.

Daylight came at about 7:00 AM, just as a mortars were firing their last rounds. Two of the 60 mm mortars attached to the second and third platoon's fired over 700 rounds, including their supply of illuminating shells when they ran out of high explosive shells. Yet the two guns had not wasted their ammunition for between them they broke the back of the enemy attack at our positions.

With the coming of daylight, action was immediately set into motion to retake our lost ground. An assault party, led by Lieutenant O'Brien and composed of members of the second platoon, stormed from their positions and retook the company CP. Driving the enemy back into the open and directly in the line of fire of the light machine gun section, who promptly opened up the second time, again trapping Germans trying to get away from the rifleman. Again, it was a slaughter. At about the time the second platoon was

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retaking the CP, troops of I company appeared on the scene and swiftly went to work on any Germans they could find. Finding them was a fairly hard job, because there were many left who were capable of putting up more than a token resistance. All of the men in the company were nevertheless very glad to see the men from I Company, because it meant that contact and once again been established with the Battalion,

communications having been broken in the initial enemy artillery barrage.

The immediate area of the CP having been cleaned of the enemy, the company rounded up all prisoners and took them immediately to the rear, and then took stock of the situation and position. The first platoon was still cut off, nothing having been heard from them since PFC John P. McManus of the third platoon had made his way to their positions shortly after the shooting began. The trip over was uneventful and Mac had made his contact and started back to his platoon when he noticed a group of enemy soldiers following him, evidently thinking that he was one other leaders. Putting on a burst of steam Mac fairly flew up the hill to his



platoon, shouting at his buddies to hold their fire until he got to their holes. In one last burst he dove into a foxhole and his comrades cut lose with a terrific hail of fire, wiping out every member of Mac's "followers" the foremost of whom fell not more than 25 yards from the platoon's lines.

The first platoon was in a bad way, but they stuck to their positions and dared the Heinies to come and get them. Several of the right flank squad overrun in the initial German thrust, were taken prisoner. Fortunately they were not sent to the rear immediately and when "I" Company platoons came to their aid, at about noon, all were released. But the first platoon had its ranks badly riddled, four of its members being dead and 11 others seriously

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wounded. The dead where staff Sgt. James G. (Buck)Stanford, PFC Milton Hess, PFC Paul Betthausen and PFC Winifred Williams. The wounded included Platoon Leader Lt. Britton, Platoon Sergeant Koval and PFC William A. White who never recovered from his wounds and died in a hospital after evacuation. This left the platoon in charge of staff Sgt. Ralph J. Murphy, platoon guide, who was awarded the Silver Star for the manner in which he assumed command, and later Lieutenant Penniman, who had been replaced in England but had remained with the company, was placed in command of the platoon. The only other casualties in the company were PFC Harry Arpagian of the third platoon who had been manning an outpost in front of the lines and was killed by enemy rifle fire and Lieutenant O'Brien who was slightly wounded in the hand.

The afternoon of December 16th was almost like any other day that had been spent on the line. There was very little shelling on the part of the enemy in our sector, but to the north a big battle seem to be taking place. The company spent the rest of the day preparing for another attack that seemed almost certain to come either that night or the next morning. Ammunition supplies, totally depleted in some cases and nearly so in others were replenished. Positions that had been wracked were repaired. The first platoon had been pulled off a line for the night and "I" company, manned their positions. Filling a gap between our left flank and Cannon Company, 800 yards away, was a platoon from "I" Company in, instead of one squad. Morale, despite our losses, was never higher. If they came again we would really give them a welcome.

But they didn't come. As the dawn of the 17th broke, the entire company waited, alert for anything that might happen but, nothing happened. So once again we went

to work improving our positions. Through the day, as we worked on the area, the members of the Company took time to talk over the previous morning's activity. We were green, and we knew it. But, we also know that we had taken everything thrown at us, and had come back hollering for more. So we were a little proud of ourselves and a little cocky over what we had done. We figured we could stay right where we were all winter and dare the Germans to come and get us. But all of our dares were thrown to the winds that night, when shortly after dark orders were given to destroy equipment and prepared to withdraw. Then about 1830 orders came to pull out.

The plan for the withdrawal was for the Company to assemble to the rear of the CP and from there pull back to the Battalion CP, picking up further orders there. But what we got to Battalion, after getting caught in a "Screaming Meemie" barrage of in the middle of an open field, there was no one in sight. Battalions had pulled out, Leaving us with no place to go and no ideas at all as to the situation confronting us. One man knew the way back to Regiment. That one man was Tec 5 Vernon Mabe, Company Mail Clerk, who stepped into the breach and led us, without faltering, to the Regimental CP. When we got there the situation was identical to that at Battalion. All of the Regimental Headquarters personnel had taken off, and the only ones left were the medic's and they were all ready to leave. So the company fell in on the end of the line and off we went again. This time following an azimuth cross-country instead of following the muddy roads as we had done thus far. Before starting out, everyone was told the azimuth we would be following. A wiser move was never made because the column started spreading out and straggling before we had gone 500 yards. But there was no time to stop as often as would have been

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necessary to keep the column closed up. Stragglers were cautioned to stay with the main column as well as they could and if they had the drop back to keep moving on the announced azimuth.

Only God's guidance brought that calm through safely. Shortly after midnight we staggered into the town of Burg-Reuland, took our leave from the Medic's and continued on to the Belgian town of Bracht, the Battalion assembly point. The company was hurting, for less than 70 men, and only two officers, Lieutenant's Sipe and Kramer got into Bracht that night. Everybody said a good prayer before they allowed their weary bodies to sleep on the cold floors of one of the few remaining houses in the town.

The next morning, Monday December 18, spirits were a lot higher. Prospects for eating were in sight, for "M" Company showed up with their Jeeps piled high with rations. True, it did not last long as it was split amongst the Battalion, but at least it was food. Spirits sagged a little when it was announced that we were going to form a defense line on the hill above town. But, when we marched on the road to the positions and ran into most of the rest of the company including the other four officers, something got into everybody and before too long we were singing. It took more that we had seen to that date to chill our spirits, although the events of the previous night provided a series of horrors and thrills that will never be forgotten by anyone that was there.

All day we spent digging positions in a drizzling rain, and by nightfall most of them were ready for occupation. Just as darkness was falling, tragedy struck. It came in the form of a German artillery shell with lit in the third platoon area killing PFC John Borah, one of the best liked men in the company, and caused injuries to two of his companions. This death taught a never to be forgotten lesson to everyone in the company. Borah had thrown away his steel

helmet in the withdrawal and the shrapnel from the shell hit him in the head. Several of the fellows who had discarded their helmets started an anxious search to replace lost items.

The first night on the hill above Bracht was one longest nights in the winter for the boys in Company "I." By this time word had reached them that the other two regiments in the division had been, or were being cut off, and they all realized that our own positions were not that secure. Once, the night before, we had gotten out by the skin of teeth. Now we saw prospects in on having to do it again in the not too distant future. It was far from the pleasant picture. But, daylight arrived without any other activity other than an occasional shelling. We breathed a little more freely. All that day, December 19, we could see enemy material and supplies moving up on three sides of us. Yet, for some reason, very few could visualize the Black days to come. Rumors that we would soon be relieved were commonplace. Little did we realize the real story in those few who suspected it were not saying anything about it.

The first night at Bracht the company's CP stayed up on the hill above town with the rest the company. The next day they moved into a house on the outskirts of town. That was a move that very nearly was disastrous, but the house proved an ideal location from which the limited activities of the company could be directed. Actions soon became routine. At night all members of the three rifle platoons were alert in their holes, constantly on the lookout for anything resembling an enemy soldier in the immediate area. In the daytime, when the pressure was eased a little, company headquarters and the fourth platoon which had no weapons and us was forced a stay at the CP, went out and relieved the tired rifleman. No assault on our position was made by the enemy, although they did hit

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and breakthrough the 1st Battalion which was in position on our immediate left. Fortunately, those that got through were rounded up before they could do any damage to our already severely strained supply lines. The only other scare at Bracht took place one evening just before dark when someone spread the word that enemy tanks had broken through and were coming into town from the rear. This resulted in a man exodus from town on every available vehicle, while the men up on the hill remained in position, totally unaware of what was taken place. This unfortunate occurrence was quickly remedied by the consciousness of those who had taken off. When they realized that their imaginations were running away with them, they came back. Most of them with a very ashamed look on their faces. The incident only served to put the spotlight on what was taking place in the man's minds. The situation which placed us in a nearly cut off position, not really knowing where the enemy was, not knowing when the long announced relief would put in appearance, not really knowing anything that would benefit us in our plight, was beginning to wear on the man. There was just enough

shelling by the Germans to let us know that they knew where we were. The rest the time they left us to our thoughts of how the war was getting along without us. To top that winter was just beginning to really set in and the nights were both long and unbearably cold. Nobody was a bit sorry, when early in the morning of December 22nd word was sent down that we were again going to pull out.

This time we move back in broad daylight, it was a lot easier than the last time. At least you could see the man in front of you. Danger were still present because there was a possibility that an enemy observer would spot us and send hot lead into our midst. Lady Luck stayed with us, however, and there were no incidents along the line. Later, we learned that the Germans cut off the road we were on -the last escape route from Bracht -two hours after we had passed over it. No one was thinking of that, though, as they trudged wearily along the muddy Belgian road. Instead, thoughts were directed along lines of relief, rest and reorganization. Particularly the latter, for we now knew what was happening to the other two regiments of the division around St. Vith. To say that we were mad at the

Germans would be putting it something less than mild. Nearly everyone had plenty of buddies in those two outfit's. All we asked was a couple of days re-spite and then we would show those rats that they had picked on the wrong bunch. But, first we wanted that



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respite. We weren't going to get it as soon as we wished.

Late in the afternoon we came into the midst of the first American unit we had seen since moving up on the line on Dec. 12. It was an antiaircraft outfit of the 7th Armored Division that we met some 15 miles behind Bracht. This was part of the relief that was supposed to be coming to our rescue five days earlier. Apparently some so-called big shot had changed his mind and hadn't bothered telling us, the guys that were most concerned. One interesting occurrence came from our meeting with the tankers. From them we got food, most of stolen, the first real food we had since the beginning of the breakthrough. Incidentally, we also learn from them that it was a full-scale attempt of Von Rundstedt to break the assault of the 1st Army, the fact that we had suspected for the past few days. We also learned that we had gone as far as we were going, that day, towards France. Instead, we were going back to the front and bolster a weak spot in the line. So, as darkness fell, we picked up our weary bodies and started hiking the town of Maldingor. It was nearly midnight when we got there. Besides being tired, we were cold, so the thought of spending the night in a barn on the outskirts of town appealed to everyone.

It was Heaven after spending the previous nights in Fox holes. For some strange reason the company was in Battalion reserve, so we figured that we might get a night's sleep. That thought was rudely jolted, immediately, for it was announced that each platoon would take turns patrolling the roads leading into town. That was once when nobody tried to goff off, because walking patrol offered an opportunity to get warm. That barn was dry, but it was also the coldest the spot in Belgium that night.

While the men in company walked their

patrol or tried to keep as warm as possible in a barn, Captain Bartell was in the Battalion CP in the center of town trying to convince a Colonel of the 9th armored Division that the company was in no condition to make an attack the following morning. We had very little small arms ammunition, no machine guns, one mortar with a limited supply of ammo and no prospect for getting any more, no bazookas, and no spirit to advance of all. The Colonel was stubborn, but the Captain was more so and the Germans helped out by breaking through just a short distance away. It was decided that we would set up a temporary defense line on the rear edge of town of the tankers got their vehicles out. We would then climb aboard the tanks and stage a general withdrawal. That was the general plan. It would have worked well, except that the Germans had to stick there two cents worth in. Just before dawn broke we left the barn and marched back through the town taking up positions along a hedge row that ran perpendicular to the main road leading out-of-town. No attempt was made because we knew that we would pull out again in a short while. We hadn't been in position for more than 15 minutes when all hell broke loose in the village. Enemy soldiers had infiltrated following their breakthrough on the night before. In all probability they had watched us pull back from the town to set up our defense line on the edge of town. The amount of fire laid down by the enemy weapons was so great that we knew that we could not hope to hold them off. By this time the greater part of our tanks had withdrawn from the village, so the word was immediately sent down to pull out. They didn't have to speak twice. In almost less time than it takes to tell about it the company was back on the road with everything they could carry and were heading back to more secure positions. For the first hour we walked, stopping only in

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the next village to issue the remaining rations (one K-ration to every two man), and then the Captain issued the order for everybody was to climb on any vehicle that was heading towards the rear. The strategy was to pull back to where other troops of the 1st Army had dug in and were waiting for the Germans. Our long march of the day before coupled with the events of the past week, had left us in the condition where we would have written an ox cart just to get a ride. The company took the Captain's orders literally, climbing on Jeeps, trucks, tanks, half tracks -anything that was moving.

So began the great exodus, and it was nearly a week before the company was rounded up again. Some of the fellows never did get back to us, but most of them were safe. The biggest part of the company got on vehicles belonging to the Battalion or to the Regiment and ended up in the same general area. Nevertheless, that ride through Belgium was a ride the very few will ever forget. In the first place nobody knew exactly where we were going. It was just a case of "Go" and when you think you are far enough back, stop! Everybody did just that! Nightfall found the company in the general vicinity of Houssanlage, on the northern side of the Bulge in the regimental assembly area. In a day of withdrawal we had pull back nearly 30 miles, yet the speed of the German offensive was so great that we were still less than 10 miles behind the front lines.

The night of the 23rd we spent in the woods near Houssanlage -there were only about 10 of us, since the rest of the company had not shown up as yet. We were all nearly frozen. Naturally, the night was interrupted by an alert warning of German paratroopers, but that happened every night, and morning found us still freezing. But as a day wore on the sun came out, it warmed us just a little, some of the rest of

the Company began to show up, and the Air Corps got his first real chance to show what he could do, since the start of the offensive. Such a combination of circumstances buoyed our spirits quite a bit, especially the appearance of the bombers with started coming early in the morning and continued their parade across the sky all-day, putting on a display of power that stopped the enemy in their tracks. We were one group of doughboys that had no quarrel with the "Wild Blue Yonder" boys that day. They were really great! But, let us get back to the company.

All day on the 24th of December we spent absorbing sunlight, picking up a few clothes -the first we had received since our first withdrawal -marveling at the display of air power, and wondering what was in-store for us in the immediate future. The regiment as a whole was in pretty desperate straits, or at least we considered it as such. All day long a continuous line approached the medics with cases of trench foot and frozen feet. As darkness fell the company found itself with approximately 50 man and only three officers, Lieutenants Sipe, Kramer and Penniman. But, the situation was such that every unit was needed on the front lines. Christmas Eve, when the spirit of Peace was supposed to rule the world, we were loaded on trucks and taken to a small town about five miles behind the lines. We spent the night there-our rest again interrupted by an alert for paratroopers-and about noon on Christmas day we were taken to a small town along the road to Manhay where we intended to spend the night. But at 9:00 in the morning we again moved. This time on foot down the road to a woods overlooking the valley that contained the Belgian town of Manhay, which was the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the war. It was 3:00 in the morning before we got to where we thought we were supposed to be. In the process of getting there we lost Lieutenant

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Sipe and T/4 John J. Gallagher, who had gone on reconnaissance to find our new locations. They went down the road towards town with a group of engineers and were never heard from again. That left us with just two officers. Eventually we got into the woods where we joined up with the units of the second Battalion who had made an attempt to take Manhay on Christmas afternoon and nearly succeeded, being driven out only after our artillery cut loose with a barrage that cut our men into pieces. Because of that they were forced to pull back to the woods where we found them. For the rest of the night we stayed with them, waking in the morning to find ourselves being shelled by our own artillery again. Fortunately they quit before anyone was hurt.

It was noon on the 26th before we were told what to do, and when the orders came we were in a mood for almost anything, mostly because during the morning we received our first mail since leaving England. Our orders were to dig in where we were and that's just what we did. A further boost to morale was a gradual appearance of the rest of the company, including Captain Bartell, and lieutenants O'Brien and Bauer. Also, we picked up more weapons-machine guns and mortars-so we felt a little more like doing something again. We got a chance almost immediately. As darkness fell we decided to move the second and a part of the third, plus one light machine gun down to the edge of town. That decision was carried out without incident, but no sooner had they got down there the enemy artillery, evidently guessing what we were doing, lay down a barrage that continued most of the rest of the night. We were lucky in that no casualties were incurred, but there were plenty of close calls. The next morning the rest of the fourth platoon moved down with the second platoon and set up their

weapons while the remainder of the company stayed in position overlooking the town. The two platoons that were on line were the only representatives of the third Battalion.

To say that Manhay was a nice place to be would be telling a lie that no man would ever forgive. A person never knew from one moment to the next whether he would ever see the company again. Most of this feeling could be traced to one cause, an 88mm gun that was in position on the hill back of town and could cover every inch of ground around our positions, except our exact location which was just down behind a small rise. The closest the enemy gunner could come to us was about 25 yards, but that was plenty close enough. Anything coming down the road into town from our rear was a perfect target for the gun and for the better part of the day that German rat took full advantage of his position. It wasn't until four P-38's dive bombed him that he gave up and joined his ancestors. Then everybody breathed a heck of a lot easier and things quieted down a little. With that menace eliminated the 517th Airborne Regiment was able to move across in front of us to capture the rest of the town, forcing the Germans to start pulling back out of the Bulge.

But they didn't give up as easy as at last sentence sounded. As they pull out of Manhay, their artillery continued to pour shells into the town and the boys were plenty happy when Company I came up to relieve us just after dark on December 28th, the day we had our Christmas turkey. We pulled back up the road to Battalion and spent that night, the next day, and that night in the Battalion CP. Our first actual rest from combat in 12 days. But, we can still hear our artillery sending their almost continuous stream of steel at the retreating Germans, and we decided that we wouldn't be entirely satisfied until we got to a place

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where we couldn't even hear the artillery. So, our faces and spirits were considerably brightened when, on Saturday, December 30th, the Battalion was relieved by a regiment of the 75th Infantry Division, coming into action for the first time. As we piled on trucks we threw plenty of comments at the "rookies" for we figured that now we were pretty much veterans, having seen more actual combat in two weeks than most units did in months. But, it was a tired bunch that road back to the Belgian town of Fraiture, a small village southwest of Liege.

### ***Rest at Fraiture and back on line***

Fraiture would have been a nice place to get a few days rest, under any circumstances, and our condition it was doubly so. For the first time since leaving the Siegfried Line most of the fellows slept in beds, and in a warm dry room. Only a few of the houses that we took over for our use had more than five or six fellows in them. All of the civilians in the village took us right to their hearts and gave us everything they had that would make our stay just a little more comfortable. It was definitely one of the finest places we had run across since going overseas, and for the better part of six days we laid around and did absolutely nothing. Bit by bit we were being resupplied with clothing and equipment and each article we were given made life just a little more bearable. Arrangements were made to take the company to Liege to take showers at one of the portable units run by the Quartermaster. All in all it was really a swell life that we led. We even heard a broadcast from the German radio that the entire 106th Infantry Division was either killed, captured or lost in the Ardennes Forest. That statement was really a gross exaggeration. But the Nazis had to have something to talk about and it only made us appreciate Fraiture that much more. All good things must come to an end,

however, and on Thursday, Jan. 4, 1945 we were alerted and about 5:00 in the evening we climbed on trucks and headed back for the front. Driving on the icy roads with only blackout light for illumination was, at the best, difficult and it wasn't long before the convoy became split up. Two trucks of the company however arrived in Spa, our destination for the night, shortly before midnight. The rest pulled in early in the morning. We spent that night and until noon the next day in Spa, a town that is world renowned for its mineral baths. Sleeping in a large hall that had been used as a hospital. About noon on the 5th we climbed on trucks again and rode a short distance to La Reid, most of the company living in a large chateau outside of the town. The third platoon and a mortar section living in a group of farm houses a short distance down the road. While we were in this location winter really struck eastern Belgium. It had been cold, sometimes almost unbearably so, ever since the beginning of the breakthrough. But now snow added to the misery of all concerned. Fortunately, we were not required to be out in the weather very often, and the fellows were quite content to sit near nice warm fires and get caught up on their letter writing. While we were here Lieutenant O'Brien who had been acting company commander of Company M since December 26, returned to the company and again took up his duties as Executive Officer.

We stayed in the chateau until the afternoon of January 8, 1945, when we once again climbed on trucks and started for the front lines. We rode until about 2031 the trucks got as far forward as they could go. Just outside of Trois Ponts we detrucked and started walking, following the highway for nearly three miles and then crossing a river and continuing up the road on the other side. About this time it started

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snowing, and the rest of the march was accomplished in a driving storm more often than not was of blizzard proportions. The speed of the march was such, however, that despite the snow everybody was rolling in sweat when we reached the top of the hill where the Battalion was to be located. Once there we sat down in the snow and waited nearly an hour for the line companies to send guides to meet us and direct us to our positions. Cold is a word that did not fill the bill that night. It was freezing! Eventually, however, someone did show up to direct us and we proceeded down the road to the town of Wanne, where we took up positions on the edge of town relieving Company I, 112th Infantry, 28th Division, another outfit that was badly mauled in the breakthrough.

At Wanne we found ourselves into position that by this time was getting monotonous, in that we were ahead of the rest line. So for four days we sat in Wanne spending most a time preparing positions, which was a job in itself because of the completely frozen ground. Feeding off what food we found in town, trying to keep out of the way of horses, cattle and sheep that roamed the place looking for food. Keeping an eye on the Germans across the way. Also, frequent controls were sent by the company into the area in front of us to determine the strength of the Germans. All reports seem to indicate that most of the Germans were high-tailing it for the comparative safety of the Siegfried Line. So we didn't feel too bad when the orders came down on the night of the 12th to prepare to jump off in the attack. For a change, also, we were to be in Battalion reserve following Company I, mopping up everything that they might happen to bypass. It didn't sound like a very large order. So, when they jumped off towards Hennamont on the morning of the 13th, we pulled out of Wanne and went down the hill

to Wanneville, intending to follow Company I from there. Hennamont was not what it was supposed of the, however, and the boys from Company I never got any further then open field approaching the village. There they were met by a terrific hail of fire and the result was that the entire attack was held up. Company I suffered terrific losses, nearly wiped out. When the word came back that they could no longer advance, it was decided that we would jump through Company I with tanks along with us to wipe out the strong points. So we sat in the snow outside of Wanneville waiting for the tanks to come up. They didn't put in the appearance until late in the afternoon and the attack had to be put off until the next morning. During the night, however, plans were changed and just before daylight on the 14th we march backup the road to Wanne passing through the town and moving out in another direction, coming up to the flank of Company K. On a hill overlooking Hennamont we stopped and dug in while waiting for further orders. As we dug we watched another unit come in from the rear of Hennamont and take the town without firing a shot. There were plenty of very mad boys when we saw that exhibition. No tanks ever came.

Shortly afternoon orders came for the company to jump off again, this time moving almost directly east towards the town of Coulee. Off we went, moving in a single file through two feet of snow and trying to keep in the woods as much as possible. All through the area that we moved was evidence of a very sudden withdrawal on the part of the Germans who were now in a position where they had to get back into Germany in a hurry or be cut off by the combined weights of two armies, each trying desperately to cut off the Bulge at its beginning. In spots, however, they stood and fought, as we were soon to find

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out. Coming up over a rise we found ourselves looking down into Coulee. Instead of going in the town, we swung down to the right of the place, leaving the taking of the town to the troops of the 517 Parachute Infantry whom we could hear fighting in the town as we struggled through the snow. We had to go slow, because by this time it was dark and we had no idea whatsoever what to expect in the way of enemy resistance. Slowly, however, we made our way eventually coming to a position in the rear of the village. There we stopped for the night, and after setting a perimeter defense we scraped away the snow and curled up in twos and threes to sweat out the rest of the night. Because of the intense cold it was almost impossible to sleep. Most of the night was spent cursing the Germans for ever starting the war and in longing for a nice warm place to sleep. Morning brought the real first batch of frozen feet, and a large group of men were evacuated to the rear. For the next few days it was a common sight to see someone from the company go trudging back towards the Aid station, most of them with a look of extreme pain on their faces. There were some terrible looking feet in the company in those days, mostly because there was no opportunity to dry your feet or change stockings. War was definitely Hell at that time. One other incident worth noting happen that first morning outside of Coulee. Several persons, including Capt. Bartell, Lieutenant O'Brien, Lieutenant Bauer, Lieutenant Scouras -who had joined the company at La Reid and commanded the first platoon- and Sgt. Schaaf had started to dig their foxholes more less together. This act was interrupted rather abruptly by an enemy mortar shell which lit squarely in their midst, but which did not injure a person. Needless to say, the spurred the digging of the entire company.

The first morning at Coulee found the

company in another one of the predicaments that its seemed to enjoy getting into. Our march of the previous night around the town had taken us clear through the German lines and we awoke on that cold January morning hearing shooting going on all around us, particularly to our rear. By mid afternoon, however, most of that was cleared up by the units on our right and left moving forward and partially straightening out the line. Periodically, however, enemy artillery and mortars shelled our positions and we suffered some casualties. Our biggest enemy was still the cold, the men complaining more about that than it did about the entire German Army. The weather didn't change either in the next three days as we dug in and waited for our next orders. Orders that we hoped would get us into some warmer corner of Heaven. Such a thing wasn't in the cards. On the evening of January 17th we received orders to push forward and secure the flank of the 517th Parachute Battalion who were pushing as far as they could. Instead of going straight forward, we went back along the trail we had used coming up to the road leading into Coulee, walk through the town and on up the road looking for guide from the Battalion who was supposed to direct us to our new positions out of town. Our march took us down three different roads leading out of town before we found the right one. With a long wait in the snow while we tried to straighten ourselves out in each place. It was in their early hours of the morning before we got the right location. We were a completely worn out group of men. The story was the same here as the men scraped away and attempted to catch a few minutes re-spite from weariness the cold, weariness from the fact that we had walked miles to move forward some 1500 yards.

The next morning was brightened a little by the cooks showing up with the first food

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we had in about a week. This was not the fault of the cooks. We simply hadn't been in the places that hot chow could be brought up to. After chow, and for the next two days, the now familiar line of frozen feet cases started all over again. This time catching Capt. Bartell and Lieutenant Kramer in its midst. The company was now taken over by Lieutenant O'Brien and Lieutenant Bauer moved up to the position of executive officer. This setup lasted just a few hours, as Lieutenant Bauer came down with a severe attack of acute appendicitis and had to be evacuated. The company's strength was really taken a beating and no one was sorry when we were pinched out and pulled back to Trois Ponts, this move taking place on Saturday January 20th, 1945.

### **Trois Ponts, Deidenburg and Meyerode**

Trois Ponts, as the village, was like the famed "Deserted Village" that Oliver Goldsmith wrote about so many years ago. Located as it was on the northern flank of the salient that the German pushed out in a vain attempt to prolong the war, and because of its strategical cold importance as a road center, it proved to be an unsafe place for lingering civilians and they had left-bag and baggage. When the Battalion pulled in their on the morning of the 20th of January the war was still fairly close at hand, and none of the town's population had put in a reappearance. So we had the town to ourselves during the three days we stayed. Our sojourn could not be called a rest, because facilities were not available. Rather, it was a brief re-spite from the biting cold that had enveloped that section of Belgium. As such our stay was fairly enjoyable. Every attempt was made by the higher ups to give us as much relaxation as possible, and time was pretty much our own. The biggest treat were the movies furnished by the Special Services. The first

movies most of us have seen since leaving England. Another treat was three continuous days of hot food. The cooks really did themselves proud. Aside from those two features however, there was not much to do and the biggest part of the time was spent catching up on some lost sleep, cleaning weapons and drawing more equipment from our harassed Supply Sergeant, Staff Sgt. Doug Ulrich. Considering the fact that he was forced to almost completely re-outfit the company after December to 16, Sgt. Ulrich did a wonderful job.

On January 23rd, after three days of loafing, we climbed on trucks and again headed back to the war. At this time "the Battle of the Bulge" was nearly over. St. Vith having been re-taken and the junction between the First and Third Armies having been affected near that now historic village. However, there still remained the official re-taking of the ground between St. Vith and the Siegfried Line, and it was towards that end that we were working. This time our destination was Deidenburg, north of St. Vith and only taken from the Germans the day before our arrival there. We pulled in about 3:00 in the afternoon walking at least three miles and relieving a supporting company of the 508th Parachute Infantry of the 82nd Airborne Division. Since the paratroopers did not pull back until dark, we had plenty of opportunity to shoot the bull with them and the party ended up with the owner of the house, whoever that might have been, donating fried chicken to the entire group. Of course we had to fry the chicken, but that did not detract one bit from its tastiness. And, when the troopers left, we had all the chicken to ourselves. Such was the life in Deidenburg where, because we were in Battalion reserve, the only thing we did to aid the war effort were to make patrols and pulled duty on the outposts

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setup in advance of the front lines. On the night in January 24th, however, the order came down to jump off the next morning. It was with sad hearts indeed that we said farewell to the remaining chickens. Our objectives in the attack was the town of Meyerode, a small road center almost on the German border. At 7:00 in the morning we moved out of the forward positions and started across the open fields with the most depleted company that we had ever had. There was only one officer, Lieutenant O'Brien and the entire responsibility of running platoons fell on the platoon sergeants and the junior non-cons. The first

phase line was obtained without difficulty, the only resistant coming from a group of farm buildings that the third platoon stormed without mishap. Almost immediately, however, enemy shells begin the fall in our midst and we were forced a whole lot until contact could be established with

company I, moving up on our left. This necessity was forced to the background, because of the shelling we were receiving and we shoved off again for the second phase line. Resuming our trek across the snow covered fields we reached a crest of the hill which was a phase line and held up began to establish contact an informed the Battalion of our whereabouts. Almost immediately intense shelling was brought in on us by the enemy-artillery, mortar and small arms. For the next two hours we lay in two feet of snow and sweat out the most terrific barrage ever experienced by this

company as those farthest forward tried desperately to pick up the source of all the fire. As is always, the case in situation such as this, our radio communication failed and before we could re-establish it more casualties were inflicted on our already under strength personnel. No less than 15 men were wounded during that barrage, among them Tech Sgt. Stan Lovett of the third platoon who had eight different wounds on his body, and only the super human work on the part of T/3 Bill Devlin, attached medic, kept things from being far worse than they already were. Because of Lovett's wounds, the third platoon was



taken over by staff Sgt. Clifton Ross, platoon guide. Getting back to the company however, during a momentary lull in the shelling, communication was established

with the Battalion and we were informed that we were too far to the right of our objective. This they tell us after a third of the company has been wounded by enemy fire and the rest of the company forced to lie for what seemed like days in the snow praying that the next shell didn't get them. To put on paper the stories of near misses a close escapes would result in something like "Gone with the Wind" or "Anthony Adverse." Every man in the company flirted with death that day and those that came through unharmed did so by the skin of the teeth. And all because someone had

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started us off in the wrong direction. It seemed that it was such a terrible price to pay because somebody didn't take the time to figure out the strategy on our objective. When word came that we were all off course however, we back tracked across those same grounds under hostile fire, although way. Eventually we got back to the first phase line, a road running perpendicular to the root of attack. We edged up the road and eventually got to where we were supposed to have been. Moving east once again we close up the gap that existed between us and company I and took a position just below the crest of a hill looking down into the town of Meyerode, our objective. By this time, however, it was getting close to dark and it was decided to hold out where we were and continue the next morning. That decision was made against the wishes of ever enlisted man in the Battalion, who had no desire to spend all lies right out in the open, since we had jumped off without any bedding at all, preferring to travel light. Orders were orders, though, and we moved into position and started to dig in. At this time Lieutenant O'Brien sent a patrol from the second platoon to reconnoiter the area to our front. This patrol moved out and were promptly pin down by the enemy fire, resulting in the wounding of Staff Sgt. Ralph Duff, a squad leader, who was later awarded the Silver Star for his action on that patrol. Rescue was sent to the patrol immediately and the other man escaped injury. Things then settled down for the night, and the only other activity being an occasional shelling of our positions. We were powerless to prevent this, because we were once again out of communication with our artillery. That night was a night of misery everyone being without shelter from the cold except for the relief they could get from their foxholes. Most of these were like ice boxes and most of the men spent the night

walking around trying to keep warm.

Dawn finally broke and with it we shoved off again towards our objective. Plans called for a direct assault on the town, but Lt. O'Brien, knowing that such a move would be sheer suicide, led the company around the hill instead of going straight over the crest. That this move was the wisest is evidenced by the fact that the company was able to move in and take the town without firing a shot, and our bag of prisoners, which outnumbered the company by about 2 to 1, was filled up at that part of town which covered the back side of the hill. The company strength at this time was about 57 enlisted men and officers, and with that force we held Meyerode for three days, setting up outposts to warn us in the event of a counter-attack. Fortunately the attack never came, and in the evening of January 28th troops of the 505th Parachute Infantry of the 82nd Division moved through our lines and we were able to pull back. Following our plan of attack we moved back to where we had initially jumped off, and about 2150 we boarded trucks and started back to the rest area. The ride lasted until nearly 0100 in the morning during which time those that didn't have frozen feet most certainly got a case started. It was with some difficulty that we unlimbered our cold bodies and piled off the trucks to sponge off the hospitality of the people of Rotheux, Belgium. The "Battle of the Bulge" was over.

### ***Rotheux and the Return to Germany***

Rotheux was another of those small Belgian towns that a great many GIs will have a lot of trouble forgetting once they get home. The hospitality of the Belgian people, especially those in small villages, is unequaled anywhere else in Europe, and the people of Rotheux were no exception. All the members of the company were

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billeted in private homes, usually five or six to a house, and each one was treated like a king.

For a week we lived in splendor, and not all the time was spent in the usual routine — cleaning weapons, catching up on the mail and news from home, sleeping. A small training schedule came out but it wasn't followed very closely, Lt. O'Brien and Lt. Bauer, who had returned from the hospital while we were here, going on the idea that the men would have the rest that they had gone through so much to get. One thing out of the ordinary was the dance that we gave in the town hall. All the young maidens in the town acting as guests of honor. The fact that the roof leaked failed to dampen spirits in the least.

The biggest drawback was that all that we brought ????????? in the family. All in all, the party was a big success and most of the fellows went home happy. It was with deep regret that we left Rotheux on February 15th and entrained once again for the front lines.

The company strength had risen considerably from the low that it reached at Meyerode, what with the return of several of the men who had been hospitalized and the assignment of replacements to the company. Still, we were not near our original file and rank of officers, but we were strong enough for some of the places we had been. Lt. O'Brien was still company commander and Lt. Bauer now a 1st Lieutenant, was Executive Officer. That was the extent of our officers and enlisted personnel. Our move was made with our three platoon sergeants (all except Sgt. Murphy), however, those "Gentlemen" having gone off to visit the Mademoiselles(sic) in Paris. Our first stop after leaving Rotheux was an assembly area east of Malmedy. We pitched tents, dug in, and lived like frogs for two days. The reference is made to frogs because

frogs live in the water and the rain that replaced the snow about this time forward we were to do the same. On the morning of February 8th we moved forward to positions near the German village Losheimergraben, where we fueled up. This was a new thrill, because, for the first time since going on line in December, the battalion was in reserve. Life in a reserve area is a little bit worse than it is on line if such a thing is possible. For one thing you are in closer touch with the higher brass, and we soon found ourselves policing up the area around our supposedly sacred domain, our foxholes. There is still the ever-present enemy shelling, and there are some new perils, such as vehicles. Not so on the front. But we weren't the ones to complain, and we soon adjusted ourselves to our new surrounding. Bit by bit the brass thought up things for us to do. First came the guarding of the three bridges in the area that the enemy might see fit to destroy. One of these was in the advance of the most forward positions of the front lines, so technically we were officially on the line again. Our foremost task in the area was the preparation of positions in the surrounding countryside. This was very nearly a full time job, and before finishing we had several different sets of positions available and ready in case of necessity. All this was mixed with frequent shellings, one strafing of the place by enemy planes, and the quota of Paris passes, but we came through the whole thing in good shape. We were a little weary of digging though when on February 25th, we moved forward and relieved Company G in positions in the area south of Neuhof. This was another part of the line and we were not required to do anything before the line was straightened out. This process took about ten days and during that time all we had to do was carry rations/ammo from battalion. That was a two-hour job, although the distance was

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not over half a mile, because it involved climbing one of the steepest hills in western Germany on the front. The only other activity was patrolling to our immediate front. On the 8th of March we were moved to a ??????????????.. off the next day. The other patrol, led by Lt. Donald Herndon, of Washington, D.C., who had also just joined us as the third platoon leader, went forward nearly two miles and didn't see a thing, so they returned to our lines. Apparently there was not too much opposition in front of us, so when the next morning, March 7th, we moved forward about 500 yards to where we moved another 500 yards, taking up positions in front of the town of Berk and going into position along a road that ran perpendicular to our direction of attack. Before taking up our activities the next morning, let us return to the fight of March 8<sup>th</sup>.

Shortly before noon on the 8th, a patrol led by Lt. Michael Harrison, Another of the newly arrived platoon leaders who had charge of the 2nd Platoon ( the 4th was Lt. Clyde A. Wiler, of Highland Park, Michigan, who commanded the 1st Platoon), had gone out to reconnoiter the area near and around Berk. Not finding anything there, they had been ordered to go further east. Finally they started back, only to discover that the daylight hours on the clock had run out and darkness was falling rapidly. As they neared our lines, the exact location of which was unknown to the patrol since we had moved during the day, they were instructed to use flashlight signals, Lt. O'Brien taking the chance that a small light would not be seen by enemy troops. All the men in the company and in the flanking companies were notified that they were out here and to keep a sharp lookout for them. By this time it was pitch black, and the patrol was in a ticklish situation in that no one knew their exact location. So T/5 James McCabe, armorer-artificer, was instructed to fire

flares from the top of the pillbox in which the CP was located. These flares the patrol was able to spot and they guided in on them. Then word came over the radio that they had stumbled into a German mine field, and that three men were injured. Instructing them to stay where they were, Lt. O'Brien had the patrol fire a volley from their weapons so that he could pick them up. In this way rescue parties were sent to their aid, and all were gotten out without further mishap. The three injured men were Lt. Harrison, who suffered two broken legs, Pfc. Walter Stone, who was lightly wounded and a Pfc. David Hall, who was wounded in the stomach. All the wounded were evacuated immediately, but it was only the quick and accurate judgement of Lt. O'Brien that prevented the entire patrol from being wounded or killed.

The next day, March 9th, Lt. O'Brien, who had suffered nearly all winter with a severely frozen foot, was promoted to Captain, just reward for his actions all winter long, and was evacuated to the rear because of his foot. Lt. Bauer assumed command of the company at this point, and was in charge as the company moved past Berk. That morning we began to prepare the new positions, and in a way were half ready to move forward again. Then, shortly after noon, word came down that we had been pinched out by units of the 3rd Army. For the time being our combat experiences were finished. This was at the time when the 1st and 3rd Armies were striking swiftly toward the Rhine River, Two days later it was announced that the 9th armored Division had seized a bridge across the Rhine at a point directly east of the part of the line that we were operating in. Slightly more than a month later the 69th Division established contact with the Russians. The 69th had been on our left flank at Neuhof and Berk. In each of these two great achievements we felt a small bit of personal

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pride in that we had helped start them toward their ultimate goals. But we had things concerning our own well-being confronting us at these times, because we were now able to return to France and have the division organized around us. It was a wonderful feeling, because it meant that any future operations by the division would not have to be carried through by our regiment alone. A great deal of weight was dropped from our shoulders.

For the next six days after being pinched out we stayed in our positions, the traffic on the roads preventing us from pulling back immediately. During this wait passes and

in trucks back as far as the railhead, a distance of some fifteen or twenty miles. We were loaded into boxcars and that afternoon we started the long journey back to France. In our initial trip across France and Belgium in December it had taken us only two days to come from LeHavre to St. Vith. Going back it took us nearly as long to make the trip that was 200 miles shorter. But it was a fairly pleasant journey and spirits were plenty good as we pulled into St. Quentin, France, a rail and road center 80 miles north of Paris.

### **St Quentin and Rennes**



furloughs to various parts of the ETO were awarded to the company, most of them being given to the older men in the company. Also during this period more replacements were assigned to the outfit, and some time was spent orienting them to the life of the infantry. Mostly, however, the boys sat around in the various pillboxes that they called home at the time, and talked or slept. Finally, on the morning of March 14th, the advance party left, and the next morning the company pulled out. We rode

We were scheduled to stay in San Quentin only until a more permanent location could be arranged for us and another point. Consequently, are set up there was more less temporary. We were billeted on the second-story at what had been the textile mill, and if we had the yarn we could run the place because of machinery was all in place. In socially been on the floor however, has was usually the case, each man had a cot. The training schedule, such as it was, was very easy. Actual training occupied the morning

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hours, with the entire afternoon being devoted to athletics. The bad feature of the place was that we had to get up each morning stand reveille, something we hadn't done since leaving the States. There were more than enough good features to balance reveille, however. Although the town was fairly well populated with GIs, there were plenty of bars and, for a while, plenty of beer. There was a good theater in the town that features some of the best movies without in Hollywood-also some of the worst-and every now and then there was a stage go. Along the athletic front, the boys took advantage of the situation to turn out one of the better teams in the companies history losing only to M. company in the Battalion finals. By large, that was the content of our live in San Quentin. Yet most the boys were plenty glad to leave when we pulled out on April the fourth and headed for a training area at the base of the Brittany Peninsula. The French are a road was again our mode of transportation and the trip was again fairly enjoyable, besides being a shorter ride then the ride to San Quentin. In the evening of April best we pulled into the small Briton town of Gaer. Here we kind of the train a got the trucks which transported us several miles out of town to arranged that have been set up for the training of Com Z troops being read train for the Infantry. We pitched pub tends on the rear of the was arranged, and for the next week really took up training again in earnest. In that week we fired every weapon that the Infantry ever comes in contact with including rifles, pistols, carbines, machine guns, mortars, bazookas, etc. considerable time spent on a patrol. But the biggest thing that took place during our stay on arranged was the return of Capt. Bartell who have been back in England was his feet and had been in the process of returning for over a month. The only other change in the administrative

personnel of the calmly at this time to place just before we were leaving San Quentin, and it was a change that shook the foundations of the unit. Cadre was taken from the 424th to reactivate the 422nd and the 423rd, and included on the cadre list was first sergeant Jerry Schaaf, who had come to the company in the original cadre of the 80th Division, and had been like a big brother to every man in the company. We really hated to see them go, as well as the others that left - Sgt Al Barbieri, S/Sgt Mike Mosher, and all the rest, most of whom had, come overseas with us. The Job of First Sergeant was filled by Tech Sergeant Cliff Ross, and Staff sergeant Spent Philip Langford replacing Ross as third platoon sergeant.

Our stay on arranged lasted eight days and we left early in the morning of Friday, April 13th, for St. Jacques airfield near Rennes. The first part of the trip was made in trucks, but about halfway there we piled out in major rest of the journey on foot, getting to the airfield about the middle of the afternoon. This was the training area for the entire division, and we found ourselves in the company of the 3rd and 159th Infantry Regiments with their attached artillery, as well as the units that composed the original 106th Infantry Division. Our plans were to go into training for about a month and then receive a new combat mission, most likely the German held pockets along the Atlantic Coast. After a week a training plans were changed and we were alerted for another journey into Germany. We left St. Jacques on April 20 us by train and traveled four days before reaching our destination. The town of Heidesheim, the small village situated just south of the Rhine and about 10 miles west Mainz.

### **"The World's Largest PW Camp"**

In Heidesheim we lived in pup tent's again, and a small training schedule was instituted to help fill the vacant hours. Most

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of the time, was bad play softball, with each platoon participating in a company league and enormous sums being bet on each game. When we pulled out the second platoon had most of money. While Heidesheim, more of the old boys return to the company, among them Tech Sergeant Ben Fabisiak.

On April 28 we left Heidesheim in pursuit of by truck to the town of Langenlosheim, a village on the River Nahe the cocaine about five miles north of Bad Krueznich and about 10 miles south of Bingen. At first we only requisition to houses from the civilians, but everybody was too crowded with that set up so we expanded with every platoon having house to themselves.

Our mission and lying in Langenlonsheim was to provide a guard for a temporary PW Camp about two miles from town. A short period of training was instituted to acquaint the man with their new job. Then the Rhine began. When we first added to work the enclosure was still being built, and the difficulties in guarding the inmates were many, especially at night. Where we only had about 14,000 prisoners when we first took over the job, but train loads of the rats came into the Bad Krueznach station day and night, and in a very short period the roster jumped to well over 100,000, even including those that tried to escape and were shot down by the guards. Bed by bet, however, the Camp was built up until it was completed, split up into 23 separate cages and a lighting system had been put an completely encircling the outside fences. We're not sure, but we think that we had one of the largest enclosures in Germany, the parameter being nearly XX miles. It is really quite a place!

We are still in Langenlonsheim, still guarding prisoners, and still sweating out our return to the United States. A company is not all like it was when we came overseas. Since being here the strength has

been boosted to over 500 man to ease the guarding of the POWs. Not all like the days during the winter when we were lucky to have 50 man. There are quite a few man with us now that came over with us, but very few of them, only 30 or 35, have been with us all way. Lots of the old boys are back in the States already. A couple of gone home with over 85 points, if you will never see the States again. All in all, those of us who have been through the works are glad to have been with the company, and we really mean it when we say that Company L it is, and always has been, the best damn company in the regiment, and we define anyone to tell us otherwise. ❧

**Note:** The new members listed below that have e-mail addresses, in most cases, found the Association at the 106th Infantry Division Association "Home Page" at

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

If you have not made your e-mail address known, please send an e-mail to me, John Kline - editor, at [jpk@mm.com](mailto:jpk@mm.com)

I will add your e-mail address list to my list of nearly 300 names. I publish an On line NewsLetter E.G.: Changes of address (e-mail), news about new World War II information on the Internet, etc.

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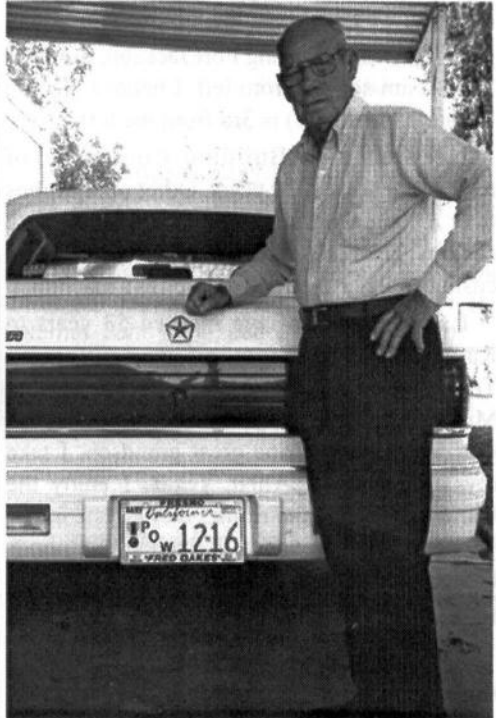
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559-674-5029  
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I was happy to learn of The CUB of the Golden Lions. After my capture on 16 December I was a POW in Bad Orb, Stalag 9-B until released April 2, 1945. I recently saw a photo of the release on page 581 of the book *The American Heritage Picture History of World War II*. I discovered that I am the fifth person from the right looking under another man's right elbow.

After returning home to South Central Tennessee I farmed for six years then moved with my wife and son to Madera, CA, where I drove a school bus and did janitorial work before retiring in 1985. I now have two granddaughters and three great-grandsons who visit me in my mobile home in a Senior Village.

Here is a photo of me. I am proud of my new license plates and want to share this photo with the veterans of the 106th Infantry Division. The date 12/16 represents the day I was captured in 1944. The license plates raise questions from people we meet and create opportunities to engage in conversation when my son and I travel around in the car. *Harvey Conner 422/K*



**COON, DAVID A. 423/I**  
464 W IVANHOE ST  
CHANDLER, AZ 85225-6773  
480-963-4770  
[dcoon@uswest.net](mailto:dcoon@uswest.net)

**ELMS, DOUGLAS C. 424/AT**  
2107 N ADAMS ST  
TACOMA, WA 98406  
253-759-4148  
% [seamus@pipingduo.com](mailto:seamus@pipingduo.com)

**GRIFFIN, GERALD 423/H**  
32 O'SHAUGHNESSY LN  
CLOSTER, NJ 07624  
201-767-8839

Gerald I see your application came in from a form I have on the Internet. Please send me your email address. [jpk@mm.com](mailto:jpk@mm.com), J Kline editor.

## New Members ...

**HILLSTROM, JACK L. 423/Cannon**  
6701 FRANCE AVE NORTH  
BROOKLYN CENTER, MN 95429  
612-561-0170

105mm Howitzer, Recon Sergeant, Shot in the leg and captured at St. Vith, POW at Nuernberg, Germany Stalag 9-C.

Received the new book Battleground EUROPE - ST VITH by Michael Tolhurst. Given to me by my son. I recognized myself on page 22, Basic Training Fort Jackson, Summer 1943. I am second from left. I believe George Bularkle (spelling?) is 3rd from the left.

I retired as a Building Contractor of residential homes, 20 years. Other occupations over a long working career. Honeywell as a custom glass blower, owned a gas station, also a custom cabinet shop and worked as a machinist.

I am 83 years of age married 53 years to Rachel, whom I met on maneuvers in Tennessee. We have two sons Jack Jr and Bill in Minnesota, a daughter in California, seven grandchildren and one great grandson. I take my winters in McAllen, Texas. I enjoy the warm summers, bike riding, motorcycle in my younger years, reading Westerns and minor home repairs.

**KUHMANN, CLEMENT 423/M**  
155 WOODRIDGE DRIVE  
ELYRIA, OH 44035  
440-365-5337  
ckuhman@hotmail.com

I really prefer I really prefer the more informal "Clem." Interesting to find John Kline, as the CUB editor, and a former 423/M member. Our history is much the same, except in different POW camps. Basic Training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia. Seven months at the University of Alabama ASTP, transferred to M. Company, March 28, 1944.

Camp Myles Standish, the Queen Elizabeth, the 423rd Infantry at Cheltenham, England. The trip across the Channel, the drive-through Belgium, the replacing of the 2nd Infantry Division - then on 16 December all hell broke loose.

On the "strategic withdrawal" we were stopped, as you all know, at Schonberg. Then the surrender of the Regiment. The walk to

Gerolstein, boarding the boxcars, traveling to Bad Orb, arriving there on Christmas day. After Bad Orb was liberated I was flown to Paris, then trucked to Camp Lucky Strike then shipped to the USA. On reaching New York I was transferred to an Army Hospital in New Jersey, close to New York City. I had taken on a bad case of jaundice. After about a month I was given a six-week pass and then reported to Camp Croft, South Carolina. I was discharged 8 December 1945.

**NEMCHICK, MATTHEW M. 423/B**  
7 SHEEHAN DRIVE  
MILTON, NJ 07438  
973-797-5025

My first assignment during World War II was with the 298th Ordinance Maintenance Company (antiaircraft), 9th Air Force, with a rating of T/5 as a small arms repair man.

I was transferred to B Company, for 23rd Infantry Regiment as Infantry replacement. Later in 1945 I was transferred to the 2nd Armored Division, then again to the 3510 Medium Automotive Maintenance Co. I was discharged in February 1946. The 106th Infantry Division appears on my military discharge certificate. A few years ago I requested information from the national archives in St. Louis Missouri in regard to my military records. The reply was that my records had been destroyed in the fire in July 1973 in the archives building.

I hobbies are hunting, fishing, target shooting and re-loading.

**SEAL, NORMAN 424/H**  
5450 EAGLE POINT CR  
SARASOTA, FL 34231  
941-923-2919

**STANKIEWICZ, HENRY B. 106 SIGNAL**  
6862 WESTVIEW DRIVE  
BRECKSVILLE, OH 44141  
440-526-3984

Dear Comrades of the 106th Infantry Division. My daughter ran off Sgt. John Kline's excellent diary on the Internet. Other than having read *St. Vith: a Lion in the Way* this is my first contact with anyone associated with the 106th Infantry Division.

my outfit, the 106th Signal Company consisting of message center, telephone, radio and teletype sections was located in the Klostor in St. Vith with Division Headquarters.

Providentially, I was assigned K. P. on 16 December 1944. The kitchen trucks were ordered out of St. Vith along with other Headquarters units on the evening of 17 December 1944. The truck convoy was stopped on the road to Vielsalm through out the night because German tanks had apparently cut the road. We did not proceed until dawn when the road was cleared.

I plan to use Sgt. Kline's diary as a format for my own memoirs of military service.

*Welcome back to the 106th Henry. You should have received, from me a Welcome letter, a copy of the most recent CUB magazine and other propoganda. John Kline, editor -- jpk@mm.com*

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**TAYLOR, J.W. 422/C**

400 EASTRIDGE DRIVE  
BOONEVILLE, AR 72927  
501-675-3509  
jasonzak@cei.net

Mr. Collins, I have, after all these years, decided to join the 106th Infantry Division Association. Enclosed is an executed form I downloaded from the 106th Infantry Division Home Page. To the best of my knowledge, myself and only one other person are the remaining members of the original group who joined that unit on 15 March 1943 and remained with the group until captured on 19 December, 1944. I have been in contact with John Kline finding his name and email address while surfing the net looking for AX-POW information. I plan to attend the 54th Annual Reunion in St Louis in September

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**TORPEY, JAMES R. DIV ARTY,  
HEADQUARTERS BATTERY**

218 JEFFERSON AVE  
MAGNOLIA, NJ 08049-1029  
856-783-1358

I joined the Division at St Nazaire and left when the division was deactivated after V. E. day. I was a field lineman in the division, but as I remember I did everything, but that.

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**UMSTED, HUGH C. ASSOCIATE**

10314 LITTLE RD  
NEW PORT RICHEY, FL 34654  
727-819-0682  
hubo@sanctum.com

Mr. Collins, I have been in email conversation with John Kline and them looking forward to being a member and receiving the CUB magazine, thank you!

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**UYAK, JEFF LIFE ASSOCIATE**

113 HARTLEY HALL CT  
SUMMERVILLE, SC 29485  
843-851-7726  
uyakj@hotmail.com

James L. Burnett, 422/I is my father-in-law. I have visited John Kline's 106th Home Page. Happy to become an Associate member.

*Jeff, nice to see your application come through. Have enjoyed our chats on the Internet. John Kline, editor - jpk@mm.com*

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**VILLANO, MAURICE W. 422/D**

625 WILTSHIRE DR  
STATE COLLEGE, PA 16803-1449  
814-238-0396  
mvill@compuserve.com

*editor's note: Muarice, it was nice to receive your application that you printed off from the Internet. Welcome back to the 106.*

---

**WYATT, ALTON N. 423/AT**

1710 MEADOW FOREST LANE  
DULUTH, GA 30097  
770-495-0080

*Alton, thank you very much for responding by sending your application from the 106th Home Page. You should of, by now received my Welcome Letter along with the latest copy of The CUB magazine, and a list of 423/AT Association members. Welcome back to the 106th. John Kline, editor jpk@mm.com*

# *In Memoriam*

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This Memorial section is specifically for 106th Infantry Division Association Veteran's deaths only.

Deaths of 106th Infantry Division veterans should be reported the Association Adjutant whose address is on the inside front cover of every CUB magazine.-----

## **Malcolm Lord, 424/F**

**Please note** - mistakenly listed as deceased in the February CUB. (See **John S. Lord, below**)  
We are happy to say that Malcolm E. Lord, 424/F is well and alive. Our apologies to he and his family... J Kline, editor

## **Bottoms, Ira G 592/HQ**

*407 S Peachtree Street, Norcross, GA 30071*

Date of death: 25 January 2000. Survived by wife Emily. No other details given.

## **Bradbury, Richard D. 106 RECON**

*PO Box 81, Milbridge, ME 04658-0081*

Date of death reported as 1 April 2000. Records show survived by wife Olive.

## **Chesney, Lonas 422/G**

*9333 Thorn Grove Pike, Knoxville, TN 37914*

Date of death: 21 January 2000. Roster shows wife Louise surviving. No other details given.

## **Cowden, Sr., William E. 81<sup>st</sup> ENG/C**

*2140 Sutherland Ct, Springfield, IL 62702*

Date of death: 9 February, 2000. William married Dorothy Lascody in 1942. She preceded them in death in 1994. He married Bonnie L. bridges in 1995. William, a lifelong resident of Springfield retired in 1980 from the US Postal Service after 37 years of employment as a rural mail carrier. He was a member of the VFW Post 755 and several other organizations. Survived by his wife Bonnie; four sons; a stepdaughter; nine grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; a sister, and several nieces, nephews and cousins.

## **Derick, Robert 422/HQ 3Bn**

John Hall, 423<sup>rd</sup> Service Company reported that Robert died of cancer on 14 February 2000.

## **Edwards, Dick T. 423/D**

*1539 Robin Hood Ln, Johnson City, TN 37604*

Date of death: 7 January 1999. No other details given.

## **Henriksen, Harry 423/K**

Elaine, widow of Harry notified us of his death on 3 November 1999. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin with Doctor of Laws, Wisconsin Bar Association 50 year member, retired after 33 years service to the City of Milwaukee. Father of three children Susan, Karen and Scott, Brother of Helen Smoyer. His wife, Elaine, enjoyed the CUB Magazine.

## **Hester, Kenneth T. 590/C**

*1224 Ironwood Trail, Sheperdsville, KY 40165.*

Date of death: 23 November 1999. Reported in AXPOW magazine. No other details given.

## **Humphrey, Donald R. 589/A**

*8272 Warrendale Drive, Mentor, OH 44060*

John Schaffner, 589/A reported the death of his comrade as 19 April, 2000.

## **Johnson, Vincent 423/F**

*1030 Jefferson Street Carlyle, Illinois, 62231*

Date of death: 5 January 2000. Roster show's wife Margaret surviving. No other details given

## **Lord, John S. 424/G**

*RR#1, Sloan, IA 51055*

Mary Lord, widow of John, informed us of his death as of 12 October, 1999.

## **March, Albert 423/HQ 3Bn**

*4934 Lansing High Point. Oshkosh, WI 54904*

Herb Clark wrote "The line continues to shrink! I am enclosing Al's obituary. He and I went through grade school and high school but I lost track of him at graduation. Late January of 1945 I ran into him at the Third Battalion Headquarters. Albert died in his home Saturday April 1, 2000. A member of the American Legion and also a member of A. A. R. P. is survived by his wife Dolores, a brother, a sister-in-law, a grandchildren and many nieces and many nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, a son, Robert March and a brother, Robert March."

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*Rest in Peace*

# *In Memoriam*

**Pampus, Walter 424/D**

*254 First Street, North Huntingdon, PA 15462*

Marion Ray, 424/D reported that Walter, former 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon Sergeant died on 30 December 1999 in Lake Okeechobee, FL while fishing. His wife Betty and he had spent winters in Florida since 1982 after Walter retired. He was found in the water beside his boat by rescue man after Mrs. Pampus' call for help.

**Puett, Colonel Joseph F. 423/HQ 2Bn**

*8592 Roswell Rd #525, Atlanta, GA*

Date of death: 13 April, 2000. Colonel Joe, colorful Commander of the 2nd Battalion of the 423rd Combat Infantry Regiment, was living alone in an assisted living facility at the time of his death. He attended many of the 106th Reunions since he joined the Association in 1975. No other information is available. I did receive a call from his son Joseph Puett, Jr. and several other 423rd veterans. At the time of the *Battle of the Bulge* the 2nd battalion was in reserve and was called on to assist the withdrawal of the 423rd Regiment from the Schneifel positions. Much of this has been written in several of the books relating to the battle. His appearance at the annual reunions will be missed.

**Rehorn, Albert 424/MED**

*143 Lamport Boulevard, Staten Island, New York 42498*

Date of death: 3 January 2000-AXPOW magazine.

**Sawyers, J. Tom 422/H**

*3540 Flowers Drive, Montgomery, AL 36109*

Date of Death: 24 November 1999. Reported in AXPOW magazine. No other details given.

**Weigel, Col Levene J. 422/H**

*5857 N Winthrop Ave, Chicago, IL 60660*

Date of Death: October 21, 1999 Notified by his daughter Candace "Candy" Sullivan. Candy wrote: "The 106th Infantry Division Association was very important to my father. He was a member of the Association for many years. The Colonel, a native of Kansas, joined the Army shortly after Pearl Harbor and served in the Aleutian Islands before being shipped to Europe in 1944. He spent six months as a prisoner of war. During his 30 years with the military, Colonel Weigel was stationed in Kansas, Virginia, Germany, Korea and at the Pentagon in Washington DC. He graduated from St. Joseph's Military Academy in Hays Kansas, and later served as Commandant of cadets and taught military science and tactics. Colonel Weigel earned a BS in education from Fort Hays State University in 1940 and a Masters in international and social studies from Creighton University in 1971. Colonel Weigel was married to Clara Gerstner of Hays, Kansas who died in 1992. He is survived by daughters Candy Sullivan of Chicago and Wendy Shumney of Fort Lauderdale, FL, two grandsons, two brothers, and three sisters.

**Wheatley, Austin 424/L**

*6040 N. Sheridan Rd #208, Chicago, IL 60660*

Date of death 24 November, 1999

From Dale Carver's book of Poems:

## **THE YOUNG LIEUTENANTS**

Where are the young lieutenants  
who sailed across the sea?

Where are the proud young men  
who went across with me?

Some are home, now older,  
some sleep beyond the sea,  
and all are so much humbler  
than ever they thought they'd be.

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*Rest in Peace*

## ***ATTENTION ANNUAL MEMBERS***

***(This does not apply to LIFE MEMBERS)***

### ***YOUR ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE DUE BY JUNE 30, 2000***

***PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR ANNUAL DUES - \$10.00 PER YEAR  
TO OUR TREASURER BEFORE JUNE 30, 2000.***

Mail to: Sherod Collins  
448 Monroe Trace  
Kennesaw, GA 30144

Annual Dues are due and payable by June 30 each year regardless of date joined.

You may pay dues ahead. E.G.: as many years as you like.

The address label on the CUB envelope will tell you what date your membership expires.

Annual Members who have not paid their membership fees by June 30, 2000  
will be eliminated from the roster until they are paid.

***LIFE MEMBERSHIPS are available ONE PAYMENT of \$75.00***