

The UB

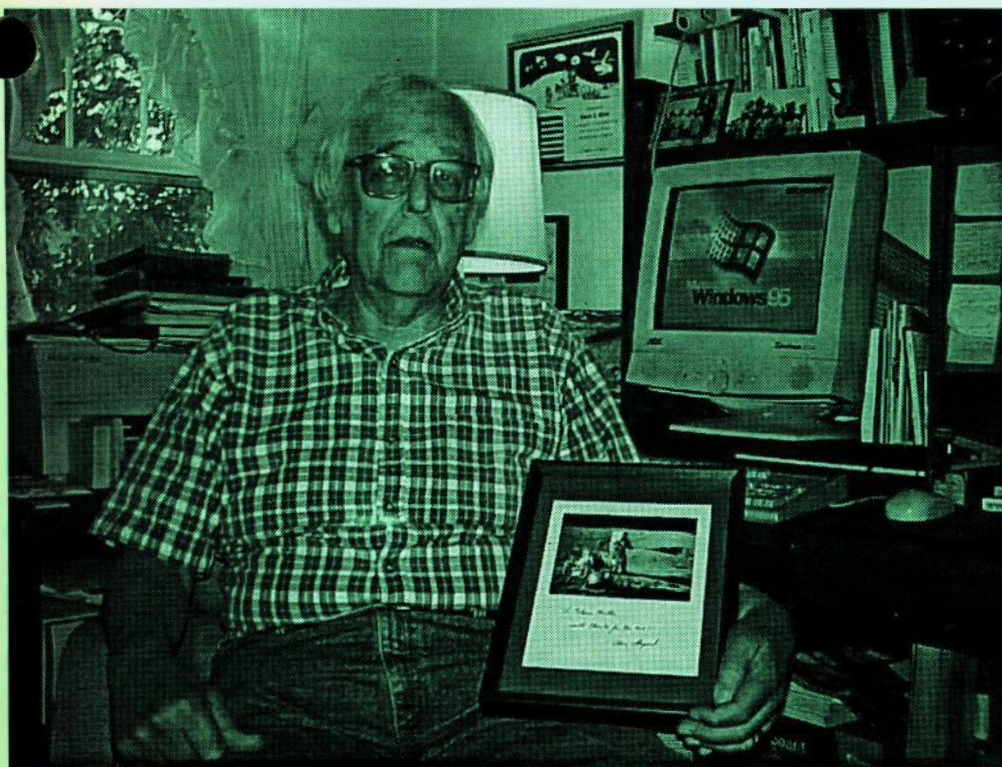
PUBLISHED BY AND FOR

*The Veterans of the
106th INFANTRY
DIVISION*

of the
GOLDEN LION

Vol 56 - No. 4

JUL - AUG - SEP 2000



Glenn Miller, 422/H- Later a Design Engineer for NASA. The Modular Equipment Transporter (MET), one of his designs was used on Apollo 14. Shown on the moon, with the MET, is Alan Shepard.
see story on page 11

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.*

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Colonel Joseph Matthews 422/HQ (LIFE)

As we approach our reunion in St. Louis and make our plans for the next year, I wish to take this opportunity to thank the members who have written and telephoned me over the past year for their communications. I've enjoyed the interest in our Association; some of their thoughts and suggestions have helped shape this year's reunion. Thanks too, to the committee chairmen who carry much of the load unseen. I am especially grateful to Marion Ray, your incoming President and to Second Vice President Joe Maloney for their assistance in planning this reunion. Their help and support have been valuable and I appreciate them.

I am grateful for the opportunity to have served the association in several capacities over the years that I have been in the association. I have been twice on the board; served as nominating chairman and held other offices. The most gratifying was the scholarship committee work. I loved reading those applications, they came from such an outstanding group of young people.

For some years we have spoken informally of the association finally winding down, bringing our annual reunions to an end. We have not wanted collectively to set a specific year for this nor should we, in my opinion. While we still have an active membership and sufficient active numbers, now is the time we might well lay down the rules for that eventuality. A little like buying burial insurance, it is not something we like to think about but will have to be done.

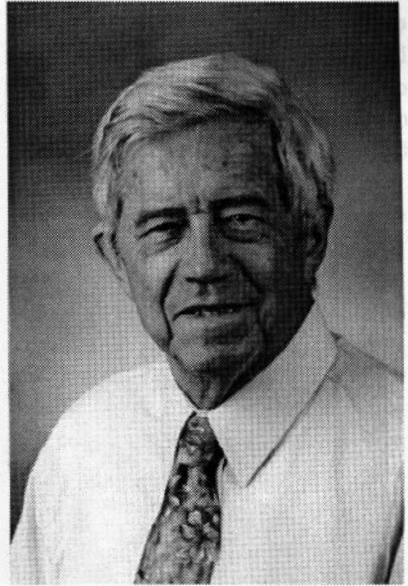
I will recommend a charter amendment (better than a simple board action) to the board for consideration that says the year we draw fewer than two hundred members and wives at a reunion, will be the last one. (Perhaps it should specify the year we have one hundred members or fewer.) By that time, the rest of us will be a few years older, dying off at an accelerated rate such that there will be fewer to attend any reunion the following year.

We will have to provide for disposal of the treasury. This is a necessity for the inactive divisions. We have pretty well decided to continue the CUB with that money for as long as we have some one to handle it. Without an active Board of Directors, we will need a real live audit committee with authority to disburse the funds. We have a sizeable treasury and a decent respect for this money demands that it be spent according to plan. If the CUB ceases before the money runs out, the audit committee should probably be directed to put the money into a scholarship fund in the name of the 106th.

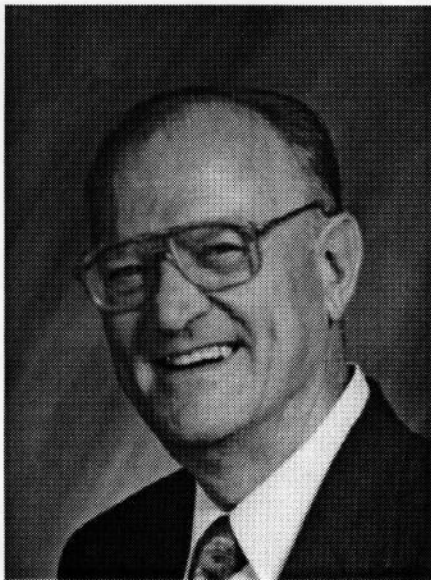
Because our brotherhood results from what we have been through together, it behooves each of us to try to strengthen and maintain the December 16th luncheons. These will continue a pleasant association of longtime friends beyond the annual reunions. Please plan to host one or attend one this year.

So with that, I take leave of my place in this column with thanks to all of you. I wish you all many more years of good health, comfort and the pleasure of good friends.

John Gregory, President



John A. Gregory, President 1999-2000
106th Infantry Division Association
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Chaplain

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The Bulge attack was well under way.

St. Vith had crumbled; Bastogne held stubbornly but was predictably doomed. Eisenhower had just received his fifth star. The 106th was in shambles; the 28th no better. Some of us were captured and at the mercy of the enemy, others of us were desperately fighting on. What a picture!

That's when Ike prevailed upon George Patton for a response from the south. Ike reportedly grumbled to Patton, "Every time I get a star I get attacked." The Third Army commander's reply was classic: "And every time you get attacked, I bail you out."

Now the term "bail-out" is modern terminology. Comparable Bible terminology would include verbs like "deliver""rescue""save""redeem""free."

Look at how the Bible uses such words:

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I **deliver** him." (Ps 91:15)

"Lord ...**rescue** my soul from destruction." (Ps 35:17)

"Your God ...will come and **save** you." (Is 35:4)

"The Lord **redeemeth** the soul of his servants." (Ps 34:22)

"Undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go **free**." (Is 58:6)

Get the message? We all know what it's like to be bailed-out. Patton's men bailed out Bastogne; the Seventh Armored was summoned to bail some of us out of St. Vith; many different units bailed us out of many different P.O.W. camps. Every one of us bailed out a buddy, or were bailed-out by a buddy somewhere, sometime, when the chips were down.

So we should all be able to recognize that the Bible is a bail-out Book. It contains God's promises to rescue, restore, and redeem. All God expects of us is that we will accept and receive in faith.

No matter how dubious my past may be, the promises hold fast. God delivers, rescues, saves, redeems, sets-free !

One way or another, we were all rescued from destruction many years ago in that land across the sea. Then we were mostly kids, with years of living ahead of us if we could just manage to survive. Now, we no longer have that same potential. But we still have the offer of rescue... the chance to come alive spiritually ...at any age and at any time. It just requires an act of faith!

"O taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him." (Ps 34:8)

The Important German POW ...

from my War Memories

My memory of events after the surrender of Germany in World War II is not as specific as I would like it to be. I have difficulty with names, dates and places, though not with events and circumstances. But after the 106th Division was reconstituted in April 1945, we were assigned to guard and generally administer huge POW camps at various locations.

I was in the Anti-Tank Company of the 424th Infantry Regiment. Our assignment was to Camp A-7, Bielbelsheim. The first battalion was also at this camp.

My memory of the camp includes the terrible odor that emanated from it. It carried for miles on the breeze. It was the odor of poor sanitary facilities, unwashed bodies, mud and filth. We simply were unprepared for our task; we lacked the resources to build and maintain a camp for so many prisoners. Therefore the POW's lived in wretched conditions. Had we not been recent combat veterans who had only recently been fighting these very same German soldiers, we might have been more disturbed by all this.

But there was little deliberate cruelty or neglect ... simply the lack of means. The Germans had open slit trenches at first, scarce food, and very little shelter. It improved only slowly. Equipment needed to operate the camp and feed its residents was often scrounged from wherever we could find it.

The German soldiers themselves were largely docile. They created remarkably few problems even though they were obviously suffering in such conditions. Very few escape attempts came to my attention, although I was personally involved with one.

As I circled the camp perimeter one night, three POW's were spotted trying to cut through the bottom of a fence at the far end of the camp. They had been going through water and mud and had therefore removed their shoes. They had tied together their shoelaces and hung their shoes over their necks/shoulders. I remember with some dismay now how I made them run back in front of my jeep, over the sharp stones of the road - and would not allow them to stop to put their shoes on. Their feet were bloodied by the time we arrived back at the camp center.

German civilians nearby gave us few problems. We tried to maintain good relationships because they were often helpful to us. They obviously cared about their countrymen behind our fences. Still, we couldn't allow them near the fences to establish contact or to pass contraband through the wire. I

remember seeing what appeared to be an elderly lady, her head covered with a shawl, as she hurried up to a fence and began to pass some article through. I wasn't close enough to call to her and I had no intention of shooting her, but I let off several rounds in the air from my Thompson. Of course, she ran off without passing the article inside. The POW's nearby, not knowing that I had fired into the air, shook their fists at me and made remarks in German that, fortunately, I could not understand.

The POW's arrived in trainloads - packed into boxcars. Anti-Tank Company would meet the trains, open the car doors and herd hundreds of POW's to the fenced area. There they would be checked, searched, screened, given emergency medical attention if absolutely necessary and turned loose into the muddy compound to scrounge for shelter or look for friends. It was always muddy ...much mud.

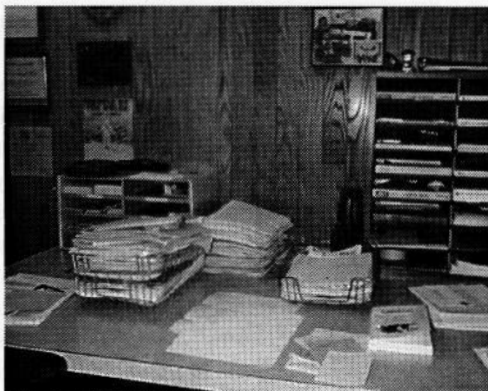
One train came in, I recall, and upon opening the door of the last boxcar we discovered an interesting set-up a bed, a table, comfortable chairs, carpeting on the floor, and other such "luxuries." Two occupants also were inside - a general officer and his lady friend. For a brief time the general refused to exit the car until someone of equal rank arrived. We were in no mood for that attitude; a light probe in his buttocks with a bayonet changed his mind. I never did learn who he was.

He was dressed, however, in a dark uniform from which some piece of insignia had obviously been torn. And as he walked (encouraged by the bayonet) I observed him surreptitiously drop a small piece of cloth. I quickly retrieved it. Immediately, this particular general began receiving attention he didn't want.

I still have that piece of cloth. See below.



Well, these are a few recollections. We were saddled with a tremendous responsibility for which we were unprepared and unequipped. We did the best we could with what we had available. There was little deliberate cruelty and certainly none reflected in official policy. But now, many years later I cringe when I recall how those men had to live. On the other hand, when I hear how my comrades were treated when captured by the Germans, it is difficult to have any sense of guilt. *Duncan T. Trueman*



Tired of looking at my face -Here's the material stacked up for the August 2000 CUB - more to come in November

John Kline, 423/M, Editor

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Editor's Column

John Kline, editor

I receive complimentary copies of other Infantry Division Association's Newsletters. It made me feel better as I read one of them where the editor said "**Boy! Did we have typos in the last issue**".

Those are my exact words to you. I really goofed in a couple areas in the May CUB. I gave **Gifford** Doxsee's excellent Slaughter House Five story a **PAGE HEADER** of **Clifford** Doxsee's Return to Slaughter House Five. Then I batched up the 424/L Story with mis-spellings and snuck in the words "**the cocaine**" on page 44, left column 11 lines down. That's really funny.

There is no excuse for that - I apologize. J.K.

This has been a busy Summer for your editor.

I feel a need to apologize, once again, for The CUB arriving later than usual. I was hopeful that I could get it in the mail to arrive at your doorstep before you left for the **54th Annual Reunion, in St. Louis, Sept 7 - 11, 2000**. I hope to see you there. A few of you may receive it before you go to St Louis, most will not - Sorry.

With all that has been going on this Summer I have been hard pressed to concentrate on *The CUB*. It was a busy Summer to start with. We have short summers here in Minnesota. If you blink your eye it is gone.

A few days ago, right in the middle of CUB production, my wife fell on the back porch and dislocated her left shoulder. Complete restriction of the left arm for at least three weeks. That means I am a nurse and house keeper. Then physical therapy. That puts us up to Reunion time. I hope that I will be able to attend. At this point it looks so.

Thanks for your support over the last **thirteen years**. Looking back, they have gone fast - much too fast.

The best thing about this whole CUB experience has been meeting all of you through reunions or letters. You have turned my life around. I've had great years since 1987.

I thank you all for that. *John Kline, editor*

Mail Bag

I am going to resurrect the "**Mail Bag**" in the next CUB if I have room.

I receive many interesting letters which contain good information for others. It was a popular column for years. Had it ready this time, but time ran out.

In the next issue I will feature the 591st Field Artillery Unit. That was the unit supporting the 424th. Also have some information on the 592nd. The 589th has been well publicized, more later on it. Very little on the 590th available. Some classified information (not Field Artillery) that has been de-classified on day to day happenings in the Bulge. Kind of interesting in some areas.

I also have a nice 106th Signal story.

The next issue will contain Reunion information. Don't forget to send me some of your favorite photos from the affair.

J Kline, CUB editor

Correction page 47 May CUB

James Burnett, listed in the Jeff UYAK announcement was in "C" Company 422nd, not "I" Company, sorry.

Donations

Charlie Beathe, nephew of Captain Manning, CO of 423rd Cannon, in Memory, Honor and Appreciation of the Men of the 423rd Cannon Company

(This was also listed in the May CUB under "Charles Bethea, Associate member"

Nelson Charron, 422/D	10
Paul Odell	25
George Jensen, 422/M	3
L. Preston Barnes, Div/Hq	15
Richard Dill, 422/HQ 2Bn	6
John Howard, 591/SV	10
William T. Jones, Div Hq	10
Douglas Nicholson, 424/HQ 2Bn	5
Samuel Leibowitz, 424/HQ	20
John J. Murphy, 423/AT	13
Otto Ocivirk, Div Hq	25
Edwin Gottshall, 424/HQ 3Bn	5
Robert Likins, 591/B	3
Paul Thompson, 106 RECON	5
Frank Hohenadel, Jr, 424/HQ 2Bn	25
Scott Westbrook	5
Allen W. Jones, Jr, 423//HQ 1Bn	150
William Phelan, 422/H	15
Leo Rossin, 422/H	10
Walter Peters 424/L	10
Aubrey Williams 423/G	3

Lester Helmich was listed in the Jan-Feb-Mar 2000 CUB as donating \$34.00 - this should be credited to the WEST CENTRAL FLORIDA Area Mini-Reunion group.

Current Membership 1,697 (August 21 - 2000)

With 277 unpaid members as of the above date.

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

* date of First Annual Reunion

The National Order of Battlefield Commissions

Is trying to locate all men, WWII, Korean and Vietnam, who on the field of battle against an armed enemy received a commission from enlisted or Warrant status to a commission status. It may be you or someone you know.

Contact J. Angier, 67 Ocean Drive, St. Augustine, FL 32804. Tele: 904-471-7695; 904-998-802 Email jnobe@aol.comm

NOBC@battlefieldcommissions.org

U.S. Constabulary Association

Col (Ret) John Miller, 423/E writes:

The United States Constabulary Association is seeking troopers who served in Germany and Austria from 1946 to 1952. The OUTPOST serves five states of the national organization to and includes Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. Composed of veterans of the "elite" post World War II occupation force, headed by Maj. Gen Mark Harmon, it was active from 1946 to 1952. The Constabulary troopers patrolled 1,700 miles of frontier boundaries, helped maintain law and order among the civilian population, manning check points and were the Zone Military Police commonly known as "The Circle C Cowboys." Adopting the motto "Vigilance, Mobility and Justice" the force was approximately 35,000 strong. The present association opened a Constabulary Museum at Fort Riley Kansas in October 1998 and holds reunions at the National level. For more information or an application, contact Robert L. Garrison, Cdr, 806 North Dallas Street, Ennis, TX 75119. 972-875-1001 or email RGarrison2@aol.com.

Mini-Reunion Chairman

Joseph Maloney requests:

I would appreciate hearing from any and ALL Chairs for the Mini's information on their reunions, anything. What you did for a program, your attendance. I want anything that would be useful to other chairs. My address is

Joseph Maloney
1120 Warren Ave
Arnold, PA 15068
724-335-6104



Two Old POWs and One Old Jeep

(Left) Phillip Hannon, 81st Engineers, A Company, 2416 McKemzie Rd, Ellicott City, MD 21042 and (Right) Jim Skroupa, 7th Armored, 3030 Greenway, Ellicott City, MD 21042. Jim captured Oct 29, 1944 earned himself a Purple Heart and for the last few years has worked restoring a 1943 Ford Jeep. He asked Phil, our 106th buddy, a graduate of Stalag 9-B, Bad Orb to ride shotgun for him in the Towson, Maryland Fourth of July Parade. They were both cheered (not jeered) and saluted. The POW Flag attached to the Jeep inspired one dear lady to run out of the crowd and hand them two bottles of cold spring water - not unlike the occasional German farm Mutti who gave the POWs a drink or a potato as they marched toward the POW Camp.

Editor's note; Hey guys, next time get the old lady to snap "one photo" of you two with the jeep, sorry I had to cut and paste... See you at the reunion... J K

OLD CUBS

Thank you! Gill Helwig 423/M

James Ostrowski 422/A

Robert Gilder, 424/HQ 1st Bn

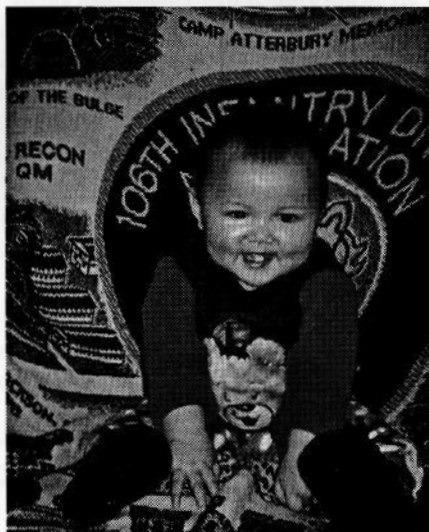
Mario L. Checca, 422/F

PLEASE- NO CUBS DATED newer than 1985. John Kline, editor.

Bill Keeber, 424.G Milford, Michigan writes:

The Western Michigan Chapter #23, *Veteran's of the Battle of the Bulge* dedicated a new granite monument located at the VFW Post 27809 in Traverse City, Michigan.

Erected in Memory of our comrades who served in the Battle of the Bulge in the Ardennes during World War II.



Third Generation 106th
Jessica Chee, granddaughter
of Harold Kuizema 589/B

Great Race - Epilogue, Elko, NV - June 22 & 23, 2000

Charlie Swett, John Swett's son - followed John and Ken Smith all the way, reporting daily by email. I passed the stories along to those 106th veterans and friends that I have on email. J Kline, editor

Final Report on the Great Race

by Charlie Swett, son of John Swett.

The sweep truck brought The Boys and the jeep in about sunset Thursday evening. The call had gone out at the finish line for assistance in getting it repaired and back in the race. By the time The Boys got into town, the owner/manager of the local Napa store had taken charge of coordinating the repairs for all of the race vehicles that went down on Thursday. Dennis Cook, owner of the local junkyard, came forth with 2 transfer cases for the jeep. A local transmission shop was opening back up so that we'd have a place to work. Dennis scoured the local saloons and located one of Elko's top transmission mechanics. And the transmission shop foreman came down to insure that we had all of his tools and equipment at our disposal.

We got the jeep up on a hoist and Dennis and Alex, the aforementioned transmission mechanic, started tearing into the transfer case. Ken, John and I hung around for a couple of hours trying to be of help. At various times we were accompanied by Naomi, a Great Race mechanic, the local sheriff, the owner of the shop, a reporter for The History Channel, the Napa man and a couple of other local dignitaries whose names I never got.

Eventually the crowd dwindled down and Dennis, wanting us out of his hair, sent us off to the motel to get some sleep. He promised us that he would be in touch as soon as he had a prognosis. The three of us went back to the motel confident that the jeep would be ready for tomorrow's start. Long about 2:00 AM Friday Dennis banged on the door to tell us that neither transfer case would fit the jeep. But not to worry, there was a jeep on the other side of town that had recently been in an accident and had the same transmission as ours. At 6:00 we headed back down to the shop and coordinated our plan of attack. Ken went out with the Napa



Man to check out the damaged jeep. He negotiated a fair price; if the tranny works, he'd buy it. If not, the owner of the jeep would get his transmission removed for free. They towed the parts jeep to Dennis' yard where his men flipped it over and started removing the entire transmission/transfer case assembly.

In the meantime, Dennis and I pulled the transmission out of The Boys' jeep. While all this was going on, John ran down to Friday's starting line in Elko to pick up the day's instructions and draw a position for the final leg to Sacramento on Saturday. The officials reminded him that they just needed to cross the finish line in Reno to stay in the race. We figured that if we got the jeep running by 1:00 PM and loaded it on the trailer we could make Reno in time to off load the jeep so The Boys could drive across the finish line. They would have had crappy scores for the day, the maximum allowed of 2 minutes late for each segment, but at least they'd still be in the race. If we couldn't make the finish line, they would get a DNF (Did Not Finish) for the day which, along with Thursday's DNF, would eliminate them from the field.

Things were looking up until Dennis' men returned with the "new" transmission. It was supposed to be the same model number as the one in the jeep but, after trying desperately to mate parts, it was evident that it wouldn't fit without some serious machining. By this time it was after 11:00 and The Boys were ready to give it up. Dennis said that he knew of another transmission that "should" work but we had run out of time. We put the jeep back together enough to roll it on to the trailer and, after thanking all those who had tried so hard to get the jeep up and running, headed back to the motel to clean up and make plans. Ken and John

decided to leave at 2:00 AM the next day in The Beast with the jeep in tow.

They were going to head south across the desert for Tucson and wanted to avoid the worst heat of the day. After my little encounters with the old rattletrap I couldn't agree with them more. I made arrangements to catch the first flight out Saturday for Reno and then on to Portland via Oakland, CA.

It was a sad and disappointing end. None of us had had any doubt that the jeep would make it all the way and to have it break down so close to the Finish was a rude and depressing surprise. And I bet Tom McRae is disappointed too. One of his best draws this year didn't make it to the final fanfare and hoopla. But The Boys did drive that uncomfortable old rig for almost 3,400 miles over some pretty tough roads and in some pretty nasty weather. They've got to be proud of what they did achieve. I sure am. It won't surprise me if Ken and John decide to give it another shot next year. At least they'd be able to play the Old Soldiers card again. But maybe in something a little more comfortable and powerful like, say, a WWII Army staff car for instance.

I can hear Tom now; "And back for another try this year, two old Army buddies who fought

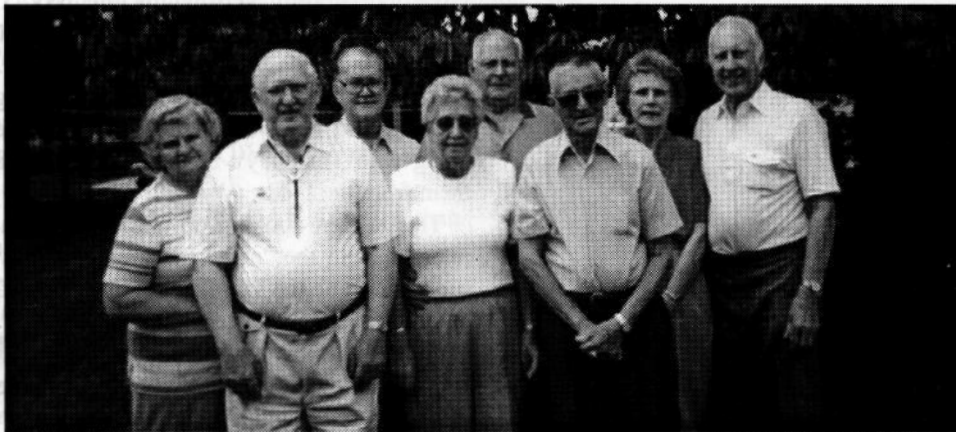
together and were captured together and sat out the rest of the war in the same German POW camp. Let's give these two true American heroes a big hand" etc, etc. If they do decide to give it another try I hope they call upon me to handle their support. I'd love to help them out again but we'd have to have a serious talk about vehicles. The Beast and I have parted company for the last time.

Final Remarks to Epilogue

By John Swett

*Both Ken Smith and I are anxious to reenter the 2001 race which will be from Atlanta to Pasadena. Charlie, my son whose was our "chase "sweep" driver" thought he had a hot one on line. The "JEEP" is in for "warranty" repairs. They have confirmed that a cotter pin in the transfer case had fallen out, letting the nut that holds the main gear cluster together, work off. It was thrown into the drain pan, knocking out the drain plug causing the loss of all lubricant. Hopefully it can be put back together - **The BEAST** will probably be **BETTER** than **NEW**.*

*We wish to thank all of the 106ers that showed up along the **GREAT RACE** route. It was encouraging to see the support that they and the general public gave a couple of WWII "doughfoots."*



2000 Mini-Reunion, Harrisburg, PA reported by Truman W. Christian, 424/D

We had a brief Mini-Reunion here in the Harrisburg, PA area, hosted by the Simmons at their home. We watched a video tape of the *Battle of the Bulge Re-enactment* at Fort Indiantown Gap of January 1999 and a video of the 53rd Annual Reunion of the 106th Infantry Division Association. Front l/r: Betty/Norman Simmons 424/D; Ralph Coble, 424/A; Janet/Elmer Brice, Sr. 422/L; Clifford Miller, Jr, 331 Med/D; Anne/Truman Christian 424/D, much visiting, much recalling of memories, a lot of fun to be together...!

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 "

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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.....

BEFORE THE
VETERANS DIE

by
Dale R. Carver



**BEFORE
THE VETERANS DIE**

61 pages - \$8 ppd
by: Dale R. Carver

Poet Laureate of the 106th
Infantry Division Association;
Silver Star recipient 1945
424th Headquarters,
A&P Platoon Leader
742 Druid Circle
Baton Rouge, LA 70808
225-767-3111

THE CHAPLAIN ...

*He came to us straight from school,
book-filled with notions of self sacrifice,
and service to God through Man.
Brisk, cheerful and, above all, uncensuring.
A Man of God and a good fellow.*

*When first the shells rained upon us
he took his place at the side of the surgeon,
cheering the wounded,
comforting the dying,
helping with the bloody patchwork,
A Man of God in action.*

*All night the walking wounded
streamed in; the litter cases, some shrieking
with pain, some dumb with shock, some
quietly sobbing like shamed children.
A Man of God among hurt men.*

*No rest the day, nor the night;
no experience from which to learn
the value of strength withheld;
all he gave, till he too went
with the wounded,
a hurt Man of God.*

*In a gentler age would he have not grown
in strength and stature with each passing
year, learned to absorb hurt, live with fear,
and with resilient faith to fight alone?*

*The normal sequence is a dream of good,
then shock, dismay, a feeling of betrayal
and time, the healer, only does allay
these birth pangs of a wiser trust in God.*

*But the blows on him rained too far fast
and time, the healer, was denied
his spell.*

*A boy, book-filled,
in the man-made hell of the
surgeon's tent.
He could not last.*

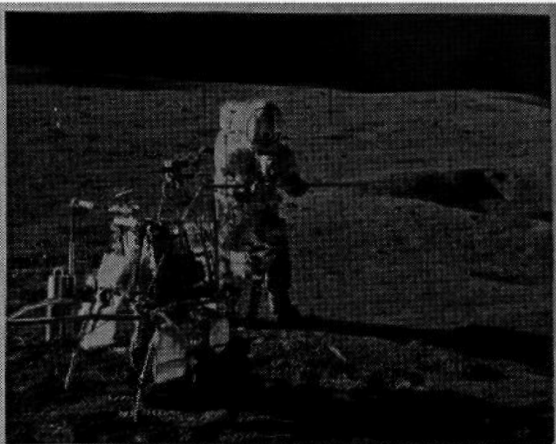
*At the rear safely jacketed he lies,
his face that of a doll
with punched-in eyes.*

The Glenn Miller Story . . .

**Featuring
Glenn Miller
H Company
422nd Infantry...**

**Later a Design Engineer for
NASA during the Apollo years
and on into the Shuttle
Program**

**The photo is of Alan
Shepard on the Moon
with an (MET) Modular
Equipment Transporter by
Design Engineer, Glenn Miller,
NASA formerly H Company,
422nd Infantry**



*To Glenn Miller
with thanks for the MET!
Alan Shepard*

This story starts with our Glenn Miller sending me an email requesting that I ask if any of you can help in the search for information on Clifford F. Blacke--Medics.

Then, following that, is a story from the **Piqua, Ohio Daily Call**.

Hi John, Been a long time since I e-mailed you anything. I recently had an article written by our local Piqua paper about my "colorful life". In the article my experiences in the war were included. Afterward I received a phone call from several people who were POWs and one was from a woman whose husband was in the division and was killed in a bombing raid on the 24th of December. She wanted to talk and was looking for some more intimate information about him then the war department gave her after the war. She was notified he was MIA like all our parents or spouses were but did not get a death notice until July of 1945.

Her husband was a Lt., a Podiatrist attached to the 106th medical staff. His name as you listed those killed of the 422nd of which you had record of in your book, was Lt. Clifford F. Blacke--Medics.

The only two bombing raids in which POWs were killed on that date were I believe at Limberg and Gerolstien. I was in the box cars on the 25th just out side of Gerolstien when we were strafed, not bombed. At any rate I wondered if you could seek the information I am looking for. Ask them to get in touch with me so I can give this poor woman some solace for which I believe she is after. The family had him returned to the US some four years after the war and he is buried here in Piqua, Ohio. He had two brothers who survived the war, one was on Guadalcanal and the other never left the states.

Glenn Miller
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The Glenn Miller Story

Story credits to the Piqua, Ohio Daily Call
Bridgette Barnes, Reporter

Piqua, Ohio has had its share of interesting and colorful people. Add to this list one resident who survived a German prisoner of war camp, then went on to work in one of the most famous and ambitious programs of the 1960s. (Continued next page)

The Glenn Miller Story . . .

Glenn Miller, 75, worked for NASA as a design engineer during the Apollo years and on into the Shuttle program. Growing up in a middle-class neighborhood in Lima during the depression, he was a self-described curious Tom Sawyer-type of person, and enjoyed many hours in the woods.

After he graduated from high school, he enrolled in the College of Aeronautical Engineering at the University of Cincinnati. World War II was in full swing and many young men were being drafted into military service. Miller had received his notice postmarked Jan. 22, 1943 his 18th birthday. On May 5, 1943, he was drafted into the Army. At U.C., he had qualified for the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) and was sent to Camp Wheeler, Ga., for Infantry Basic Training. The Army then sent him to the University of Alabama to start his freshman engineering year over again. Miller said he surprised himself in basic training. "I didn't think I would make it," he said.

"I was small at 16. It was an enlightening experience to find that I could compete physically with everyone else."

He would need that competitive edge for what was about to happen to him. In the spring of 1944, when the Army was preparing for the invasion of France, they took the freshmen and Sophomores out of the college programs and transferred them to the infantry and more active parts of the service. Assigned to the 106th Infantry Division at Camp Atterbury, located near Indianapolis, Ind., Miller and his unit were sent to England in October and in December 1944 his unit replaced the 2nd Division near St. Vith, Belgium on the front lines on Dec. 10, 1944. The soldiers on the front were about two miles into Germany, while the Division Headquarters were located in St. Vith. The Germans started the Battle of the Bulge Dec. 16, 1944 and plowed directly through Miller's division. Miller recalls that within eight hours, his unit was cut off from the Division HQ and essentially surrounded. He became a prisoner of war at the age of nineteen on 21 December.

The Germans made their prisoners walk about 110 miles to the Rhine River at Koblenz. They had been able to ride in some railroad box

cars for one day but the U.S. Air Force strafed the train, killing nine and wounding 47 out of about 400 POWs.

"After the train was attacked, the Germans marched us into a field like a high school band and formed us up to spell out P-O-W," said Miller. A US plane flying overhead used his air condensation off the wings to spell out USA POW, symbolizing that he understood.

After arriving at Koblenz, they were safely taken by rail to Camp IVB at Mühlberg on the Elbe River. They were given little to no food between Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, 1945, and were only fed once per day, usually late in the afternoon once they were at the camp. What food they did received consisted of a slice of brown bread, a bowl of warm water with a little grease and a few chips of carrot or kolarabi in it and a pat of goose grease about the size of a pat of butter you get in a restaurant. Once a week, they were given three or four small potatoes. Miller said the prisoners were supposed to receive a Red Cross parcel once a week but due to the disrupted railroad transportation in the later part of the war the parcels were not delivered. He said he got one in four months as a prisoner. The prisoners lost weight and many got sick and died.

Many had fleas, bed bugs and some developed scabies. They were not allowed to take showers or even given washing facilities. Miller himself developed an infection, on his feet, neck and ears. After all the infections finally cleared up, he was sent, to work digging a tunnel for the Germans in Zietz.

He escaped once while working in the tunnel. But, the fellow soldier he escaped with was afraid to go on and wanted to go back so he returned with him to their guards who were happy to see them. Miller and his fellow escapee told the guards that they had fallen asleep at work.

When the Americans arrived in Zietz, the prisoners were moved again to a nearby town. When the U.S. Air Force bombed the town they were in, three POWs were killed. That was enough for Miller, he and another POW successfully escaped from the Germans that day, Friday the 13th of April 1946.

After four months of captivity in Germany, Miller got to go home. He was discharged from the Army in November 1945.

In 1950, Miller completed his bachelor's degree from the University of Cincinnati. He spent some time in Alaska as a "Gandy Dancer" on the railroad after graduation.

After some four months of getting rid of the memories of five years of college he went back to a position at Wright Field in Dayton in a flight test group that serviced the structures branch of the Aircraft Lab. He became a project leader for instrumented aircraft in several Nuclear Weapons Tests in Nevada and Emwetok in the Pacific. He met his wife, Connie, in November 1952, and they married in May 1953. In 1962, he transferred to the new space agency, NASA, in Houston, Texas.

"It was a marvelous time working for a high image program that was thrilling in it's self, without the national exposure," he said. He worked for the Spacecraft Design Division, which designed new spacecraft for the Apollo, Gemini, Shuttle programs and for post Apollo, the Mars Mission and the Lunar Base, as well as the Space station, early on.

He was approached by astronaut Harrison Schmidt in the late 1960's about building something to carry the lunar samples on the moon and to carry a large experiment from the Lunar lander to the site for the experiment. At that time, the Lunar Rover was still in development. The crew of Alan Shepard Jr and Edgar D. Mitchell were supposed to haul a 300 pound(mass) experiment around on the moon, plus carry about 100 pounds(mass) of Lunar rocks back to the LEM. Harrison was the lead geologist for the mission and asked Miller to develop something to help.

"That was the kind of job I had" said Miller. "We helped the program by designing things which were unique."

The product he designed was called the "Modular Equipment Transporter" (MET). It went to the moon on Apollo 14 and is still there. "I had a team of great designers, so all I had to do was come up with the idea to get the job done. I wrote the design requirements and the design team laid out the hardware to meet the

requirements." He also developed a bicycle as a backup for the Lunar Rover, but it didn't go to the moon.

In 1971, he began working on development of the Remote Manipulator Arm for the Space Shuttle program. He developed a full scale simulator and after several years of tests, he had written the design requirements for the project. The "Requirements Definition Document as it was called, was given to Canada, which had offered to build the project for NASA as their contribution to the space program."

It all worked out fine on the Shuttle flights, far exceeding it's design requirements" Miller said.

Miller retired from NASA at the age of 55 and started working for a newly formed company, Eagle Engineering, with four other people he had known from NASA. The couple soon moved back to Piqua, Ohio in 1983, where they bought and renovated a house. But, they travel back to Houston every winter to be near both their children and work for Eagle Engineering when needed.

These days, Miller enjoys researching his family genealogy and had written several books about it. He and Connie are happy with living in Ohio for the weather, their many friends from previous days, and their relatives. They miss seeing their children and grandchildren as often as they would like but they don't miss that hot humid Houston, Texas ♥♥♥

Added note from Glenn

John, I forgot to mention to Bridgette in the *Piqua Daily Call* interview that I was the guy who got the GSAP camera placed on the LEM to record Armstrong's first step on the moon.

I had control of a piece of hardware which the crew deployed by pulling a D-ring after getting out on the porch of the LEM. I went to Gruman who built the LEM and used their mock up to select the spot to mount the camera on the deployed hardware so it would see the bottom rung of the step down to the moon.

The camera was not very good and I missed the bottom step a bit but you can see Armstrong jumping from the last step to the moon.

Glenn Miller

Schober, "F" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment



S/Sgt Milton Schober, February 1945
Plainevaux, Belgium
Showing off his newly acquired
German mittens.

A collection of memories

***by S/Sgt Milton Schober
"F" Company
424th Infantry Regiment.***

While reading the in-depth study of the action at Parker's Crossroads in a recent issue of *The CUB* it appeared to be a miracle that Company F, 424th was able to withdraw from the "fortified goose egg" on December 23, 1944 without colliding with either the 2nd SS Panzer Division coming from the south or with the 9th SS Panzer Division coming from the east as depicted on a map accompanying the articles. Through the many years since the War I've given a lot of thought to the actions of long ago. At the time I rarely had any idea of our whereabouts and probably didn't attach any importance to it because of an underlying feeling that I wasn't going to survive anyway.

In the intervening years I have read a lot of first person accounts and historical interrogations of 106th Division personnel and have made a half-dozen trips to the Ardennes, starting in 1969. As a result I have a pretty good idea of Company F, 424th movements during their combat period.

Like most of the 424th Regiment, Company F moved into front-line positions on December 12, 1944. I was an exception, arriving on the 15th because of guard responsibilities at our previous campsite. We were at the very end of the many miles of front covered by the 106th Division. The next unit was Company B, 112th Regiment of the 28th Division, Associate Member Charlie Haug's unit.

When the big noise started in the early morning of December 16, Company F wasn't doing too badly on their hillside perches looking toward the village of LUTZKAMPEN some 1500-2000 yards distant. (Perhaps I should qualify this as the first platoon of Company F, since the other platoons of the Company did get artillery and troop contact.) We could see the action of German troops moving against Company B 112th, at the outskirts of LUTZKAMPEN and we noticed German artillery landing in the farm fields in front of us, but nothing was landing on us at the time. In the late afternoon of the 16th, our company jeep came bouncing down a logging road to bring hot chow to first platoon men.

While waiting to be served, there was a loud explosion that I took to be incoming artillery but then realized that 25-35 feet away was a 3" anti-tank gun of Company B, 820th Tank Destroyer Battalion which was firing toward LUTZKAMPEN—a column of German tanks was the target, and what excitement there was in watching those fiery orange balls streaking to and exploding the tanks. Some say there were six tanks, others say five tanks and a truck, but whatever, they all burned furiously. Charlie Haug was in a foxhole very close to the tanks and wrote his story about them in a 1992 issue of *The CUB*. While all of this was going on, one of the cooks dishing out the food said, "Hurry up, you guys—we've got to get out of here." He got no sympathy from us!

Schober, "F" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

The following day, the 17th, German awareness of an anti-tank gun in our area resulted in barrages of "screaming meemies" (Nebelwerfer) landing on our hillside. In the afternoon I, with two others, was on duty at a lookout post when an incoming shell not heard by us apparently landed just short of our position. We were knocked to the ground and showered with dirt but had no injury other than severe ringing in our ears.

After darkness word came down for Company F to pack everything possible and to be ready to move out in twenty minutes. Riflemen were each given two bandoleers of 30 caliber ammo, which in itself is a load. This was the point at which most gas masks were abandoned. I remember Russ Mayotte, one of the smaller men in the first platoon, cramming everything possible into his knapsack to a point where he could barely lift it on his shoulders. After a few miles through the woods up and down hills, discarded ammo and other materials were quite noticeable along the trail. The big killer after crossing the Our River was climbing the Our Berg south of BURG-REULAND. We had been on the march for over four hours when we collapsed on elevated farmland after midnight. The admonition to dig foxholes at that time was ignored.

The morning of the 18th saw us digging a defensive line. Our activity didn't go unnoticed at the farmhouse 500 yards further up the hill—the occupants came parading out, the lead person carrying a pole with a white cloth attached as they moved off to the west. I certainly sympathized with their action considering the appearance of a battle shaping up in their front yard. That didn't turn out to be the case. It's fuzzy in my mind as to whether we stayed one day or two days in the farm area but when we did retreat a little further to a wooded area, it was at 2 a.m.

We left the latter wooded area on the morning of December 21. Down the muddy roads we hiked, stopping occasionally to put snow in our canteens or water from ruts in the mud (halogen tablets added). The men moved in columns on each side of the road, with 5 yard intervals, -while jeeps and 6x6's moved down

the center of the road, bearing ammo and equipment. It was evident that we were in another full scale retreat. Food must have been in short supply because I remember eating a raw turnip lying in a field, and I don't like turnips. Our suspicion that German forces were in the vicinity was shortly confirmed. The noise of vehicles moving down the road attracted the attention of their artillery observers and several shells came screaming in about 100 yards short of the road. We had been dragging along but this was the incentive we needed to double time out of that locale. About five miles from our starting point we came to the village of OUDLER where we saw several Sherman tanks on guard with their guns leveled down the several roads leading into the village center. They were ready to meet the Germans when they appeared. We kept moving through OUDLER and perhaps went another four miles to reach THOMMEN, where we spent the night quartered in houses. There was talk of conducting a raid with tanks to retake OUDLER which had been captured by the Germans after we had moved through it earlier in the day, but the plan was dropped.

On the 22nd we continued our retreat until late afternoon when we came to a village where we were told to set up a perimeter defense. I had long wondered the name of this village, and thought it was either BRAUNLAUF or CROMBACH. It wasn't until my CRIBA friend, Joseph Dejardin, furnished me with a number of interviews with 106th Division people that I found one with Lt. Robert Logan, S-3 of 2nd Bn. stating that perimeter defenses were set up by E Company around ALDRINGEN, F Company around MALDINGEN and G Company west of BRAUNLAUF. So now I knew it was MALDINGEN that we were defending on the morning of December 23.

At a very early hour on this date there was a bumper-to bumper assembly of tanks, half-tracks, jeeps, you name it. Where they had all come from I had no idea, but they were all lined up on the road out of MALDINGEN. Someone yelled "Get on board" and in short order most of F Company was clinging to some

Schober, "F" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

form of transport. I climbed on a half-track. About this time our Company Captain protested to the Armored Officer that his orders were to defend the village, to which the response was, "You can stay if you want to, Captain, but we're getting out of here!"

It seemed an eternity for the column to move as the troops sat unprotected while some German shells landed in the vicinity, with wounds resulting. I remember seeing men with the 28th Division's Bloody Bucket shoulder patch placing charges on trees to create a road block. Finally, to our immense relief, we began moving, and speed picked up when we reached the hard surfaced road running through BEHO and toward SALMCHATEAU. We passed a handful of Belgian civilians, some on bicycles, most with luggage, moving in our direction. It certainly wasn't a moral builder for them to see us pulling back, but I know I felt exhilarated in getting out of what seemed a hopeless situation. I had the impression that we were putting miles between us and the Germans but in reality we were running parallel to their thrust. I don't know where we crossed the Salm River, but we came to one point where a bridge had already been blown, probably at SALMCHATEAU. When we did dismount we were in the midst of 82nd Airborne troops and we felt we were in good hands. Now we commenced a march to an unknown destination. The air was frigid and once the sun disappeared temperatures plummeted. I remember that the water in my canteen was frozen in a solid block when we reached our destination north of Manhay in the Werbomont area.

We had a peaceful day on Christmas Eve watching heavy bomber formations flying east. I've written previously about our disastrous attack Christmas Day at Manhay. F Company suffered many casualties from German tank

machine gun fire and apparently our artillery. We maintained a defensive posture in the Manhay-Grandmenil area until December 30, when we were trucked back to the small Belgian village of WARZEE, billeted in the warm homes of residents until January 7. Rumors had us going on line near Stavelot when we started our move. However, heavy snows were falling making driving treacherous, which probably was the reason for stopping in LA REID where we stayed several days as the snow stacked up. Our rest came to an end when the snow stopped and the temperature had a deep freeze feel. We trucked to the small community of AISOMONT, a short distance east of TROIS PONTS, on January 10 where we joined the rest of the 2nd Battalion as regimental reserve. I remembered unattended cattle roaming about in areas where strings of American antitank mines were placed; I

flinched when cattle hoofs came ever so close to sending them to eternity, but I never saw it happen. However, there were frozen cattle, artillery victims, lying about, and one enterprising soul chopped beef off the hindquarter of one and warmed it in his mess kit. It may not have

been a medically sound decision, but it tasted a lot better than the "C" rations we had. Buildings in AISOMONT were badly torn up by shells and provided us no protection from the extreme cold. Several dead German soldiers were lying about, one near where we had set up sleeping space. I remember staring at the wax-like face and speculating on the background of this unfortunate soul. On January 14 we moved into LAVOUX which had been captured the previous day by the 1st Battalion, 424th and on January 15 "F" Company took ENNAL. I commented on these actions in a 1992 CUB article.

After our capture of ENNAL, the 30th and 75th Divisions pushed forward and pinched us



Sergeant Schober and Pfc Wetch at their foxhole near Neuhoof, Germany February 1945.

Schober, "F" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

of action. For the next ten days we were living in the frigid out-of-doors, but not engaged in combat. On January 25 we moved into an area just west of HOCH KREUZ, the meeting place of the highway and the road into MEDELL. F Company was in reserve and G Company was to make the attack on MEDELL. In the early morning three tanks of the 7th armored Division came from our rear and moved ahead of us behind a line of evergreens which acted as a screen. When G company commenced the assault the tanks moved out in support and we awaited the results. It must have been several hours when word came back that G Company had been hard hit and that F Company had to join the attack. As we moved forward it was disconcerting to see the wounded being carried back. I recognized one as the commanding officer of G company who was being carried by several German prisoners on a board used as a stretcher, blood coming out of his mouth. He may have already been dead. The snow we were

moving through was deep until we came to the plowed roads. As we moved onto the road running into MEDELL we could see the three Shermans, more or less immobile, in a field to our left. An anti-tank gun was firing at them and the noise of the shells exploding near me scared the hell out of me as I crouched behind a snow bank offering me cover but no protection. Forward movement froze for a few moments until Dave McErlane, 1st Platoon Sergeant was

able to get off shots close to the young German gunner to move him off the TD gun. This permitted us to gain entry to the first few houses. I remember running up to the second floor of one which had the corner blown away, thus providing a clear view of the rear of MEDELL. I saw a German in white camouflage running across an open space 200 yards ahead, one of the few times I got a good look at the enemy. I hurriedly fired a full clip of ammo but no results were apparent.

MEDELL is in the area of Belgium that was part of Germany prior to World War I. As a result many of the residents had sympathies with Germany and in fact had sons in the German army, as evidenced by pictures

prominently displayed in some of the homes. As we moved from house to house we faced a confusing situation of disinterest in one house followed, perhaps, by exuberance in the next.

The tanks by now had moved over to the Medell road following our troops into the main part of the village. Sgt.

McErlane, at the head of the column, turned a bend in the road and spotted German troops climbing into trucks. McErlane motioned for the lead tank to move up and take a shot; they said they had no ammo, and a great opportunity was lost. Meantime the Germans spotted McErlane and opened fire, hitting him in the shoulder. I was just short of the village church at this time and retreated. In doing so I saw the face of a German soldier looking out of a shed



Our quarters in Plainevaux, Belgium, February 1945
Foreground Papa Betas, Schober
Background: Somers, Murphy, Mama Betas, Wetch, Betas daughter.

While 424/F was in XVIII Airborne Corps Reserve.

Schober, "F" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

window. Yelling "Heraus" (out) we suddenly found ourselves with five prisoners. Telling them to face the wall so we could search them, they apparently feared that we would shoot them and they began yelling "Nicht schießen" (Don't shoot). We calmed them down and I assigned one of my squad to move them to the rear. Once the Germans at the end of the village got away into the hills behind MEDELL (where Eric Wood had carried on his guerilla activity earlier in the month) we moved through the village and established outposts. Now at last we had warm sleeping quarters!

I slept in a house with pictures displayed of young men in German uniforms. Chests in the house were crammed with GI woolen underwear and other clothing. In the barn loft were duffle bags of GI shoes, undoubtedly material we lost at the onset of the Bulge. One evening as I was writing letters a German shell struck the roof. This particular house was partly barn, with a flimsy roof, and the rest, living quarters with s o u n d

structural qualities. There was no obvious damage to the interior of the residential portion, but the husband ran into the barn section and returned, crying, "Funf stuck, alles kaput". I didn't appreciate the significance of his remark, but when I went into the barn section I saw five cows, all on their backs, with feet extended upwards, killed by shell fragments.

Frequently when we moved around MEDELL we would attract German artillery; running into the cellar of the nearest house we would meet many civilians. There was one particular house off the main street and not occupied by civilians, which was under sniper fire. We met there occasionally and whenever I

got near the entrance I would hear the "zing" a bullet near my head. I often wondered how close those bullets were. We were unsuccessful in locating the sniper. A bit of irony about our capture of MEDELL—the Stars&Stripes reported, "On the First Army front, the Seventh Armd. Div. took the towns of MEYERODE and MEDELL..."

On the 28th we were suddenly told to abandon our cozy quarters in MEDELL and to move to the heights beyond. Most of us dismissed the thought that the enemy may be near at hand as we romped in the deep snow, engaged in snowball fights, and in general became very noisy. A few mortar shells landed in the area and no one had to be told to dive into a foxhole. One man yelled that he was hit but on examination a mortar fragment was found embedded in his overshoe, with no other harm

done. Early the next morning men of the 82nd Airborne joined us briefly before commencing their move to push Germans back into Germany. The waist deep snow made movement tiresome so men were



Betas family, Plainevaux, Belgium, after the War - 1946

rotated into the position of breaking a path. As the 82nd moved into the distance, occasional rifle shots sounded and then silence. We knew we were "rear echelon" again and it felt good.

It was time for a rest. Several miles back we met trucks of our regiment and our spirits rose at the prospect of getting to rear areas again. We learned that we were to be placed in XVIII Airborne Corps Reserve in PLAINEVAUX, Belgium. It was after midnight when four of us awakened Papa Betas to whose house we had been assigned. Knowing that we had arrived from the bitter Ardennes cold, he soon had hot coffee ready as well as heated pads for our cold feet. Our stay was extremely pleasant. Our

Schober, "F" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

ly people helped the residents by providing such things as coal and; yes, toilet tissue (to substitute for the newspapers being used). PLAINEVAUX is about twelve miles south of LIEGE and on the path used by the Germans in sending V-1 robot bombs. We thought it was funny when, upon hearing the approach of a V-1, we ran outside to view it while the Betas ran into their cellar. Their action no doubt was related to knowledge that a short round had previously landed in the village. All good things must end— on February 4 I left on a quartering party mission that resulted eventually in Company F relieving elements of the 99th Division in pillboxes and forest areas in the vicinity of NEUHOF, Germany. We

march the three or so miles to the railhead to board a 40 and 8. The doc had suggested I have someone check my eyes periodically, and if the whites turned yellow to see him immediately. While our troop train was side-tracked in the PARIS train marshaling yards, one of my squad members who had been busy filling jerricans and canteens with wine tapped from wooden casks stored somewhere in the yards, upon returning to the boxcar where I was "out of it" exclaimed, "Jees, your eyes are all yellow." I asked him to find Doc Antrim. He did and the doc somehow was able to call an ambulance which met us on the highway near the railyards. Upon reaching the hospital, feeling like death was near, there was the long process of paper



L/R: Josef DEJARDIN, CRIBA member with Mr. & Mrs. Henrot-Pailhe who located the PLAINEVAUX house where Schober stayed in 1944

stayed here over a month and saw our combat days end in early March 1945. I commented on events here in the April 1995 CUB issue. We moved to ST. QUENTIN, France, where I got my first PARIS pass on April 4. Shortly after my return from PARIS we moved to RENNES in western France, where the 106th Division was reconstituted. A couple of days before our scheduled move back to Germany to guard P.O.W.'s I got deathly sick. The Battalion Medical Officer was unable to diagnose the problem so I remained on active duty and had to

work before admittance for hepatitis. Once I saw the white sheets and sampled the great food I felt better in a hurry. May 8, VE Day, found me on the Champs Elysees celebrating with the multitudes. There was no hurry in returning me to F Company; it was early June when I rejoined my buddies in Mainz, Germany.

Schober continues his memories - next page.

It May Have Been a Hoot Owl, BUT!

Milton Schober, "F" Company
424th Infantry Regiment, from his War Memories

It was a dreary day -- and there had been little artillery or other battlefield noises... and then the fog starting setting in early. On twilights like this, it is natural to expect something to happen: imaginations run rampant and you may see visions of the German Army coming out of the mist. Such weather puts the soldier on edge and it's the best possible setting for the mind to conceive eerie happenings...

As night gradually shaded over this particular day, Pfc Wetch and I got into our foxholes for the evening. I was on first shift as guard, so Wetch "hit the sack." There was stillness over the entire front, that sort of quite which precedes violent action in a horror movie. And then the lull was disturbed by the not too distant, clear call, which sounded like that of an owl, off our left front. I say "sounded" like an owl because it very easily could have been a signal -- in fact that was the first thought that occurred to me, but the idea passed. Not for long though, for a short while later I heard the call a little more distant off our right front, within almost immediate reply coming from our left front. Soon there were calls and replies over the entire area to our front. I was convinced that this was a variation of the German squad whistle, and for certain "something" was in the wind, I thought. So Wetch was dragged out of his bedroll and told about the happenings. He listened for a while and he too, was convinced that it was a signal. The noises were gradually shifting farther and farther over toward our right flank, and then suddenly "G" Company's machine guns opened up with a steady fire (G Company was connected to our platoon) obviously they had spotted someone trying to infiltrate the lines. There was absolutely no doubt in our minds now, that to the "Jerry's" were up to no good and then when the machine gunfire stopped, the signal was heard coming around to our rear. My heart came close to missing a beat when I heard a clear call no more than 40 yards to our rear, which suddenly ended with a dying, as if cause by choking. Wetch and

I reached the conclusion that this was a signal of danger or a signal that a predetermined point had been reached by the enemy. Our foxhole was no good for fighting to our rear, so we crawled over to an unoccupied nearby foxhole which was better for this. About this time a half-dozen German 105mm rounds landed in our vicinity. To add to the confusion I decided to try to find out the situation by creeping over to the platoon command post where we had a phone connection with the Company CP. The CO assured me that I must have the jitters and said that recent interrogation of enemy prisoners indicated that the Germans were in no position to attempt of attack, but he admitted the possibility of patrol activity. To make a long story a bit shorter, we "sweated" out dawn all along the platoon front, expecting "Hell" to break loose at daylight. Daylight came and nothing happened. We never did reach a definite conclusion on the origin of the noises. But every time I showed my face around the company CP, I got wise cracks about the "Dying Owl Call," with a few hoots thrown in. Still it was not so funny to us that were sweating out that miserable night.

Schober continues - covering the happenings during the times from guarding POWs to the end of the war and return home.

We were guarding multitudes of German POWs captured in the closing days of the war in the area of Rudesheim am Rhein near Bingen during late June and early July 1945. There were constant rumors about our rotation to the States which accelerated when French troops took over our duties in Rudesheim because this area had been designated as the French Zone of Occupation. Finally on July we were moved in a convoy of trucks some 150 miles south on one of Hitler's autobahns to the small city of Ettlingen, a few miles from Karlsruhe. We were now in the American Zone of Occupation. En route we passed through Mannheim, a major German city. I was shocked to see the damage wrought by Allied bombers. The road had been reopened by bulldozers clearing the rubble which was everywhere.

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When we arrived in Ettlingen we were put in small houses at the outskirts. Our company commander was disappointed with the quality of the quarters, and presumably bed bugs had made an appearance although I suspect this was a convenient excuse. With the cooperation of higher authorities a search was made for more appropriate space. Several modern apartment houses were located and at ten o'clock that night the occupants were told to take the few personal possessions they needed and to move out, doubling up with other families. When we arrived the next morning the family whose apartment my squad was to occupy was waiting to talk to us. They begged that we be careful of the old family clock, this, that and the other thing. The older lady began to cry; a young man, possibly her son, said, "Das ist Krieg" (That's war) and the young lady asked if she could come the next morning to clean the apartment.

I felt guilty walking around on the highly-polished floors. The immaculate rooms in my hob-nailed shoes. It became clear to me what a curse occupation was to a defeated nation.

While at Ettlingen it occurred to me that Heidelberg, 40 miles to the north, would be an interesting place to visit. We had no particular work assignments and it was fairly easy to hitch rides on military vehicles. I found Heidelberg to be a beautiful, charming city. Unlike other cities of any size in Germany it was almost wholly intact — the only noticeable damage was to two bridges over the Neckar River destroyed by the retreating Germans. For the first time I saw stores open and doing business in a normal manner. It was a surprise to find two philatelic shops selling German stamps. As a collector I was delighted to find a use for some of the German Marks I had accumulated by exchanging cigarettes with POWs.

Unlike the invasion marks with which American soldiers were paid, the German-printed Marks could not be converted into U. S. Dollars, but could be used only for local purchases. Since there wasn't much available for purchase locally they were virtually worthless — except in Heidelberg.

I had a field day buying Hitler stamp issues — unfortunately my selections were not very good, meaning most of them some 55 + years later have minimal value. Another acquisition in Heidelberg was a profile drawing of me by a long-haired German artist for the munificent sum of ten cigarettes. Before I returned to Ettlingen I looked up some Stateside G.I. friends assigned to 6th Army Group Headquarters. They gave me a tour of University buildings, practically all of which were used for the quartering or entertainment of U.S. troops.

A few days later, on July 20, 1945, some 3,000 of us were transferred out of the 106th Division traveling in box cars, with some going to Etampes, France, and my group to Compiègne. Compiègne was an interim stop, followed by a stop for awhile in Rethondes, after which



S/Sgt Kratish and S/Sgt Schober "horsing around" at the front near Neuhoef, Germany February 1945

we were moved to one of the staging area camps for eventual shipment out of Le Havre. These camps were called the cigarette camps because of their names. We were at *Camp Lucky Strike*, other camps were, *Phillip Morris* and *Pall Mall*. Our stay here was to await the availability of transport. The idea was that we would go home for a 30-day furlough and then be shipped to the Pacific where the war with Japan was still in progress. We felt like forgotten troops as the July days dragged into August. There was very little to do in this remote sandy expanse with tents. We slept late and then stayed up until the early morning hours playing cards. All of the chores in the camp were done by POWs.

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Suddenly the excitement began. First, news on August 5, of the first atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, then Russia's war declaration on Japan and finally on August 12, news of Japan's surrender. Now we suspected our trip home was in jeopardy and that men with a higher point rating would precede us, but at least it was nice to know there would be no more combat for us. Time dragged on through August and well into September with no inkling of our fate. The 106th Division, with many new high-point men who had been transferred in, came through Lucky Strike and were shipped home, and still we waited. Finally, in the waning days of September I was split from my close buddies and moved with a group by truck to a rail connection at Dieppe and a box car ride to Brussels.

My destination was a hippodrome, or horse race track, in Oppem, a suburb of Brussels. An MP outfit, 2021 PW Overhead Detachment, was located there.

I had misgivings when I was separated from the group reporting at this new post. I had clerical experience Stateside, working on service records, and as a result I was now picked to remain at Headquarters as Personnel Clerk. This meant that I had regular daily working hours while the rest of the group had no assignments and were free to roam about Brussels at will. I thought this was grossly unfair: When I would have loved an assignment as company clerk during combat days it wasn't possible; now when I wanted to explore Brussels, tough luck.

All in all it didn't work out too badly. Sunday was an off-duty day on which Special Services ran excursions to such cities as Bruges, Ghent and Ypres. Also as a result of working in Headquarters I was probably better informed than most as to happenings. About this time the point totals for discharge were recalculated to *VJ Day*. One point was allowed for each month in the Army, another point was allowed for each month served overseas, five points were allowed for each combat decoration or bronze service star and 12 points were allowed for each child under 18 years of age. Obviously the

formula was heavily biased in favor of men with a family. My 64 points were made up of 33 months of service, 11 overseas, and four battle stars. The Bronze Star Medal that 106th Division men were awarded was not authorized until a later date, and the Combat Infantry Badge apparently did not count. At the time of this calculation the men eligible for rotation had point totals in the high 80's and low 90's. It looked like my stay in Europe would be longer than expected.

To make it easier on troops stuck in Europe, the Army organized a number of diversionary activities like classes in Britain, visits to the classy resort area at Biarritz, etc. I applied for a seven-day furlough to Switzerland and was surprised that I was accepted for movement in late October. The expense of lodging, meals and train travel was \$35 for the week. In addition a limit of \$46 was permitted for purchases in Switzerland. Five tour variations were offered. I opted for one that



S/Sgt Holloway, T/S Bjorkmand and S/Sgt McLane at Budesheim, Germany in July 1945. McLane was awarded the Silver Star at MEDELL, Belgium on January 25, 1945

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took me to Basel, Geneva, Montreux, Berne, Lucerne and Vitznau, a vacation resort beautifully placed in the mountains. My return trip included an unscheduled stop in Luxembourg City; I returned to Brussels on November 4.

On November 16, 1945, another sergeant, John Carven and I were informed of an assignment that meant a speedy return to the U.S. Under the Army's rating system for priority movement home and discharge from the service we were at the top of the list. We were to leave Brussels immediately for the 194th General Hospital in Antwerp for the purpose of escorting four U.S. General prisoners to the Zone of the Interior (U.S.). This was to be accomplished by taking the ambulatory prisoner patients by ambulance from Antwerp to Liege, flying to Paris and then flying to the U.S. It was presumed we'd be in the U.S. by Thanksgiving and discharged from the Army shortly thereafter.

Well, events rarely go as planned in the Army and this is a good example. We took custody of the four prisoners in Antwerp and

proceeded through the overcast and gloomy weather to the 91st General Hospital in Liege. The hospital was housed in fortress-like structures on the Citadel, a high hill overlooking the city. When we reported to hospital officers we learned that a detention

ward was on the premises which would relieve Carven and myself of the obligation of guarding the prisoners during our stay. Since the weather forecast was very negative for aircraft movement, we accepted the prospect of much idle time in Liege.

We were assigned to cots on the fourth floor of the barracks area in an attic-like space with no other personnel in the immediate area. We laid our duffle bags at the foot of our cots. There wasn't much to do in the drab surroundings and as we waited for better weather we usually walked down into the city. It never occurred to us that our possessions weren't perfectly

safe when locked in our duffle bags. Well, one day we left for the city in the early afternoon to see a movie. When we returned at 6 P.M. we immediately noticed that our duffle bags were missing. After seeing no evidence of them in our attic area we reported the loss to the 1st



Some men of 424/F being shipped out of the 106th in July 1945. Schober sitting in the doorway. Snapped during one of the many stops of the "40&8's" en route from Karlsruhe to Compiegne. "Beansy" Pomiellias at left front; Joe Puleo at lower right
Boxcar Chalk reads

"Bastards from the 424th"

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Sergeant who in turn notified superior officers. We began to realize the seriousness of the situation when we were interrogated on the duffel bag contents and revealed that each bag contained a U.S. 45 caliber pistol with 13 rounds of ammo, as well as souvenir pistols. The main concern was that these items might end up in the German POW compound at the hospital.

A number of actions were taken: pass privileges of enlisted men were withheld, the Sergeant of the Guard was called to instruct gate guards to let no one off the Post without proper authority, a roving guard was placed around the outside edges of the wall surrounding the fortress to search for property and to pick up any malingerers for questioning and the sergeant supervising German POW laborers was asked to find what he could from them. In addition four of us searched all of the quarters of the Detachment building as well as subterranean halls and dungeons of the centuries' old building.

We found no sign of the missing duffel bags but we did run across an AWOL soldier who had been absent from his unit for over five months who didn't confess to anything. The only clue came from the POW compound. One of the German workers signed a sworn statement to the effect that on November 20, the date of the theft, he was tending stoves on the third floor and went to the fourth floor to look for a comrade on cleaning duties. He didn't find him, but did see two American soldiers looking out the window. Returning to the third floor to look for his friend he still couldn't find him but noticed the two Americans coming down the stairs, each with a duffel bag on his shoulder.

To cover our immediate needs we were given changes of underwear which we put on our cots. Would you believe that even though we left the room only briefly, when we returned the underwear was missing. This gave us a creepy feeling that someone was watching our every move.

The loss of our personal items, i.e. camera, Belgian lace, souvenir weapons, as well as our government-issued clothing and equipment, didn't concern us as much as the other items, namely our pistols and service records.

The pistols, we were told, should have been left in safekeeping. Failure to do so created a potentially dangerous situation because of the presence of German POW's; the possibility of Court Martial proceedings existed.

We were concerned also that the loss of our service records would delay our eventual discharge when we reached our respective separation centers.

A file was set up by the investigating officer with the statements of Curvan and myself as to what happened and what was missing, a statement of the 1st Sergeant, a statement of the POW in German along with an English translation, and the summary by the investigating officer with his statement that he believed that no gross carelessness existed on our part and this should be considered when final settlement of responsibility is possible at our next station.

We never found out what happened to the duffel bags.

The weather remained miserable, forestalling any aerial movement by us, but nevertheless we had to secure new weapons and a replacement of our other lost government equipment. We also were given blank service records and asked to fill in all of the information we could remember, and then making a sworn statement as to its accuracy.

Finally, after two weeks of difficult weather in Liege, we learned we would be moving by ambulance caravan to a hospital in Rheims, France. Once again we had responsibility for the four General prisoners. The routing to Rheims was interesting in that some of it followed the road used by the Germans in their December break through.

Smashed German tanks and other mobile equipment, coated with snow, remained where they were stopped in battle.

When we reached the hospital in Rheims we were dismayed to learn there was no detention ward. This meant we would sleep in a room with our prisoners and have responsibility for them 24 hours a day. Understand that there were no killers among the four. Their sentences were 10, 20 or 30 years. If you asked them what their offenses were they would respond with

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Something like, "I struck an officer". But we had access to their files and knew what they were charged with (mainly black market operations). Curvan and I had no desire to split guard chores through the night, so we in effect said to them, "Look, you men are as interested as we are in getting back to the United States. So give us no trouble and we'll make it together." So Curvan and I put our 45's under our pillows and slept through the night without incident.

In Rheims we now knew that an airplane flight was not on the agenda. Instead, a hospital train accommodating many stretcher cases was going to move to Cherbourg where we were going to board an Army hospital ship. The first few days in December we were in Rheims; then the hospital train was loaded up, we moved to Cherbourg and were transferred to the U.S. Army Hospital ship "*Larkspur*." The *Larkspur* wasn't a very large vessel but looked neat and sterile. Once on board our responsibility for the prisoners ceased for good. Our main role aboard ship was rotating two-hour guard stints during the midnight to morning stretch.

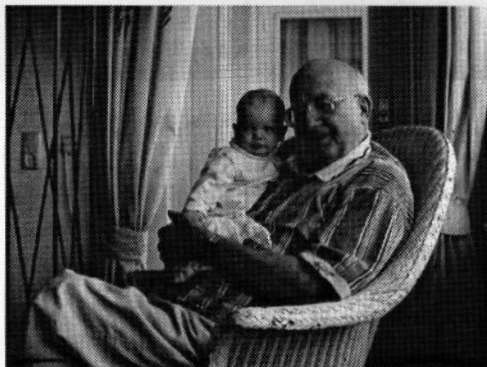
The *Larkspur* departed Cherbourg on December 6 to cross the North Atlantic. December is a rough month to follow such a course and I was seasick more often than not. When swells reached their highest point the stern would rise out of the water, exposing the propellers, which caused violent shuddering. During our guard duty periods when we walked around the outer deck there were moments when you could almost reach out and touch the water followed by a view of only sky. A map posted on the bulletin board marked each day's progress of the ship with pins placed about an inch apart. At the conclusion of one day of bucking gale like winds the pin was placed almost on top of the pin for the preceding day. We had made virtually no progress in 24 hours. Thirteen days after leaving Cherbourg we arrived in New York Harbor, on December 19, 1945.

It was a bleak snowy day and few people were on the dock, but there was a hardy little Army band to play a musical salute to the returning veterans. Curvan and I were shunted over to Camp Kilmer in New Jersey where arrangements were made to get us to our

separation centers. Since Curvan lived in New Jersey he had only a short distance to go to Ft. Monmouth whereas I required a days train ride to get me to Fort Sheridan. I was amazed at the efficiency of the separation center where personnel were working 24 hours around the clock to process the multitudes arriving from around the world.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve I departed an atmosphere of heavy-handed Army control to one of exhilarating light headiness where I no longer had to ask permission to do anything. I had lost no time in processing because of the temporary service record. A few days after Christmas I received a postcard from Curvan indicating his temporary service record delayed him one day, but he too was discharged on Christmas Eve. By January 5, 1946, I was back in the business world employed as an auditor with a national C.P.A. Firm.

Schober concludes with his story of the finding of a dog tag by a Belgian, Antoine NOEUNS. Then his, Milton's, trip back to the Netherlands to visit his son and his new grandson and to also meet Antoine NOEUNS and then visit, once again "The Ardennes." A nice addition to his series of "War Time" memoirs....



Schober with new grandson Andreas, in the Netherlands, Oct 1999, born May 1999 to Alan, his son and his daughter-in-law Nancy.

By Milton Schober, 424/F

Schober, "F" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment

Schober story continued on next page.

Some months ago I was reading through the February 1999 issue of *The Bulge Bugle*. Glancing briefly through the column, *Members Speak Out*, I spotted a name familiar to me. It read, "Member Antoine Nouens is looking for information regarding ...**THOMAS E. LAWRENCE** (unit unknown, served in or near LaVaux Richard." I intended to immediately write Nouens, but with the passing years I react more slowly, so it wasn't until early June that I did. I explained that I was with Company F, 424th Regiment and that **Lt. Thomas E. Lawrence** was my platoon leader at the time of

Battle of the Bulge very interesting, because there are also a lot of museums and monuments/memorials in the Ardennes and because I always find new items for my collection in the flea markets. August 1998 I visited a flea market near Vielsalm. There was an older man who had some military things (Garand bayonet, German ammo box, U.S. mess tin, liner and gasmask). I bought the stuff he had and was having a little conversation with him about The Battle of the Bulge. I asked him if he lived near Vielsalm in December 1944, how old he was, if he had to flee, etc. While having this conversation he noticed that I was



Milton Schober and Antoine NOUENS at Panther Tank in Grandmenil.

our Christmas Day attack on Manhay, Belgium, and when we were in LaVaux on January 14 prior to our attack on ENNAL the next day.

Nouens response was immediate. He had received no answers to his request in *The Bulge Bugle* and in the meantime had done further research to learn more about Lt. Lawrence. To quote Nouens, "As a collector of World War II memorabilia I regularly visit flea markets in the Ardennes. Why especially flea markets in the Ardennes? Because I find the history of the

sincerely interested in the history of this historical battle. His hand reached for his pocket and he showed me a dog tag. He told me he found it while he was working his land near Wanne/LaVaux Richard. Since that day I wondered if officer (the service number on the tag begins with an "O" and as far as I knew that indicated that the soldier was an officer) Thomas E. Lawrence would still be alive, how he looked like, how old he was, what his unit was, etc.

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At home I started to write various offices/authorities. I began with the U.S. Military Cemeteries in Henri-Chapelle and Neuville-en-Condroz (both in Belgium) and Margraten (the Netherlands). I received good news. As far as they knew Thomas Lawrence survived the war. They advised me to write the National Personnel Records Center and the Department of Veterans Affairs. So I did and got a reply. Bad news: Mr. Lawrence passed away in 1995. Again I wrote the Department and asked if there were family members I could write to. Probably they could tell me more about the whereabouts of Thomas Lawrence. The Department asked me to write for the family which the Department would forward

dog tag is no longer "anonymous". The tag is a special part of my collection. One tag of a U.S. soldier who fought in the bitter cold of the winter of 1944-1945. One of the many soldiers who fought against the Nazi Regime and for the liberation of Europe.

I got also a letter from Mr. Oliver Patton (General, ret.) and Mr. Giles. They both were classmates of Mr. Lawrence at West Point. The three of them were three of the Seven Samurai mentioned above. They were not with the 424th Infantry. You are the only one who has written me so far who was with the 424th and could tell me more about Mr. Lawrence during *The Battle of the Bulge*."

Going back to January 1945, I remember



Antoine NOUENS (Left), Joseph LINERS and Milton Schober at the home of LINERS in Ville-Du-Bois, Vielsalm. LINERS is the man who found Lt Lawrence's dog tags in LAVAUX in 1984.

for me. Unfortunately I never got an answer ...

March I received a letter from somebody who was a friend of the daughter of Thomas. Thomas' daughter did not wish to correspond in a direct way with me. Nevertheless there was good news. I finally got to know more about Thomas. He was a member of the 424th Infantry, 106th Infantry Division and one of "The Seven Samurai".

I am glad I have succeeded in my search for more information regarding a small piece of metal with the name Thomas E. Lawrence. The

that Company F was in reserve in the small Belgian town of Aisomont on January 12. The weather was miserably cold. Most of our time was spent trying to develop a cozy spot for a good night's sleep in the artillery ravaged buildings. Word came for us to move up to LaVaux. I remember us marching in a column of twos without regard to the possible presence of German troops when a disturbance occurred at the front of the column, presumably hostile fire, but no damage. Company A, 424th had taken LaVaux on January 13, but apparently

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some snipers remained in the area. As we occupied LaVaux I had no idea what our mission might be. In LaVaux we again directed our attention to preparing for a good night's rest by attempting to block out the cold by use of shelter halves, but not very effectively. And to completely frustrate me, as night approached, my squad was ordered to climb one of the nearby hills above LaVaux to reinforce G Company. Exhausted from the climb we waived the suggestion that we dig foxholes and crawled into our sleeping bags. When a number of artillery rounds landed in the woods and brought on screams for a medic I was unhappy that I didn't have a hole to crawl into, but in all likelihood a simple hole wouldn't have protected me from tree bursts.

The next morning I rejoined F Company in LaVaux just in time to join the first platoon's venture into Ennal. Lt Lawrence was up front with squad leader Frank Colgan as we crawled up a path toward the village, hugging the ground because of a German machine gun at the base of a haystack in the field. I was at the rear of the column. Colgan later related what was happening up front. A German soldier was approaching our men, unaware that we were there. Colgan was carrying a bazooka, not appropriate for conditions, so he told one of the riflemen to get ready to fire at the German as he came around the bend. The man froze, giving the German time to unsling his machine pistol and fire a clip as others dove into a snow bank. The rifleman was seriously wounded and Lawrence was grazed. As he moved by me to the rear he remarked, "They shot me in the ass." After we captured ENNAL, our company commander was transferred to 2nd Battalion HQ and Lawrence became company commander.

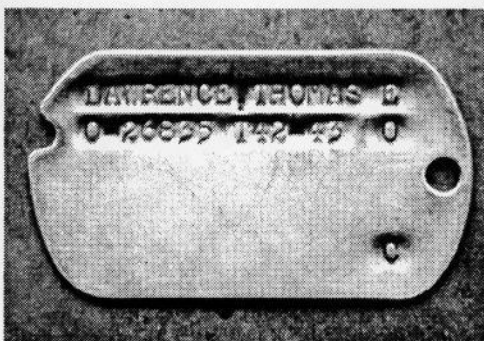
Several correspondence exchanges with Nouens occurred. I sent him a number of

articles about the 424th as well as a pass signed by Lawrence that I had for the Rennes, France area when the division was being reconstituted in April 1945.

My son Allan and his wife Nancy had been residents of the Netherlands for ten years prior to a brief stay in Thailand of less than two years. In May 1999 while in Thailand a son was born to them, and in September 1999 they returned to the Netherlands. So as we arranged a visit in October to see our new grandson, Andreas, I thought what a great opportunity to also meet Antoine Nouens and see his collection of war memorabilia.

Antoine, a young man of 26 years, graduated from law school in 1997 and now works for a law firm. While he lives in an apartment in Nijmegen his correspondence indicated most of his collection, essentially 13 mannequins in full

combat uniform, was at his parent's home in Eindhoven. Accordingly he suggested that we meet there, so on the Saturday of our first weekend in Holland my son and I got on one of the high speed highways and in an hour and a half we were meeting Antoine and his parents for the first time, over a cup of tea



Lt. Thomas E. Lawrence's dog tag discovered by Joseph LINERS in 1984.

and pastries. The extent of Antoine's collection surprised me. There were German, English and American figures fully equipped in different garbs. There were also many shell casings, grenades, ammo belts, the works

Later in the rainy morning as we left his folk's home, Nouens joined us in our return to the Ardennes. Our first stop was at the home of Joseph Dejardin in Stavelot. Joseph and his wife Madeleine greeted us warmly, and in a few minutes Marcel Nijst and his wife Marie-Jose drove over from nearby Malmedy and joined us in a feast prepared by Madeleine. These CRIBA members had provided me with guidance and hospitality on previous trips in 1992 and 1994.

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Joseph never forgets that I collect stamps and again had many recent Belgian issues awaiting me. Marcel is a connoisseur of wines and presented me with a bottle of fine French wine. We spent several hours with our friends before driving on to Medell.

At Medell it was my intent to search out several buildings I had remembered from January 25, 1945, when F Company was called in from a reserve position to assist G Company in attacking Medell. The third or fourth house on the east side of the road where we entered the village had been blasted by artillery and the second floor corner was ripped open. When I ran upstairs in 1945 I had an excellent view of the German occupied area of the village and had a clear shot at one running Kraut which resulted in a miss. Now I was looking for brick repair work that might identify that building. No luck! In 54 years a lot of changes occur—buildings are demolished, others constructed—nothing looked familiar except for the church.

We drove through Medell and Meyerode and then to the high forested areas beyond where we noted the memorial to Eric Fisher Wood.

We lodged in St. Vith for the night.

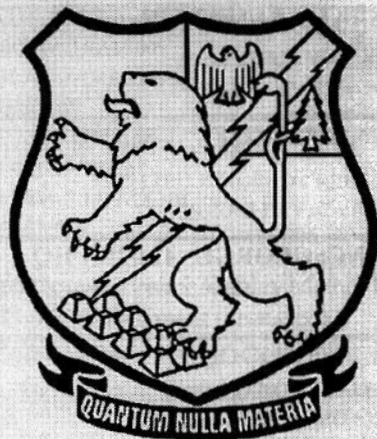
Sunday morning, with rain still falling, we drove to the LUTZKAMPEN area to visit the initial positions of F Company in December 1944. The three of us hiked through extensive areas of the woods and learned only that 54 years has resulted in the tree lines changing. In 1944 we had a clear view of LUTZKAMPEN from our positions, but now trees were growing on the low ground that completely blocked the view from the higher ground we would have been positioned on. We did find deep gouges in the earth that most likely represented the location of our sleeping dugouts.

From here Nouens suggested that we stop in the village of Ville-du-Bois/Vielsalm where the finder of Lawrence's dog tags, Joseph Liners lives. This was an interesting visit. Liners mentioned that he found both dog tags in a shed in LaVaux in 1984. He gave one of the tags to Dr. Maurice DELAVAL, a Vielsalm dentist who was an early CRIBA member. The other one he retained until he met Nouens at the annual flea market in Ville-du-Bois and sold it

to him for a nominal amount. One wonders how the dog tags became separated from the man. Nouens suggested that Lawrence might have been washing and removed his tags. But the cold was so extreme and water limited that this appears unlikely. It may be that when Lawrence moved back for treatment of his wound incurred at ENNAL, he went to the medic's aid station in LaVaux and in the process of treatment removed his tags. However the tags when found were not attached to the chain ordinarily used. So the mystery remains unanswered.

Bidding farewell to Mr. Liners, we headed for Manhay, scene of the Christmas Day 1944 attack by the 2nd Battalion of the 424th. In 1944 when our move was blunted by tank machine gun fire and I realized the troops behind me had withdrawn, another man and I moved back up into the woods, passing an electric utility substation before descending to a lone house, probably near Grandmenil. I looked for the utility sub-station where I thought it should be but found no trace of it. Just another frustration where nothing seems to match the picture in your mind. With that disappointment we headed back to Eindhoven where we bade farewell to Antoine Nouens and ended another return visit to the Ardennes.

Milton Schober, 424/F



424th Infantry Regiment

New Members . . .

ALLEN, HAROLD D. 424/A

332 ELLIS AVENUE
TRUMANN, AR 72472-2129

ALPHONSE, WILLIE R., 333RD FAB/C

6942 PARK DRIVE
DAPHNE, AL 36526
334-626-2860

CHARRON, NELSON J. 422/D

24 PAYNE AVENUE
CHATHAM, NY 12037
518-392-5226

Battle of the Bulge - POW. Self employed store owner, married 57 years to wife Margaret (Midge), 2 sons, 5 grandchildren, 8 great grandchildren - Hobby Golf.

CLEVENGER, JAMES A. ASSOCIATE

2017 126TH STREET
HOPKINS, MI 49328

Jim Clevenger, 423/D says, "Enclosed are LIFE Memberships for my youngest son, Jan Robert Clevenger and my Grandson, James A. Clevenger. Both these youngsters are very much interested in our 106th Infantry Division Association."

CLEVENGER, JAN ROBERT ASSOCIATE

900 S. LAS VEGAS BLVD #1179
LAS VEGAS, NV 89123

See James - above. Jan is youngest son of Jim Clevenger, 423/D.

CORBETT, EUGENE M. 106 SIG

700 MARTINA DR NE
ATLANTA, GA 30305
404-233-4871

DUNN, DANIEL F. 592/HQ

6 ARPAD STREET
HICKSVILLE, NY 11801
516-433-8347

EBLING, GEORGE 424/2BN HQ

12900 90TH TERRACE NORTH
SEMINOLE, FL 33776
727-391-4982

ELLIOTT, WAYNE 423/D

3279 HIWAY 128
BISMARCK, AR 71929
501-865-3046

HENRIKSEN, ELAINE ASSOCIATE

7300 WEST DEAN RD, 3020
MILWAUKEE, WI 53223
414-365-8881

HERRMANN, WILLIAM W. ASSOCIATE

4820 CHESTERFIELD CT
SUWANEE, GA 30024
770-889-2608
auburnaggie@earthlink.net

My uncle was a Medic in "B" Company, 331st Medical Battalion. I found John Kline's web site and I know if my Uncle Bill Alfred were still alive, he would join right away. He died in 1993.

HIMBERG, ROBERT W. ASSOCIATE

231 OLD OAKEN BUCKET RD
NORWELL, MA 02061-1316
781-659-4651

I am a Navy Vet, World War II. Supervisor New England Telephone (Retired). Hobbies are gardening, woodworking, restoring antique vehicles.

JOHNSON, BRETT V ASSOCIATE

1500 N RHODES STREET #5
ARLINGTON, VA 22209
703-516-9656
JohnsonB@ACCMail.NOS.NOAA.GOV

I am interested in ETO history and especially the 106th Infantry Division. I've explored the 422nd and 423rd positions and will return again in October to see more. I also collect US Militaria and Reenact US Infantry from WWII. I work in Washington DC for the US Department of Commerce. Thanks for letting me be part of the Association.

My father was a Navy Pilot during the war who made it through OK. My mother's first husband was killed flying a B-25 over Greece. The war has been part of my life ever since I can remember and I grew up with many of the veterans around me. It so difficult to see them going now.

KEEBER, WILLARD H. 424/G

131 RIVER DRIVE
MILFORD, MI 48381-2064
248-684-9501
wkeeb@wwnet.net

Joined the Division at Atterbury from ASTP and Advanced Infantry Basic. Went through the Bulge action until hospitalized with frozen feet at the end of December. Returned to my unit in mid-January. Stayed with the unit through San Nazaire and POW guard duty. I was transferred to a non-combat engineer unit in July to facilitate direct shipment to the Pacific Theater. Returned to USA at end of Pacific War in September 1945.

KEATING, WALTER W. 424/HQ

65 TIMBERLAKE TRAIL WEST
OSWEGO, IL 60543
630-554-1873

KELLER, RAYMOND G. 589/B

905 W LOUTHER STREET
CARLISLE, PA 17013
717-249-1450

RAYMOND C. KELLER was born in Carlisle, PA (December 10, 1924). He became eighteen years old December 10, 1942 while a senior in Carlisle High School. He was drafted out of his senior high school class on March 4, 1943 and was inducted in the U. S Army.

He was sent to Fort Jackson, South Carolina with 240 inductees where the 106th Infantry Division was formed. He spent eighteen months in Battery B of the 589th Field Artillery before being sent overseas (England) as a replacement on July 15, 1944. While in England he was given two weeks of infantry training at Telford, England before entering combat with the 84th Infantry Division.

He joined the 84th Infantry Division, Co. L of the 334th Regiment in September 1944. After landing on Omaha Beach in July of 1944, he fought as an infantryman in the Normandy and Ardennes Campaigns (Gefenkirchen, Prummern, Linden and the Siegfried Line). On December 16, 1944 the 334th Regiment pulled out of the Siegfried Line area and traveled to Marche, France and dug in at the beginning of the Battle of the Bulge.

He was with the 84th until January 27, 1945. After retiring to a rest area and visiting Battalion Aid Station, it was determined he had a severe case of trench foot which took him off the front line.

After two weeks in a hospital in Paris, France and three months in a hospital in England, he was sent home to the States on April 28, 1945 where he was discharged from the service at Camp Carson on August 4, 1945.

He was awarded the Purple Heart, the Infantry Combat Badge and the Bronze Star for meritorious achievement in ground combat against the armed enemy during World War II in the European-African-Middle Eastern Theatre of Operation.

Following the service, he was married August 26, 1945 and went to Rider College on the GI Bill of Rights receiving a Bachelor of Science in Commerce. After college he worked at Blue Cross for two years as a supervisor in the Hospital Department. His next employer was Wilson Ritter, CPA. He later passed the CPA test and spent years as a successful CPA and became a partner in a medium sized CPA firm, Ritter, Todd & Haayen, subsequently known as Ritter, Haayen & Keller and in July 1979 the firm became a merged firm known as Boyer & Ritter.

KRONMUELLER, WILLIAM W. 423/E

10 DANA DRIVE
FLORISSANT, MO 63033-3207
314-831-8053

LEMONDE, RICHARD M. 424/UNIT?

14849 KINGS WAY #123
FOUNTAIN HILLS, AZ 85268-2973
480-837-1562

MATHER, SCOTT ASSOCIATE

1475 LITTLE MORRO CREEK RD
MORRO BAY, CA 93442
805-772-1049
scottm3220@aol.com

My father was Joseph Stanley Mather D Co, 422nd Infantry Regiment (deceased).

MCCARY, JIM ASSOCIATE

725 NORTH ALLEN
CENTRALIA, MO 65240
573-682-1582
jimbojoe@socket.net

Son of William "Hughes" McCary- see next page.

New Members . . .

MCCARY, WILLIAM "HUGHES"

423/H

7475 LOST WOODS LN
CENTRALIA, MO 65420
573-682-3921
Hujoy@socket.net

MURPHY, CORNELIUS J.

14TH CAV, 32ND recon

3 MALLARD DRIVE
LEWES, DE 19958
302-945-9009

I'm looking for a J. Wilson who was in the 106th. We were buddies in the POW camp at Lukenwalde, Stalag III-A. Would appreciate any help you can give me.

Editor's Note: Cornelius I have nor record of a J. Wilson. Maybe some of our members do. You netion Luckenwalde as being Stalag XII-A. Stalag XII-A was in Limburg. Luckenwalde was near Brandenburg and was known as Stalag III-A. Hope somebody knows your buddy J. Wilson. J Kline, editor

NOVAK, JOHN 423/K

4087 E 72 STREET
CLEVELAND, OH 44105
216-883-3599

See Grandson's letter below under Robert Thomas... JK editor

PALMER, BILL ASSOCIATE

31 PAWNEE TRAIL
LOUISVILLE, KY 40207
902-895-5619

PETERS, WALTER F. 424/MED

6303 INDIAN SCHOOL RD NE #307
ALBUQUERQUE, NM 97110
505-855-9461

I was a combat medical aid man in the infantry and served with the 423/? and 424/L during the BOB, and after. I was continually on detached service from one outfit to another, and that whole time has ended up in my mind as "a fog of forgetfulness." I don't remember the names of any of the villages we went into, the names of any of the men I was with avoiding capture for 9 days in the Ardennes--none of it.

I am hoping that I will find someone in the 106th Association, particularly from the 424/L who might, maybe, perhaps, help me put some of the pieces of my life of that time back together into some state of cohesiveness. I found my Purple Heart crawling across France.

Education was my profession, a science major, and I enjoyed many great years teaching young people from the lower grades through high school. My wife taught in the public schools, also, as a music teacher.

We have four sons and six grandchildren. Oldest is a D.V.M., next one into the arts (but sells health insurance to put food on the table), third is an astrophysicist, and the youngest, a musician.

We have always loved the outdoors, camping, hiking, canoeing. Sports of all kinds were part of our lives, too. Today, our interests lie in reading, keeping as fit as we can, music, enjoying our family and friends.

PRETZEL, ALBERT J. 422/H

900-14 CO-OP CITY BLVD
BRONX, NY 17013
718-671-2192

PRIELOZNY, WILLIAM J. 589/?

6000 CAPULINA AVE
MORTON GROVE, IL 60053-2934
847-965-6717

RUSSELL, RICHARD L. 422/H

8184 BECK ROAD
OTTAWA LAKE, MI 49267
734-856-3747

SCHARNERBERGER, ELLSWORTH H. 331/MED D

15964 N SWATHMORE CT
LIVONIA, MI 48154-1005
734-591-7851

SHARPE, RUTH B. ASSOCIATE

459 G SHARPE RD
UVALDA, GA 30473
912-594-6272

THOMAS, JAMES B. 423/C

215 SEVENTH STREET
HENDERSON, KY 42420
270-827-3656
pthomas@henderson.net

THOMAS, ROBERT ASSOCIATE

PSC 482 BOX 3046
FPO AF 96362-3046
bobotm@hotmail.com

WOOD, JOHN 424/L

344 COUNTY RTE 43
FORT EDWARD, NY 12828
518-638-8536

In Memoriam

Deaths of 106th Infantry Division Association veterans should be reported to the Association Adjutant.

Armitage, John F. 423/L

79 Point Circle, Gilbertsville, KY 42044

Date of death 28 May 2000. No other details given.

Boggs, Oliver Burl 422/G

2100 Grand Ave #207, St Paul, MN 55105

Burl died suddenly 17 August 2000. I had just been in contact with him in reference to a trip he had planned with his daughter, Stacey and her friend. They were going to look over the 422nd positions in the Ardennes. Burl was an active member in a VA POW "peer" group that I also attend at the Minneapolis VA Center. His daughter Stacy works in St Paul, MN as a computer consultant for a nationwide firm. (J Kline, editor)

Carr, Edward 423/HQ 3BN

136 Lake Pochung Rd, Sussex, NY 07461

Date of death 10 May 2000. No other detail given. Roster indicates Marion L. as wife

Cochran, Collin L. 422/H

3702 Poplar Camp Rd, Hillsville, VA 24343-4218

Collin's wido, Sue writes" Collin, age 86, passed away February 16, 2000 in the VA Medical Center in Salem, Virginia. He was captured during the *Battle of the Bulge* and held in Germany. He was preceded in death by a son, Nelson. He is survived by his wife, Sue, one granddaughter and two great grandchildren.

Janicke, Jack 106 Signal

12 Bellvue Avenue, Butler, NJ 07045

Frederick Janicke, Jack's son, informed that his father passed away July 27, 2000. He asked that I pass this along, that Jack enjoyed the Association and the comradery.

Nausin Jr, Frank 422/HQ 2BN

309 Miller Creek Road, San Rafael, CA 94903

Frank's daughter Claudi Nausin Farbam, wrote as follows, "I am writing to let you know my father passed away on 18 May 2000 in a Veteran's Hospital in San Francisco. He was 76 years of age in February. He was much affected by his Army service and in later years became involved in the reunions of the 106th Infantry Division Association. He also attended the POW support group in the VA in San Francisco. He thought highly of all of you which is why I am writing.

"His brother, who lives in Tucson made it here in time to spend the final hours with Dad. Frank is survived by a son, The Reverend Frank Nausin, daughter-in-law Linda; grandsons Timothy and Jeremy of Tucson AZ; daughter Claudia Farbam, son-in-law Mark, grandsons Daniel and Johnathan of San Rafael, CA; brother Joseph and sister-in-law Mary of Albany, CA; and niece Judy Gherlone of Clayton, CA."

Perilloux, Agney Unit Unknown

511 Brown Street, Radcliff, KY 40160

Date of death 7 September 1999. Agnez, his wife sent the Memorial Tribute. No other details given.

rpe, DeWitt 424/F

459 G. Sharpe Road, Uvalda, GA 30473

Date of death 13 January 2000. A note by his wife said, "As far as I know my husband was the last survivor in the State of Georgia from Company F, 424th Infantry. He had been in poor health since 1986. Please keep the CUB coming."

Slykhouse Jr, George J. 591/C

147 El Centro Boulevard SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49506

Harold Kuizema, 589/B sent the clipping from the Grand Rapids paper. He and George were the only 106th Assoc vets in Grand Rapids. The news article states, in part "Known by friends and family as a loving man and a dedicated local leader, George Slykhouse died from skin cancer." His wife Joyce said, "He always had a smile, He just loved life and wanted to do everything. In 1976 he founded the *Economic Club* which he modeled after the one in Detroit, to bring together area business people and improve the local economy. This forum, which started out as a little dream of his about 30 years ago, now has close to 1,000 members," said Ginny Seyferth, who serves as chairwoman of the club. Mr. Slykhouse will be awarded posthumously the club's first ever Lifetime Achievement Award for his work." Besides founding the Economic Club, he worked with many local law firms, including Miller, Johnson, Snell & Cummiskey. He served as president of the Grand Rapids Bar Association in 1969.

A graduate of the University of Michigan and its law school, he received two other awards for his work and his efforts to raise money for the University. "He had his finger prints on a lot of stuff around here, said Behler-Young Co. Chairman Dick Young, a friend and business partner of George. He had a vision for a lot of things and really made a lot of things happen." In addition to his wife, he is survived by two daughters and their husbands, Lynne and Christopher Kochmanski, and Susan and William Kovats; five grandchildren and a sister, Eleanor Gordon.

Slattery, Robert 589/HQ

1523 West US HWY 2, Crystal Falls, MI 49920-9633

Hugh Fisher, 589th Medic, Headquarters Battery, 589th FAB wrote to Sherod Collins: , "For your info Robert (Sparky) Slattery was Colonel Kelly's (589th CO) driver. He passed away in June 1999 in a nursing home. A few years back in a "CUB" story, the Colonel mentioned his faithful driver. I contacted the Colonel and gave him a run down on his driver. The Colonel wrote a great letter to "Sparky" telling him he was the best damn driver in the 106th - that made Sparky's Day. Sparky was taken POW on 19 December 1944 and held in Stalag 4B, Muhlberg, Germany.

Velasquez, Armando 424/K

8300 Wyoming NE #2114, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Date of death 29 May 2000. I have no official notice other than a phone call. Armando was a prime mover in the Mini-Reunions in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Last year he developed a brain tumor which led to his death. To the best of my knowledge he is survived by Margaret, his wife. The veterans of the New Mexico area will miss him dearly.

Rest in Peace

The 1999 Official St. Louis Visitors Guide

St. LOUIS



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**See You in St Louis September 7-11, 2000
At the 54th Annual
106th Infantry Division Association
Reunion**

(Reprint from the St Louis Visitor's Guide)