

THE ARDENNES * THE RHINELAND * CENTRAL EUROPE

The UB

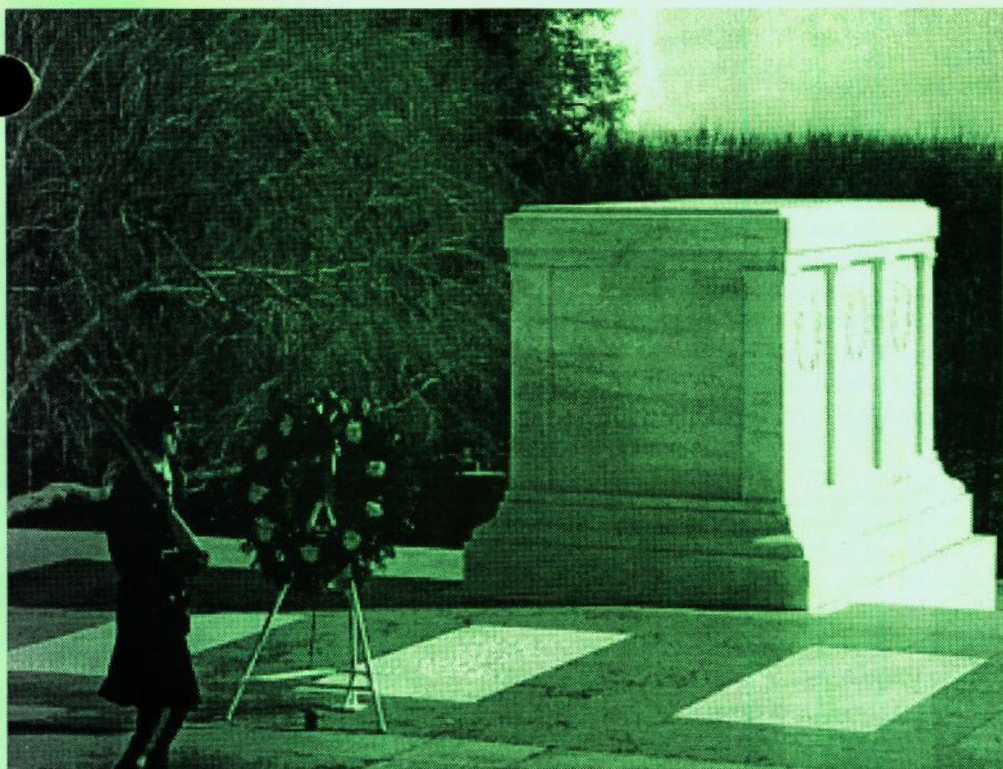
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Tomb of the Unknown Soldier - Arlington National Cemetery

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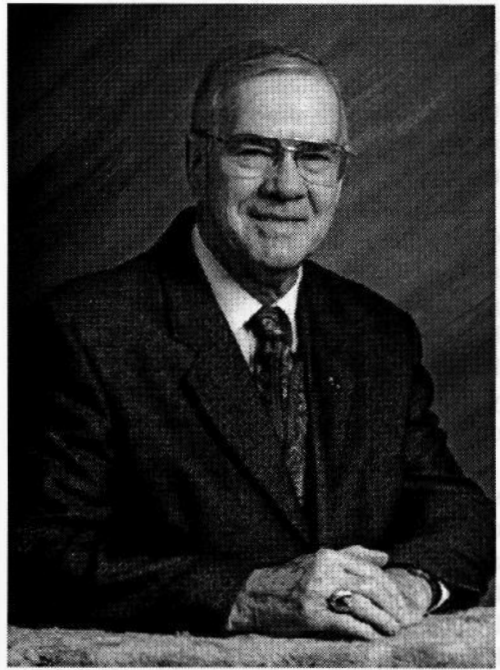
By now, all of you should have received in mail, your information and registration materials to enroll for our 55th Annual Reunion. I hope that each of you have made a positive decision to attend this reunion which will put us in our Nation's Capitol area for the first time. In the past years, reunions have been held in Baltimore, Annapolis and even in smallish Frederick, Maryland. This year, we will be quartered in a beautiful, large Marriott Hotel inside the Capitol Beltway, west of the District of Columbia. You will enjoy your stay!

Before starting to fill out your Registration Form, please read the material provided for tour descriptions and the daily program.

The events that are planned were arranged to give each person the best possible use of the time available. We have tried to arrange the tours to allow those of you who have limitations on your mobility, an opportunity to see as much of our Nation's Capitol as possible. For those who do not have those limitations, you will be able to get off your bus in various locations. On the program sheets we have included a Note to describe the type of walking required. Regardless of your handicap or your limitations, we will do everything that we can to assist you. So, choose the activity that suits your taste and limitations.

Most of us attend the annual reunions because of an intense desire to once again spend time with fellow "Golden Lions" with whom we now have an extended relationship for some fifty-eight years now. To allow us to have time getting together and discussing our family's adventures since we last met, or once again discussing those strange adventures that took place "back then." The Marriott has provided us with a beautiful lounge room set off from the meeting rooms. Here you can have refreshment and relax with those with whom you have this long-standing relationship. Some of us have even made it a habit to bring unit guidons as a memento of pride for that unit.

To allow those who arrive early and want to do something right away, we have made arrangements for a visit to Mount Vernon, that beautiful estate of our first president, George Washington. Those of you who are American History bugs will be able to stand on the



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veranda of this beautiful home and visualize the historical events of our Nation and its early beginnings. Walk through the home and get the feelings that this great man generated for all of us. It does require some walking and if you care to see the second floor of this beautiful home, you will have to climb some stairs. Don't let that prevent you from browsing around and get the feelings that will flow through your body as you see the beautiful furnishings which have been provided. The first time that I visited this generated a desire to visit it again and again.

There are TWO city tours provided for Friday, September 7th. The first takes a number of stops, so you may get off the bus and walk around a bit. Then stopping at Lincoln Memorial for one of the most memorable visits, then walking on over to the Vietnam Memorial and the Korean Memorial. Those with sons or relatives lost in the Vietnam War will want to find the listing of that individual carved into the wall.

President's View . . .

Many like to get "rubblings" to keep as a memento. Some of us who also participated in the Korean "Conflict" will find the Memorial to be very realistic and inspiring. A visit to the nearby site of the World War II Memorial is in the trip.

Because many of you visiting our Nation's Capitol for the first time, I asked that a stop be made at the National Archives Building. By going inside of this beautiful building, built to house our Declaration of Independence, our Bill of Rights and our original Constitution, you will see the original documents for which our forefathers gave so much.

The second listed City Tour will provide somewhat the same visits, except they will be drive-bys. You won't have to make a lot of offs and ons. Up and down each side of the Mall, from the Lincoln Memorial to our Capitol Building and Supreme Court Building and Library of Congress. Yes, and a drive around the White House. Sorry we couldn't pull off a visit inside. You will make a stop at the National Air and Space Museum. Here you will unload and spend time visiting this wonderful collection dedicated to air and space. For those of you who wish, you can walk next door and visit America's "Attic," The Smithsonian Museum. To allow you more casual time, you can eat lunch at your leisure in the beautiful dining room of the Air and Space Museum. They always have a wonderful variety and selection.

Saturday evening will see those of you who enjoy dinner and entertainment aboard the *Spirit of Washington*. Yes, a bit expensive, but a cruise up and down the Potomac River, a wonderful dinner, entertainment and dancing for those who can still move the feet to wonderful 40's dance music. You'll board your bus at the hotel and be driven to the Port of Alexandria. On the way you will see some of the sights, and while on board the *Spirit of Washington*, as the lights come on, you will view Washington's Monument, Jefferson Memorial, General's Row at Fort McNair, and oh yes, the renamed airport, Ronald Reagan National Airport. Maybe Mary will turn the lights on at Mount Vernon.

On Sunday morning we all will board

busses to motor over to Fort Meyer and Arlington National Cemetery. There we will witness the Changing of The Guard at the Tomb of The Unknown. The guards are all members of our Army's Third Regiment. This is the oldest continuous army unit. I'm sure that those of you, who were with our division at the time, will remember that The Third was attached to the 106th for a few months in 1945. Following the changing of the guard, we will have our laying of a wreath at The Tomb.

There are rigid and specific rules of conduct for all of us at The Tomb and we'll review those before leaving our hotel. I have asked Colonel Alan Jones to assist in presenting the wreath. Then we will move into The Memorial Amphitheater for our Memorial Services presented by our Chaplain, Dr. Duncan Trueman. Following that we all will bus to Pentagon City Mall where there are several nice restaurants where we can enjoy lunch.

I neglected to tell you earlier that Friday evening after returning from the City Tours, we will all SIT DOWN to a nice dinner meal followed by something a bit different from our usual "Reception Night" affair. A fabulous group who will have you laughing and clapping will entertain you. If those of you at the St. Louis reunion enjoyed the Colonial Fife and Drum Corps and the Young Ladies Drill Team wait until you see this group.

I have asked the members of our Board of Directors and Officers to serve as a "Welcoming Committee" to meet you at the Registration Table. Those of you attending for the first time, or those of you returning again, if you have questions or need some assistance of some kind, please discuss it with these members of the board.

ONE FINAL REMINDER on the Registration Form (**the BLUE SHEET**), about two inches from the bottom, we have put in a line which asks about Disability and or Dietary Restrictions.

Please, if you do have either or both of these be sure enter the information so that our AFR Coordinator, Donna Lee will know.

Then when you arrive at the hotel and approach the Registration Desk, please ask to speak with our AFR Coordinator.

President's View . . .

If it's dietary restrictions she can work with the hotel chef to help you.

If it's a physical problem, we will do our best to be of assistance in helping you to enjoy your reunion.

I urge all of you to make your hotel reservations right away, if you haven't already done so. If you want to arrive early or stay after the reunion has ended, you had better get reservations made. The number of rooms before and after are very limited.

The rooms in this hotel ordinarily are at \$237.00 per night.

This year, the Registration Fee is somewhat higher than previous years.

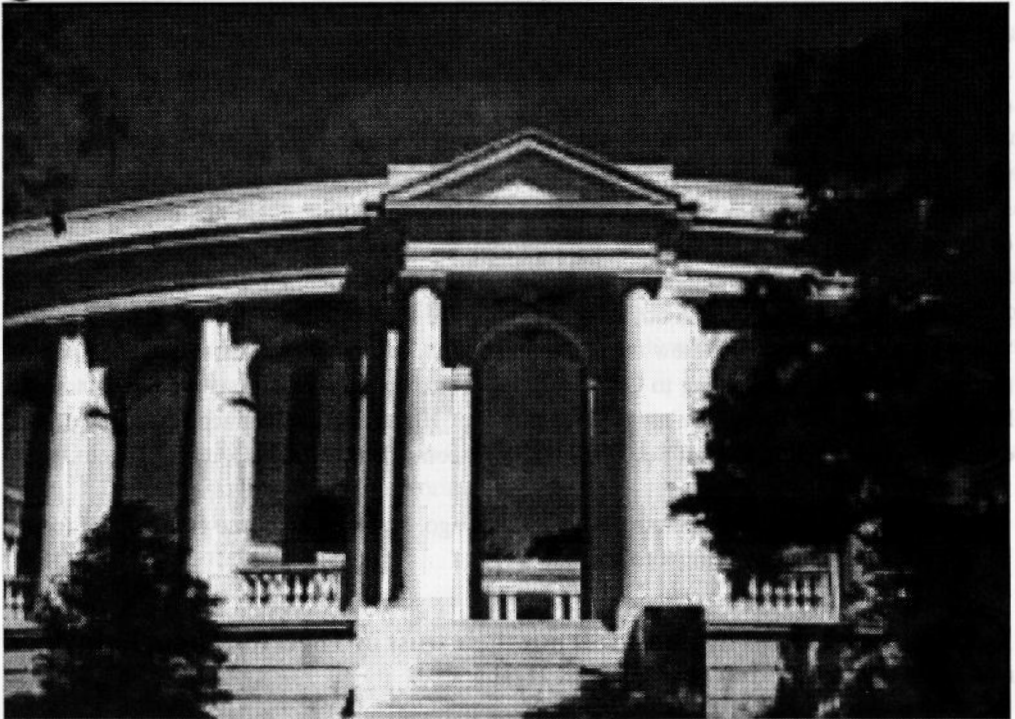
Back in November, when I attended the World War II Ground Breaking Ceremony, I stayed at this same Marriott Hotel to see what was available to us for our reunion. I found that all things are somewhat higher in price than they were in my town or even in St. Louis last fall. I had dinner in the hotel dining room and read the menu, and enjoyed a nice meal.

As a result of that visit, when I discussed meals and activity with Donna Lee, our coordinator, I asked her to get the best meals

possible for the most reasonable prices.

The hotel is located in what one might call a private park. Without personal transportation, outside restaurants are difficult to reach. Even with transportation, unless you know your way around, they are a bit difficult to find. Your Registration Fee will include breakfast every morning, starting with Friday. You can have a convenient breakfast and not have to rush to be on your bus for those tours you intend to take. Dinner on Friday evening at our Reception Night will be a sit down meal, followed by wonderful entertainment. You will enjoy it. Likewise, dinner the night of our Banquet is included. Be sure to specify your type of meal. Lunch for the Men's Business Lunch as well as the Ladies Luncheon is also included. The only meals that you will be paying separately are those meals when going out of the hotel on a tour bus. In most cases, arrangements have been made to put you close to places to eat.

If you have questions regarding our Reunion at our Nation's Capitol, you may contact me by calling my home telephone number, 618-377-3674. My FAX number is the same and my e-mail address is raybugleboy24@aol.com



The Amphitheater, Arlington National Cemetery

Chaplain's Message . . .



Chaplain

Dr. Duncan Trueman, 424/AT
29 Overhill Lane, Warwick NY 10990
TEL: 845-986-6376
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Author Harold Coyle, writing about another battle, could have been writing about the *Battle of the Bulge* or any battle at all. Here, slightly edited, are his observations:

"With their weapons ready, the men prepared mentally for their coming ordeal, each in his own way. Most said a prayer. Many had forgotten how to do so. But war had been a humbling experience, stripping men of their smug pretenses. The awesome spectacle of war and ever present death brought each man face to face with himself - many for the first time in their lives.

Most felt they lacked something; they felt an emptiness. Along the line, men found comfort in beliefs long dormant. In the shadow of death, amidst the violence of a coming attack, simple, heartfelt prayers were what completed a soldier's preparation for battle."

Would you say that is an accurate description of what the author calls mental preparation

for coming battles ? I don't doubt that it is. Perhaps men of the 424th can find the question easier to answer, having participated in prolonged battle. Yet, I suspect that something very similar could be written about POW's as they prepared their minds each day for their struggle for existence.

The important thing to remember today is that even those who had forgotten how to pray, or who sensed a spiritual emptiness, or who were unsure of their confidence, or those whose beliefs were long dormant . . . they all found strength and hope and courage as they lifted prayers to the God who perhaps they scarcely knew.

It is because, even if we do not know God, we are known to God. God said to Jeremiah, "Before I formed thee . . . I knew thee." Jeremiah was not a rebel or a disbeliever, but he was mighty timid about responding to God's call. But even the most rebellious among us are still known to God - and loved. We are still recipients of His strength and grace when, in spite of doubts, we turn to Him. Even if desperation is what compels us, God responds.

So . . . remember those desperate prayers of long ago. Let them reinforce your faith of today. If it is dormant, it may bring it to life.

"They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee: for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee." (Psalm 9:10)

An added Memorial Day Message from your Chaplain:

Each Memorial Day, we Americans take time to recall the sacrifices made by our vets, and honor them as heroes. Unfortunately, it seems that as each year passes, fewer of the vets from our generation are able to mark the day with parades and assembly. And as we move away in time, fewer of our citizens have any idea of the magnitude of death, horror and suffering generated by World War II. It becomes just an incident in history.

But we know. We remember. And we still suffer the pain. Today's generation have no idea of the way their life would be today if we had not fought the good fight. On July 11, 1941, Adolf Hitler was quoted as follows:

"When Rational Socialism has ruled long enough, it will no longer be possible to conceive of a form of life different from ours."

What a bleak, despotic world our children and grandchildren would have been living in. But Hitler's National Socialism did not prevail. My view of history informs me that although evil takes hold from time to time, ultimately evil is always defeated. It may wreak havoc for a while, but God is in control, and ultimately God's people of faith and goodwill rise up in God's strength to undo the Hitlers of this world. It sounds simplistic, but men of greater stature than I adhere to it.

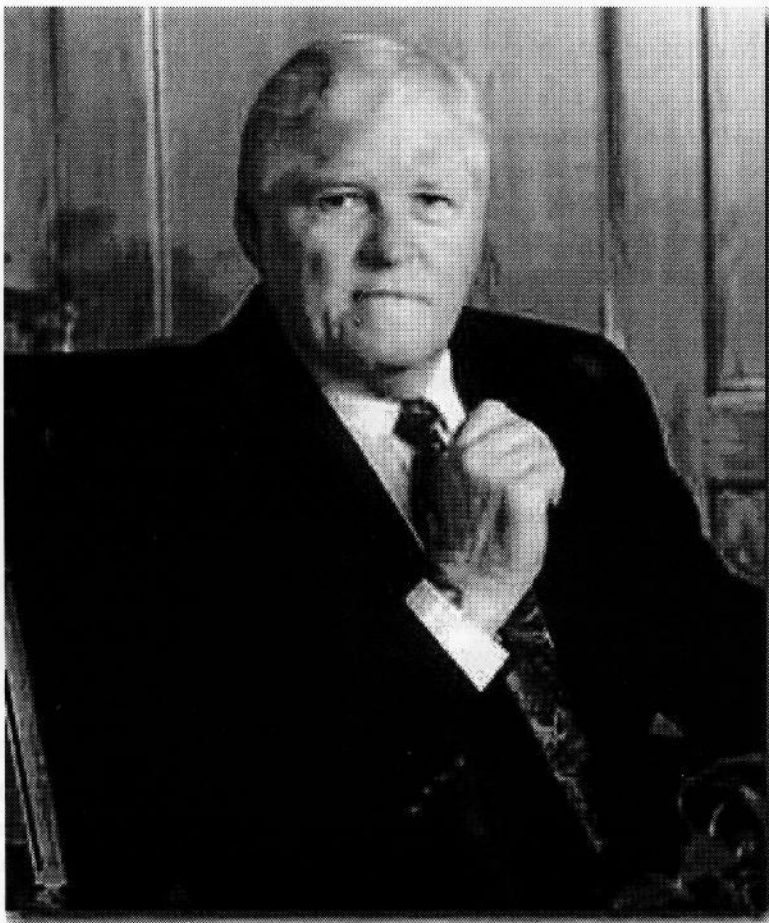
The "sacrifice principle" so inherent in religion, comes into play in world affairs also. It was General Douglas MacArthur who said, "The soldier, above all others is required to practice the greatest religious principle ever known. . . sacrifice !" The very nature of the soldier's role requires a commitment to sacrifice - absolutely requires it. What other occupation necessitates such a commitment? Few indeed. The soldier should be one of the most honoured persons in our history.

It's sad that this truth escapes so many in this generation. Military people are not lovers of war; they hate it, for they are the ones who are sure to pay its price. But the truth does not escape us. You and I have witnessed so many acts of self-giving that they are burned into our memory.

So on Memorial Day we will continue to march as long as we are able. And we'll gather at Arlington in September to remember. And we'll choke-up a little when names are read and Taps is played. And we'll thank God for the years of life we've lived that once we did not expect to live, and for the sacrifices made by those who did not live.

And maybe some who see us will wonder at the tear that forms. But we'll thank God that our kids did not have to live in Hitler's world.

Dr. Duncan Trueman



Lee Berwick, S-3, 3rd Battalion, 424th Combat Infantry Regiment

Wartime comrades try to get recognition for Lee Berwick for his exploits in World War II

By **GEORGE MORRIS**, staff writer
The Advocate - Baton Rouge, La
(Dateline 9 April 2001)

(Note: Captain Lee Berwick was the Operations Officer of the 3rd Battalion (S-3), 424th Combat Infantry Regiment. He later was promoted to Major. Italicized words in parenthesis, like this, are for clarification. Apologies for the photos, it was the best we could do, not having the originals. J Kline, CUB editor)

For every breath he has taken in the past 56 years, Dale Carver (*A&P Platoon Leader, Headquarters, 424th Combat Infantry Regiment*) thanks Lee Berwick. Now, Carver and others are trying to make their gratitude more tangible.

Carver, a longtime Baton Rouge resident, and a handful of wartime comrades are trying to get Berwick recognized for his exploits on December 16, 1944, the day the *Battle of the Bulge* began in World War II.

As far as they are concerned, Berwick's competence, initiative and courage prevented an entire battalion's annihilation or, at the very least, capture.

"There are a lot of people alive today that don't know they owe it to him," said Grayson Bishop of Falls Church, VA, who began the effort to recognize Berwick late last year.

Honoring a great soldier . . .

"He was just the best damned officer I ever ran into," Carver said. "He saved my ass, there's not a question; on Dec. 16." On that fateful day, the U.S. and British armies had pushed Germany's military across France and Belgium to roughly the German border. The U.S. 106th Infantry Division was part of an 80-mile front line in the Ardennes Forest. Because of its terrain and poor road network, it was, considered the least likely place for a counterattack and was lightly defended.

Counting on that element of surprise, Germany massed an enormous hidden force at this weak point. Following a half-hour artillery bombardment, those forces struck at 6 a.m.

The 106th Division was made up of three regiments, the 422nd, 423rd and 424th. Berwick was a captain in the 3rd Battalion of the 424th. Of the battalion's three infantry companies, K Company and L Company had front-line positions. I Company was in reserve.

When the artillery stopped, "L" Company's soldiers left their bunkers and manned foxholes that overlooked an open area through which the German soldiers came, said Bishop, who compiled his information from the company's official history and his own research.

At about 8:30 a.m., roughly an hour after daylight, Col. Charles Girand, the battalion commander, received a call. "L" Company's commander said his command post was being overrun and that he was cutting the telephone line before the Germans could use it.

Berwick said Girand told him to take a platoon and reestablish the telephone line. Berwick left, but took all of the company's platoons.

"I think Berwick recognized right to begin with how big that was," Carver said. "Anybody up at the line should have recognized it. You don't open up with every damn gun you've got on an 80-mile front for a spoiling attack. It was big, and Berwick recognized it."

Berwick said his force hadn't gone far before they captured two German officers and three enlisted men and sent them to the rear. They found another group of five soldiers and killed them. Knowing there had to be more in the area, Berwick sent two scouts to the bottom of a hill covered with young evergreen trees. The scouts reported the area was "alive

with Germans," Berwick said. "I ordered the platoon with me, to fix bayonets, and we'd go in with marching fire" Berwick said. "The Germans had no field of fire. They'd have to stand up to see... we acted very aggressively. We just moved up the hill. It was a pitched battle."

Berwick's force so overwhelmed the Germans he had to struggle to get his men to stop shooting. The Germans wanted to surrender but wouldn't while the bullets flew. When the guns went silent, Berwick said about 80 Germans surrendered. He doesn't know how many were killed.

That enemy force apparently had slipped undetected around "L" Company's left flank and had gotten behind its 2nd and 3rd Platoons. Already fighting a pitched battle against superior numbers in front of them, "L" Company had no idea of the danger to its rear, said Bishop, who saw Berwick and his men pass behind him.

"We couldn't have handled that," Bishop said. "The whole damn battalion would have been gone."

Berwick's force also relieved the 1st Platoon, which was surrounded, and fortified it with one of "I" Company's platoons. He then continued on to the Belgian town of Heckuscheid. Berwick drew fire as he approached a large building. He positioned his 30 men to attack and saw someone wave a white flag.

"I got brave enough to go straight toward him," Berwick said. "When I got to the door, I had no idea what was in the house. I could see it was full of Germans." Berwick convinced them he commanded a large force, and 107 Germans surrendered. A search of the building turned up 17 Americans who had been captured earlier in the day.

For this last exploit, Colonel Girand recommended Berwick for the "Silver Star" for gallantry in action. He received it, but others in 3rd Battalion think the colonel missed the point. Girand either didn't know or didn't realize the significance of what had happened earlier in the day, Bishop said.

"Completely, totally inadequate for what he did," Carver said. "Hell, I got a Silver Star. I didn't do anything." (*While Dale Carver, I&R Platoon Commander, makes light of his Silver Star award, it was for gallantry in face of the enemy. He and his men, under German fire, removed mines from an important bridge.*)

Honoring a great soldier . . .

"Capturing the 107 Germans was probably the least important thing he did that day," Bishop said. "He showed bravery. He had to be audacious. He had to be competent. I can't imagine anyone else doing what he did."

Berwick's efforts helped keep the 424th Regiment intact during the chaotic early days of the Bulge. The 422nd and 423rd Regiments both surrendered, but the 424th at Berwick's urging, stayed in the fight and slowed the German advance, Bishop said.

Why were Berwick's exploits incompletely recognized? Much of "I" Company was later wiped out in an ambush.

Although Bishop had seen Berwick the day the battle began, he didn't learn what had happened until attending a military reunion in 1999.

Bishop documented what happened from other soldiers and in "L" Company's written history, and he revisited the battle site last year.

"We even found live rounds, .30 caliber ammo, from our foxholes," Bishop said.

Last year, Bishop decided to try to get Berwick's Silver Star upgraded to the Distinguished Service Cross. When Maj. Gen. H. Steven Blum, commander of the 29th Infantry

Division, spoke to a reunion in December, Bishop explained what had happened. "General Blum seemed very impressed and said he'd see if he could expedite getting the man commended," Bishop said.

Maj. Drew Sullins, the general's spokesman, said Blum forwarded the material Bishop provided with a note of his own to Sen. John Breaux, Louisiana. Liz Golden in Breaux's press office said Breaux had received the information and forwarded it. According to Sullins, any decision will be made by an Army review board.

"It's a very tough process," Sullins said.

Berwick's friends are concerned that time is short. Berwick, the founder of Delta Downs race-track in Vinton and a former LSU assistant professor in animal science, has been receiving chemotherapy treatments for leukemia.

"This is a tremendous, completely true story that never has been told, but, by God, it ought to be," Bishop said.

(Note: Lee Berwick died on 26 April, 2001. His death is listed in this CUB magazine. Dale Carver told me that Lee was aware of the attempt to gain the DSC, and was also aware of this story, above . . . J.K.)



Captain Lee Berwick, 1944-45

Testimonial

by Dale Carver,

former Platoon Leader, A&P Platoon,
Headquarters, 3rd Battalion, 424th
Combat Infantry Regiment.

John, Senator Breaux's office assured me that Berwick would get the DSC, and authorized me to tell him the story, before he died. Fortunately Berwick was able to read the newspaper article that was published in the Baton Rouge, Louisiana newspaper, *The Advocate*.

Lee was thrilled when he saw the story.

Testimonial 20 April 2001

Lee Berwick, an American hero and native son a Louisiana, has been sent home to die. The United States owns him a great debt before he passes and taps is played it is the general consensus of those who served under him during the *Battle of the Bulge* that he deserves at least the Distinguished Service Cross. The U.S. Army is delaying his case. I'm asking the Army to right this wrong before it is too late.

When the Bulge started, Berwick was a 23-year-old Captain in Headquarters Company of 3rd Battalion of the 424th Infantry Regiment 106th Infantry Division, he was the S-3, Plans and Operations officer. I was in the Headquarters Company with him as a Second Lieutenant Platoon Leader.

When first faced with combat the Battalion Commander and our Executive Officer were not competent. Berwick, as Operations Officer, filled the void in leadership.

Grayson Bishop, then a PFC Browning Automatic Riflemen and later the recipient of a battlefield commission, and I wrote and fully documented Berwick's action on 16 Dec. 1944, requesting that the Silver Star be upgraded to the DSC (Distinguished Service Cross). This request was turned down by the Army.

Col. Reid, the CO of the 424th Infantry managed to get us off a ridge, overlooking the Siegfried Line and we retreated to the small village of Bracht, Belgium. The first night there Berwick told me to blow a Bailey bridge, erected and mined by our engineers. The bridge was over the Our River had been used the night before by elements of the 424th Infantry Regiment in their retreat. I managed to do it in spite

of not having a detonator for the electrical caps used. Later I asked Berwick if he had orders from above or at least permission to blow the bridge. He answered, "Negative but said, It needed to be done."

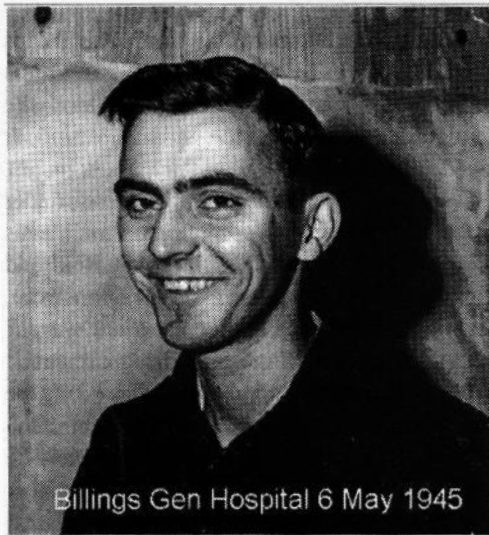
We were in Bracht until Dec. 22nd, under mortar, rocket (Nebelwerfer) and small arms fire. On the night of the 21st, Col. Reid and Berwick, in the presence of Ed Linnstrom, Berwick's Operation Sergeant, "had words" (Berwick's description of the disagreement).

Berwick told Col. Reid that he was taking the 3rd Battalion to the rear of the next morning. Col. Reid threatened to court-martial Berwick if he retreated. (One should keep in mind that the other two regiments of the 106th had surrendered and communication with what was left of the Division was "iffy.") Berwick said words to the effect that if he didn't come with him, he'd be dead and could not court-martial anyone.

Early the next morning the entire 424th Infantry pulled out. It was on this day that the entire defense of the little town of St. Vith was abandoned and many units joined the mass exodus.

Ed Linnstrom is still alive and has agreed to "try to tell" his story to Sen. Breaux's office in Lafayette

I remember that retreat from Bracht well. I walked from daylight to late afternoon, the column halted and we walked back to the way from which we had come to the town of Braunlauf. We were ordered (by whom?) to provide infantry protection to a tank unit. But the tanks pulled out of left us. It was not long before word came from Berwick "we are hauling ass." We left town harassed by mortar and small arms fire. It was touch and go. If we had delayed an hour or so we would have been stopped and cut to pieces by artillery. I remember passing through the line held by the 82nd Airborne Division near Vielsalm, Belgium. I then dropped down by the side of the road. I had a fever and an ambulance picked me up and I was taken to a field hospital. So I missed the next week or so of action. But Berwick, who has saved the battalion for the third time was in an attack on the German-held town of Manhay. That was on the day after Christmas. I have quoted him many times. **"He who fights and runs away lives to find another day."**««»»



Billings Gen Hospital 6 May 1945

Editor's Report

John Kline, 423/M

See inside front cover for mail address.

Your editor, age 20. A *Indianapolis Star Tribune* photo, May 6, 1945, one day after landing in the USA. Liberated on Friday 13th April 1945, flown to Billings General Hospital, Indianapolis after spending some time in the 108th Evacuation Hospital, now called MASH units, then in the 194th General Hospital in Paris, France. I had gained about 15 pounds since the day of liberation when I weighed a mere 120 pounds. It didn't take long to gain back my weight of 170 pounds, with that good old Indiana cooking and all the ration tickets that the Ration Board gave an ex-POW returning from overseas.

As I look back I wonder how I managed, along with many others, to withstand the terrible conditions of the POW Camps, and the 500 plus miles that I walked as a POW. Thanks to S/Sgt George Crouthamel (deceased) my machine gun section leader. We did it together.

I am sure we were not walking alone. Somebody was helping us.

As usual there is more input from you members that I can possibly use. It puts a lot of personal pressure on me, because you all deserve to have your information printed. I hope you realize that in a publication of this size that it would take forever to print "everything."

Thanks for all your input.

John Kline, CUB editor

Passing on your Personal History

The Allen County Public Library, Historical Genealogy Department is embarking on a special collection development initiative. This nationally acclaimed genealogy department located in Fort Wayne, Indiana houses one of the largest genealogy collections in the nation. We are looking to increase our holdings of memorabilia relating to the armed forces, the wars, and the personal histories of those individuals involved in the military.

To this mission, the library is looking for materials such as diaries, personal narratives, roster lists, regimental histories, or other materials that are of a historical or genealogical nature. Both current and historical materials are sought.

More and more researchers are searching for 20th century genealogical resources. As such, the library is looking to document this time period. Additionally if you have materials from earlier time periods, a published family history, a personal reminisces, or other materials, please consider donating those. We understand that this material can be personally valuable. If a direct donation of sources is not available the library can make arrangements with you to photocopy your information.

Books that come to our collection have a permanent home. We do not discard materials once they are acquired. Our collection goal is to have as many sources from as many geographic locations and organizations as possible. We would like your personal history, your past to be represented as a part of our renowned collection.

If you are unsure about any volume, send an email, letter, or call the librarian responsible for this special collection development initiative, Susan D. Kaufman, who will be pleased to consult with you. If you have a large number of volumes, let us know and we can discuss shipping.

Email Susan at skaufman@acpl.lib.in.us, or write to the Allen County Public Library, PO Box 2270, Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270, or telephone 219-4211225.

An OnLine Public Access Catalog is at: <http://www.acpl.lib.in.us>

World War II Memorial Report . . .

As you may have read in your newspaper or heard on the TV, the National Capital Planning Commission (NCPC), one of several commissions/committees involved in approving the national World War II Memorial, surprised both opponents and proponents of the existing plan by voting unanimously to reopen the questions of both the location and the design of the Memorial.

The Commission requested the National Park Service to build a mock-up of the current design on the site to enable the members and others to evaluate the claims of opponents that the Memorial would interfere with the sight-lines between the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial and otherwise disturb the aesthetics of the Mall. This will take a few months (and a few million \$) to accomplish.

Perhaps the members of our Association when they are in DC for the annual reunion this September, will be able to view the mock-up rather than the empty site as we expected.

Meanwhile, the Commission plans to hold a full day of new public hearings June 13. Sponsors of the present site and design, principally the American Battle Monuments Commission, will be limited in the time allowed for their presentation to ensure that opponents have adequate opportunity to vent their views. The following day, June 14, will be dedicated to internal discussion by members and staff of the NCPC, culminating in fresh votes on the issues.

When we last visited this subject, in connection with the "ground breaking" at the site last Veterans Day (when officials and VIPs stuck their ceremonial spades into a mound of earth dumped there for the purpose, rather than actually breaking ground on the disputed site), opponents had brought suit in the courts to block construction, alleging various irregularities by the different bodies involved (lack of adequate or timely public notice, failure to follow procurement procedures, etc.)

Lawyers for the opponents learned and brought to the court's attention that the term of office of the Chairman of the NCPC had expired before he voted with the majority last year to approve site and design.

He had not been extended or replaced. When this "oversight" was revealed, he promptly resigned.

The Commission now has a new Chair and several new members who appear determined to start over and give everyone a chance to speak their piece.

Jack Sulser

Washington Liaison Officer

Chicken Soup for the Veteran's Soul

Pete Peterson, 423/HQ wrote about a new book:

It is the newest volume in the "*Chicken Soup for the Soul*," series. There's "*Chicken Soup*" for teens, mothers, fathers, families, pet lovers etc. They are popular with the reading public, sell a lot of copies, and make great gifts. Guess the co-editors figured it's time they cooked up some chicken soup for veterans. *Chicken Soup for the Veteran's Soul* will be in bookstores throughout the country on May 15.

The publisher's price is \$12.95, but bet it can be purchased at less than that in the "right" bookstore.

The Chicken Soup series is written by individuals who have a dramatic, inspiring, humorous or all three-in-one story to tell. Think it'll be hard to beat subsequent "*Chicken Soup*" books for drama, humor, and inspiration after one written by veterans.

More than a year ago I found a notice in one of the vet magazines, tore it out, finally got around to writing my story and sent it in.

Didn't hear anything 'til the other day when I received a letter telling me my story was accepted.

Kinda exciting, not to mention, surprising.
Pete Peterson

From John O. Gilliland Chairman Order of the Golden Lion and furnisher of all those delightful trinkets at our Annual Reunion.

He, during my phone call to him, told me to inform the "troops" that he has a lot of trinkets, memorabilia and goodies which will be displayed and sold during the 55th Annual Reunion. Looking forward to seeing you John...

CORRECTIONS to FEB CUB

SEE NEW MEMBER COLUMN: Check the corrections on the **HANNIFORD's** and on **Calvin WRIGHT stories**, sorry for the errors gentlemen. J Kline, editor

From Rev Ewell Black Jr.

In the February CUB

Page 6 **Donations**. Ewell Black wrote saying, that his \$50 donation was supposed to be \$25 in memory of **Colonel Joseph Matthews** and \$25 in memory of **Pete House**.

See page 17 February CUB

Ed Lis, "A" Battery, 592nd Field Artillery Battalion, say that he is the 2nd artilleryman from the left and **Hannsberry** was the next man to his left. Thanks Ed... J Kline, editor

Memorial Day . . . and a few tacked to phone poles.

A third of the 350 homes were flying the "Flag" after that neighborhood campaign, says Bob Baron, 422/K, in a letter he sent last year.

He says, "On the 4th of July last year, in our effort to get the American Flag flying, we contacted our neighbors. All it took was asking a few neighbors to contact the rest of the neighborhood. Flyers were dropped off at each house with a few scattered around on phone poles.

We feel that it was a success. It would seem that the three holidays (Memorial Day, 4th of July and Veteran's Day) should at least appear to mean more than just another "Day Off."

Thanks Bob, hope some of our members pick up on your good deed.

J Kline, editor

Donations Since Last CUB

Col (US Ret)

<i>Thomas M. Barrick (424/I</i>	<i>100</i>
<i>Arthur K. Hanke 106th MP</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>Donald H. Head 423/G</i>	<i>100</i>
<i>Henry Fishburn Associate</i>	<i>321</i>

Thanks to you all. Donations are placed in the operating fund to help offset CUB expenses. Your generosity is appreciated.

Mr. Henry Fishburn (above), Associate Member, wrote the following letter to our Treasurer, Sherod Collins:

Dear Mr. Collins,

The enclosed \$321 is a donation in appreciation for the old CUB Magazines, including shipping costs, that Mr. John P. Kline sent me earlier this month.

I really appreciate being able to read about the men who served in the 106th Infantry Division with my Uncle, John Reed Fishburn. He was in the 423rd Infantry Regiment and traveled many, many miles in the POW column with Mr. Kline. Their recorded itinerary were almost the same and also each of them spent time in that old brick factory in Duderstad, Germany during their march of over 400 miles.

Henry R. Fishburn

3879 Briarwood Dr SE

Port Orchard, WA 98366

Memorial Announcements

I am often asked to list the deaths of Widows and Associate members in the "**Memorial Section**" of this CUB magazine.

Traditionally, the Association has judged that this section has been reserved for full members (veterans) of the 106th Infantry Division Association.

While it may seem to not be fair to a surviving veteran or Associate member, to change this practice at this late date would not set well with those that have made these same requests in the past.

If any of you have feelings about this decision, which was made back in eternity, voice your thoughts to the Association Board. I do not make such a decision.

John Kline, editor

Stress and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

A first in a series about Stress and combat soldiers to be published in the CUB Magazine by **Dr. Richard Peterson, Ph.D., MBA**

In some circles today, "stress" is as common as "latte" in a Starbucks coffeehouse. The disorder and the term were determined in the late 1940's by a Canadian, Dr. Selye. So we who lived through World War II never knew we were suffering from stress. I for one thought my reaction to military life arose from dealing with a particularly obnoxious platoon sergeant and company commander.

We know now that stress will cause physical problems. Dr. Reah, USN, studied 2500 young sailors and marines to determine the result of continuing stress. He determined how "life events" such as getting married, moving into a new home, borrowing money, changing occupations, celebrating holidays, and other events build up stress that can cause physical problems. To each of these events, he assigned a point value. He proved that when a person accumulated enough points, physical illness would follow.

Reah's study was done in peacetime. No one has replicated his work with combat veterans. We do know that men who have been in armed combat, combat medics, and those who became prisoners of war, have a higher incidence of Post Traumatic Stress than those who have not been in such situations. Post Traumatic Stress arrives months, even years after the traumatic and stressful event.

We were trained to do a job in spite of the circumstances. Wounded men were expected to grit their teeth and not complain about the pain of their wounds. I have talked with many combat medics, who had to grit their teeth as well, lest they break down while tending the wounded. We who were not wounded, lived with the concern for our comrades, fear of our enemy and his firepower, combined with the fear that we might not perform as well as we thought we should. We were not cowardly, but lived with the very human reaction when faced with possible dismemberment or death.

When a comrade was killed, instead of joining hands, to cry, to offer words of comfort, we moved on, keeping the feelings bottled up inside of ourselves. When we got into our 40's and 50's, the pain of those times came back to haunt us in the form of nightmares, flashbacks, unwillingness to be with people, and other symptoms of the disorder, Post Traumatic Stress. The traits that allowed us to function after the war came from our strength of character, and acceptance of the situations in which we found ourselves. They also became an innermost enemy and could cause PTSD. (More Next CUB.)

How to Live With PTSD

The Causes and Characteristics of POST TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER

By: Beverly Peterson RN, MSN, Ph.D., and Richard Peterson Ph.D., MBA. Dr. Beverly Peterson is a retired Navy Psychiatric Nurse.

Dr. Richard Peterson, who authored **CHILD WARRIOR**, is a former 106th Infantry Weapons Platoon Sergeant 423/I and was a prisoner of war. Dick, as you know has been very active in our Association. He has served on the Association Board, has been recognized by the French with high honors for his work in connection with research on Stalag IX-A, Ziegenhain (where many of our non-coms were held) the effects of incarceration, and the attendance of several joint meetings - after the war - with the French at the camp location

Both Dick and his wife are psychotherapists who work with clients with PTSD. Post Traumatic Stress Disorder affects combat soldiers, combat medics, prisoners of war, and those who have lived through auto accidents, natural disasters, and other traumas.

This is a book written for people trying to understand what trauma has done to their lives and their families, and to help the counselors who help them in alleviating their agonies.

For members of THE 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION. \$25 Postpaid.

Overseas orders add \$5.00 for postage. **ORDER FROM** Consultants, Incorporated

1285 Rubenstein Avenue
Cardiff by the Sea, CA 92007
760-632-1213

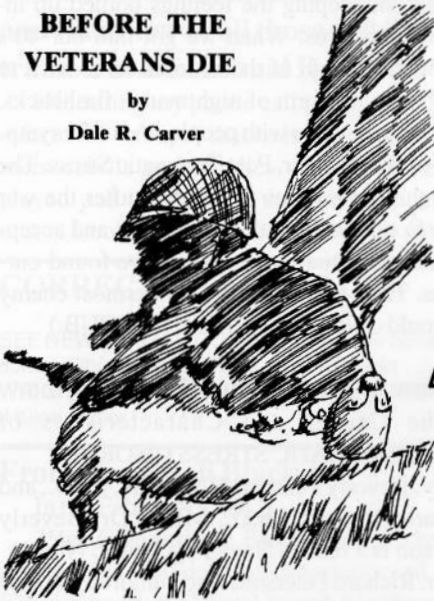
Checks, MC and Visa accepted.

61 pages - \$8 ppd

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

BEFORE THE VETERANS DIE

by
Dale R. Carver

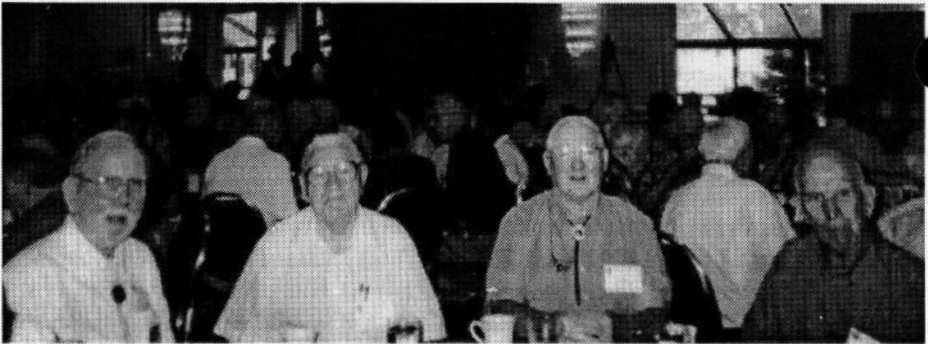


THOUGHTS WHILE SETTING ANTIPERSONNEL MINES

*A P mines are tricky to set:
steady hands are required and skill.
But I take no pride in this devious work
and I sorrow for what it might kill.*

*I set them to fell the plodding man,
not the bounding deer.*

*Would that I knew a way to keep
the innocent far from here.*



A Letter from a Loving Daughter . . .

A testimonial to have Family Members attend Reunions . . .

I've enclosed a photo including my father, Norman Simmons, with three of his fellow 424/D soldier friends. Walter Bridges left, my father with the bolo tie on. The other two I do not know.

I had the pleasure to attend the 106th Infantry Division Reunion in St Louis, last Fall.

Hopefully I will be able to attend the Reunion in Washington D.C. this Fall.

My purpose with this letter is to encourage other family members to attend the reunions.

I will never forget this most unique experience and will be able to pass many of the stories, that were told, down to my children.

Meeting some of the men and women who helped shape this country into what it is today, will always be remembered. Most importantly though, I saw my beloved Father in one more light. Thank you for allowing to have this experience.

Sandra Cassel



Bob Baron, 422/K wrote:

John, here are some photos I promised to send. Last February I meet with my Company Commander, Hank Harmeling. It was a thrill to get together, after 56 years, and we are planning to do the same next year, God Willing.

The meeting was at the Four Seasons Hotel in Carlsbad, California about one hour from my home. Hank is retired and is living in Beverly, Mass.

He is a potter now, specializing in authentic Boston bean pots. He sent me one, and it is a very pretty thing. Well worth keeping in view, not to mention the sentimental attachment.

In the group photo top of page L/R: Bob Baron, wife Lloyd; Hank Harmeling and his wife Pat.

The other photos are from Bob and Lloyd's trip to the Ardennes in th Year 2000.

Left is Madame Marie LeHaire, and Henri-Rogister, Secretary of C.R.I.B.A. at the Hotel Auberge du Carrefour, Parker's Crossroads, Baraque de Fraiture, Belgium.

Right, above: Henri Rogister, left; Nikolaus Werner, a 106th friend at AUW, Germany, with Bob Baron, 422/K on the right.

Bob says, the home of Nikolaus Werner shows in the background. Nikolaus was a young boy, age 14, when the Americans and Germans were fighting near his home. He has helped several of our veterans find their place in the area.

New Members . . .

BAUMGARN, KEVIN ASSOCIATE

714 5TH AVENUE
DEVIL'S LAKE, ND 58301
701-662-9407

I showed Kevin as being in 424/D in the February CUB. He was, in fact, seeking information on his Grandfather Earl Baumgarn, Sr. who was in "D" Company, 424th Infantry Regiment. Anybody with information on his grandfather please, contact Kevin.

Kevin signed on as a LIFE Associate. His wife's name is Betty.

COTTER, GERALD V. ASSOCIATE

15361 SOUTH BLUFF RD.
SOUTH BELOIT, IL 61080

My association is through my Uncle Bernard (Bernie) Killian of "C" Company, 81st Engineers Combat Battalion.

Bernie is well and living in Missouri.

My own military service was slotted between conflicts (46-48 and was in no way dramatic. (Maybe by just being there, we discouraged the "Red Bear" a bit). I served with the 38th Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division.

Editor's Note. Thanks Jerry and also "Thanks for your service to our great country." Kline, Editor.

CREWS, ANGELA ASSOCIATE

29 CUMBERLAND ST
BOSTON, MA 02115-5313
617-247-1751
a13crews@hotmail.com

I am a granddaughter of Brig Gen. Herbert Perrin (deceased) Assistant Division Commander 11/1/1944; Acting Commanding General 12/22/1944 - 2/6/1945

Editor's Note: It has been my pleasure in the last few weeks to correspond with Angela using Email. I have sent her several older CUB magazines, some that refer to her grandfather. If any of you knew General Perrin, please assist Angela by contacting her with your thoughts. She is now one of us, as an Associate member.

Below is a small part of what she wrote, as well, following her comments, an email letter that Milt Schober, 424/F, wrote her. I understand there have been other that contacted her. Following my announcement of her presence on the Internet. J Kline, editor.

Currently I am most interested in finding information about my grandfather, and people who knew him or of him in hopes they have memories/impressions they might care to share.

My phone number is listed above, as well as my email address.

Here is the Email to her from Milt Schober 424/F.

Dear Angela,

A memo received today from John Kline mentions your interest in memories of your grandfather, General Perrin. As a member of F Company, 424th Regiment, I met General Perrin on one day in history, January 15, 1945. I never met him previously and never saw him subsequently. The occasion of the meeting resulted from difficulties my platoon was having in capturing the small Belgian town of Ennal. General Perrin appeared around the time we had moved back from an attack point to consider the problem of a German machine gun position that was restricting our movement. I wrote in detail about this experience in connection with a trip to Europe in 1992; the article appeared in the July, August, September, 1992 issue of the CUB. If you Email your mailing address, I can send you a photocopy.

One thing that stands out in my mind about General Perrin was his absolute calmness under fire. On the occasion of our meeting he had a situation map by use of which he explained to us why capturing Ennal was important. And when we began moving down the main street of Ennal he very casually assigned two men to search one house, another two to search another house, Etc.

Meanwhile Col. Reid, regimental commander, was wounded in Ennal, as was Lt. Marcinkowski and some enlisted men, so danger was present. There was discussion of recommending General Perrin for an award for heroism as a result of the example he set in Ennal, but I don't know what award resulted. Milt Schober 424/F

DRAKE, ROBERT E. ASSOCIATE

15681 E. LAKESHORE DR N.
HOPE, IN 47246
812-546-5116

My father Edwin Earl Drake, ASN 34 166 170 was a member of Battery B, 591st FAB. I would greatly appreciate any information that any of you could share with me about the 591st FAB and the 106th Infantry Division.

New Members . . .

RISCOLL, JOHN M. ASSOCIATE

12106 SE MILL PLAIN BLVD
VANCOUVER, WA 98684-6038

John is the Brother-in-Law of Richard Idstein, 424/C, who writes, "I want to enroll my Brother-in-Law, John Driscoll as an Associate member. He was instrumental in getting me to join, as he "pulled up" the information on the 106th Infantry Division Association from the Internet. Until then I was completely unaware of its existence.

We hope to attend the 55th Annual Reunion in Washington D.C. in September."

Geraldine and Richard (Dick) Idstein

EISENHARD, DANIEL A. 423/HQ 2BN

315 FRIEDENSBURG RD
READING, PA 19606
610-779-1724

EWALT, A. L. 424/H

1109 NORTH ADAMS
FREDERICKSBURG, TX 78624

GRINNELL, KIMBERLY ASSOCIATE

12113 HIDDEN WATERS WAY
CLARKSVILLE, MD 21029
442-535-9101

HAMMONTREE, BOB ASSOCIATE

1612 SYRACUSE DRIVE
RICHARDSON, TX 75801
972-437-1734

HANNIFORD, JOHN D. ASSOCIATE

9 ORCHARD DRIVE
UNCASVILLE, CT 06382-2229
860-848-3143

John is a brother of Patrick Hanniford (423/I), deceased.

Sorry, John, I missed listing you in the February CUB. To make up for it I will also re-list Patrick Hanniford's (son of Patrick) listing, below. I had him as a veteran in 423/I and he is, in fact, an Associate member like yourself.

Thank you. J Kline

HANNIFORD, PATRICK ASSOCIATE

5300 SHARP DRIVE
HOWELL, MI 48843
517-546-7436

Reported in the Jan-Feb-Mar 2001 CUB magazine as 423/I. Is, in fact an Associate member. He is the son of Patrick Hanniford (423/I), deceased who was in 423/I.

HOLLIDAY, ROBERT M. ASSOCIATE

732-52ND STREET
DES MOINES, IA 50312
(515) 277-0629
bholliday@uswest.net

A short time ago I was in the Minneapolis area and happened to meet John Kline, editor of The CUB magazine. My Dad Captain Karl O. Holliday was the Battery Commander of Headquarters Battery of the 561st Field Artillery Battalion. The 561st went ashore at Utah Beach shortly after D-Day and fought clear through the war in Europe, ending up at the Elbe River when the war ended on May 8, 1945. Unfortunately my Dad was killed on 13 April 1945, in a fire fight with German Infantry.

Commencing in September of 1944 the 561st was dug in just east of St. Vith near a small village known as Schlierbach. They were in support of the 106th when the Bulge started.

For many years I have been good friends with the remaining members of the 561st FAB. You might be interested in what one of the Forward Observer's of the 561st FAB had to say about the 106th Infantry Division. This man was at his FOP when the Bulge started on 16 December 1944. He said,

"At first we probably didn't have much regard for the 106th as they were a brand new, green division. But over the weeks of the Bulge, believe me they gave a good accounting of themselves."

Having studied the Bulge for years it was my pleasure to meet John Kline. I would respectfully apply for an ASSOCIATE membership in the 106th Infantry Division Association. Signed Bob Holliday

Editor's Note: First let me explain: The 561st Field Artillery Battalion was classified as a "155mm Gun" unit. Note: Not Howitzers.

It was not directly assigned to the 106th, but was positioned in the 106th area and under Control of the Corps Artillery. It was in fact in

New Members . . .

support of the 106th in an indirect sense. Since they were in our area it is natural that they would be called to fire if we needed them. They were classed as a non-divisional unit.

The 561st FAB guns were the "Long Toms." They had a 19 foot gun barrel. The 155mm shell was propelled using a powder charge, instead of a "shell casing" like the 155mm Howitzer. In the overall picture they were exposed to the Germans same as we. In fact they had to destroy the guns to keep them from being taken by the Germans.

They were a great outfit. The Order of Battle shows them earning Five Battle Stars.

I met Bob Holliday through an invitation to come to lunch at his brother's home in Apple Valley, Minnesota. John Holliday and his wife are acquaintances of ours. John's wife Hannelore, and my wife are German. John spent four years in US Army service and 25 years in the Reserve.

We participate in a social group known as the German-American Institute in St Paul, Minnesota.

It was a great pleasure to meet Bob and hear the story of his father. In the fast moving days after the Bulge, Captain Holliday and several of his men were ambushed on a road as they were moving to a new location. Captain Holliday, and others were killed in that ambush.

Bob, it is with pleasure to see your name as an Associate member. I am sorry that I could not make the 561st Reunion at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, this May 2001. John Kline

KOHTZ, ROBERT A. 106 SIG

PO BOX 2422
EAST PEORIA, IL 61611
309-698-8233

LAMANO, GEORGE J. 422/CN

4321 SE CORA ST
PORTLAND, OR 97206
503-774-0138

MACWATERS, JOHN T. 424/HQ 1BN

4706 GARFIELD STREET
HOLLYWOOD, FL 33021
954-986-1723

MARSH, WILLIAM R. ASSOCIATE

355 BEECHWORTH AVE
MONROVIA, CA 91016
626-359-1668

MCDONALD, BRUCE D. ASSOCIATE

19 PICKERING DRIVE
ELIOT, ME 03903
207-439-6680

MCNUNN, BONNIE L. ASSOCIATE

585 SHANNON DRIVE
VACAVILLE, CA 95688
707-449-8476

MEACHAM, HAROLD C. ASSOCIATE

592 DOGWOOD RD
STATESVILLE, NC 28677
704-872-7222

NICOL, JAMES S. 424/HQ 2BN

1820 HOLM OAK
ARLINGTON, TX 76012-5608
817-548-8918

O'BRIEN, DENNIS F. 106 SIG

210 LIME KEY LANE
NAPLES, FL 34114
941-793-1492

PARRISH, CLARENCE C. 424/D

PO BOX 1100
CORRIGAN, TX 75939
936-398-4777

PRATHER, ROBERT E. 422/HQ 2BN

14711 MANZANITA PX RD
BEAUMONT, CA 92323
909-769-6694

Dear John, sorry it's taken so long. Thanks for all the information and the application. I appreciate it. Ed Prather

EWALT, A. L. 424/H (correction)

1109 N ADAMS
FREDRICKSBURG, TX 78624

Mistakenly listed as "Swalt" in the February New Member Column. Sorry J. Kline

TAYLOR, THOMAS E.

7101 VIRGINIA PKWY #523
MCKINNEY, TX 75070
214-726-0153
tomtaylr@swbell.net

Thomas is a friend of our veteran member Grayson Bishop, 592/C. He is also a student and recorder of history. Welcome Thomas to the 106th Infantry Division Association.

New Members . . .

ENNANT, RICHARD W. 422/K
12256 FREDERICK ROAD
ELLCOTT CITY, MD 21042-1049

WILSON, FRED 423/D

1309 O STREET
LINCOLN, NE 68508
402-475-2474

TYLER, WALTER 423/A

960 ZARAGOZA ST
DAVIS, CA 95616-5495
530-758-8855

WRIGHT, CALVIN E. 422/K

8416 PALM LAKES CT.
SARASOTA, FL 34243
cemewright@aol.com

I have some photos from Stalag IX-B, Ziegenhain, after it was liberated. I visited there in 1963, and it was called Trutzhain. I retired from the University of California and am enjoying RVing, especially to interesting geological sites of the West. I am very pleased to become a member of the 106th Inf. Div. Assoc.

CORRECTION: In February CUB I misstated Calvin's Street address and email address. Also a 423/E showed up in his city address line. There must be gremlins in this computer (J Kline, editor)



106th Recon Troop Meets In Joplin, MO Oct 12-14 2000

Back 1/r: Randy Mechling; Chuck Lucas; Bill Selje; Bob House; Bill Tower; Paul Thompson
2nd Row: Dale Sweet; Vivienne Selje; Mary Henry; Earl Liston; Terry Thorpe; Shirley Tower; Sophie Beltz; Laura Thompson **Front Row:** Jean Sweet; Mary Jane Lucas; Clara Haines; Dick Beltz; Joe Haines

Paul Thompson writes: Jean and Dale Sweet arranged a "World Class" program of dining and entertainment for us at the Drury Inn. The next day we took a bus to Branson where we enjoyed the Mel Tillis Show, Dolly Parton's Stampede, both superb presentations. A superb dinner of roast chicken & fixins no silverware, just finger lickin eating. Then 105 miles back to Joplin - A long day but fun! Saturday was our Annual Banquet at the Joplin Legion Club. There was a live band and excellent drinks. Even those with bad knees and bad hearts enjoyed a few turns around the floor. We are looking forward to next to Madison, Wisconsin when Vivienne and Bill Selye will guide the festivities <>>



John Swett and Ken Smith being greeted by the Mayor of Cheyenne, Wyoming, during the History Channel Great Race 2000. Looks like John has his "hat" and the Mayor is trying to swap for the helmet.

What: The 19th annual transcontinental rally race, with up to 120 pre-1960 vehicles.

When: Sunday, June 17 - Saturday, June 30, 2001.

Where: Atlanta, Georgia, to Pasadena, California, the 4,000 mile odyssey featuring the most beautiful back roads in America.

Forty plus cities host pit stops, lunches or overnight stops.

The Prize: Racers vie for \$275,000 in cash and prizes, making the event the world's richest vintage car competition.

Entrants: Road warriors range from a plumber to a NASCAR team owner competing in four divisions: Pro, Expert or Sportsman, while high school student teams run in the X-Cup division for \$25,000 in scholarship money.

The Cars: A \$3 million collection of vintage cars including a 1917 Hudson Indy car, a rare 1949 VW convertible, 1934 Ford Indy car, 1930 Pierce Arrow and a 1925 Rickenbacker.

The Stops: More than 40 cities host the Great Racers with a celebrity-style welcome. Always free to the public, fans along the way enjoy an up close and personal view of the vintage machines.

Family-focused activities include parades, local car shows, festivals, bands and coloring contests for the kids.

City Awards: Communities pool resources to create special events and compete for a share of Awards:

The Great American City Awards, \$15,000 total in cash prizes for the public libraries in winning cities.

Award criteria includes hospitality, crowd enthusiasm and venue decoration.

History: Great Racers logged more than 5,000,000 vintage miles in 18 years, and been the center of free family celebrations in more than 700 cities on the North American continent.

More than 300,000 spectators attend Great Race stops each year.

History Channel Great Race 2001 . . .

The total cash and prizes awarded to date exceed \$3,500,000.

More than 300,000 fans turn out along the course each year to cheer for the adventurers in their marvelous machines. Past stops include The Eclipse at the White House, The Statue of Liberty Centennial Celebration, Disneyland, Disney World, the Reforma in Mexico City, the Grand Canyon and a parade down Broadway in New York.

Qualifications: The age limit includes pre-1951 vehicles and pre-1960 sports cars, race cars and motorcycles. They may be stock or as modified in their era of manufacture. Allowed modern modifications include 12-volt electronics, any point-type distributor, overdrive units, auxiliary cooling systems and internal engine components. No electronic or digital components of any type are allowed. High performance modifications available during the year of manufacture of the vehicle are acceptable.

Dear friends of The Old Soldier Racing Team, GREAT RACE - 2001

Many of you have talked to us since the History Channel Great Race 2000 when we broke down just outside Elko, NV, after traveling at least 3,400 miles from Boston, our starting point.

The failure of our Jeep "Nasty" transfer case has been carefully analyzed and determined to have been caused by a faulty cotter pin, the pieces of which were found in the bottom of the case. "Nasty" now has a completely new transfer case as well as a new transmission.

You can now shift gears as on a new vehicle, very smooth and quiet.

Ken and I (as well as Charlie our support vehicle driver and mechanic) have entered as participants in the *History Channel Great Race, 2001* which will be in June from Atlanta, GA, to Pasadena, CA.

We do already have one sponsor who has pledged \$1,000 toward our entrance fee and \$1,200 toward daily expenses.

The 106th Infantry Division Association has donated \$3,000 to support us, and it is certainly appreciated.

All of our rolling stock is paid for. If we

could get 6 more of the \$2,200 size contributors that would very nicely meet our needs.

Or, if we could land one or two big sponsors, this too could do the job for us.

If you don't feel you can help us at this time, perhaps you know of someone or some organization that has interests similar to ours and would like to have us represent them in this endeavor.

After our experience last year we know that the Great Race is a rewarding adventure for all involved.

We have submitted our entry fee. If you feel you would like to help us on covering some of the other expenses, we would certainly appreciate it.

The 106th Infantry Division and its Association get a lot of publicity on the **Great Race**.

We were perhaps the oldest participants last year and, with our "Old Soldiers" theme, we received a surprising amount of publicity.

With a year's experience under our belts and your kind support, Ken, Charlie and I are confident that we can complete the 2001 race.

We are hoping that you will be able to share in our success.

Watch your TV for the race schedules. For those of you on email, a schedule will be sent soon.

If you decide to help, please send the money to either:

John Swett (423/H)
10691 E Norther Crest Drive
Tucson, AZ 85748-3746
(520) 722-6016
or
Ken Smith
107 Greenview Road
Mt Carmel, IL 62863-2716
(618) 263-3485



Oklahoma Area - 2000 (reported after February CUB)

Clint McClure, 423/HQ, 8607 E. 77th Place, Tulsa, OK 74133-3710 Tele: 918-252-777

Five of our surviving Oklahoma 106th Infantry Division Associate members and their wives attended a noon luncheon at Fountains Restaurant in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Jack Behling and Lyle Russell out due to weather and illness

Men (above) l/r: Leland Turley, Tulsa, 423/H; Don Herndon, Oklahoma City, 424/L; Clint McClure, Tulsa, 423/HQ; David Deffenbaugh, Tulsa, 423/D **Seated:** Howard Bryant, Coweta, 424/F.

Ladies (below) l/r: Standing - Betty Bryant; Peggy McClure and Anita Turley **Seated:** Joan Herndon and Carolyn Deffenbaugh.





Chicago, Illinois Area - 2000 (reported after February CUB)

Russell H. Villwock 106 Signal, 8560 W Foster Ave #510, Norridge, IL 60656-2772 708-452-8628

The Chicago Area members held their December 2000 reunion Sunday afternoon, December 10, at The Flame Restaurant, In Countryside, Illinois George and Joan Zak sent their regrets due to illness.

All those in attendance enjoyed the day, and agreed to meet again, same place, same time in 2001, GOD willing.

Those attending were: Orry & Phil Rosenthal; Sylvia & Ed Rydzinski; Fran & Walter Peterson; Mike Kurzeja; Betty & Joe Dallman; Ray & Marie Panice; Andy & Jackie Halusek; Nernard Ingersoll; Arline & Milton Schober; Evelyn & Leonard Richie; Luella & Herbert Meagher; Phyllis & Oliver Libman; Jackie & Russell Villwock.





Alabama Area - 2000 (reported after February CUB)

The 106th Mini-Reunion was held on 16 December 2000 in conjunction with the Alabama Chapter of VBOB's Annual Commemorative Banquet of *The Battle of the Bulge*. I am the current president of that chapter. Approximately 170 members and guests were in attendance. This included six of our 106th Infantry Division veterans.

Our keynote speaker was Major General John R. Vines currently Commanding General of the 82nd Airborne Division, Fort Bragg, N.C. He is a native of our County (Jefferson).

In his speech not only did he commend all of us as veterans but also the readiness of his division. He mention that wars are still going on and service personnel are still losing their lives in performance of duties in peacekeeping missions.

A proclamation from the Jefferson Count Commission and a plaque were presented to him.

Submitted by Joe Massey and Walter Bridges.

Photo, Above David Lacey, 81st Eng/C and wife Frances

Group photo, below: L/R: Lawrence Williams; 422/D; Will S. Temple, Sr., 422/D; Major General John R. Vines, CO 82nd Airborne; Joe Massey; 422/C; John Racster, 422/H; Walter Bridges, 424/D



Mini-Reunions . . .



Arlington, TX Area (reported after February CUB)

Col John Miller, (US Ret), 1511 Cochise Dr, Arlington, TX 76012-4321 817-274-2773

Those attending were as reported by Miller:

Standing, L/R: Ronald Hagan, Associate; Levie Rhoades, 424/G; Charles Hunter, 422/CN; Frank Patchen, 423/HQ; Audrey Morgan, 424/G; Wm Yingst, 423/D; John Miller, 423/E

Front Row L/R: Audrey (Nelda) Morgan; Mrs John (Jean) Miller

If you are one of the 29,000 former prisoners of war who do not belong to AXPOW, we need you!



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61 & Over	\$120
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For information on who we are and what we do, please contact us at
American Ex-Prisoners of War

3201 E. Pioneer Parkway, Suite 40, Arlington, TX 76010

Fone: (817) 649-2979 email: pow@flash.net

**My Experience as a Patient
in St. Mary's Emergency
Lazarette, in Bonn,
During WWII, (and more)**

By James L. Edwards
5196 41 St Street South
St. Petersburg, FL 33711
(727) 866-2583
Email: JLeFEdwards@aol.com

Just prior to being captured along with several thousand others in that wooded hill near Schonberg, I was shot in my left eye. The Medic had placed my bandage packet and sulfa on my wound, and I walked up to a location about in the center of our position. It was then that I heard from others around me that we were surrendering and the sound of rifle stocks being broken against trees filled the forest.

I buried my knife with two hand grenades snug against it, each with their pins pulled forming a kind of delicate "booby trap". But, later I realized how foolish this was as any of us could have bumped the fragile balance of this and both grenades would have been activated.

We were being assembled in an area at the East edge of this wooded hillside. Our guys were sitting on the ground with German machine gunners looking grimly over the gathering group.

When I sat on the ground, I noticed my K Company Commander, Captain Bricker sitting about eight feet to my left. He told me that the Germans have good medical facilities, and that I should try to get treatment for my wound.

Since I had lost a lot of blood, and was probably in a state of shock, I began to shake a bit. Captain Bricker called for someone to give me an overcoat. A First Sergeant came up behind me and placed his coat over my shoulders. I put my arms into this coat, and for some reason, I ripped off one of the Sergeant stripes. My Captain Bricker said to me, "You don't have to do that Edwards". So, I had an overcoat with only one left First Sergeant's stripes. (This figures into my story, later.)

In a short while, our group was ordered out of this forest to a dirt road leading to Schon-

berg, which was about a quarter mile away.

As we walked along this road, I held in mind what Captain Bricker had said about getting with the German medical facilities. I walked up to a German guard along this road, and looked up beneath my bandage. Nothing was said, but he looked agitated, and I believe today that he was thinking about given me a butt stroke with his rifle. It was then that my platoon Sergeant Novak came up behind me and firmly redirected me by the shoulders to continue on to Schonberg.

When I got to Schonberg, I still had in mind to get medical attention from the German medics. I walked up to the first German Officer I saw who was shouting orders, and without saying a word, he pointed to an open door in a building across the road. I went into this building and found that it was a German Aid Station. They told me to lie down on the hay they arranged on the floor and I did so, and immediately went to sleep.

When I awoke, I noticed wounded Germans on either side of me. Each of us had a kind of medical tag attached to a coat buttonhole. These were approximately 3" X 10" in size, with red and green tear-off strips at the edges. The next day when the German Doctor examined me, he first asked me, "Sprechenzi Deutsch"? And, I said, "vein". This caused him to laugh, since I understood what he had said in German. But, our remaining conversation was in English.

One must remember that I had a First Sergeant's overcoat on that clearly was not mine, with one set of stripes missing, and far too small for me with the arm sleeves only extended to eight inches below my elbow.

The next day, the American wounded were taken to another building in this small town. There were possibly 30 to 35 of us. We were placed in an empty room, with a bucket in the center to be used as our toilet.

While we were in this room, a fellow GI came over to me and said that he was a member of a "patrol from the 1st Division", and there were others with him in this room with hand grenades. At the time, I didn't think too much of this as I was more intent upon getting my medical treatment. My right eye caused my left eye to be painful when I moved it. (But, look-

My Experience

back on this, did the Germans place some of Skorzeny's infiltrators in that room to see what my reaction would be with this information. In short, why tell me about it?)

The following day, approximately six of us were taken by truck to another city. There, I was separated from this small group and placed in an ambulance. I sat on a small seat that had a small door on my left. In front of me was an SS Officer on a stretcher, complete with his black and silver uniform with all the markings. We said nothing to each other.

The ambulance drove off in the darkness of night and after about 20 minutes a burst of machine gun fire caused us to stop. The small door to my left was opened and angry German shouting was heard on the outside. I had no idea what was shouted, but at that same time the SS Officer on the stretcher handed me his opened canteen and offered me a drink. I took one drink, replaced the cap, handed it back to him and said, "dank". The door to my left closed, and we were soon on our way again. I still ask myself today, "What was that all about?"

We arrived at a city, where I was taken by a guard to a hospital for that night. We both slept in the same room, a large ward with about 30 empty beds. He slept on one side of the room, and I slept on the other.

The next morning we left this hospital, and walked through the city. As we walked, my guard stopped a small pushcart that conveyed hot soup. We both had a bowl of this, and he offered me a cigarette. This guard was an older fellow, not SS and carried a bolt-action rifle. We continued walking until we reached another hospital. We both went in, and I was told to wait on a bench in the hallway. Younger German soldiers walked through the hallway not paying any attention to me, but instead were "cutting-up" much like teens do in High School.

I was called into an office where I met a short, stout German fellow who appeared to be an officer although I couldn't identify his uniform. He tried first to talk German to me, then in perfect English he asked if there were any Germans in my family. Although there are many on my maternal side, I told him, "No". He then said, "Don't you know the Germans are the super-race?" I chuckled and he responded with a chuckle.

There was no further conversation with this fellow, and I was taken by ambulance to an Eye Clinic, or "Augen Klinik." Here a Doctor examined my left eye in one of those lighted scopes, and said, "It is extremely necessary for you to have an operation." I immediately was taken to a basement operating room, located at the end of a long hallway having a row of bunk beds on one side. I walked into the operating room and was told to lie down on the operating table. The Doctor gave me one shot of a pain-killer in my left socket, and within 10 seconds my left eye was removed. When I was bandaged, I was told to get up from the operating table.

It was then that I noticed the short, stout fellow who asked me about my German lineage standing in the dark corner. I thanked the Doctor and this fellow in the corner made a comment in German that I had thanked him. I was escorted out to the hallway where I was told to lay on one of the bunk beds; and I immediately went to sleep.

A short while later, I was awakened and told to follow my guard to a waiting ambulance. It was dark and I had no idea where we were going. We drove a short distance and stopped in front of an impressive structure. It had solid walls much like retaining walls for a hillside, with a wrought-iron gate. My guard and I went through this gate, which led to a series of steps left and right that took a right-angle turn to another series of steps that led to a courtyard. Here, another few steps led us to the door of an impressive building. Inside, I was taken to a room near the end of a hallway. It contained a bed, a chair, a small table with a Christmas Tree in front of a large window that extended from floor to ceiling. Another such room was to my right, and was as yet unoccupied. My guard, who was the same fellow as before, left me with the Nurses (or "Schwesters"). I was given hospital garb, and they neatly folded my dirty uniform and placed it in the hallway. I quickly went to sleep. It was Christmas Eve.

When I awoke the next morning, Christmas Day, I could see that my room overlooked a large formal garden and pond area. I was brought a breakfast by the Schwesters, consisting of coffee and a bowl of cereal of some kind of grain.

On the 26th of December a Doctor examined my left socket and placed fresh bandages on it. They used a yellow liquid as an antiseptic, which might have been some form of liquid sulfanilamide. I stayed at this hospital for 21 days, discovering its name from a cloth label stitched to one corner of a blanket. It was St. Mary's Emergency Lazarette in Bonn.

A few days after I initially arrived there, a patient was placed in the room next to mine. These were identical rooms, except that the small chalkboard on the wall above the new patient's head had written, "Oberst". I believe this term is applied to a German Colonial in rank. Nothing was written on the caulk board in my room.

I never really questioned why I was being treated so well, since I was taking each day at a time, so to speak. But, this question became particularly interesting after I realized how unusual this treatment was after my release as a P. O. W.

On another day during my stay at this hospital, the same SS Officer who was with me in the ambulance came into my room. He beckoned me to follow him to another larger room off this hallway. This room had five beds, and four other patients were waiting for us as I walked in. They all gave me the impression that they had officer rank, although they wore the same hospital garb as I did.

I was told to sit down, and the SS Officer also positioned himself in a chair and commenced to try to talk to me in German. He then asked me what my unit was, asking in a French dialect, "Company, Battalion...?" I answered in my broken, Pennsylvania Dutch, "It is verbieten for me to sprechen." He shrugged his shoulders, and escorted me back to my room.

On another day, a tall, blond, typical German type fellow came to my room dressed in an immaculate SS Officer's uniform, with silver braid, the SS and skull & cross bones emblems, and a special arm band in a silken black, red and white material. This arm band had the embroidered name of Adolph Hitler and some other Germanic script that he proudly showed me. He brought with him some cigarette papers and tobacco and proceeded to teach me how to roll cigarettes. When he left he gave me the remaining cigarette papers that he had brought with him.

And, on another day, I had a visitor that wore a black leather vest that was lined with angora fur, except that he had turned it inside out so that it was cooler. The rest of his uniform was similar to other SS Officers, with black boots and tapered trousers. This fellow was large, probably 6'6", with a rough face marked with powder burns. He tried to talk fluent German with me, but I didn't understand a word he said. When he left he said in broken English, "var ist no goot." I suspect that this guy was Otto Skorzeny who, if so, would have come to my room to see if he could recognize me as one of his infiltrators that were missing in the Bulge.

I have acquired a number of books on Skorzeny's missions, and have studied the photographs they contain. This fellow that came to my room has the likeness of those photographs of Skorzeny.

During the second week at this hospital, someone must have complained about my treatment, and I was moved to the cellar. They had bunk beds located in one area, without light, although I could see down a hallway to a room where German soldiers were coming and going during the day. It was a kind of an administrative office of some sort. A fellow came to me in my dark cellar bunk area and said he was a Hollander and a Dentist. He expressed hatred for Hitler, and tried to get me to concur. But, frankly, I was not of a political mind set in those days and I did not give him any feedback.

Another incident might also have been a similar test of my "fidelity" when one of the Schwestern came to my location in the cellar carrying a tray with a large syringe filled with a yellow fluid. A German patient who appeared not to be an officer accompanied her. She asked me to hold the tray while she administered the syringe to this patient. I had no reason not to do so. The poor fellow was put into a lot of pain, as he received at least 3cc into his butt!

And, during my days in this cellar location I developed a gumboil over three front teeth. This was the result of my wound, and the nerve to these upper teeth had been severed. When the Schwester brought my meal to me, I showed her this gumboil. She hustled away, and within 30 minutes, I was taken back to my original room. So, who did they think I might have been?

My Experience

After 21 days in this hospital, my wound had healed quite well. A Kranken Schwester brought me my uniform, and indicated that I would be leaving. But, they did not return my "First Sergeant's" overcoat, which really didn't fit. My original guard who I had several times before came to my room, and we both walked out of this hospital into the city of Bonn.

We walked westward, up the sloping countryside for about a mile. It had snowed, and the guard stopped and pointed to the east across the Rhine River. He showed me two streaks of smoke, which became vapor trails as they rose high in the sky above us. He scribed the initial & number, "V2" in the snow. I assumed these missiles were headed toward England.

We arrived at a transient POW camp west of Bonn that I believe was called Houffalize. Here, I was searched for the first time, and then placed in a wooden barrack with other American POWs. The next day, all those in this camp were marched through Bonn, across the Rhine bridge between this city and Siegburg on the east side. We continued walking and passed an airfield where I believe the V2 rockets were launched. That afternoon we arrived at a rail station and were placed on boxcars.

After an overnight journey, our next stop was Stalag XII-A at Limburg. The 300 or more that were on this train were herded into a large tent. It was freezing temperature, and our group jogged around in this tent in a counterclockwise direction to keep warm. This raised the temperature of the tent considerably. Each of us were "interviewed" by an English-speaking interrogator. In fact, this fellow had an English accent. He told me that the camp I was going to had a library where I could read books when I wanted to. I would say his mannerism was polite.

It may be of comparative interest to note that another P.O.W. who had been interviewed by this same fellow described his experience as cruel. Apparently, this other P.O.W. said something that the interrogator didn't like, and it resulted in being beaten by the guard.

After several days at Stalag XII-A we were loaded onto boxcars. There had to be at least 120 POWs in each boxcar. There was no room to sleep on the floor and some guys put their belts through the cattle rings in the walls so

they could sleep standing-up. I would estimate that our train had about a dozen boxcars. No one knew where we were going. For five days we traveled without food or water. On one day we stopped in the Frankfurt rail yards during an allied air raid. Luckily, our boxcars were not targeted. We continued until we arrived at Stalag IV-B at Muhlberg. This was a large British camp, although it contained a number of other nations' prisoners, particularly American.

When we first arrived we were given a drink of boiled water, five guys to a steel helmet half filled. They had metal drums filled with water, and heated by a bonfire. From this initial step, they took us to the showers and deloused our clothes. The showers looked the same as those shown in holocaust pictures circulated after the war. They were white tiled, with high ceilings, and shower heads that extended down from the ceiling, a convenient arrangement that could have accommodated use of cyanide gas. After our shower, we went outside to pickup our clothing, which were deloused in the crematory ovens. Apparently, the poison used for delousing could be vented within these oven facilities.

I was assigned to a large barrack, with bunk beds five levels high. There were only six bed slats to lay on, so it was kind of like sleeping in a tree. On the third day as I was sitting in my bunk, the British POWs clustered in an area and started what developed into a "Kangaroo Court". As they grouped together, one of the group would shout that he saw ...(the name I forget) stealing food from another P.O.W. This continued for about ten incidents. And, as if planned, members of this group of British POWs took this guy they accused to the far end of the barracks, stripped his clothing off, and forced him to run the length of the barrack while being beaten with bed slats. This guy didn't really run, but rather stumble forward as the bed slats broke over his back and head. He fell to the floor near the front of the barrack. They picked him up and carried him into the toilet where there was a wood covered "two holer", removed the seat and thrust him into the feces and urine, pulled him out and threw him into the freezing night weather. He died, and the Germans simply sent a memo around the camp that there will be no more of this kind

of Kangaroo Court. He was a British air-corps Sergeant. I have included this here only as to its influence upon my effort to be transferred to the British Revere in this camp.

I complained to the guard saying that I had pneumonia so that I would be transferred out of that barrack. They placed me in the Revere, and I got a comfortable bed to sleep on, better food, and a much better environment. There was a British guy by the nickname of "Skilley" who came into the Revere everyday with BBC reports. He gave us a haircut or a shave for one cigarette (American). While I was being shaved, he asked me if I had anything that could be used to bribe the guards and trade for radio supplies. He said that the "committee" was planning a new radio that would send our bombers a signal to establish the location for the final turning point for their run on Berlin. I gave him my GI sweater. Was I conned?

Or, maybe this guy with the Cockney English accent was working for the Germans, and was testing my fidelity again. (In retrospect, I don't believe the Germans were ever certain about my origin.)

In January we could hear the Russian front moving closer. The Germans gave us the option to stay at Stalag IV-B or go to Leipzig to another hospital. I elected to go to Leipzig, as I didn't trust the Russians. The "word" in our camp was that POWS might have had a problem getting back to their homeland if the Russians released them. So, I went to Leipzig to a former chocolate factory that was made into a hospital. It was located adjacent to a rail yard.

We were there about a week, sleeping on bunk beds teeming with bedbugs, and on one night an explosion picked me up in my bed and deposited me on the floor. Apparently, a boxcar of munitions had exploded and was burning in the rail yard next to our hospital. I went outside to see what had happened, and was standing in the doorway with one hand on the doorknob. The sound of small arms discharging in the fire was like the crackle of bacon frying. I thought that these bullets are going in all directions, and this is no place to be standing.

As I turned to walk back into the building a huge explosion took place. It was like I was immersed in an orange ball of flame, with the

pressure of jumping into water. The door I held of was gone, and the doorknob was loose in my hand. Every window and shingle was blown off of this factory where we stayed. I learned later that six boxcars of munitions blew-up that night. The next morning we were taken to Halle where we stayed at the Hof Jagar Revere. This was a former beer-hall complete with a stage and huge chandelier, which was now a kind of hospital geared to convalescent POWS. Here, each day kind of settled into a routine pattern until March 31st. We had an air raid that completely devastated Halle. Our air-raid shelter had a direct hit that demolished the seven-story building above it and put a ten-foot wide hole in our shelter roof. This funneled debris on top of POWS that were packed in this area killing 48. Two Russian POWS and myself dug for about an hour and managed to get some out alive.

We were moved again to another part of Halle and stayed in the former zoo, located on the Saale River. Rumors that American forces would be reaching Halle one day caused our guards to march us out of the eastern edge of town before dawn. We walked for five days from sunup to sundown, sleeping in barns and eating handouts from farmers. German kids with their version of the AK47 were at many road junctions. Apparently, our guards were trying to get us to Stalag 40 at Torgau on the Elbe River, but we never got there.

On the fifth day of our march, the "tank alarm" was given in the little village behind us. As we walked along the open highway, a column of armored vehicles appeared parallel to our road, about a half-mile to our south. The tanks had our new muzzle-blast on them, so I thought they were German Tiger Tanks. They fired over our heads to pin us down. As soon as they realized we were American POWS we were liberated!

James L. Edwards

BERWICK, Lee (424/HQ 3Bn)

Box 807, Vinton, LA 70668-0188

Died 26 May 2001. Lee was Operation Officer (S-3) Headquarters, 424th Combat Infantry Regiment. While I have little detail on family, I know he is survived by his wife Betty. Lee had been fighting Leukemia for some years. Several references to Lee's deeds appear in our book, *The CUB of the GOLDEN LION: Passes in Review*. He was awarded the Silver Star for his action during the *Battle of the Bulge*. Some of his comrades have, recently, petitioned the U.S. Army to elevate that award to the Distinguished Service Cross (DSC) see page 6 for the complete story.

BLOOMINGBURG, George L. (423/I)

1731 Sycamore, Benton KY 42025-1746

Died 9 February 2001, as a result of a heart attack. Survived by his wife Juanita who accompanied him to 106th and EX-POW Reunions. George was part of the group of 150 (mostly 106ers) who became known as the infamous Slaughterhouse 5, a Arbeit Kommando in Dresden, Germany. Erv Szpek, Jr., son of Erv Szpek, 423/I reported this after receiving a phone call from Louis Grivetti, 423/K. George was one of Erv's first contacts when he began researching Slaughterhouse 5. He was an inspiration to the others from that POW Camp.

CARTER, Tiller E. (424/SV)

20450 Huebner Rd. #C-1001, San Antonio, TX 78258

Died 13 March 2001. William Mueller, 424/M said as he reported, "Tiller was a great fellow. During training in the states and overseas he was the Regimental Supply officer for the 424th Regiment in the grade of Major. He served in Korea as a Lieutenant Colonel. He and his wife Carolyn joined me and others from the 424th Infantry Regiment on several trips to the Bulge area and to other locations in Germany. Tiller, during World War II, served as an Army reserve officer in the 106th Infantry Division. After World War II he taught Agriculture in Laredo TX. He served on the joint observer team of the Armistice Commission in Korea. From 1954 to 1958 he served as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Marshall University in Huntington WV. While at Marshall University, he earned a Master of Arts Degree in political science. After retiring from military service in 1958, Tiller became a counselor for the Texas Education Agency in San Antonio. A participant in the Military Order of the World Wars he regularly attended reunions of the 106th Infantry Division with whom he served in World War II.

CHRISTMAN, Archie W. (589/C)

3436 Schmidt Drive, Harshaw, WI 54529-9609

Died 8 September 2000 at his home. He was born July 17, 1923, in Acme, TX the son of Archie and Laura Christman. Survived by his wife Rosemary, sons Robert, Richard and Russell. Grandchildren Brian, Daniel, Melissa, Jeffrey and Cody and five great-grandchildren. Archie owned and operated B&E Electric in Darien until he retired in 1984.

HOLTON, Joseph E. (590/HQ)

409 West Daly Street, Spring Green, WI, 53588-9277

Died 11 December 1999, survived by his wife Zolena. No other details were given.

JACKSON, James D. (422/F)

25 Jackson Road, Horton, AL 35980-8313

Died 11 March 2001 according to a report from Hal Taylor 423/CN. James died of double pneumonia. James' wife Frances died two years ago. Hal said that he had only met James twice, but as former POWs, they hit it off right away. James told him about standing with another soldier as U.S. tanks liberated them, who said very nonchalant, "James, the guy on that tank is my brother!" And it was.

KNUTH, Earl F. (422/HQ)

6200 N. River Pointe Drive F-208, Boise, ID 83714-1860

Died September 2000. Association records show his wife's name as Alice. This death was reported by William Dohoney, 422/C. Earl said, "Earl, Dick Morrissey (the singer), and I were all buddies through most of our POW experience. I was the German speaker, Dick the morale keeper, and Earl the maker and tender of the Smoky Joe. I'll miss him. I'm so glad that I was able to spend the day with he and his wife a few years ago in spite of living at opposite ends of the country. Earl retired as a Lt. Col. and as a high school teacher.

KOWALSKI, Stanley J. (592/HQ)

1916 Reading Avenue, Westlawn, PA 19609-2027

Died 10 March 2001. Stanley's death was reported by John Gallagher, 81/Eng C, who said, "Stanley was a faithful member of our Reading Memorial. He attended every dinner we held. His wife Erma told me that he died in his sleep. Stanley recently attended a VBOB meeting with me. I recall him telling of his experience as an Air Observer. Kowalski had been employed as a coiler by Reading Tube until his retirement. Also surviving are two daughters Jeanette Shillington and Ann at home, a brother John and a sister Jean, both of Millmont. There are also three grandchildren and four great grandchildren."

MAGAHEE, Glen U. (424/K)

4321 Memorial Drive, Orange, TX 77632-4420

Died 10 February 2001 at his home. Kenneth Rougeou, an Associate member of our Association, a nephew of the deceased, reported Glen's death. Glen was survived by one daughter, one son, four grandchildren, six great-grandchildren and many nephews and nieces.

OUIMET, Marcel R. (422/D)

18 Old Birch Lane, Portland, ME 04103

Died 5 December, 2000. No other details.

In Memoriam . . .

TERSON, Walter A. (423/H)

11503 Powers Lake Rd, Genoa City, WI 53128-1129

Died 14 March 2001. Paul Trost, 423/H, said, "This brings our group of regular attendees down to ten members."

SILVIA, Manuel C., (422/G)

18 George St., Bristol, RI 02809-2501

Date of Death unknown. A son wrote, "Just to inform you that my Dad passed on. We received your information to Washington DC and we know that he would have loved to attend. Please update your records and place the announcement in The CUB."

STEELE, Kermit L (424/D)

424 Roosevelt Drive, Mount Vernon, IN 47620-1120

Died 2 February, 2001. Marion Ray, 424/D, 106th Inf Div Assoc. President said, "Kermit was a machine gun squad leader and had received a very serious head wound during the Battle of the Bulge on January 9, 1945, and was hospitalized several years. He was an avid attendee, Reunion attendee. He leaves his wife Frances, also a son, daughter and several grandchildren." Marion Ray also said, "I was writing Oscar Scott, 424/D, and his wife Cleo. I decided to call Kermit Steele's home to see how he was and found that he died about one-hour earlier. Oscar Scott and James Scarsorie carried and dragged Kermit Steele several miles to an aide station. When they left Steele they thought that he would not live." He continued, "Shortly after joining the Association I found Steele, then I found Scott, who was surprised that Steele was still alive. The Steeles were shortly on their way to visit the Scotts. Steele outlived Scarsorie and Scott is in his 80's." Marion said he attended Steele's funeral

WILSON, William E. (424/L)

17043 Carlesimo Ave, Spring Hill, FL 42433

Died 21 January 2001. Josephine, his wife said, "He was proud that he served his country with the 106th Infantry Division." Interment at Florida National Cemetery with honors.

WILVER, James J. (422/AT)

PO Box 114, Riverside, PA 17868-2740

Died 16 March 2001. James' son Tim, wrote, "I wanted to let you know the "Golden Lions" have lost another of their heroes. My father passed away peacefully, after failing health during the last few years as a result of kidney failure. He will be sorely missed. He was good father, friend, and I know he served his country well with the 106th Infantry Division. The "*Hungry and Sick*" as dad used to call them. He was buried with full military honors."

* * * * *

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John Kline, Editor 1-952-890-3155**

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