

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

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR

*The Veterans of the
106th INFANTRY
DIVISION*

Vol 69 – No. 2

April – July 2013

Stories of the Men of the 106th Infantry Division

Initiated by Herb Sheaner, 2012–13 President of the 106th Infantry Division Association



106th Infantry Division on Parade (source: 106th Division Yearbook)

This issue of *The CUB of the Golden Lion* has an all new section titled, “Stories of the Men of the 106th Infantry Division,” initiated under the leadership and guidance of current President Herb Sheaner. During the past year, President Sheaner reached out to countless members of the 106th Infantry Division, with the purpose of inviting 106th veterans and their families to come to New Orleans

for this year’s Reunion. At the same time, he invited them to submit short stories about their experiences during the war to be published in *The CUB*.

Read more, beginning on page 17.

The CUB

*A tri-annual publication of the 106th Infantry Division Association, Inc.
A nonprofit Organization*

Total Membership July 1, 2013 – 1,220

Membership includes *CUB* magazine subscription

Annual Dues are no longer mandatory: Donations Accepted

Payable to “**106th Infantry Division Association**”
in care of **Treasurer** — *See address below*

Elected Offices

President **Herbert “Mike” Sheaner**

Past-President (*Ex-Officio*) **Sy Lichtenfeld**
251-639-4002

1st Vice-President **Randall Wood**

2nd Vice-President **Vacant**

Adjutant:

Murray Stein (423/1)
8372 Calabria Lakes Dr.,
Boynton Beach, FL 33473
greg0803@bellsouth.net 561-336-2660

Business Matters, Deaths, Address changes to:

Membership: Jacquelyn Coy,
121 McGregor Ave.,
Mt. Arlington, NJ 07856
jsc164@aol.com 973-663-2410

Donations, checks to:

Treasurer: Mike Sheaner
PO Box 140535, Dallas TX 75214
sheaner1@airmail.net
214-823-3004

Chaplain:
Vacant

Memorial Chair:

Dr. John G. Robb
238 Devore Dr., Meadville, PA 16355
814-333-6364
jrobb238@hotmail.com
Frank Trautman FTrautman@indy.rr.com

106th ID Association’s Belgium Liaison:

Carl Wouters
Waterkant 17 Bus 32, B-2840 Terhagen, Belgium
carl_wouters@hotmail.com
cell: +(32) 47 924 7789

CUB Editor:

William McWhorter
166 Prairie Dawn, Kyle, Texas 78640
williammcwhorter17@gmail.com
512-970-5637

CUB Publisher:

Susan Weiss
9 Cypress Point Ct, Blackwood, NJ 08012
sweiss@gccnj.edu 856-415-2211

Historian. **John Schaffner/William McWhorter**
Atterbury Memorial Representative **Frank Trautman**
Resolutions Chair. **Bernard Mayrsohn**
Order of the Golden Lion **John Schaffner**
Nominating Committee Chair **Tom Hoff**
tjhoff@milesaheadmedia.com
Mini-Reunions **Dr. Ralph Nelson**
Membership Chair **Jacquelyn Coy**

Board of Directors

Dr. John G. Robb (422/D)(2013)
238 Devore Dr., Meadville, PA 16355
jrobb238@hotmail.com 814-333-6364

John M. Roberts (592/C)(2013)
1059 Alter Rd., Bloomfield Hills, MI
48304-1401
jmr81024@aol.com 248-338-2667

John Schaffner (589/A)(2013)
1811 Miller Rd., Cockeysville, MD
21030-1013
pumexim2@verizon.net 410-584-2754

Herbert “Mike” Sheaner (422/G) . . (2013)
PO Box 140535, Dallas, Texas 75214
herbsheaner@SBCGlobal.net
214-823-3003

William “Bill” Stahl (422/K)(2013)
211 Arapahoe Ct., Junction City, KS 66441
785-238-2364

Frank S. Trautman (422/D)(2013)
600 Morningside Dr., Zionsville, IN
46077-1903
ftrautman@indy.rr.com

Donald F. Herndon (424/L)(2014)
8313 NW 102, Oklahoma City, OK
73162-4026
oklastamps@aol.com 405-721-9164

Bernard Mayrsohn (423/CN)(2014)
34 Brae Burn Drive, Purchase, NY 33138
ethelbarn@aol.com 914-428-8200
Web site: www.mayrsohn.com

Newton Weiss (423/HQ 3Bn)(2014)
400 Morse Avenue, Gibbstown, NJ
08027-1066
newtruth@comcast.net 856-423-3511

Tom Hoff (Non-Veteran)(2015)
P.O. Box 298, Warrington, PA 18976
tjhoff@milesaheadmedia.com

Randall M. Wood (Non-Veteran) . . .(2015)
810 Cramertown Loop, Martinsville, IN
46151
woodchuck01@sbeglobal.net

Jacquelyn Coy, Membership (Non-Veteran)
(2016)
121 McGregor Ave., Mt. Arlington, NJ
07856
jsc164@aol.com 973-663-2410

Mike Sheaner, Treasurer (Non-Veteran)
(2016)
PO Box 140535, Dallas TX 75214
sheaner1@airmail.net 214-823-3004

Wayne G. Dunn (Non-Veteran)(2016)
620 Coachmans Way, Parkton, MD 21120
waynedunn@comcast.net 410-409-1141

Joe Gardner (Non-Veteran)(2016)
315 Ridgewood Drive, New Paris, PA
15554
K7Ci@hotmail.com 814-839-2473

Kris Rice (Non-Veteran)(2016)
23109 Glenbrook Street, St. Clair Shores,
MI 48082-2194
krazyrice@comcast.net 586-206-0018

Robert Schaffner (Non-Veteran) . . .(2016)
706 Morris Ave., Lutherville, MD 21093
rschaffner@verizon.net 410-773-4297

Jeanne M. Walker (Non-Veteran) . . .(2016)
22 Woodbine Rd., Marshfield, MA
02050-3632
jeanne16jr@hotmail.com 781-837-8166

Brian Welke (Non-Veteran)(2016)
1821 Morris Street, Eustis, FL 32726-6401
brian423rd@gmail.com 352-408-5671

Janet Wood (Non-Veteran)(2016)
308 Camden Cole Circle, Colera, AL
35040
KipKai2000@yahoo.com 205-910-0542

For Reunion paperwork and Registration forms contact:

Mike Sheaner, Treasurer at
sheaner1@airmail.net

For additional information about the reunion
and to register online visit:

www.afr-reg.com/106inf2013

Please Note: At the business meeting on Friday, September 16, 2011, at the 65th Reunion in Baltimore, MD, the 106th Association Board members approved the new By-Laws that now allow “Non-Veterans” [as we will now be calling the formerly named Associate members] to serve on the Board and as elected officers.

President's View . . .

Over the last few weeks I have received numerous gratifying phone calls and letters regarding the August 21–25, 2013 106th Infantry Division Annual Reunion to be held in New Orleans. The response has been enormous. Many of the sons, the daughters, wives and the veterans of the 106th Division tell me that they will be at the New Orleans Reunion. Yesterday, by phone, one 93-year-old veteran from Maryland said he was coming to New Orleans to the 106th Reunion. I am happy that so many veterans at an advanced age will be at our Reunion. Many more have mailed me or told me stories that will be told in *The CUB*. We will have a good time and enjoy being with our fellow soldiers of the 106th Infantry. It is not too late for you to join us if you have not already done so.

On May 10, 1940, the German Army led with tanks and infantry, raced through the Ardennes and conquered France and the Low Countries. Four years later, in December, 1944, dang if we green young soldiers of the 106th Infantry Division weren't placed in the same spot where the Germans broke through in 1940. The Germans again attacked with tanks, artillery and infantry. Five days after the German attack, there in the Ardennes, near our front line positions, men of the 106th Infantry Division were still fighting

with rifle and mortar, exhausting their ammunition, without the aid of tanks, artillery or armored vehicles, but to no avail.



Herbert "Mike" Sheaner (422/G)
106th Infantry Division Association
President 2012–2013
P.O. Box 140535
Dallas, Texas 75214
herbsheaner@SBCGlobal.net
214-823-3003

The last of the 422nd and 423rd Regiments were surrendered at 8 a.m., December 21, 1944.

The 106th boys will be celebrating 69 years later in New Orleans. We will also have a time to pay tribute to those that have fallen. Someone said, "We are lucky to have survived." How true. Those surviving 18- and 19-year-old boys will be in New Orleans . . . I should say, those 88- and 89-year-old boys will be there. I welcome the families and veterans to come and visit with the then young soldiers of the 106th Infantry Division that will be there in New Orleans.

I hope to see y'all in New Orleans.

Herb Sheaner
2012-13 President
106th Infantry Division Association



We are in need of a Chaplain for our Reunion!

If you have any thoughts, please reply to Adjutant Murray Stein (423/I) and/or President Herb Sheaner (422/G)

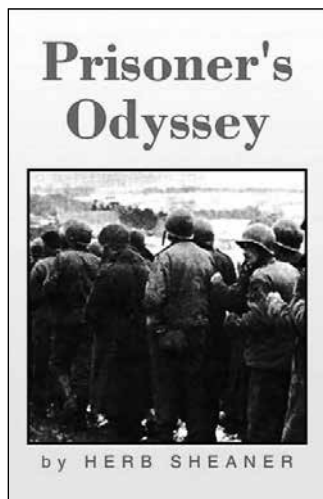
The position of the Association's Chaplain is currently vacant and the Board of Directors would like to hear from any interested members (Division veteran or non-veteran) regarding their desire to serve as a replacement for a year of service.

Please contact any board member whose contact information is listed on the inside front cover and page 1 of this *CUB*.

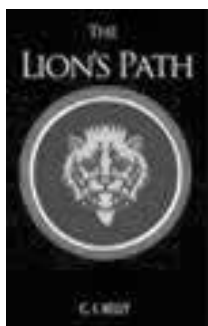
Prisoner's Odyssey

by Herb Sheaner (422/G)

Prisoner's Odyssey is a story of survival, hunger and reflection from a teenaged prisoner of war inside Germany near the end of WW II. From capture at the Battle of The Bulge to the final escape from his German guards, Herb Sheaner allows us a glimpse into the despair and agony of being a prisoner in a foreign land. During World War II, Herb Sheaner served as a private first class in Company G, 422nd Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division. After receiving ASTP training at University of Alabama, he joined the 106th at Camp Atterbury in Indiana where he earned Expert Rifleman honors and was designated Co. G Sniper and Regimental Scout. Fifty years later he recalls his experiences.



Available through Barnes & Noble, Amazon.com and Xlibris online.



The Lion's Path

By C.J. Kelly

In December 1944, a raw American infantry division has its baptism of fire in the Battle of the Bulge. Caught up in this maelstrom of death and destruction are two very different Americans. Trapped behind enemy lines, they experience the horror of war and a humanity borne of sacrifice.

Available at Amazon.com or barnesandnoble.com

Chaplain's Message . . .

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." There probably has been no nation that has not at some point in its history felt itself to be favored by God. Today, we tend to be a little more cynical about politics and even about patriotism. Still, when an Olympic gold medalist from the USA mounts the stand, we will feel a swell of pride as our national anthem is played. But that pride is not enough. How should we respond? It seems to me that three responses are appropriate:

The first is *gratitude*. To be grateful to the Lord of all lands for this land of our own. Some of us live in the beauty of golden wheat rippling in the wind. Or the simple beauty of the early crocus on the prairie. Others have come to love the great cities of our nation. Some have tapped a square dance with soaring fiddles and tapping spoons. Still others enjoy the stunning scenery as mists have broken on the seas, both its eastern and western shores.

A second response is *humility*. "When I consider the works of Thy hands, what man that Thou art mindful of him?" A look at our lands gives us the perspectives we need for true humility. Humility means that we are not to think less of ourselves, but to think much of God. The vastness of His creation, alongside the sweep of time gives us the viewpoint that the Psalmists had when they caught the spirit of humility in countless memorable verses.

The response needed today is *hope*. A look back at our history as a nation should provide hope. Think of the travails it has faced and conquered down through two hundred plus years of history ... the early struggle for



**Written by former Chaplain
Dr. Duncan Trueman, 424/AT**

**Reprinted from *The CUB* issue:
Fall 2008, Vol 64, No. 3**

freedom against British tyranny ... and again in 1812 ... the struggle that the early pioneers and settlers faced in establishing homes and migrating across the west ... the war between North and South that tore our nation apart ... and all those wars and economic woes that we endured during the last century.

This nation survived all of those and this nation will survive the problems that it faces today. Though our Constitution is continuously being tested, it remains the force today with all its guarantees of freedom. Equality for all races and religions and ethnic identities is becoming more of a reality. A serious look at our history provides hope for the future. But the hope we speak of has its roots in deeper soil. God speaks to national life through the words of Isaiah: *"Listen to me, O coastlands, and hearken you people from afar ... I will give you as a light to the nations, that my salvation shall reach to the ends of the earth."* Like Israel, we are to be such a light!

The Adjutant's Message . . .

My Brothers and Sisters,

I am looking forward to seeing you all in New Orleans on August 21–25. I visited California again this past May 29 through June 4. My adopted daughter, Deirdre Wilson, who you can learn more about here, <http://www.deirdrewilson.com/> hosts a Thursday, one-hour radio program titled, *OUT OF THE BLUE*, with Deirdre Wilson. She concentrates on subjects like, Saving the Animals, Preserving the Environment, and human spirituality. For her May 30 program, she chose to do a WW II story. I was one of the guests discussing the 106th at the Battle of the Bulge. Her father Bill Wilson joined us (via telephone from N.J.). He is also a WW II vet, and the son of the copilot of the ENOLA Gay that bombed Hiroshima, Capt. Robert A. Lewis. A most interesting program if you have a computer, you can listen to it on <http://www.latakradio.com/Deirdre.php>, scroll down and click on the **May 30 program**.

On Memorial Day I spoke at the Palm Beach Memorial Park. I recited the POW/MIA story of The Table Set For One, “Waiting for that MIA to come home.” I finished with the POW Pledge of Allegiance.

We must thank and appreciate the efforts of our President Herb Sheaner, who personally called many of our Vets, and mailed out letters to more than 1,000 of our 106th members requesting



**Murray Stein, 423/I,
Ex Comm, Adjutant**
8372 Calabria Lakes Drive
Boynton Beach, FL 33473
561-336-2660
greg0803@bellsouth.net

their attendance at the reunion. Well done President. Our nominating chairman, Tom Hoff, has been working overtime to fill the officer positions of our Association. He was responsible for that large group of non-vets who were elected to the Board. Good going Tom. My sincerest thoughts to my dear friend Sy Lichtenfeld on the passing of his dear wife Natalie this past May 29. I look forward to sharing some memories with Sy, and some happy moments with all of you in New Orleans.

Love ya,
Murray

Golden Lions During World War II—A Photo Article

Requested by Association Adjutant Murray Stein (423/I)

Every so often, I see a picture in *The CUB* of one of us as a young soldier. In a previous issue (Vol. 67, No. 1) I thought it would be fun to have as many of our soldiers' photos as are available, to be published in *The CUB*. Editor William McWhorter agreed to my request to continue this series in subsequent issues of *The CUB*. Look for the following photos and throughout the magazine and keep sending them in!

Thomas H. Kapsalis, an Artist's House

Submitted by Thomas H. Kapsalis

Golden Lion Thomas H. Kapsalis is not only a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge and former prisoner of war, but he is also an accomplished artist for more than 60 years. Mr. Kapsalis provided the staff of *The CUB* with a copy of his book, an *Artist's House: Paintings & Sculptures 1947–2008* after reading the last issue of *The CUB* (Vol. 69, No. 1), that inspired him to share his military service. **Thank you sir, for the copy of your book.**

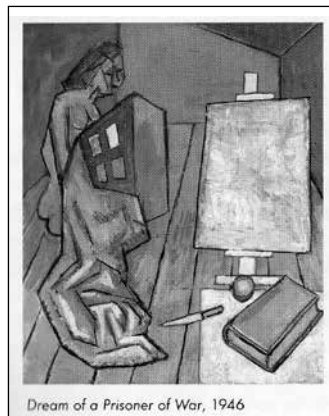
The following is transcribed from his book (pages 6–7). “In 1944, Kapsalis was inducted into the 106th Infantry Division (known as the “Golden Lions”), 422nd Regiment, of the U.S. Army. He quickly went through boot camp and soon found himself on the ground in the midst of the Battle of the Bulge, the largest, nastiest engagement of World War II with the highest Allied casualty rate. Along with the entire 422nd and 423rd regiments, Kapsalis was captured; upwards of 9,000 American soldiers from those ranks died in the fighting. En route to Stalag IIA, where he was imprisoned for five months, Kapsalis was shelled (by friendly fire), instantly killing his bunk



mate and injuring him. He still has shrapnel in his hip from that night. In January 1945, the Kapsalis family was informed that their son was missing in action; it was not until April that they

were told he was a prisoner of war; by May, the prisoner of war camp he was in had been liberated by the Russians. In letters home, Kapsalis assured his loved ones that he was recovering well and mentioned that he was continuing to sketch. His life as an artist, so abruptly interrupted, was still foremost in his mind, despite his dire circumstances. When he returned, he was awarded the Purple Heart and he is a proud veteran, though his vivid, terrible experience also led him to question the rationality of war. In 1946, Kapsalis reentered

School of the Art Institute of Chicago ... there he painted a small study, part of an exercise in design and dimensionality, the he titled *Dream of a Prisoner of War*.



Valor weekend at Valley Forge Military Academy

The event at the Valley Forge Military Academy has come and gone. However, those dates will long stay in my memory as a time when I was in the company of real heroes. We all hear about people who, in our lifetime, have distinguished themselves through actions that required them to perform without hesitation or any previous plan, something that changes history and/or saves lives or wins battles in the field.

These men whom we met at the Valley Forge Military Academy during the event named Valor Weekend, are such men. We Golden Lions who were there, Murray Stein, Russell Hoff, John Gatens, Newton Weiss, and myself, were invited to participate due to our wartime relationship with VFMA alumnus, 1st. Lt. Eric F. Wood, Jr., former Executive Officer of Battery A, 589th FABn., 106th Infantry Division.

Wood was Killed In Action in Belgium during the Battle of the Bulge and buried with honors at Henri Chapelle American Military Cemetery in Belgium. His legacy lives on in his two children, Pamela and Eric III, and the heritage of the VFMA.

The four living alumni who were present to speak to the Cadet Corps were William R. Barker, Class of '42 — Distinguished Service Cross, Allen E. Weseleskey, '53, 55C — Navy Cross, Brendan W. O'Connor '80C — Distinguished Service Cross, and Paul E. Galanti '57 — Silver Star, Vietnam POW. Rather than talk about their individual acts that earned them their military awards, they impressed



John R. Schaffner 589/A,
Historian, Past President 2002-2003
1811 Miller Road, Cockeysville, MD 21030
410-584-2754, pumexim2@verizon.net

on the Cadet Corps the importance of developing Academic Excellence, Character Development, Personal Motivation, Physical Development, and Leadership. These traits are self evident in all of those who held the stage that day. We were privileged and honored to just be in their company for this event.

The schedule included the assembly with the four speakers, the Corps of Cadets, and VFMA President and administrators. We were provided a nice luncheon, a post tour of the Chapel, the Library, and grounds. On Sunday we were with the Corps at the Chapel for the Sunday service and to hear CDR Paul Galanti speak and Eric F. Wood III, present a shadow box assembly of his father's awards to the VFMA for display in the museum. We 106th Infantry Division veterans were also recognized, then everyone went to the parade ground to witness the Cadet Corps perform a Regimental parade in

continues on page 8

Historian's Message . . .

review. The Cadets' performance was done with military precision. It made us all proud to see these young Americans display their military talents.

The Parade Ground is graced with a most impressive monument dedicated to those alumni whose lives were sacrificed in the service of their country. This large granite monument carries the logo of The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and is backed by the flags of the United States, Belgium, and Luxembourg. It was provided to the Academy by the Delaware Chapter of VBOB as the first National VBOB Monument many years ago with elaborate ceremony. The monument could not be at a better place

to represent the valor and sacrifice of the Americans who restored freedom to the European people during World War II. We were told that the three flags backing the monument are flown at identical heights, same as the World War II Memorial in Washington, D.C., the only other site.

We have people to thank for the planning and execution of this Valor Weekend gala event, primarily, Hugh B. Roberts, Class of '56, Arthur A. Lambert, Class of '60, and of course our own Dr. Joseph Gardner, 106th Infantry Division Association Member. Many thanks to the President and staff of the Academy for treating us all like VIPs.



106th Inf. Div. Veterans Russ Hoff, Murray Stein, John Schaffner, and John Gatens at Valor Monument.



(Left to Right) Eric Wood III, Dr. Joe Gardner, Eric's wife and Eric's sister Pam.



(Left to Right) John Schaffner (589/A), Unknown, Lt. Commander Allen Weseleskey, John Gatens (589/A), Murray Stein (423/I), Captain Hale and Russ Hoff (422/M).



Distinguished alumni honored at event, Paul E. Galanti '57 Silver Star, William R. Barker '42 DSC, VFMA Chaplain Captain Gerald Hale, Brendan W. O'Connor '80C DSC, Allen E. Weseleskey '53, 55C Navy Cross, and Thomas R. McCullough.

Historian's Message . . .



John Gatens and Marilyn Roberts at display in museum devoted to 1st. Lt. Eric F. Wood, Jr.



Cadets arrive at drill field.



Eric Fisher Wood, III and John Schaffner.



Dr. Joe Gardner (106th Assn.) is presented with VFMA varsity letter worn by Cadet Eric F. Wood, Jr. during his cadet days by Hugh B. Roberts, VFMA alum and coordinator of the event.

Additional photos and story on page 46

A Visit to the Pentagon

With no reservation, I must say that June 3, 2013, was the day that I worked (actually *walked*) the hardest, physically, for a long time. The occasion was a visit to the Pentagon. Yes, the one we all hear about so often in the news from Washington. The invitation came from two gentlemen whom I have known for a few years. They are Martin King, a Scot by heritage, but a resident of Belgium, a distinguished scholar, lecturer, battlefield guide and a Senior Historical Consultant to the History Channel in the U.S. and Michael Collins of Albany, NY, a military writer and lecturer, and currently historian for the 10th Armored Division. Together, King and Collins have recently written two books about the Battle of the Bulge. The titles are, *Voices of the Bulge* and *Tigers of Bastogne*. Employing their unique access to veterans' experiences, as well as intimate knowledge of the battlefield itself, I found both books factual and interesting. Needless to say, I am privileged to know them.



Oh yes, The Pentagon. If you have never been there, I have to tell you that it is one big place, not only geographically, but five stories high, and employs 25,000 people who work there every day, around the clock. We began our tour on the parking lot with Lt. Col. USAF, Jason D. Nulton as our guide. I looked toward the building we

continues on page 10

Historian's Message . . .

were to enter and it had to be at least ½ mile away. No, no shuttle bus either.

After a short briefing we started off, across the parking lot, across a foot bridge over the interstate highway and farther on to the Visitor's Entrance. That was like an airport inspection and then we were given a Visitor's badge. Col. Nulton led the way, through a corridor to the inner ring, known as "A" ring. He explained the locations of all of the accommodations for the employees, which included everything one would need with one exception, no hotel. One has to go home to sleep. There is everything from a barber shop to a Best Buy. The hospital (in the building) is fully staffed and there are "golf cart" type vehicles equipped to speed through the corridors to the scene of any medical emergency, EMTs, flashing lights, sirens and all. In one place, I saw a collection of electric "scooters" for the handicapped. Before the tour was over I wished I had one.

Martin and Mike had made an arrangement to present their new book to a group of listeners in the Library who were apparently attracted from the Pentagon employees. During that presentation Martin called on me to participate by talking about the battle at Parker's Crossroads. I noticed that no one else in the audience had "been there" so I was confident about my facts.

We made a stop at the location where the airliner had impacted on 9/11/2001. Of course everything has been restored to better than new. Col. Nulton explained in detail the sequence of events as the aircraft struck the ground, hit the 2nd floor, disintegrated, and progressed into the building.

There is no way one can imagine in the mind's eye what actually occurred. Along the walls of the corridor many quilts are hung that have each piece designed around the tragedy. Some are very professionally done and some are assembled with the work of children depicting a memorial to those whose lives were lost. Some are made with photos of those victims with their names and position at their job at the Pentagon.

The Col. also informed us about something apparently not well known. As you know, the Pentagon is designed as five adjoined wedges. One wedge unit had the outer windows replaced at a time prior to the crash with two inch thick glass with a layer of clear plastic, anticipating that perhaps some deranged terrorist in the future would try to inflict damage on the building. The plan was to do that all around the building but at 9/11 time the work had only progressed to this one wedge, and that was the very place the aircraft hit. Although still a horrible tragedy, it is felt that this reinforcement helped to prevent more widespread damage and more loss of life. Good fortune merged with bad. One never knows.

I regress to where I said that I "worked hard" on this day. What I meant to say was that I "walked hard." We were on our feet from about 2 until 6 p.m. with a short time to sit while Martin and Mike presented their book to the group of folks in the Library. Also in our small group of visitors was my son Bob, Gary Wollen and his wife Virginia, Mike's dad Dr. John Collins, and Martin's wife Freya.

My "factory made" knees held up just fine, but by the time I arrived home

Historian's Message . . .

I was finished for that day. When I got to the bed room I turned out the light and was in bed and asleep before the room got dark. Next morning I hit the floor shuffling a bit, but I was pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em down again before long. I still do most of the things I ever could but it sure does take longer to recover.

A few not-so-well-known facts about the Pentagon, home to the Department of Defense

1. The Pentagon is the largest office building in the world, based on floor space alone. 15,000 workers erected it in 16 months.
2. There are 17 ½ miles of hallways in the Pentagon.
3. It is so huge that it has been assigned six different ZIP codes.
4. The Pentagon is home to 4,200 different clocks.
5. There are 23,000–28,000 employees at various times in the building. Parking lots were designed to accommodate 10,000 cars.
6. There are more than 200,000 phone calls and 1,000,000 emails sent and received daily.

7. It is shaped like a pentagon because of where the roads were positioned that surround the original site.
8. The windows are glass panes two inches thick and weigh almost one ton each.
9. The windows do not open.
10. The tragic attack of Sept. 11, 2001 happened exactly 60 years to the day, from when ground was broken for the Pentagon's construction. A re-construction program had been initiated in the section where the aircraft impacted shortly before the 9/11 attack. Thus there were fewer people than normally would have been there. That can be viewed as a blessing for some. The re-construction work was completed in February 2003 at a cost of \$5 billion, five times the original building cost.

These are only a few of the unique things about the Pentagon. There are books and internet sources to satisfy any curiosity you may have.

JRS

Order of the Golden Lion Committee

John Schaffner is the Chair of the Order of the Golden Lion Committee. Mr. Schaffner invites any member to nominate a member for the award who is unquestionably qualified to be a recipient, earned through their contributions to the Association. Send nominations to:

John Schaffner (589/A)
1811 Miller Rd., Cockeysville, MD 21030-1013
410-584-2754
pumexim2@verizon.net



Treasurer's and Membership Chair's Report . . .

As of the 2012 Annual Reunion, the 106th Infantry Division Association has two great people (one new) working on our Association's Treasurer and Membership duties. Golden Lion Harry F. Martin Jr. (424/L) has retired, and Jacquelyn Coy who has been assisting Harry this past year will remain as our Association's Membership Chairman. Joining Jacquelyn is Mike Sheaner, current Association President Herb "Mike" Sheaner's son. Both of their contact information is listed on the following page, as well as the inside cover of this issue of *The CUB*.

Your Annual Dues Are No Longer Due

In 2010 the Board of Directors voted to dispense with annual dues, however, we continue to ask for donations, whatever you can give, to help defray the cost of printing and mailing *The CUBs*, which go out three times a year. For the Association to be able to meet not only yearly expenses, these donations make possible the enjoyable time at each Annual Reunion. We will also continue to collect *Memorial, Honorary and Life Plus donations*. Any contribution that helps defray cost and sustain the association is greatly appreciated. Please consider donating to the Association.



"We were once Brothers..." and will remain so forever. Once, brother carried brother through the trials of training at Camp Atterbury and endured in battle on the Schnee-Eifel of Belgium and Germany. Support the 106th Infantry Division Association by making a Memorial or Honorary contribution in the name of your brother, friend, father or spouse.

New membership applications are available for everyone in your family. Membership is only \$10 and is open to all veterans and non-veterans (of every generation) and comes with full voting privileges.

We encourage all family members to join to help honor our veterans and continue the legacy of the 106th.

Contact: Membership Chair, Jacquelyn S. Coy, JSC164@aol.com or Treasurer, Mike Sheaner, sheaner1@airmail.net.



March 1, 2013 – June 30, 2013

Total Contributions for the period: 46 equaling	\$3,450.00
Total Expenses for the period:	\$4,569.88

Treasurer's and Membership Chair's Report . . .

Make checks payable to “*106th Infantry Division Association*” and mail them to the Treasurer at:

Mike Sheaner, Treasurer
PO Box 140535
Dallas TX 75214
sheaner1@airmail.net
214-823-3004

Please report all changes of address and deaths to:

Association Membership Chair:

Jacquelyn S. Coy, Membership
121 McGregor Ave.
Mt. Arlington, NJ 07856
JSC164@aol.com
973-663-2410

Association Membership As of July 1, 2013

Total Membership	1220
Veterans members	773
Non-Veterans members	457

LIFE PLUS and REGULAR DONATIONS:

422/D	James P. Adsit	424/K	August Macaluso
422/B	Robert N. Bare	423/L	James J. Reinkober
422/A	Rev. Ewell C. Black, Jr.	423/L	James A. Reiss
422/D	Willis Bouma	592 FA/C	John M. “Jack” Roberts
590 FA/B	Thomas F. Bugner	Non-Veteran	Helen Salerno
589/A	Austin L. Byrd Jr.	592/SVC	Michael G. Sgrignoli
Non-Veteran	Michael A. Ciquero	422/G	Herbert M. Sheaner, Jr.
423/HQ 1stBN	Donald E. Cooley	423/SV	John S. Starmack
589 FA/C	Charles T. Daniel	589/A	William R. Streeter
Non-Veteran	Ronald J. Denham	423/SV Dr.	J. F. Ucchino
591/SV	Florian Frank	Non-Veteran	Edward D. Urban
590 FA/C	Albert C. Kosow	Non-Veteran	Mary Vandermast
424/A	James D. Forsythe	422/I	Don J. Young
424/C	Royce E. Lapp		

NEW MEMBERS:

Non-Veteran	Marc A Bartusek	423/B	J.D. Lankford
424/L	Robert H. Britton	Non-Veteran	Leon Quinet
Non-Veteran	Ruth A. Cavesina	Non-Veteran	Hugh B. Roberts
Non-Veteran	Tommy DeMail	Non-Veteran	Joseph Paul Salerno
Non-Veteran	Beverly Emick	Non-Veteran	Charlie Swett
Non-Veteran	Donna Jackson	Non-Veteran	Constance L. Tarantino
Non-Veteran	Jeffrey Giesler		

continues on page `14

Treasurer's and Membership Chair's Report . . .

MEMORIAL DONATIONS:

Murray Stein (423/I)

*In honor of the passing of
Mrs. Natalie Lichtenfeld, wife
of former president Sy Lichtenfeld.*

Bob Faro, Non-Veteran

*In memory of my late uncle,
Thomas D. Reda, 422/Medics.
Thirty-four year old draftee.*

Tommy DeMaio and Joey P. Salerno,
Non-Veterans

*Memorial donation in respect for
deceased members of 2nd Platoon,
Company B, 423rd Infantry who shared
December 19th with our grandfather
back in 1944.*

Helen Van De Bogart, Non-Veteran

*In memory of my husband, Herman
Van De Bogart 424/A. Herman died on
9/22/12 at a long term care facility in
Tucson, AZ where we have been spending
winters since 1978/79. On July 15, 2013
there will be a memorial service for
Herman at Tahoma National Cemetery.*

Robert Niner, 590/FA HQ

*In memory of Willie Warmuth who
lost his life when our POW train was
bombed outside Gerolstein on the night
of December 23, 1944.*

HONORARY DONATIONS:

Feliks J. Bortkiewicz, Non-Veteran

*In honor of friend, John Schaffner,
589/A.*

Returned Issues of the Latest *CUB of the Golden Lion*

Membership Chair Jacquelyn Coy asks that the following names (and partial addresses) be listed in this issue of *The CUB* in hopes that anyone reading this issue might know the people listed and can get word to them that their address listed with the Association is incorrect or out-dated. If you know anyone on this list (or if you know they are deceased) and can get word to them, please ask them to contact Jacquelyn directly at the address listed on the inside cover of this issue with an updated mailing address. Thank you.

Harry D Azadian — Wolcott, NJ

Carl L. Goering — Alton, IL

Ed Cottingham — Hereford, AZ

Roselie Brax — Quaker Hill, CT

Rev. J. Tucker Sr. — Pilot Mountain, NC

Sol Monter — Toms River, NJ

Philip Albaum — Santa Barbara, CA

Elsie R. Smoler — Yonders, NY

Thomas Dieterich — Sherwood, OR

Rose Caudill — Columbus, OH

PLEASE NOTE: Membership Chair Jacquelyn Coy is working to update the Association's roster with veterans and their units. If you use email, please email her directly at the address above with the following in the subject line: "**To 106th Membership Chair.**" Then in your email, please let Jacquelyn know your name and your 106th Infantry Division unit. Thank you.

From the editor of The CUB of the Golden Lion

Hello, my name is William A. McWhorter and I am the editor of *The CUB of the Golden Lion (The CUB)*. I am an admirer of your outfit and hope that I can assist in keeping open the lines of communication for our Association. Please send news items that you would like reviewed for

potential inclusion in upcoming issues of *The CUB* to me. Whenever possible please send them to my email address (***williammcwhorter17@gmail.com***). If you do decide to send them via postal mail, if possible, please **TYPE OR PRINT** your messages (it helps me get names spelled correctly). Thank you

Just a reminder . . .

If you have pictures, an article, or some other form of information you would like included in a future issue of *The CUB*, the due date is as follows:

For August–November 2013 issue: Material due in by September 30

Remember to send in your Reunion photos!

For December 2013–March 2014 issue: Material due in by **January 31**

For April–July 2014 issue: Material due in by **May 31**

Articles and pictures can be mailed or e-mailed to:

CUB Editor: William McWhorter
166 Prairie Dawn, Kyle, TX 78640
512-970-5637
williammcwhorter17@gmail.com

CUB Publisher: Susan Weiss
9 Cypress Point Court
Blackwood, NJ 08012
856-415-2211 sweiss@gccnj.edu

Editor's Special Notification:

To the widows of Golden Lions, if you would wish to continue to receive *The CUB* after the passing of your husband please let Membership Chair Jacquelyn Coy know. Her contact information is located at the beginning of this Memoriam Section and the inside cover.

A Bootlegged Dinner

Submitted by John Robb, 422/D

In October 1944, on the *Acquitania* on the way to Scotland, the seas were quite rough plus since being unescorted the ship was changing course every seven minutes, which caused most to become seasick. We were not interested in food. After the seas calmed we started going for meals, which were terrible. At night I heard about a deal where you could go down to the galley and the cooks would provide a meal for one dollar. They would seat eight men at their table and served fried eggs, bacon, warm bread, coffee and hot apple pie. That was the best dollar I ever spent!

Jim West and the www.IndianaMilitary.org Website

Associate member, Jim West (OGL-Officers, 2004) has created an excellent website at <http://www.indianamilitary.org>. It is hoped that this website will increase awareness of the 106th Infantry Division Association and perhaps our membership. The site has had 1,674,874 visitors to date. It is rated as the largest private site in Indiana at more than 50 gigabytes of unaltered history and is the largest depository of local historical photos. Check it out at your earliest convenience.

In addition to a very large section devoted to the 106th Division, it also contains information on Camp Atterbury (Indiana) and all the divisions that trained here in World War II and Korea. They include the 28th, 30th, 31st, 83rd and 92nd Infantry Divisions, plus Fort Benjamin Harrison, Freeman AAF, Atterbury/Bakalar AFB, the German and Italian POWs held at Camp Atterbury and Wakeman General Hospital. There is also a section for the several German Prisoner of War camps where some 106th members were held. There are dozens of 106th diaries and personal remembrances.

The 106th Roster at <http://tinyurl.com/106thRoster> now contains information on 16,934 Veterans with 363 individual photos. If you visit the website, listed above, and a photo is not shown for an individual, and the family has one available, all they need do is email Jim a scan. All 106th Division General Orders are now available on the site and they will soon be reviewed to gather the literally hundreds of names, service numbers and awards for the Roster.

Every available issue of the 106th *CUBs* are available on the site, in addition to the Camp Atterbury *Camp Crier*, published when the 106th was there. Find the *Camp Criers* under the section for Camp Atterbury. You can email Jim at jimdwest@centurylink.net.

Jim would like to thank the "AmVets of Indiana." Through their generosity of support and hosting of the entire website, they are making it possible for the 106th to have a presence on the Web.

Please Note:

The *Camp Atterbury Veterans Memorial Association's Memorial Ceremony* will be held on August 10, 2013 at 09:30 hrs, followed by the POW Chapel Service at 11:30 hrs.

Everyone is Welcome.



Stories of the Men of the 106th Infantry Division

As mentioned on the cover, initiated under the leadership and guidance of current Association President Herb Sheaner's effort to increase the attendance, especially veterans at this year's reunion in New Orleans, the staff of *The CUB* is happy to share with you the following stories told by 106th Veterans themselves. This is just the beginning, as we received a LOT of stories and will add them to future issues.

Bob Eldridge

**422nd Regt., Company G
Bradenton, FL**

The 106th Infantry Division had only been in the front lines about four or five days before the Germans launched their attack, known as the Battle of the Bulge on December 16, 1944. The Second Infantry Division left the area and we occupied their positions. I remember serving in a forward dugout outpost with about seven or eight other riflemen. One man was on duty watching out for any movement. We took turns doing this. The rest of the men were huddled up with blankets in a cubby hole. It was freezing cold. There was no activity in front of our outpost. There was no incoming artillery where we were at 5:30 a.m. the day the Germans attack.

The night of December 15–16, 1944, the day of the German attack, I was part of an eight man, or squad of men, that spent most of the night in a company "G," 422nd outpost. My company had three outposts. My outpost was not hit, but the #1 outpost was attacked. Later, we were ordered to leave the area around midnight of the 16th and I saw one frozen German soldier that lay in the snow near the captain's pill box. Our soldiers from outpost #1 brought him into our company area where he died from wounds.

James (JD) Forsythe

**424th Regt., Company A
California**

When I was 18 years old I volunteered before being drafted to go into military service. I was sent to Blytheville, Arkansas to the Camp Joseph T. Robinson Induction Center north of Little Rock. After exams I was sent to Camp Polk, Louisiana, and selected service in the Army Air Forces and was shipped off to Sheppard Field in Wichita Falls, Texas. I was sent to the University of Nebraska for math and science enhancement and basic flight training. There were apparently little need for more air crew and my class received a polite notice from Our Government, "For the convenience of the Government and without prejudice you are ordered to report to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, to be assigned to the 97th Infantry Division. While there I transferred to the 106th Infantry Division. Later we crossed the Atlantic on the RMS Aquitania. I was assigned as a runner in Company A, 424th Regiment. In the early morning of December 16 in black darkness, German units started passing through. We fired on them, most of our squad was killed within the first few minutes of the battle. The next day things became much worse, we were eventually surrounded and I and a few

continues on page 18

buddies surrendered to SS Troops and a tank with its muzzle aimed directly on the building we were held up in. We were taken prisoner and marched off to confinement in German Stalags.

Hugh Jess Fisher

Unit Not Specified, possibly Medical Battalion

**By grandson Dr. Tyler Fisher
London, England**

My grandfather, Hugh Jess Fisher, had experiences very similar to other members of the 106th Infantry Division; training at Camp Atterbury, capture at the Battle of the Bulge, and imprisonment during the months after the battle. He recalled details such as the way the POWs would sing the popular ditty, "Don't Fence Me In." When I was 19, I began the task of recording, transcribing, and organizing my grandfather's memories of the war. Our first weekend working on this project produced over nine hours of tape-recorded interviews, and these were followed by many additional interviews by telephone and many trips to the library in order to turn the account of his ordeal into readable chapters. The result was the book *A Medic's War* (Aventine Press, 2005). I am so grateful that my grandfather was able to see his memories in print before he died.

The following excerpt from *A Medic's War* features one of my favorite stories from the many that he loved to tell. It is an incident that happened during the POWs' long march to their first Stalag. "It was December 26, and we still did not know where we were going. We still had not caught a

train. Along the line of prisoners that stretched ahead as far as the eye could see, we heard rumors about catching a train just around the next bend, and then we would hear about the railroads being bombed. So, we marched on. We followed a gravel road in fairly open country now, where the snow was about five or six inches deep. Again, American planes appeared on the horizon. We feared they would mistake us for a column of bedraggled German troops and open fire. As the shadows of the fighter planes overtook us, we broke ranks and ran. I ran into a field with one group of prisoners who were stomping out 'USA' in enormous letters in the snow. The German guards joined us in making the snow letters, because they knew if the fighter pilots got the message, they would be safe too. The pilots waggled their wings to acknowledge us and did not shoot. They sped on toward the east while the guards reorganized us on the road."

Larry Berkelhamer

**422 Regt., Company F/2nd Battalion.
Skokie, IL**

The early morning of 16th December, I was in trouble in a forward line. We were told, "to come back to the company area." All hell broke loose; we were receiving shelling. The captain said, "Let's get out of here." German infantry was advancing; we had a casualty, when one of our guys threw a hand grenade and it hit a tree. We were ordered to leave the area. It was pretty foggy that morning.

Hugh Colbert

**422nd Regt., Company B
Dallas, Texas**

On December 16th, I was at the 422nd Battalion Command Post at 5:30 a.m. I started hearing incoming artillery shells. I was ordered to take messages from Battalion Headquarters to company commanders. On December 19th I was surrendered to the Germans with other members of Company A and Company B, 422nd Regt. We were in a valley and we were attempting to cross Skyline Drive when German Tanks opened up on us with their 88s. We were in a valley, they, the tanks, were at the top of a hill firing down on us. We had no chance with our rifles to combat the tanks. We were among the first ones who got caught going to Schoenberg. I believe only Joe Massey and about eight others made it across Skyline Drive and were not captured at that time.

Herb Sheaner

**422nd Regt., Company G
Dallas, Texas**

On December 16th, I saw my first casualties of the war. Two dead German soldiers lay on the trail up the hill from our outpost #1 of company G, 422nd. The outpost had been hit earlier at 5:30 a.m. After the attacking enemy was knocked out by our mortar shelling and rifle fire, two German soldiers were still alive and brought up the hill for medical aid where they died. They were left in the snow to freeze. No one took anything off of them. Our company was pulled out that night to go to Regt. Headquarters to protect it, they were worried about being attacked.

Stories of the Colonels

It was one dark morning in October 1944, before daylight, we, the 422nd Regt. were lined up standing next to the clean parade ground waiting for 2½ ton trucks to pick us up and take us to the train station where a train would take us to Camp Miles Standish outside of Boston for issue of total new clothing before going overseas.

It was too much for the Colonel to see us idle. He ordered us to cross back and forth across the parade ground and pick up small rocks, cigarette butts, anything that didn't grow. Back and forth we went. At last the trucks showed up and we stopped doing this garbage work. We were on the way to Europe. The parade ground was already clean . . . it was cleaner by the time we left Camp Atterbury

The same Colonel had a challenging life or death decision to make on an isolated wooded hill just inside Germany across from the Belgium border on a dreary heavily overcast winter day, December 20th, 1944. With his Regiment shot up, and what was left of it, surrounded with no food and no way of protecting themselves from German tanks and German artillery, with wounded 106th soldiers lying around him and no medical help available, he was thinking about what will happen to his few surrounded infantrymen and thinking what he must do. He called all the officers that he could find around him and said something like this: "We must do something. Will we sacrifice these men? Most will be injured or killed. They haven't eaten for days. We have

continues on page 20

no food for them. They have little or no ammunition. Should we surrender or let the German Artillery shell us as they said they would do? That will cause more deaths and injuries. The decision is up to you officers. We will take a vote on surrender.”

All but two officers at the meeting agreed the best thing to do, as things now stood, was to surrender. What was left of the 106th Infantry Division, 422nd Regt. was pinned down on this hillside. One of the officers that voted not to surrender was my Captain: Captain Kielmeyer of company G, 422nd infantry. He later told me that he just wanted to holdout a day or two more and see what happened. You know, we all had been told that the Seventh Armored Division was on the way to save us. They never started out in our direction . . . Germans kept them from doing so. I was one of those men that walked down the hillside with others and met the Germans in a valley and surrendered.

Escape

I and my POW buddy, Frank Chirumbole, 423rd had escaped from a wired open-aiired prison camp in a forest in East Germany and four days later, on April 25th, 1945 we were picked up by the last jeep in a line of jeeps that were crossing the wide space, unsecured, that lay between the Russian Army and the American Army.

Fortunately for us, the last jeep in the line of jeeps passed us by, but then up the road they stopped, turned around and came back and picked us up and took us to the American Lines. The soldiers in the jeeps all thought that we were a

couple of displaced persons. They didn't recognize us as American soldiers of the 106th Infantry Division . . . we didn't look like American soldiers. When we began to holler at the last jeep that “we are Americans,” they did not stop . . . but a few minutes later the Sergeant told the Captain in the last jeep that he thought we were Americans and they came back and picked us up. We were free! We were free! We were free!

The next full day of freedom, a jeep driver took us to a building that sat off the road in this liberated town and told Frank and me that “over there, across the open space was a building and the mess hall was there. Well, we hadn't had a meal in weeks and weeks, being nearly deathly starved POWs, we started walking across the open area to the Mess Hall to be fed. What happened next stunned me . . . as Frank and I were walking toward the building to get some food, a fellow was rapidly walking, headed straight toward me. He seemed in a hurry and I could tell as he got nearer that he was mad as all hell. It was a Colonel.

He must have seen from a distance that were we shabby dressed, uncouth, uncleaned and a disgrace to the American Army. He could easily see that Frank and I were not wearing our helmets, so that was the first thing he thought of. He stopped our walk by stopping and standing in front of me and said, “Soldier, where is your helmet?” I was flabbergasted. I couldn't say anything. I thought, where is my helmet? I didn't have my rifle either. I could see him thinking. In my mind he was wondering what kind of soldier would this be, so dirty, smelly, without

a helmet when all soldiers had to wear their helmet when they are within thirty miles of the front.

As he stood rigid facing us, I could see that he couldn't figure us out. He had never seen two soldiers that looked like we did. Something is wrong. I remember that when I was picked up I was told that I was repatriated . . . not liberated or recaptured or anything else. Just "Repatriated," whatever that meant. Then, after having been rocked by his ruff authoritative question . . . I, after a long pause, it finally came to me, I said," we have been repatriated." He immediately went on his way without saying another word . . . hell, couldn't he tell we were starved, skeleton like POWs? We were a mess. I was even wearing a British jump jacket that I had traded for a pack of cigarettes with a British POW. We were extremely happy, we were free. We were loose and free!

Col. Robert W. Fisher (ret.)

106th Reconnaissance Troop

Lenoir City, TN

I was a volunteer draftee from Madison, Wisconsin, and the day after I was sent to Ft. Sheridan, Illinois. After several days at Ft. Sheridan many of us boarded a train for Fort Polk, Louisiana. Men were lined up at Fort Polk and were called out by name for the units in the new 106th Infantry Division. I was one of the last called for assignment to the 106th Reconnaissance Troop. My basic training with the 106th Recon., including our division maneuvers. We lost a number of men as replacements and the division was transferred to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. From there we went to the New York area for

transportation to our final destination to Germany. After several weeks in England we were shipped to LeHarve, France and were forced to return to England for a replacement anchor which was lost crossing the channel. Arriving on the continent we replaced the division in line. Subsequently, our Troop was over run and I later became a prisoner of war. I escaped once as a prisoner and was later recaptured. I worked in factories during the day and at night they would send us to Leipzig, where we were to work on the destroyed railroads. I was liberated by a task force that did not remain in the area. My prisoner of war buddy and I acquired a fire truck, which had a wheel base wide enough to accommodate Bailey Bridges. Final destination was Camp Lucky Strike where I boarded a hospital ship and was assigned to the Miami Beach Redistribution Center. From there, I transferred to Camp Blanding Hospital and was finally separated.

Bob Howell

ex Association President

423rd Regt.

submitted by Louise Howell, wife

Macon, Georgia

My husband, Bob Howell, was the Association President during the year 1982-83. He was elected President at the Madison, Wisconsin reunion and his term ended with the 1983 Reunion in Worster, Massachusetts. He was a 2nd Lt., Clemson graduate that served in the 423rd Regt., 106th Infantry Division. He and I have attended many, many Reunions. In 1973 he was promoted to the rank of Colonel.

John Zahn

**424th Regt., Company L
Lubbock, Texas**

I was a Sgt., a squad leader in Company L, 424th Regt. a machine gun and mortar company. We were on the front lines and held our position for a day or two. We were nearly out of ammunition and had to use German guns in the battle. The 82nd Airborne was behind us and we ended up being pushed back to them. I took my basic training at Camp Fannin, near Tyler, Texas. The area was known as the “Rose Garden of the World” and it was no fun training among the roses and getting pricked by thorns. After training I went to Camp Atterbury where I joined the 106th Infantry Division.

Lt. Robert Britton

**424th Regt., Company L
Tequesta, FL**

I was shot through the mouth on the first day of the German attack, December 16; ended up in a Paris hospital and then sent to a hospital in England. After three months in the hospital I was sent back to 106th Infantry Division. Every December 16th I call Sgt. John Zahn and another 106th veteran that lives in Washington, all of us are members of Company L, 424th Regt, and we all remember the 16th well and we are happy to talk to each other each year on the 16th.

Billy Jackson

**424th Regt., Anti-Tank Company
Brady, Texas**

I was inducted in Seattle, Washington. I took basic training at Camp Shelby in Mississippi. I call it “the butt hole of the world.” When we got leave we would go to Hattiesburg and drink free beer. From Camp Shelby I went to Camp Atterbury and joined the 106th Infantry Division. There I was placed in the 424th Regt., Anti Tank Co. I was issued a Carbine to carry . . . it was a lot easier than carrying the M1 rifle. It was not as good as the M1 for accuracy or distance, etc.

I was captured by the Germans for seven hours, but the reserves of I Company, 424th Regt. came to our rescue and freed us and they in turn captured the Germans that held us. During the German attack, one of my buddies pulled out a German bullet that had lodged under his chin and gave it to me. I still have it. Years later, I tried to give it to his wife or ex-wife but she wouldn’t take it. I lost a lot of buddies in the snow. I am proud of what I went through but not again.

Edgar Denham

18th Calvary, Troop B

***Submitted by his son Ron Denham,
non-veteran***

Park Ridge, IL

My father, Edgar Denham, was a member of the 18th Calvary, Troop B. He was attached to the 2nd Infantry division and wore that patch. Then when the 106th Infantry division moved into the front line on December 12, 1944, they

were told to remove the 2nd Infantry shoulder patch and put on the 106th Infantry Division patch. They had no time to do so before the Germans attacked. His unit held up the Germans for a day or so. My dad's troop was in position between the 423rd and 424th Regiments. They fought bravely with the 423rd Regiment, 1st Battalion. They had a lot of space to cover with too few people. My Dad was taken as a POW.

Thomas M. Dunn (Capt.)

424th Regt., 3rd BN, HQ Co.

Dec. 11, 1913 – Apr. 25, 2000

***Submitted by his son Wayne G. Dunn
Parkton, MD***

I had just turned 31 years old on 11 December 1944 — five days before the Battle started. The 424th held a position on the high-ground with a good view for 300 yards. The 28th Infantry was on our right. When the Germans came they swept around the hill, pushing everyone back. Lack of supplies and ammunition — they were told by Division Headquarters to “hold your position.” Finally around 11 p.m., and with the Germans between ourselves and our destination, we were told to “get out if you can” and we started to retreat to the Ourthe River, which was behind us to the west. We collected all the remaining men, and had about four people for each compass. Our plan was to take a heading to a point between the two bridges on the river since we figured the Germans held the bridges. We removed the ammunition from our guns to avoid gunfire that would give away our position as we tried to sneak through the enemy lines. Several soldiers were left

behind to keep firing their weapons up and down the line to make the Germans think we were still there. Those men were told to wait about thirty minutes and then run as fast as they could to catch up. At one point we were crossing a large field and suddenly realized we had been seen by Germans who were on the edge of the field with artillery. The Germans lowered the aim of their artillery and started shooting at the men. At first everyone dove for cover to avoid the shrapnel, but they quickly found the snow was only several inches deep and on top of a frozen layer of snow beneath it. (Dad remembers getting a bloody face from trying to dive into the snow and hitting the ice. He also claims that is why his fingers are so short — he wore them down trying to claw a foxhole in the frozen ground). Realizing we were badly outnumbered, and the Germans would soon send a patrol after us, we decided to take our chances and we raced for the cover of the woods on the other side of the field.

We had already discussed that we would have to wade across the river because it was certain the Germans controlled the two nearest bridges. When we reached the river, we sent the tallest men to search for the shallowest crossing point. Since dad is not one of the tallest people, the water was up to his chin. In addition to the water being extremely cold, the men had to watch for large chunks of ice floating downstream. We had also told the men they were trying to reach to keep firing their artillery on a regular basis so we would have a position to home in on.

Donald Herndon (2nd Lt.)

**424 Regt., Company L,
current Board Member
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma**

I wondered how I would be accepted as an Officer? I was an eighteen-year-old replacement officer. There were a lot of replacement soldiers at that time joining the 106th Infantry in early 1945. I was the youngest Officer in the Division . . . maybe in the whole United States armed forces. I had no problem. Everyone was nice to me. I had been in ASTP at VMI. I applied for OCS, went to Fort Benning and there I became an officer. I arrived at the 106th Division at the “tail end” of the “Battle of the Bulge” and was assigned to 424th Regt., Company L. I was a platoon leader and was digging a fox hole when one of the company Sergeants suggested that he dig the hole for me and let me attend to platoon business. I accepted his suggestion. He was a good sergeant . . . later he was promoted to Master Sergeant. Later we guarded German POWs, some 105,000 of them. The prison camp was seven miles around.

At a 106th Reunion I saw this guy, Murray Stein at a table, and thought he was kind of “a take charge type of guy.” I ask him if he would join the Board. With no hesitation he said “yes.” I can say now, I made an excellent choice.

Howarth Taylor

**423rd Regt.
Hickory Ridge, Arkansas**

It was pretty tough. They had tanks. We had small arms. I was a First Lt. aged 22. I attended the University of Illinois where I took ROTC. When

I entered the service I went to Fort Benning and I left there as an Officer. I served in the 423rd Regt. and became a POW. I’ll never forget that experience. It was so long ago . . . hard to remember . . . the Germans caught us with their machine guns. They had tanks. We had to surrender.

Leo Taylor

**423rd Regt.
Fort Smith, Arkansas**

I was a plain foot soldier. I took basic training at Camp Shelby in Mississippi. From there I joined the 106th at Camp Atterbury. I was captured on the 19th and became a POW. My outfit ran into some German tanks and our commander surrendered us.

Leo Suiter

**422nd Regt., Company L
Daleville, Alabama**

I took basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas. I went from there to Camp Campbell, Kentucky and my last assignment was with the 106th Infantry Division at camp Atterbury. There I joined L Company, 422 Regt. and went overseas with the 106th and was in the Battle of the Bulge and taken prisoner. The Germans put us in a box car and while we were sitting in the boxcar bombs started dropping around us. They missed us. I ended up at Stalag 4B where a few days after arrival I went out on a work detail. We were housed in a German dance hall. As a POW I went from 200 pounds to where I remember I could put the fingers of my hand all the way around my leg and thigh bone . . . I was skin and bone, I lost so much weight.

We were liberated by the Americans and while we waited for trucks in this German town to take us back to France we hunted for food. Throngs of German civilians were in the streets with us. The German civilians were nice to us. Later we ended up in Paris. There I traded Red Cross American cigarettes with French people for money and with the money went to eating places. Later we were transported to Camp Lucky Strike and crossed the Atlantic to America.

Don McLeod

**423rd Regt., Company F
Forney, Texas**

I was 'Johnny come lately' to the 106th. I joined the 106th ID at Camp Atterbury. I took basic training at Fort Story as a Combat Engineer, then went to ASTP at VPI, from there I joined the Air Force . . . flight school was full so they sent me to the 106th ID. I was assigned to the motor pool driving a jeep. The 106th was sent overseas and to the front lines where my Regt. was in the Battle of the Bulge and we were surrendered on the 18th December, 1944. We were told that we could "take off", some may have. I kept hearing rifle shots so I thought I had better stay put. I ended up at Stalog 4B where a few days later 15 of us were sent out to work in a building. I was the carpenter of the group. We had three German guards. One guard was a Sgt. We were marched away from the advancing Americans and placed in a farm barn. A buddy and I decided to escape, but that morning we were told by the German Sgt. that we were to "fall out" and we would be given a slice of bread and we were free

to go. He told four or five of us where to go to meet the Americans and he handed one of us his rifle. Later we were lying down on the road side when we heard a motor vehicle coming . . . it was an American jeep I said. And it was. They took us to the German town of Gera. There we stayed in German civilian houses for two nights and then we were flown to Le Harve.

Robert Howell (Lt.)

424th Regt.

Macon, Georgia

I was the lucky Officer that had the "duty" to pick up the girls in downtown Indianapolis and take them back to Camp Atterbury for the Officers' dance during the weekends. Naturally, I had first choice, so you would think. Things were different overseas. I was in the 424th Regiment. We were in the front lines for only a few days before the German attack on December 16, 1944 in the Battle of the Bulge. The Battalion Supply Officer was killed in the first day or two and I was asked to serve as the supply Officer for my Battalion by the Battalion Commander. I remember going to St. Vith, our Division Headquarters, for a supply of food for our troops that were fighting in the front lines. At St. Vith people were milling around all over the place. It was a disturbed group of people. It was just learned that out front the 422nd and 423rd Regiments had been surrounded. There were no happy faces to be seen; the German threat to the area was obvious. My jeep was parked in the parking area at Division Headquarters. Out of the building came General Jones, our Division Commander. He was teary

continues on page 26

eyed and appeared stunned. He knew that his son, a 1st Lt., was out there with a Regiment that was surrounded and that the planned rescue of the two surrounded Regiments by the Seventh Armored Division did not take place. We could have spoken . . . but there was not anything to say. It had become obvious that it was a major German attack. I picked up boxes of canned food, what I could find, and returned to the front where the cans were passed out to the men of the 424th Regiment in their fox holes. It turned out that all the cans of food contained orange marmalade. The men tore into the cans with their bayonets and that was all they had to eat for two days . . . orange marmalade. Many of the 424 Regiment men were lost in battle. We were rescued by the 82nd Air Borne Division that probably kept us from being surrounded and taken prisoner.

Jim Reiss

**423rd Regt., L Company
San Clemente, California**

I was severely wounded on December 15, 1944. I was hit by shrapnel in my foot, leg and back. I was picked up and left at an Aid Tent on the battlefield. They dug some metal out of me. They didn't have any anesthesia for most of us. The Germans drove the injured officers and enlisted men in one of our own weapons carriers to a German Base Hospital. We wounded spent Christmas together in the German hospital in Haufenstahl, Germany. We stayed there until February. I remember the German hospital having a pretty nurse and clean sheets. I'm 88 and enjoying retirement in procrastination.

Donald Prell

**422nd Regt./Anti-Tank Company
PO Box 1927
Palm Springs, CA 92263**

On December 6, 1944, the 422nd Infantry Regiment of the 106th Division was transported across the English channel to France (landing in the port of Le Harve), then traveling 41 miles to the small village of Yerville. Our bivouac area was nothing more than open fields, deep in mud with cold drizzling rain. I was a 2nd Lt., a platoon leader in the Anti-Tank Company of the 422nd Infantry. That evening as my Platoon Sergeant and I sat talking, he asked me: "Lieutenant, how old are you?" (I was 20 and he was 24.) I said: "About the same as you, Sergeant." He replied: "I thought you were — some of the men think you're a lot younger." At that time, I was already balding, which no doubt added a number of years to my perceived age.

After a few days, as our units were readying for the move to the front, I was ordered to report to regimental headquarters for a special assignment: "Lt. Prell, your platoon is to place road guards at a number of critical points along the route from the town of Givet (France) to St. Vith (Belgium)." The 422nd was to move from Yerville to Givet, by way of Neufchatel, Amiens, Valenciennes, Maubeuge and into Belgium to Philippeville. The regiment was to spend the night in the vicinity of Philippeville, moving out at daybreak heading for St. Vith. However, my platoon was not to stop in Philippeville, but to travel an additional 13 miles, to Givet (which was back in a sliver of

France), where I was to begin placing road guards to be sure the convoys went in the right direction, down the chosen roads. So with map in hand, I led my platoon on the road to Givet. The rain had stopped; my men were to set up pup tents (for the night) at each location along the route to St. Vith. Instructions were given to be up and in place at sunrise, and to direct the column along the prescribed route. All were told to wait to be picked up after the last of the column passed their checkpoint. Since the route went straight through Givet, I put out two men (who linked up with road guards from another unit) and instructed them to wave the troops straight ahead toward the town of Wellin. At a road junction, 19 miles east of Givet, a sergeant along with one private were instructed to direct the troops north-east toward Rochefort. If there was any doubt as to missing a turning, another two men were placed on the site! Two men were dropped off in Rochefort and two more in Marche-en-Farnenne. We then traveled on to Hotton, dropping off two more where just south of the town, the column was to be turned 90 degrees to the right on a road heading directly to La Roche-en-Ardenne.

In La Roche, as we dropped off two more members of my platoon on the south side of the bridge over the Ourthe River, I said to my Platoon Sergeant: "Across the river is where we will return to spend the night, that is after the last of our men have been left in St. Vith". I can't begin to describe the beauty of La Roche — picture perfect — a travel agent's dream. There were three of us in my jeep — my driver, Tec 5 Ken Fielen

(from Chicago), Sergeant Roger Phillips (from West Union, West Virginia) and yours truly (from Los Angeles). We were making good time and the prospect of spending the end of the day in La Roche was enticing. Another two men were dropped off on the north side of the bridge and two more where the road turned, leading out of town toward Vielsalm. Two more men at the crossroads about 8 miles northeast of La Roche (the road goes straight through, but could cause trouble) and another two just south of Vielsalm, to direct the troops to the road covering the final 33 miles to St. Vith.

In St. Vith we met up with the regiment's advance party and reported that all the road guards were in place. I instructed the drivers of two of our 1½-ton trucks to return to Givet to follow up after the last of the 422nd had cleared the town and to pick up our men at the locations I had marked on a map. The remaining few members of my platoon, with our other 1½-ton truck, were to remain in St. Vith until the next morning, when it was to return to La Roche and meet me at the bridge over the Ourthe River.

With all the road guards in place, we three happy tourists headed back to La Roche to find accommodations for the night — hopefully to include a real bath and a good meal as well. In the center of town, overlooking the river, we found the Beau Rivage, a charming small hotel, where I booked us in for the night. We had our first hot bath in over a week, then a fine meal (including wine) and real beds, with comforters to keep us warm.

continues on page 28

The next morning, just before sunrise, we headed back along the route to check-up on how our road guards were faring. They were all in place — that is until we got to the road junction just south of Hotton, where we were in shock to find the main column was headed toward the village of Hotton. Sgt. Phillips jumped out of our jeep and woke up a corporal and a private who had overslept, getting them to direct the following units toward La Roche. Meanwhile my driver and I raced ahead of the column (lucky for us only a few units had actually passed the checkpoint), turning them back toward La Roche just north of Hotton. By the time this wayward group arrived in La Roche, it was no problem for them to meld back into the column crossing the bridge; and although they might have questioned the fact that they were meeting other units coming in from their right, the distances were such that they were still near the head of the column. The next day, when I was again called to regimental headquarters, I knew it was to arrange for my Court Martial. Instead, I was congratulated on the fine job my platoon had accomplished!

In 1948, I revisited La Roche-en-Ardenne, only to find the charming village was no more. Although rebuilding had begun, the town was not as I remembered it. I was told that early in January of 1945, British intelligence had located a number of German tanks in La Roche — bombers were sent to eliminate them, which was accomplished; but in doing so the center of La Roche was completely destroyed, including the Hotel Beau Rivage. Maybe on December 10, 2014,

I should again spend the night in the rebuilt Hotel Beau Rivage, as it will mark the 70th anniversary of my first visit to the charming village of La Roche-en-Ardenne.

William P. Fleharty

***Submitted by widow Dharlys Fleharty
Palm Coast, FL***

I am the wife of veteran William P. Fleharty who served with the Golden Lions. I regret to tell you he died in 1998. Bill was captured during the Battle of the Bulge and was on that long “walk” until liberated. He did NOT like to talk about his experiences and with few exceptions, he did not. I only know a few things but I did learn from his SGT Smith that he was so ill that the Sgt and another man got him into a small farm cart they found and pulled him along and the second day, if they hadn’t been liberated, he would have died probably during the night.

I did not meet Bill until 1950 and he didn’t even tell me about being a POW until almost a year later when he became quite ill and it came out as he told the doctor his history. He had conquered his demons, I guess you could say, and with the exception of a dream now-and-again to waken him and Christmas Eve when he would remember the night at a German camp when they thought they would be gassed and he shed a few tears, he did very well. Of course over the years, it all took its toll and he eventually qualified for the 100 percent disability which he had for about two years. I am most grateful for the benefits it has given me since then, believe me. He was a wonderful husband and father

and a gentle man who was well liked by everyone. He was a long time in coming to join the Association for at first he hadn't heard about it and then, just in general — until he met a couple men after we moved to Florida from Maryland and he was in the Flagler Chapter until his death.

Glynn Raby
423rd Regt., A&P Platoon,
1st Bn HQ Company
Later with the 2nd Infantry Division

I have been a Life Member for many years am also a Life Member of the 2nd (Indianhead) Division Association, as my combat time was with them. My army service began in March 1943 when I was assigned to the newly activated 106th Division at Ft. Jackson, SC. First, I was in the A&P Platoon of 1st Bn Hq Co, 423rd. Capable of using a typewriter, a few months after basic training, I became a Bn Clerk, Grade T-5. After TN maneuvers, we moved to Camp Atterbury, IN. Soon after, I was selected as one in a group of replacements and sent to Europe. D-Day, I was in a replacement camp in southern England and not long after was in Normandy where I joined Co. H, 9th Inf., 2nd Division. Five Campaigns and I ended the war in Czechoslovakia as a Sgt. Together with a high school classmate (also 106th, later Air Corps) and his wife, my wife and I attended the 1991 Reunion in Huntsville, AL and the 1993 one in Columbia, SC., which we enjoyed very much.

Robert Bare
422nd Regt., Company B
Springfield, Ohio

I have enjoyed reunions in the past and it brings back times and thoughts about events of many years ago. I was in the 422/B. As I think back to those times and remember names and events that I have not recalled in many years, I remember one. That was Hugh Colbert who was with me at Stalag 4B before I shipped out to a worse camp. In recent years we have had an exchange of interesting correspondence.

David Franklin (Sergeant)
802 Ordnance Company
Submitted by his son George Franklin

My dad (David Franklin) was in the 106th's 802 Ord unit. He passed away in 1999. I was always interested in the Battle of the Bulge and signed up for membership in the association. I can only relate a long story I found out about the 106th and when my dad was in Bad Ems. They had taken over a Hotel there called the "Lindenbach." From the pictures I have it was an older hotel and is now a Railroad Retiree home. Years later, I visited friends in Germany in the Police department in Cologne. One trip I made I told my friend that I wanted to visit Bad Ems to see the places my dad had pictures of. Well, of course, I forgot the name of the hotel on my dining room table, so when we got to Bad Ems all we could do was look at hotels and hope I picked out the right one. Well the one we saw that I THOUGHT was correct turned out to be the HOTEL BALZER owned by an older gentleman

continues on page 30

by the name of Werner Unverzagt. He was standing in the driveway when we pulled in. My friend introduced us to him, of course, in German. I do not speak the language however was able to make out POLICE and 106th Division. Making a long story short Mr. Unverzagt went crazy! He and my friend were screaming at each other and he was very upset. It turns out he was a member of the Abweher (German Secret Service) during the war and thought being we were police there to re-arrest him! Seems he had been arrested by the 106th when they occupied the town! When I and my friend assured him we were NOT there for that but wanted to learn about the occupation and had photos, etc., he calmed down. After a long while of writing back and forth, he and I became good friends — he even paid for me to fly over and visit! On one trip we went to the Lindenbach with pictures that I gave over to the owners (state-run). It seems they have a very large book of the hotel and what happened and were extremely happy with the photos I gave them for the war years. The hotel has since been razed to make way for a railroad tunnel and is no longer.

Don Cooley **423rd Regt., 1st Bn** **California**

After freshman year of engineering at Purdue University, I was inducted in May of 1943, shipped to Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia for a hot June, July and August for infantry basic (after a year of ROTC Field Artillery at Purdue). My timeline is as follows: Sept. to March 1944 in ASTP, University of Alabama;

then off to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, to 106th, 423rd, 1st Bn, which was just off maneuvers in Louisiana; then off in October on Queen Elizabeth (who wasn't) and up to the Front Dec. 11. Now battalion Clerk in cushy Seigfried Line bunker — armed with typewriter to throw at Jerry at the patdown on the 19th. Possible unusual item: While in boxcar on Christmas Day, I had the 47 men from 106th and 28th Divisions sign their names and addresses on a blank daily battalion strength report in my pocket. I had a small Baby Brownie camera and three rolls of film in my big coat pocket which the patdowner missed (you may remember it was getting dark then at 4 p.m. and they “roused” us out in a hurry).

When we got to IVB and went through the shower/delousing a Brit came up to me and asked “got anything you don't want Jerry to have?” I thought why not trust him. On the other side getting new clothes he came by and said “Here's your camera, Yank,” I braved a couple of hipshots in Stalag IV-B that did not turn out well, but took several after liberation. Before that though, our work party was in Halle an der Salle (about 20 miles northwest of Leipzig) until April 13 when the Yanks were getting closer and they marched East. A buddy and I took off, hid and a farmer took us in to the hayloft of his barn and fed us, as the retreating Krauts were passing through, for a week until the 104th Division liberated us on the 20th. From there I ducked out of Halle RAMP camp and got a C-47 at a nearby airport to Lucky Strike, out May 7, and home to Lafayette, Indiana on May 20th. Out and back in Purdue by October 1945.

Jesse Edenbaum

422nd Regt. Company I

***Submitted by his daughter Donna Ross
Cranston, RI***

My dad passed away, on July 12, 2011, at the age of 87. Dad was captured in the Battle of the Bulge, on December 19, 1944. He was in the 422nd, Company I. He lived for more than 50 years in Cranston, Rhode Island. Dad always loved reading his CUB, as did I and my brothers. He never chose to speak very much of his days in the army, especially in prison camp. We did find an amazing diary that he kept during those months. You all are, without a doubt, the greatest generation. My dad had such a sense of responsibility, and such a devotion to our mom, his wife of nearly 66 years, Lenore, and to us his children.

Hal Power

422 Regt., Company C

Plano, Texas

I graduated from high school in January 1942. I was drafted into the army in spring of 1943. I began service with the 505th military police detachment, but was later transferred into the 106th Infantry Division's 422/C. I remember the Tennessee Maneuvers being really dirty and muddy. After we landed in France, we were trucked to Belgium, as we neared our section of the lines the things that I remember were bunkers, blockades. As we drove through you could see places that had been bombed out, and that's the memory bank with trees and then little villages, bombed-out areas, people waving at

you. When we got to the frontlines, we were told, "This is a quiet zone." We were given either eight or sixteen rounds of ammunition. I think I had my carbine weapon or an M-1, one or the other. My job on the front was outpost guard. Most of that was at night. From about December 10 to 16, so you're not talking about a very long time before the Germans hit us. During the time, at night, you had buzz bombs going over the treetops and you could see and hear V2 Rockets. When the attack came, we were sitting ducks. What the hell do you do with a bayonet and a clip of ammunition? What the hell are you going to shoot? I mean, I was out of ammunition in minutes, and so was everybody else. That's when I was hit with shrapnel. What also hit us was the weather; the severe temperatures were playing havoc with us. We didn't have feelings — some of us — in your feet. I didn't have any feeling in my feet or my hands.

Ultimately, we were surrounded and after we surrendered we tried to look out for one another during our imprisonment. We were put in the backend of a truck, and as the truck moved out I could see over a wide flat open space, and this sticks in my craw and my mind. Arms frozen in place, legs — black on white, whether they were Americans or Germans, I have no knowledge of that, but as far as the eye could see, frozen dead bodies in the snow. When we finally got into Schoenberg we were taken to a barn with very high doors, and in the barn were desks and interrogators.

continues on page 32

In 2009, Congressman Ted Poe (Texas) presented me with four Purple Hearts, this followed my receiving of the “V” for valor pin to my Bronze Star with first Oak Leaf Cluster for saving the lives of U.S. troops while a prisoner of war behind German lines during The Battle of the Bulge.

Frank S. Trautman

422/D

Zionsville, IN

As a mid-westerner, I hoped that I may see the Statue of Liberty as the troop ship *Aquitania* departed from New York City harbor. I positioned myself on the fantail for a good view. However, this could only happen to a landlubber as the ship began to roll so did my stomach, and I suffered my first bout of seasickness and the viewing of the Statue of Liberty did not occur for many years. On the same voyage of the *Aquitania* the position of the ship more than half way to our destination on a day that was inclement and most of the soldiers were on the decks below when the ship’s crew fired the artillery gun on the fore part of the ship. This was an alarming sound. Everyone grabbed the life preserver and headed for the open deck. The pouring out was similar to ants pouring out of an ant hole after a liquid is poured into the opening. This was a frightening situation until it was announced that the gun fired was due to a ship in close vicinity that did not show its colors. All was well when it was announced the ship was a friendly Dutch ship and not an enemy ship. The sudden fright disappeared.

“The Mismatched Pair of Shoes” — on the second night of the beginning of the Battle of the Bulge, I was assigned to perimeter guard duty. I spent considerable time attempting to dig a foxhole. After several hours, I was relieved to return to the rear to warm myself. The warmth was such that I fell asleep. An alarm was sounded and everyone grabbed their shoes and departed. I was a wee bit slow and when putting my shoes on I immediately realized my pair was not a match. One fit well and the second was smaller. As I was the last one to leave I did not have any means of locating my own shoe. Therefore, for the next five months, I suffered with a mismatched pair of shoes. Such is life.

John Schaffner

589/A Field Artillery

Submitted by his son Bob Schaffner
Cockeysville, Maryland

My father is John Schaffner. As current Historian and a past president of the 106th Association, readers will know him through his messages and articles in *The CUB*’s publications. Assigned to the 589th Artillery, during the Battle of the Bulge, the field battalion went from a fully equipped and functional fighting unit, to become non-existent, to being reconstituted and recognized at war’s end.

From being drafted and in uniform two weeks following high school graduation, until turning 21 while in France waiting to be reassigned for amphibious operations in the Pacific when the Japanese surrendered, the

entire personal war time experience I find unimaginable. However, the event that most stands out to me was the successful 589th defense holding action by “non-professional” American soldiers

at the crossroads at Baraque de Frature against overwhelming enemy forces. Memories obviously painful, usually described as if a Monday morning sporting post game analysis. Wow!

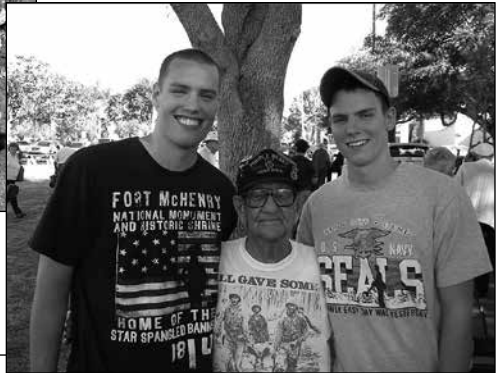
Veterans Day Memorial Service

Submitted by Brian Welke, Board Member (2016)

106th Infantry Division veterans participated in the Veterans Day Memorial service in Eustis, Florida on November 11, 2012.



Fred Parks (POW) 423/K; Bob Spaulding 16th Infantry Regiment, 1st Inf. Div.; and Clearance Buckman 106th ID Artillery in front of Battle of the Bulge Memorial in Ferran Park in Eustis, Florida.



Fred Parks (POW) 423/K and Christopher and Alex Welke, sons of Board Member Brian Welke.



Fred Parks (POW) 423/K and Clearance Buckman 106th ID Artillery.

THE BATTLE FOR SNOW MOUNTAIN

by Donald Young

The Battle for Snow Mountain is a comic novel — based on Young's experience — which gives a surreal picture of the German attack on the 106th Division in the winter of 1944.



The story deals with two soldiers, their odd love affairs at home, their war experience in the Battle of the Bulge, their accidental capture, escape from POW camp, and return to freedom.

"I've never read a more powerful WW II novel than
The Battle for Snow Mountain."

JOHN DIZIKES, FORMERLY PROFESSOR
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

"Young's novel is an instant war classic, much like
Vonnegut's *Slaughter House Five* and Heller's *Catch 22*."

WALLACE WOOD, BOOK REVIEWER

The Battle for Snow Mountain by Donald Young
can be purchased by April 1, from Pocol Press, 6023 Pocol Drive,
Clifton, VA 20124, 1-703-830-5862.

It can also be ordered at *Amazon.com*, \$17.95, ISBN 978-1-929763-48-1

Golden Lions On Parade

Submitted by Brian Welke, Board Member (2016)

On February 22, 2013, three veterans of the 106th Glen Beville (POW) 424/F, Clearance Buckman 106th Division Artillery, and Fred Parks (POW) 423/K, and their friend Bob Spaulding 16th Infantry Regiment of the 1st Infantry Division participated in the 111th annual GeorgeFest Parade in Eustis, Florida.



(Backseat L-R) Golden Lions Fred Parks, Glenn Beville, Clearance Buckman. (Front seat) Bob Spaulding, all driven by Brian Welke associate member of VBOB and the 106th Infantry Division Association.



VBOB members leading the parade.



VBOB members in Parade.

After enjoying a breakfast at Brian Welke's (non-veteran member) cooked by his wife Teresa, the VBOB members rode in style in the parade. The 1962 Pontiac Catalina was provided by Mike Hurley, a USAF and Vietnam Veteran. There were 80 entrants in the parade and the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge led the one mile long parade procession with an estimated 6,000 people looking on. The veterans all belong to Chapter 48 Mt. Dora, Florida.



VBOB members enjoying breakfast with family before parade.



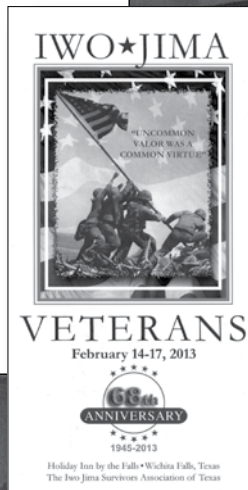
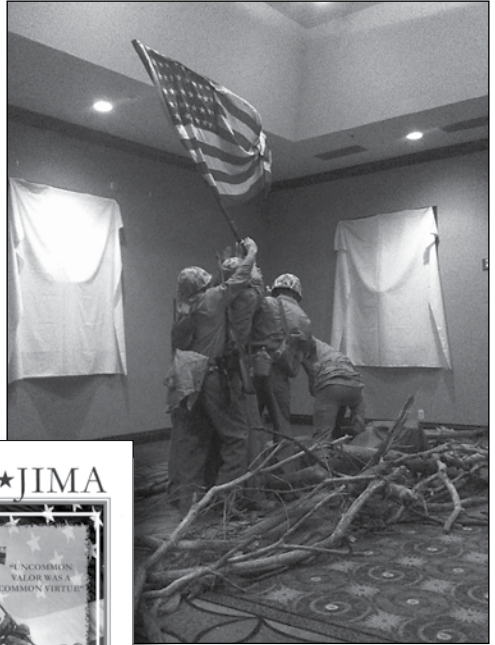
(L-R) Clearance Buckman 106th ID Artillery, Fred Parks (POW) 423/K; Bob Spaulding 16th Infantry Regiment, 1st Inf. Div.; and Glen Beville (POW) 424/F.

Iwo Jima Survivors of Texas 2013 Reunion

By William McWhorter, Editor of The CUB

106th Infantry Division Association non-veteran member Craig Brown—who works at Sheppard Air Force Base (AFB) in Wichita Falls, Texas — along with his wife Lynette, and their daughter Lindsay provided me with a warm welcome in February for the Iwo Jima Survivors Association of Texas (which welcomes survivors from all over the U.S.). The city of Wichita Falls and her citizens, along with the Sheppard AFB community, really pulled out all the stops to make the reunion a welcoming event full of patriotism. Craig stated, “We really get worked up for the event and try to make sure those great guys and families have something to remember and look forward to each year. The committee organizers decided to do two more reunions, this will take them to their 70th anniversary of the landings.” Living and working around Austin, I rarely get to see this

form of community togetherness and patriotism, and as a small Texas town guy myself, I appreciate it when I see it.



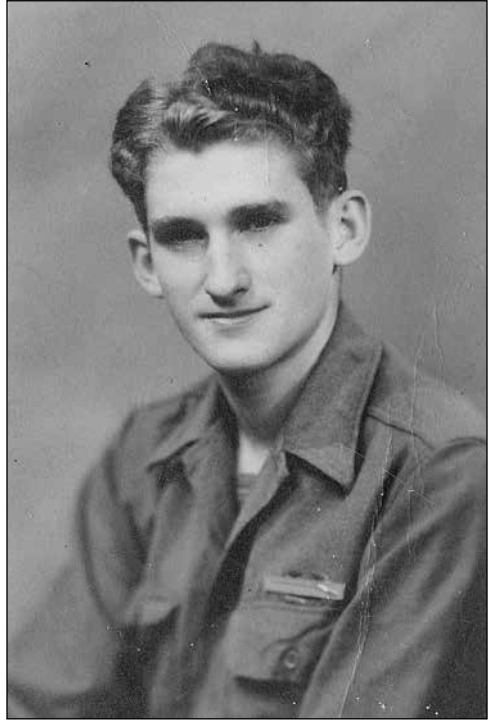
The Story My Dad Never Wrote: *His Experiences Serving with the 106th Infantry in the Battle of the Bulge*

Submitted by Barry and Benita VanCleave

The following article was written in memory of our father, Norris E. VanCleave, who passed away January 17, 2013. "I was scared." That was how my dad, Norris E. VanCleave, responded the first time I asked him about his time in World War II. As a five-year-old boy I was shocked. My dad always has been and always will be one of my heroes. Dad's answer stopped me dead in my tracks and promptly ended the conversation. My dad by his own admission admitted he was not the superhero I had dreamed him up to be.

For a long time my dad felt more comfortable discussing his upbringing on a small farm in Verda, LA, than his military experience. He grew up the youngest of eleven boys. Nine of them lived to adulthood. Dad's closest brother in age, Elon, died suddenly at age eight. His father was barely keeping his farm going and his family fed at the height of the Great Depression. He would leave my dad in the house to help his mom with the housework. After a while she would send him out to the fields to help his dad. Grandpa VanCleave would send him back to the house. By the time his older brothers completed their rotation helping on the farm by leaving home, Grandpa was no longer farming.

Dad received his draft notice shortly after his 18th birthday, September 9, 1943. He stood at 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighed 118 pounds soaking wet, and he had absolutely no mechanical



Norris E. VanCleave (424/K) while in the military.

aptitude. A test my dad took found him to be 100 percent literary minded. Grandpa and other concerned friends and neighbors encouraged him to take a farm deferment. Knowing that the farm was no longer operating, dad chose to accept his draft notice and serve. He felt under the circumstances a farm deferment would have been dishonest.

Dad reported to basic training in LA. From there it seemed that the U.S. Army could not quite figure out what to do with him. Because of his small size, they sent him to a base in California to test and try out for the Air Corp. He

continues on page 38

flunked the entrance test. From there they sent him to North Carolina to train for the artillery. This did not last long as he found he was outweighed by at least 50 lbs. by his counterparts. In addition, all of the other artillery trainees were a head taller. He found he lacked the physical strength to move the big guns as the job required. Finally, they sent him to Camp Atterbury, IN, for infantry training where he joined the 106th Infantry Division, 424/ Company K. He did not qualify for the rank of PFC because he missed some required training while he practiced for a show for the troops he was asked to participate in.

Dad recalled sailing from the United States to England in the fall of 1944, and seeing a number of his comrades sea sick on the deck. He arrived at the front with the 106th Infantry Division around Thanksgiving Day to relieve the storied 2th Infantry Division. It was thought that the war was over for the winter with the exception of possible shelling by the Germans. Dad and the 106th began to hunker down for the winter. They were to be ready to fight in the spring of 1945. History teaches us that the Germans had other plans.

Dad's squad and regiment holed up at a farmhouse somewhere deep in the Ardennes in Belgium. All was well until dusk on December 15, 1944. My dad's only real accomplishment in the war came when he spotted a dozen or so Germans coming across the field toward their observation post. They were not expecting any attack, and no one was on the top floor watching for anyone to come. My dad said an artillery group

had stayed on the top floor the previous night, but they had left that morning. My dad felt ill at ease, and he went upstairs and looked out the window. He had never seen the Germans before, so he told his commander that he thought the Germans were coming. His commander went to look out the window, and said, "Oh, my God." My dad's rifle was downstairs, so by the time he went to get it, all of the windows upstairs were manned by other men in his unit. He was going to try to shoot through a knothole in the wall, but his commander told him to go guard the rear. None of the enemy made it around to the rear as they were all killed before they reached the building. One of his fellow soldiers said, "If it weren't for VC, we'd all be dead."

The next morning they received word that all of the other regiments of the 106th were under attack at dawn. A few hours later, dad was one of four men in his squad who were on guard duty. An order came from HQ for all of those on guard duty to pull out and for the other eight to stay behind and pull rear guard. Dad and the other three men prepared to leave. After the war ended, they learned that the eight who stayed had fought the Germans until they ran out of ammunition, were captured and spent the rest of the war in German prison camps. Dad was the last to leave. He was left with the BAR (Browning automatic rifle), a couple of ammunition belts and two bags of ammunition. He found himself trying to carry the bags of ammunition while walking on ice for the first time in his life. He felt like he slid back two steps for every step he took.

He tried carrying one bag and then slid off to one side. He saw behind him signs that the German Army was advancing. Dad made a decision that I know from our conversations, once I became an adult, haunted him every day for the rest of his life. He did not know where the men he was supposed to meet up with were. He finally decided to leave the bags of ammunition and move ahead with the BAR and the Ammunition belts. Once he met up with his comrades further down the road, his decision met mixed reviews. Once he met up with his comrades from what remained of the 106th, they spent several days on the lam from the German Army. One time, they narrowly missed stepping out of the woods into a long line of German soldiers. They found a farmhouse to bed down at for a night. Dad coming off guard duty at around midnight could not find a place to sleep. He found a place under the kitchen table. He was not able to settle there long. His commanding officers were using the table to meet. He ended up going out to an adjacent barn where he climbed up into the loft and nestled himself in the hay, gun and all.

The next day his group found themselves pinned down by a German Machine Gun pillbox. The Company Commander summoned all the BARs to the front of the line. All of the other BARs with the exception of the one



Barry VanCleave and Norris E. VanCleave pointing to the area on the map where my Dad served during the Battle of the Bulge.

dad had been entrusted to froze up and would not fire due to the coldness of the winter. The Company Commander took the BAR my dad had kept under the hay the night before and used it to disable the pillbox so they could get away.

A few days later they were rescued by some of General Patton's armored division a few miles outside St. Vith. My dad recalled seeing countless dead American soldiers while walking through the Ardennes to meet up with Patton's men. As he walked through the snow, his feet became frozen and infected. He was approached to go out on a night patrol, but he declined the assignment because of the condition of his feet. Upon examination, he was sent by ambulance along with a soldier who had been shot for treatment at a field hospital. Dad recalled with much regret that this patrol was not heard from again. In his recollections of these events, dad often wondered if the patrol

continues on page 40

had a BAR and if having a BAR would have made a difference in the outcome.

For the rest of the War, dad's experience was fairly uneventful. Through further reading after the war, he learned that the remnant of the 106th was used to man the center of the line before a couple of attacks were launched. Then they spent the remainder of the war guarding German prisoners.

After the war in Europe ended, there were plans for the 106th division to be moved out to the South Pacific. My dad had worked in the PX at an army base near his hometown in Louisiana prior to being drafted, so his commander offered to have him transferred to the Army Exchange Service to finish out the rest of his required time overseas in lieu of going to the South Pacific. My dad asked for and was given the rank of PFC that he had not previously received based on his service carrying the BAR. My dad remained in the Army Exchange Service in France until 1947.

Once he returned home, he attended LA Tech where he graduated with a BS in Journalism and Political Science. He recalled arriving to work in Staunton, VA, in 1961, as a reporter for the Staunton Leader. To his horror, he found out that the publisher of the paper was Brigadier General E. W. Opie. He was glad that he had not mentioned anything about being in the Army in his resume. He was fearful that General Opie would somehow find out that he had dumped ammunition.

Until much later in life, dad declined any VA benefits. He was offered a ten percent disability for his frozen feet but declined. He believed there were Veterans who needed and deserved the payment more than he did. As a small city newspaper reporter, photographer and editor he advocated on behalf of Veterans. In his late 50s, he started to receive medical care at the VA Hospital in Salem, VA. While talking to the other Veterans who worked there and were being treated there he found the freedom to talk more openly about his time in the Army. My sisters and I recall dad bringing home many Veterans from the VA Hospital who lived a few hours away and needed a warm meal and a warm place to stay for the night before catching a bus to go home. Dad devoted himself to tell the story of the men he served with, not so much as a participant but as an observer.

The same questions haunted my dad every time we discussed World War II. The Company Supply Sergeant was killed the same day dad later dumped the ammunition. Did the Sergeant die protecting the ammunition only for him to dump it? Could he have made a difference had he gone on the lost patrol? Racking his memory, he could never recall a chance he could have fired his gun without harming his own comrades. Yet he always wondered: "Could I have done more?" He may not have been much of a soldier, but he sure was a great Father.

Announcing

. . . the arrival of the book
YOU CAN'T PUT DOWN!!!

This book was written about the experiences Jack Roberts had while in combat when serving with the 106th Infantry Division during WWII which highlights being ambushed and captured by the Germans on the first day of the Battle of the Bulge in December, 1944.



John M. "Jack" Roberts



He goes into a detailed account of his harrowing escape while being marched behind enemy lines as a Prisoner of War. Early chapters let you learn about Jack's youth including military training leading up to his capture and finishes with his adjustment to civilian life with its rewards.

BOOK MAILING INFORMATION

QUESTIONS? Contact Jack at jmr81024@aol.com or telephone (248) 338-2667

Price of book ("ESCAPE...!!!") is \$23.95 (plus \$4 for shipping and handling) = \$27.95

Number of books _____ @ \$27.95 = _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED =

Make check payable to **John M. Roberts** and return the bottom of this form to him with your check to :

John M. Roberts
1059 Alter Road
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48304

(Please print)

Your Name: _____

Your Address: _____

Your City: _____ Your State: _____ Your ZIP: _____

German Artillery Shells Before Dawn



Submitted by John C. Rain (589 FA/B)

*The following article was published in the
Alton Evening Telegraph (Alton, IL).*

The
Division
was spread
over a
five-mile
front
facing the
Germans.

Suddenly German tanks were firing directly on our howitzers, before we knew about a German attack and breakthrough. We regrouped, moved back and stopped at what we thought would be important crossroads, deployed with only three howitzers and about 100 men from the 589th. We were joined off and on by a few tanks and half tracks, etc., with anti-air-craft guns or multiple machine guns. The Germans came. We held the corner for four or five days. We were relieved man for man in our fox holes by members of the 82nd Airborne Division. We were to move back, but the Germans dropped mortar fire on our positions and the 82nd left our holes. We moved back into our fox holes and the next morning, Dec. 23, many German tanks cut us off.

There were two doors to our rock barn; you got machine gunned out one, or you walked out the other door with hands up facing a whole field of German tanks. We destroyed our weapons and walked out facing the tanks, stripped of jewelry, etc., and marched to the rear. It was the coldest winter in Germany for 50 years. The Germans marched our

group down a path into a wooded area, dead end. They called "Willie" several times. Word came down the line, "Don't move or make a break toward the woods," like at the Malmedy Massacre. No one bolted, so they marched us out.

My group, many from B. Battery, spent Christmas Eve in a school house in Ulfinger, Luxemburg. We sang Silent Night in English, German guards sang along in German on the other side of the wall. Dec. 25, 1944, we were herded to Prum, then Gerolstein. Hundreds of us were jammed into a small building, a former factory, two stories high with stacks of wooden bins fastened to the walls which slept five or six guys. No heat, no blankets, nearly starved to death. (I wasn't in a heated building again until May, 1945). The city was in a valley, with a vital crossroads and railroads tracks. U.S. and English planes would drop bombs blocking the roads and railroads, and then we would go out in gangs and clear the streets and railroad tracks. We did this for the next five weeks. It was cold working outside, very bad. I wore the same clothes for five months, only had them off one time. If you took your shoes off you'd never see them again, as many had no shoes.

When we were clearing the roads and railroads and the planes would come over to bomb or strafe, our guards would run for cover. I was starving and would go into houses looking for food or clothes to replace mine, which were

torn and dirty. One day I found socks and a handkerchief, which I needed. One day I found a large jar of canned meat, I had a real feast. We also pushed huge sleds carrying prefab buildings stacked on them to the top of a hill. I found a knife, fork and spoon, I only needed a spoon because we only had soup. One day when planes came over, I went into an empty house and came out wearing a blue plaid overcoat, with 14 pockets and much too large for me. I had been without a blanket or overcoat in the dead of winter and I found a home in that coat. Only one guard ever asked me about it, I think I told him a nice German citizen had given it to me. I never ever felt I was stealing. I thought Germans were supposed to be taking

care of me. I had seen German and Italian prisoners in the U.S. Their food, clothes, barracks and PXs were just like American soldiers had.

Feb. 6, 1945, we arrived at Limburg XII-A Camp shortly after Allied planes had bombed and strafed the camp, hospital and rail cars, killing many soldiers and officers. As it was coming to an end, they walked us north and westward from camp to camp. We ended up at POW XB Camp up between Bremen and Hamburg. The end came when we heard cannon fire. Germans wanted a truce, English said, "No." So they fired 'screaming mimies' artillery for three days and nights over our camp. The Germans left. Welsh guards freed our camp April 28, 1945.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN WAR

THE 99TH DIVISION
IN WORLD WAR II
ROBERT E. HUMPHREY



Once Upon a Time in War

The 99th Division in World War II

By Robert E. Humphrey

Once Upon a Time in War presents a stirring view of combat from the perspective of the common soldier. Author Robert E. Humphrey personally retraced the path of the 99th through Belgium and Germany and conducted extensive interviews with more than three hundred surviving veterans. These narratives, seamlessly woven to create a collective biography, offer a gritty reenactment of World War II from the enlisted man's point of view. For readers captivated by *Band of Brothers*, this book offers an often tragic, sometimes heartwarming, but always compelling read.

\$24.95 HARDCOVER · 978-0-8061-3946-3 · 376 PAGES



UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

2800 VENTURE DRIVE · NORMAN, OKLAHOMA 73069 · TEL 800 627 7377 · OUPRESS.COM

Veterans Memorial Hall

Submitted by Gilbert B. Basnik (423/C) Weapons Platoon

Golden Lion Gilbert Basnik (423/C) wanted to share with the readership of *The CUB* the following two entries, available on the website, *Veterans Memorial Hall* at <http://www.vets-hall.org/stories/world-war-ii/gilbert-zbasnik>

Mr. Basnik served in the U.S. Army from September 7, 1943, until November 14, 1945. Mr. Basnik was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the son of Anton and Helen Zbasnik. He graduated from Ely High School in 1943. Mr. Basnik was captured during the Battle of the Bulge and was prisoner of war (POW) in a camp in Zeitz, Germany. When the American army grew closer, he and the other POWs were marched out of the camp. The Americans got closer, the Germans scattered, and some of the POWs were hit by friendly fire. They fled. Mr. Basnik was recaptured by Germans, but escaped the same night with a friend. The Americans were by now very close, and Mr. Basnik and his friend sought shelter with local residents, who took them in and took them with them to spend the night in an air raid shelter. The next morning, Mr. Basnik and his friend emerged to see his brother's unit rolling through. They found his brother, and the two were reunited. Source: *Veterans' Memorial Hall Veteran History Form; veteran's account*

Recollection of WW II events about Anton W. Zbasnik by Gilbert Basnik

My brother, Anton W. Zbasnik, we called him Bill, was a member of HQ Company as shown on the roster. Unfortunately, he passed away about three years ago and consequently never

had an opportunity to enjoy using all the information you have preserved to relive the experiences he had. He carried many fond memories of the men he served with and talked about them often. It was not only through my brother that the 777th touched my life. I would like to tell you about it.

I was with the 106th Infantry Division and was captured during the Battle of the Bulge. Skipping past all that happened after that—and it was a lot, but it is not where I want to go with this story—I eventually found myself on a prisoner work detail of about 200 men that was stationed in Zeitz. We spent our working hours cleaning up after air raids, razing bombed out buildings, extricating trapped people and searching for bodies, repairing sewer and water lines and various other details that the local populace would prefer not to have to deal with. On April 13, 1945 (Friday for the superstitious), with the Americans approaching (obviously, I didn't know at the time that it was the 6th Armored) and preparing to attack the city, we were quickly gathered and marched onto a road that would take us to Kayna, a small village I would guess about 12 miles or [so] southeast of Zeitz.

When we got to Kayna it became quite chaotic. We had stopped to rest at a picnic grounds on the outskirts of town and most of us sought shelter in the pavilion, which was a large building

with a dance floor, kitchen and other facilities that was used by the locals for community events. Unfortunately, all of this activity attracted several American planes, who were obviously under orders to shoot at anything that moved and no doubt mistook us for a German unit. They killed and wounded quite a few of us, and we realized that we would have a better chance of surviving if we split up into smaller groups. By this time many of our German guards had deserted, and we were able to persuade the remainder to surrender.

A dozen or so of us struck out on our own but were recaptured by a retreating German unit and forced to join their line of march. As it was getting dark, two of us were able to sneak away without being noticed. With shells dropping in the area and the chance of being picked up by another unit, we decided to take a chance and seek shelter from a local resident.

We knocked on the door of a house on the edge of town, explained our situation and were taken in by the family and fed. Afterwards, with no letup in gunfire, we all went to the local air raid shelter to spend the night. My buddy, Bill Meyers, and I were a little apprehensive being in this small underground shelter with all of these German civilians, but we were treated very well: I'm sure the proximity of the 6th Armored had something to do with it.

Shortly after daylight, we heard tanks and other vehicles moving past

the shelter, and with no more gunfire we felt safe in leaving the shelter. Bill Meyers and I ran down the street, turned the corner, and there was a task force of tanks, half tracks, jeeps and other vehicles. In my 19 years of life I had never been happier. The guys tossed out cigarettes, candy and rations which we shared with the Germans who had befriended us. I looked at the bumper markings of the vehicle closest to me to see what unit I owed my freedom to, and I could not believe what I saw — 6th Armored Division, 777th AAA Bn, my brother's outfit!! I asked the men in the vehicle if they knew my brother, and one did. He said HQ Company was somewhere behind the task force. A senior officer had a staff car and, believe it or not, he gave me the use of it and told his driver to help me find my brother. In the meantime, someone got in touch with my brother, and he got a jeep and started looking for me. I was standing up in the back of this command car going through the town square in Zeitz, when I hear this yell, "Gil, Gil!" It was my brother, and what a reunion we had!

He took me to his headquarters, where I was supplied with new clothes by a great supply sergeant and fed until I nearly burst by an equally great mess sergeant. I stayed with HQ Battery for a couple of days until the CO said I had to go back. It was a tearful goodbye, but I will never forget the utter joy of the events that transpired those few days.

Valley Forge Military Academy

Submitted by Joan Tracy, friend of the 106th and proofreader of The CUB

When Susan Weiss was asked to be the publisher of *The CUB* in 2007, she and I were working together in the Public Relations office at Gloucester County College in Deptford, N.J. Susan explained to me what *The CUB* was and asked me to be the proofreader. In the meantime, I retired from the College in December 2010.

I remember the first few issues were difficult to read as all this information about the Battle of the Bulge was unfamiliar to me. But gradually, I began to understand and appreciate all that was done during this battle towards the end of World War II.

Then Susan traveled to the reunions and came home with stories about the different people she met. You see, I was getting to know these people by seeing their photos, whether it was a head shot for a column or a photo from a mini reunion or a trip to Belgium.

I proofread the most recent issue in March and, of course, read the article about the visit to Valley Forge Military Academy April 13–14 to honor First Lt. Eric F. Wood, Jr. I thought it would be nice to go to this event and re-visit the military academy. My brother, Thomas Williams, graduated from the academy in 1967 and during his four years at the school, my father and I drove out many Sunday afternoons to see the parade and then bring Tom home for dinner. Our home at that time was in Camden, N.J.

I got my invitation from Susan to join her and her father Newton when I met her for lunch at Gloucester County College on April 5 and without

hesitation I said “YES.”

Not only would I see my brother’s alma mater for the first time in 46 years, I would also be able to meet some of the faces I see in each issue of *The CUB*.

Our trip to VFMA on Sunday, April 14, began at 9:15 a.m. when Susan picked me up at my house. We proceeded to Gibbstown to pick up Newton and we were on our way to Pennsylvania over the Commodore Barry Bridge.

We arrived at the academy without any problems thanks to the GPS and the nice lady who tells you when to make a turn. We weren’t sure where to park so Susan turned right into a driveway that took us behind the Chapel where the remembrance ceremony was being held in honor of 1st Lt. Wood, Jr. We found a visitors’ parking lot and grabbed a recently vacated spot.

The three of us made our way to the front of the Chapel where we met Murray Stein, John Schaffner and his wife, John Gatens and Russ Hoff and his son Tom. A short while later, four cadets came out of the chapel onto the steps and announced the start of services at 11 a.m. with a trumpet serenade. The small crowd outside the chapel watched the various units of cadets march into



the chapel. Then the public proceeded into the Chapel and the guests of the day, members of the 106th, were directed to the first three rows of pews.

The chaplain, Captain Gerald Hale, USCG (Ret.) led the services. Cadet First Captain Mark Pretz introduced the speaker for the sermon, Commander Paul Galanti, USN (Ret.) and Valley Forge Military Academy Class of 1957. Galanti was the speaker at the reunion in Baltimore in 2011.



Later in the service, the chaplain introduced Eric Fisher Wood III who approached the altar and

presented a shadow box reflecting his father, Eric F. Wood, Jr. to Colonel Ken Seitz, Adjutant of the academy. Eric, Jr. died on January 15, 1945 and his son, Eric III, never met his father. The service was over at 12 p.m. and everyone was invited to attend the parade at 12:30 p.m.

Newton was able to get a ride in a golf cart to the parade grounds while Susan and I walked through the campus, taking in the sites. Susan took notice of all the beautiful trees in spring bloom.

Bleachers are available for the general public to watch the parade but the honored guests were escorted to the bandstand with chairs and decorated in bunting.

The parade began with a drill team consisting of five cadets who showed off their skills each twirling a nine-pound gun. Then a new group of 68 college students marched onto

the parade grounds dressed in khaki pants and white T-shirts with the words PRIDE IS WHY. I noticed about four or five girls in the group who were introduced as the Class of 2015.

Each unit of the academy was introduced with the field band and regimental band providing the marching music. The parade started a few minutes late and ended after 1 p.m. Murray Stein had to leave at 1 p.m. to go to the airport and he was driven there by Tom Hoff and his father. Other guests also had to leave and it was left for Susan, Newton and I to meet John Schaffner and his wife for lunch at a restaurant in nearby Wayne.

Before we left the campus, Susan, Newton and I visited the academy's library to view a display case with items donated by Eric Wood, Jr.'s family. One of the items in the case is the metal plaque that was being absorbed by the tree to which it had been affixed. A story about this plaque was featured in *The CUB* in a recent issue.

Our day ended with a late lunch at the Landmark restaurant on the main drag of Wayne, PA, with John and Lillian Schaffner. They drove home to



Maryland, and the three of us returned to New Jersey which looked very flat after driving around the hills of Pennsylvania.

Left to right: Mary, friend of John Gatens, Newt Weiss (423/HQ 3Bn), John Gatens (589/A), Russ Hoff (422/M), John Schaffner (589/A), Murray Stein (423/I) and Lillian Schaffner.

106th Infantry Division Merchandise for Sale

Golden Lion, recipient of the Golden Lion Award, Commander Class, and former Association President John Gilliland (592/SV) has run previous ads in *The CUB* about merchandise he has for sale. He has a Blue & White Baseball Cap with the 106th Infantry Division logo and campaigns, also Battle of the Bulge lettering over the top of Lion's head with World War II below, limited quantity available. Price is \$15 per hat plus \$4.95 S&H in the USA.

Mr. Gilliland also offers a **NEW** lapel/hat pin for the 2013 reunion in New Orleans made in the shape of the State of Louisiana (1 1/4 x 1 1/4 inch) with a blue and red background, and golden colored edges. The pin's lettering is with epoxy coloring. There is a limited quantity available. Price is \$5 post paid in USA.

Mr. Gilliland has a half dozen items from previous years for sale including:

- 2 – 106th afghans with fringe (50" x 65"), \$100 each
- 1 – 106th wall hanging with similar image as the afghan (28"x36"), \$95



- 1 – 106th Laser-cut wood mahogany plaque with same image as the afghan (10 5/8" x 16"), \$75
- 1 – 106th flag (no pole, 36" x 48"), \$75
- 2 – 106th 4" blazer patches, \$5 each
- 1 – 106th shoulder patch, \$2 plus

All prices listed are "plus postage for in the USA"

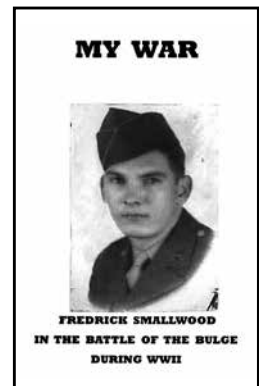
These items will be on sale at the 2013 Reunion or may be ordered now from John Gilliland at 411 Thomas Ave, Boaz, AL 35957-1725. You can reach Mr. Gilliland at 256-593-6801 or by email at samitc@charter.net.

MY WAR

by Fredrick Smallwood

This is the story of my experiences as a young boy from a small town in south Georgia with the 106th Infantry Division during World War II. I was initially in the A&P Platoon of 1 Bn. Hq. Co. of the 423rd Regiment. I was one of the few who made my way through the German lines back to the Allied lines at St. Vith.

Books are \$15 plus \$4 for shipping. You can contact me at fsjs@mchsi.com or P.O. Box 1923, Bainbridge, GA 39818.



Veterans and Family of the 106th Infantry Division TATTOO* Requests

With space in *The CUB* at a premium, yet Reunited Buddies and Their Families an important commodity, the editor of *The CUB of the Golden Lion* created the following list [*In Their Own Words, most often*] of inquiries submitted to him in hopes of helping people get in touch with the 106th I.D. Association Family. The following are requests for information. Feel free to contact them if you believe you can be of assistance. *The CUB* staff has received permission from all listed below to print their inquiry and their contact email (phone and address when available).

In addition, Non-Veteran member Connie Pratt Baesman, daughter of Lt. Gerald Pratt (Field Artillery), has been one of three people helping to manage the 106th's online "message board" (set up by Jim West) for people to write an inquiry, looking for comrades, or for people who might have known a relative who is now gone. Sadly, some inquiries sit unanswered when the answers may be out there with a reader of *The CUB* who doesn't use a computer. The list has gotten quite long and Connie has asked that whenever there is room in *The CUB* we add a few of the requests. You can find messages like these below, along with other searches on the 106th Message Board at the following Web address: <http://106thdivision.proboards.com/index.cgi>

*The original meaning of **military tattoo** was a military drum performance, but subsequently it came to mean army displays, or a form of gathering more generally. For our Association, letting members know that someone would like to speak with them is "why we do this! So keep sending in your stories, as an old friend may find you!" — Susan Weiss (Publisher of *The CUB*) and William McWhorter (Editor of *The CUB*)

William Lentz

My uncle, William Lentz, (I know his serial #, but not his rank) was assigned to and joined the 106th sometime after the D-Day landings--where he came ashore in the third wave at Omaha Beach. The uniform he wore home on 09/22/1945 on the ship Marechal Joffre had the Golden Lion on it. He had served in the 422nd Infantry, Company K. Since he was originally part of an Ordnance HV Maintenance group, I am assuming he would have maybe been a driver for delivering ammo and supplies to/from the front line for the 106th but I don't know.

I had always known he was there at D-Day from my dad who was too young to go. I, however, did not know about the 106th, 422nd part until my cousin told me about the uniform, medals, and ribbons. I would like to find out: 1) if anyone remembers him, 2) when he joined the 106th, 3) was he part of the small group of the 422nd and 423rd that were not taken prisoner, and 4) where was he for the duration of the Ardennes battle. Any info would be most sincerely appreciated by myself and other members of my family. My name is C. Lentz Willett and you can reach me at cw8808@gmail.com or by phone at 770-973-9169

My Grandfather's War

A Young Man's Lessons from the Greatest Generation

"I, TOO, SERVED IN THE 106TH INFANTRY, WAS CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, AND SPENT TIME IN STALAG IXB. YOUR BOOK, *MY GRANDFATHER'S WAR*, IS THE BEST P.O.W BOOK I HAVE EVER READ!"

— JAMES A. REISS, CPL. 423RD INFANTRY, 106TH DIVISION

"*MY GRANDFATHER'S WAR* WAS EYE-OPENING...I LOVED THIS BOOK."

"JESSE COZEAN'S CONFIDENT VOICE TOES THE LINE BETWEEN NOSTALGIA AND HISTORY AND STEEPS EVERY PAGE IN RESPECT. HIS HUMOR AND CYNICISM CAPTURE THE VOICE OF HIS GENERATION."

"A CROSS BETWEEN *FLAGS OF OUR FATHERS* AND *TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE*."

The exciting story of 106th member Robert Cozean's capture at the Battle of the Bulge, imprisonment in a Nazi POW camp, and liberation by the tanks of General Patton. Informative and emotional, the book is filled with information on the 106th Division, the Battle of the Bulge, and the prison camps that many Golden Lions found themselves in.

Includes a complete history of America's POWs from the Revolutionary War to World War II.

Author Jesse Cozean

ISBN 978-0-7627-7383-1 • Available Now!

Order online at Amazon.com
Visit JesseCozean.com



Lyons Press is an imprint of
Globe Pequot Press
Guilford, Connecticut
LyonsPress.com



The Importance of a Mini Reunion

Of corollary importance to the Annual Reunion are the individual “mini-reunions” which are held throughout the year in various locations around the country. In the past, a reunion provided a social event whereby men of the 106th and their ladies gather close to that infamous date of 16 December to remember fellow men with whom they served.

Terre Haute, Indiana – Reunion

Submitted by Frank S. Trautman (422/D). Co-Memorial Chairman

On April 28, 2013 we had a dinner at the Cobblestone at the Crossing, Heath Campus in Terre Haute, Indiana. Sandy, now an adult and mother, attended reunions as a child until the reunions ceased to be held in summers and changed to the fall when she was in school. Gene Saucerman was president of the 106th Infantry Division Association during the Grand Rapids, MI reunion in about 1973 or 74, and continued for the next year. He was presented the Golden Lion award.

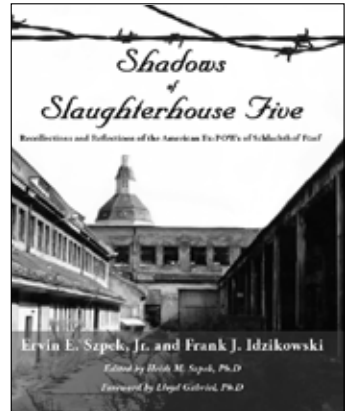
Pictured are Sandy Allen, Cody Ring, not-named, Sally and Gene Saucerman (422/D), and Frank Trautman (422/D)



Shadows of Slaughterhouse Five

From Ervin Szpek Jr., Non-Veteran Member

Ervin Szpek Jr. (Non-Veteran Member) is pleased to announce after many years of research that his and his colleagues’ book on the infamous *Arbeitskommando Slaughterhouse Five* has been released. Nearly every man of this POW work camp (near Dresden, Germany) originated from the 106th Infantry Division including former 106th Association President, Gifford Doxsee. The book is their story, in their words, and accounts for nearly every POW at the camp. It also chronicles the recollections and reflections of the 150 American Ex-POWs, many of whom are members of the Association. Newly released by iUniverse press at www.iUniverse.com, the book is also available at www.amazon.com and www.BarnesandNoble.com. With best wishes for 2013 and with appreciation for your efforts — thank you.



Memoriam . . .

PLEASE REPORT ALL CHANGES OF ADDRESS AND DEATHS TO: ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP CHAIR:

Jacquelyn Coy

121 McGregor Ave., Mt. Arlington, NJ 07856

Phone: 973-663-2410

Email: JSC164@aol.com

AWALT, ARLOS L.

424/H



—*Date of Death:*
October 2, 2012

Mr. Awalt

“AL” was born on October 31, 1925 in Doole, Texas. He served during the Battle of the Bulge and received awards and

citations, including the Bronze Star for his service. He was a carpenter and over the years, also served as an EMT and volunteer in many places, including the National Museum of the Pacific War (a Texas Historical Commission administered state historic site) in Fredericksburg, Texas, which he loved. Memorials may be made to the Admiral Nimitz Foundation. Like most veterans of World War II, he did not consider himself a hero. There will never be another like him. Internment was held at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery in San Antonio, Texas.

Reported by wife Lou to Jacquelyn Coy

born on November 5, 1923. He is the beloved husband of the late Catherine Marie (nee Cooney) Barnes for 55 years and Beverly Gallen Barnes; devoted father of Clay M. Barnes, William H. Barnes, Joan L. Schultz and Linda M. Siciliano; brother of Theodore R. Barnes; grandfather of Benjamin D. Schultz, Zachary S. Schultz, Natalie A. Siciliano, Ashley E. Barnes and Gina L. Siciliano; father-in-law of Margaret A. Barnes and Michael J. Schultz, M.D.

A Mass of Christian Burial was celebrated on Wednesday, February 27, at the St. Joseph Church, 101 Church Lane, Cockeysville. Interment followed in the Dulaney Valley Memorial Gardens. In lieu of flowers memorial contributions may be made to the Albert J. Bland Maryland North Chapter of AX-POW (American Ex-Prisoners of War Association), 7417 Goettner Road, Kingsville, Maryland 21087.

*Reported to John Schaffner by his son
Clay Barnes, via Herb Sheaner*



BARNES, RALPH KENNETH

423/E

—*Date of Death:*
February 23, 2013

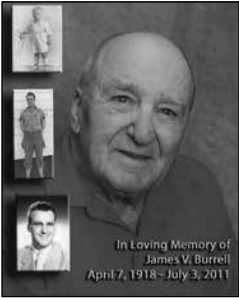
Ralph Kenneth Barnes of Cockeysville, MD, passed away at the age of 89. Ralph was

BURRELL, JAMES V.

423/D

—*Date of Death:* *July 3, 2011*

Jim was Platoon leader of “D” Company. Jim and Mike Angelo, another Platoon leader of the 2nd Platoon was in the German POW Camp, Stalag 11B from Dec. 16 to April 16, 1945. The three of us got together for the first time in 2001 for our own



reunion and looked forward to meeting again in future 106th reunions, and did make it until two years ago. Jim's daughter sent me the photo with a Christmas card in 2011.

*Reported by David Deffenbaugh, 423/D,
via Jacquelyn Coy*

CORRIGAN, CHARLES K. 591/SV FAB

—*Date of Death: December 23, 2012*

Mr. Corrigan was a PFC in the 591st FAB during the Battle of the Bulge.

*Reported by his son Randy Corrigan,
via Herb Sheaner*

DALE, JOHN L. "JACK" 424/G

—*Date of Death: September 2012*

From natural causes.

Reported by Beverley Dale (daughter-in-law) via Herb Sheaner

DEAN, VERNER W. 106/MP

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

1300 Donelson Ave., Old Hickory,
TN 37138-3220

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy*

FISCHER, LEWIS P. 423/HQ 2BN

—*Date of Death: December 29, 2012*

852 Beech St., Apt. 310,
Washington, PA

*Reported by his wife Jane D. Fischer to
Herb Sheaner (422/G), via Jacquelyn Coy*

GALLAGHER, JOHN I. 81ST ENG/C

—*Date of Death: March 4, 2013*

Mr. Gallagher, 92, of Berkshire Commons, Exeter Township, PA, passed away. Born in Lebanon, PA on November 30, 1920, he graduated from Reading High



School in 1940. He entered military service in 1943. On May 8, 1944, while on military leave, he married Stella Nein and they were married for 68 years. After engineering training at Fort Leonard Wood, MO and Fort Belvoir, VA, he was sent to England, serving in Company C of the 81st Engineers Combat Battalion. On February 8, 1945, he was seriously wounded and later was awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star for his service. In 1954, he and his wife traveled to Europe with five other veterans from the 106th Infantry Division to observe the 10th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge. John and his fellow veterans were presented to King Baudouin of Belgium at a ceremony in the Palais des Academies in Brussels (see photo below).

continues on page 54



He remained active in the 106th Infantry Division Association, serving on the Board of Directors in 1970–71 and as the Editor of *The CUB*, and attended reunions throughout the U.S. In 1974, he was awarded the Order of the Golden Lion for his contributions to the Association.

Reported by Jacquelyn Coy



**GEORGE,
RUSSELL W.
422/I&R**

—*Date of Death:*
March 14, 2011

Russell Wayne
George passed away
on March 14, 2011
in the presence of

his family at St. Mary's Hospital in Huntington, WV after a two month illness. Born on April 11, 1926 in Louisville, Kentucky, he was President of his 1944 Huntington High School class and also a member of the HHS Basketball Team which won the 1944 West Virginia State Championship.

In March 1945, he was assigned to the Intelligence & Reconnaissance Unit of the 422nd Infantry Regiment where he participated in reconnaissance at St. Nazaire until the end of the War, after which he participated in the occupation of Germany reaching the rank of Staff Sergeant. Wayne continued to serve in the Army Reserve and was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and received a B.S. in Industrial Engineering in 1949 from Iowa State University. In 1950 he transferred to the U.S. Air Force and received flight training at Goodfellow Air Force Base (Texas). Wayne worked

as an engineer for GE Company in Cincinnati, received a MBA from Xavier in 1955, and returned to Huntington in 1958 to a 30 year career at the International Nickel Company. Wayne is survived by his wife Jean and two sons, Larry and Doug. I know he enjoyed reading *The CUB* since there are many back issues among his effects.

*Reported by his son Douglas George,
via Jacquelyn Coy*

GRUMET, ALFRED

422/Anti-Tank Company

—*Date of Death: October 30, 2010*

Beloved father and grandfather, Alfred Grumet was born May 20, 1917 in Cleveland, Ohio. He passed away peacefully on October 30, 2010, at his home of more than 40 years in West Covina. Al was a decorated World War II POW where he helped numerous men under his command stay alive while and after being captured at the Battle of the Bulge. He was a loved family man and through his guidance and support helped his son and grandsons graduate from college. Just before passing, Al became aware he had his first great-grandchild on the way. He was well respected by his family and friends. He will be deeply missed.

Reported by Donald Prell, via Herb Sheaner

HENSON, GLEN (Col.) 424/L

—*Date of Death: November 2010*

2701 Old Forge Dr., Little Rock, AR
72227-3840

*Reported by family friend Margaret Brooks
to Herb Sheaner (422/G), via Jacquelyn Coy*

Memoriam . . .

HIGHT, JESSE INGRAM 424/A

—*Date of Death: February 13, 2013*

Jesse Ingram Hight, age 94, passed away on February 13, 2013 at his home in Arlington, VA. He was the beloved husband of 56 years of Beatrice Mary Mayfield Hight (deceased) and devoted and loving father of Susan Hight (Michael Ortmeier) and Philip Hight.

Jesse was born November 17, 1918 in Ladd, IL and graduated Salutatorian of his class from Hall Township High School, Spring Valley, IL in 1936. He enlisted in the U.S. Army and trained at Camp Wolters, TX in 1942 where he qualified as Marksman with the 1903 Rifle and was transferred to the Enlisted Reserve Corps.

He re-enlisted in the Army in 1943 and trained at Fort Jackson, SC and Camp Atterbury, IN. Jesse married his beloved wife Beatrice in July 1943 and raised two children. Jesse deployed to Europe in October 1944 as a Squad Sergeant with Company A, 1st Battalion, 424th Regiment of the 106th Infantry Division (The Golden Lions). He saw combat in Belgium and fought bravely in the Battle of the Bulge where he was wounded in action at Schnee Eifel in December 1944. He returned to duty in March 1945 as Company First Sergeant to participate in several actions in Central Germany. Following the cessation of hostilities, Jesse participated in POW security and relocation operations. As Company First Sergeant he assisted with demobilization of Battalion troops to the United States from Camp Lucky Strike in Europe. Jesse was awarded the Purple Heart, four Bronze Stars, the Good Conduct, the American Campaign, the European

African Middle Eastern Campaign, and the World War II Victory Medals for his services in Europe. First Sergeant Jesse I. Hight was honorably discharged in late 1945.

In recent years Jesse found immense pleasure in reuniting with “the guys from Company A” including Dwight Stokes, Jim “JD” Forsythe, Lt. Don (Bill) Beseler, Hans Baruch, Hugh Shearin (deceased) and Fred Twarok (deceased). Jesse found great comfort as they shared with each other their thoughts on their experiences of the horrors of war. Their renewed friendship confirmed Jesse’s belief that a fighting soldier does not create a civilization. The soldier may save it, but it is only persons of knowledge and humanity that can and must create it.

Reported by his daughter Susan Hight



Company A, 1st Battalion, 424th Regiment, left to right: Hugh Shearin, Dwight Stokes, Jesse Hight, and Jim “JD” Forsythe.

MARCINKOSKI, EDWARD E.

423/L

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

4115 Silverado Dr., Liverpool, NY
13090-1621

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy*

MARTIN, WALTER W. 424/E

—*Date of Death: January 17, 2012*

Wally was captured in the Battle of the Bulge on December 17, 1944 and released by the Russians in May of '45 from Stalag IVB. His whole outfit was either killed or captured. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Marguerite (Peggy), a son Chris and a daughter Laurie. He was a great patriot who fought and suffered for the love of his country, his family and friends.

Reported by his wife, Marguerite to Herb Sheaner (422/G), via Jacquelyn Coy

McHUGH, FRANCIS

422/Anti-Tank Company

—*Date of Death: October 2012*

Francis (Frank) D. McHugh of Boulder, CO passed away age 88. Frank was born in Summit, New Jersey on November 4, 1923. He grew up in Chatham where he graduated from Chatham High School. Frank worked for Western Electric as a telephone office installer but soon enlisted in the U.S. Army and was sent to the University of Wichita to begin pilot training. After six months, and as a result of D-day, he was transferred to the infantry and was shipped overseas to England. He was captured by the Germans and he was forced to march and ride by train to a concentration camp near Leipzig Germany, a journey of more than 500 miles. As the war drew to a close he was liberated by allied forces in April of 1945.

After the war he returned to New Jersey and resumed his career with Western Electric that would span the next 40 years. In 1952 he was married to Joan Catherine Fair. After he retired from Western Electric, he and Joan

traveled to many places, including Hawaii and France. Frank always thought of his family first and made many sacrifices for them. Frank had an incredible sense of humor and will be missed by everyone he met.

Reported by Donald Prell, via Herb Sheaner

McMULLEN, CHARLES (CHARLIE)

422/Anti-Tank Company

—*Date of Death: January 3, 2013*

Mac was born on March 26, 1922 in Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania and passed away on Thursday, January 3, 2012. He proudly served his country in the 106th Infantry Division during World War II, and was taken prisoner during the Battle of the Bulge. His POW story is available at www.indianamilitary.org. He was a graduate of West Virginia Wesleyan College with a Bachelor of Science Degree, where he was a member of Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity. He was also a graduate of University of Michigan and Stanford University Executive Programs. Mac had a distinguished 35-year career with PPG Industries.

Reported by Donald Prell, via Herb Sheaner

MONROE, WILLIAM L. 591ST FAB

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

Reported by his son James W. Monroe



Soldier names unknown, however, soldier on the right is William (Bill) Monroe.



Paris tour on April 11, 1945, pictured: Horn, Hinson, & Blondin



Paris tour on April 13, 1945, pictured: Durie, Horn, & Monroe



Leahy, Sgt.; Ford, 1st Sgt.; Riese, Cpl.; Hinson, SSgt.; Lee, T/5; DeVille, Cpl.; & Lievine, Cpl.



Paris tour on March 11, 1945 on the "Rainbow Corner", pictured: Horn, Leahy, & Monroe

PARKER, RICHARD B.

422/Anti-Tank Company

—*Date of Death: January 7, 2011*

Richard B. Parker was a career Foreign Service officer and Middle East expert. He joined the Foreign Service in 1949. He spoke Arabic with native fluency and became a respected adviser on Middle Eastern politics to Presidents Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter. In 1974, he became the first ambassador to Algeria since the United States severed formal diplomatic relations with that country seven years earlier. Mr. Parker was selected to become the U.S. ambassador to Lebanon in 1977 after the assassination of his predecessor, Francis E. Meloy Jr. His last diplomatic position came in 1978 as ambassador to Morocco.

Mr. Parker retired from the State Department in 1980 after more than 30 years of service. He also held diplomatic posts in Australia, Israel, Jordan and Egypt. In retirement, he was a diplomat-in-residence at the University of Virginia, where he taught classes on foreign policy in the Arab world and served as an editor of the *Middle East Journal*.

Mr. Parker's interest in the Middle East began soon after his release from a prisoner-of-war camp during World War II. He served as a 1st Lt. during the Battle of the Bulge and was captured by German soldiers after his unit was overwhelmed. He was sent to a prison camp in occupied Poland and spent 34 days in captivity before the camp was liberated by Russian soldiers.

During his repatriation, Mr. Parker traveled through the present-day Ukrainian city of Odessa, the Turkish Straits and Port Said in Egypt. He

continues on page 58

Memoriam . . .

became fascinated with the majesty of Istanbul's architecture and the intricacies of Arab culture.

Reported by Donald Prell, via Herb Sheaner

PARRISH, CLARENCE 422/HQ 2BN

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

P.O. Box 1100, Corrigan, TX 75939

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy*

PECK, ROBERT

Unit Unknown/Possible 106th Recon.

—*Date of Death: February 2, 2013*

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy, and by Murray Stein*

PIVORNIK, WILLIAM 424/C

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

211 S Downing St., Denver, CO

*Reported by his grand-daughter, Lorri
Pivornik to Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy*

REDA, THOMAS D. 422/MEDIC

—*Date of Death: 1992*

*Reported by his nephew Bob Faro to
Herb Sheaner (422/G), via Jacquelyn Coy*

SAMPSON, GEORGE C. 424/E

—*Date of Death: March 5, 2013*

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy and by Murray Stein*

TUHOSKI, STANLEY 423/E

—*Date of Death: March 2, 2013*

1148 E 4Th St., Loveland, CO
80537-5816

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy and Murray Stein*

VAADE, VERNON 592/FA

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

*Reported by his brother, Victor Vaade,
who served in the Pacific Theater to
Herb Sheaner (422/G), via Jacquelyn Coy*



VAN De BOGART, HERMAN 424/A

—*Date of Death:*

September 22, 2012

On July 15, 2013

a memorial service
will be held at Tahoma
National Cemetery
(Washington State)

where he will be
interred. Pictured, he is wearing a Medal
of Appreciation from the People of
Belgium. The medal was presented to
veterans of the Battle of the Bulge at an
Ambassadors Ball in Scottsdale, Arizona
on October 29, 1994.

*Reported by Helen Van de Bogart,
via Jacquelyn Coy*

VANCLEAVE, NORRIS E. 424/K

—*Date of Death: January 13, 2013*

See “The Story My Dad Never
Wrote: His Experiences Serving with
the 106th Infantry in the Battle of the
Bulge” in this issue of *The CUB* for
more on Mr. VanCleave.

*Reported by his children, Barry and
Benita VanCleave*

WANLESS, WILLIAM F.

422/Anti-Tank Company

—*Date of Death: February 19, 2012*

A World War II veteran and long
term Veterans Administration employee,
he was a St. Paul native later moving to
Mahtomedi, MN. His last months were

at Anoka Care Center. He was a kind and gentle man. He will be missed. His final resting place will be at Ft. Snelling with his wife Pat Wanless.

Reported by Donald Prell, via Herb Sheaner

WILSON, FRED

422/Anti-Tank Company

—*Date of Death: March 5, 2013*

Born in Oklahoma City on May 29, 1924, Fred passed away in Lincoln, NE. Fred attended Capitol Hill High School, where he was a star end on a football team that played in such diverse places as Massillon, OH and Mexico City, Mexico. Fred enlisted in the United States Army in 1942 and participated in the Battle of the Bulge. He was captured and held as a prisoner of war, during which time he received injuries that affected him for the rest of his life. He led an escape from confinement and made his way back to American lines. His heroism earned him the Silver Star. Upon his return stateside, he attended a watch repair school in Denver, CO. A classmate suggested Fred return to Nebraska with him. So, in 1948, Fred moved to Lincoln, where he spent the rest of his life. He went to work at Stevens Jewelers and in 1970 he opened his own business, Fred Wilson Jewelers. He continued to operate the business until his retirement in 2009. Fred will be missed by his family, friends and by the thousands of customers who knew him.

Reported by Donald Prell, via Herb Sheaner

WINTZ, KENNETH **423/SV**

—*Date of Death: May 22, 2011*

27341 Bob Rd., Lacombe, LA
70445-6341

*Reported by his daughter, Lee Lemoine to
Herb Sheaner (422/G), via Jacquelyn Coy*

WROBLEWSKI, CHESTER

Unit Unknown/Possible 106th Recon.

—*Date of Death: April 16, 2008*

2419 Park Place, Westlake, Oh

*Reported by daughter, Barbara Gage to
Herb Sheaner (422/G), via Jacquelyn Coy*

YOUNG, EDWARD E. **590/A FA**

—*Date of Death: May 11, 2013*

Edward Eugene Young of Mount Clare, WV passed away at United Hospital Center. He was born December 27, 1920 in Harrison County, WV to Marie Paugh and Eugene Burton Young. Eugene, or Ed as he was sometimes called, attended Roosevelt-Wilson High School, graduating in 1939. In July 1942, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served as a corporal during the war. Eugene was captured on December 19, 1944, during the Battle of the Bulge. He marched in the snow for days in Belgium before getting transported by box car to Bad Orb, Germany. It was there, in Stalag 9B, Eugene spent the next three months as a prisoner of war. He was liberated on Easter Sunday, 1945 by units from General Patton's Army. Eugene used to say his experience of being so close to death in the prisoner camp was a "blessing in disguise," because it taught him to appreciate life more than ever, as well as his freedom.

*Reported by Frank S. Trautman,
who also notes that Eugene "Ed" served
a number of years on the 106th Board
of Directors, and also as commander of
Barbed Wire Mountaineer Chapter of
AM-EX-POWs as well as their chaplain.*

YOURKAVITCH, JOSEPH

81ST ENG/B

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

828 Beaver Ln, Reading, PA 19560

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy*

Editor's Special Notification:

LICHTENFELD, NATALIE Non-Vet

—*Date of Death: May 29, 2013*



Natalie

Nora Dunaetz
Lichtenfeld, 83,
wife of former
106th Association
President Sy
Lichtenfeld, passed
away peacefully

at home on May 29, 2013 after a long illness. She was an example of true strength, courage and love. A recent resident of Mobile AL, she grew up in Chicago and attended Theodore Hertzl Junior College, but lived most of her adult life in North Miami Beach, Florida. Survived by her loving husband Seymour (Sy) Lichtenfeld and their children: Dr. Norman Lichtenfeld (w/Ruth) of Mobile, AL, Eileen Lichtenfeld, and Roberta Lichtenfeld Goldman (h/Marshall) both of Atlanta, GA. She was the doting "Nana" to Ensign Alex Lichtenfeld (USN), and Elyssa Goldman.

After raising her children, Natalie turned her passion for travel into a profession and became a travel agent, then toured and cruised all over the world. A long time board member of PATA (Pacific Asia Travel Assoc.)

and active in other travel associations, she also volunteered with charitable works including the Technion Society, Hadassah, and served as a docent for the Vizcaya Museum in Miami for over 30 years. Her family wishes to express their gratitude to her loving care givers Dee Dee Butler and Donna Johnson. Graveside Services were held Sunday June 2, 2013 at Arlington Memorial Park in Atlanta, Georgia. Online condolences may be expressed at *RadneyFuneral Home-Mobile.com*. Donations may be made to the Lymphoma Research Foundation at *Lymphoma.org* or her synagogue at *AhavasChesed.info*. Sy noted that, "Natalie attended all but the last reunion with me and knew just about everyone of the 106th family. She was always ready to help out at reunions with the hospitality rooms or luncheons. She will be missed." What a lovely, sweet lady has left us. Please make a prayer for the grieving family.

*Reported by her husband, Sy Lichtenfeld
and their daughter Eileen*

WILSON, JOSEPHINE Non-Vet

—*Date of Death: Not Reported*

15 Lilburn Dr., Stony Point, NY
14221-8039

*Reported by Herb Sheaner (422/G),
via Jacquelyn Coy*

Correction

MIRACLE, HERMAN 424/A

—*Date of Death: June 27, 2011*

Originally reported in the 2011 — Vol. 67, No. 3 issue of *The CUB*. Mr. Firth Perryman confirmed that Herman Miracle's entry should have read **Waterloo, NY.**

**If you received your REUNION paperwork
and Registration forms in the last *CUB*:**

Mail them in today!

Forms will NOT be mailed to you separately this year.

**If you need forms contact: Mike Sheaner, Treasurer at
*sheaner1@airmail.net***

**For additional information about the reunion and
to register online visit:**

www.afr-reg.com/106inf2013

We are all feeling the effects of the current financial upheaval, including the 106th I.D. Association. The *Annual Dues* of \$10 are no longer billed or collected. We are now accepting only donations for membership, memorials and LIFE PLUS.

The previously-allowed payment of \$75 for Life Membership creates a financial shortfall, as our expenses exceeds our income.

Our solution?

We are asking you to join the
LIFE PLUS+ Club

Those Members who contribute to the LIFE PLUS+ Club
will have their names (*only, no amounts will be shown*)
published in the next *CUB*.

You can donate as much or as little as you can, and as often as you like.
By donating, you are helping perpetuate the 106th Infantry Division Association.

**To those Members from whom we haven't heard for a long time —
please take the time to join this exclusive club. *Thank you!***

Send your contribution, check made payable to *106th Infantry Div. Association*, to:

Mike Sheaner
Treasurer, 106th Infantry Division
PO Box 140535, Dallas TX 75214

*If you haven't done it yet —
Make your plans NOW!!*

to join us for the
67th Annual Reunion
of the
106th Infantry Division Association
at the
Doubletree by Hilton, New Orleans, LA
from
August 21 to 25, 2013

**If you still need the paperwork and Registration forms, contact
Mike Sheaner, Treasurer at sheaner1@airmail.net**

Get them and Mail them in today!

**For additional information about the reunion and
to register online visit: www.afr-reg.com/106inf2013**

106th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION



*** THE ARDENNES**

*** CENTRAL EUROPE**

*** THE RHINELAND**

GOLDEN LIONS

**Jacquelyn Coy — Membership Chair
121 McGregor Ave.
Mount Arlington, NJ 07856**

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED