

The UB

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR
*The Veterans of the
106th INFANTRY
DIVISION*

of the
GOLDEN LION

Vol 69 – No. 3

August – November 2013

The 67th Annual Reunion of the 106th Infantry Division Association (New Orleans, Louisiana)



Photo submitted by Larry Heider

All of the veteran attendees assembled at the banquet of the 67th Annual Reunion of the 106th Infantry Division Association held at the Doubletree by Hilton in New Orleans, LA from August 21 to 25, 2013.

See additional photos from the 67th Reunion, beginning on page 18
and at www.106thInfDivAssn.org

The CUB

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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-106th Veterans” [as we will now be calling the formerly named Associate members] to serve on the Board and as elected officers.

President's View . . .

The reunion in New Orleans was a great time. All those who attended once again were able to visit comrades in arms and unite the families that accompanied them. With all the activities, and there were many, the focus of our reunions is to remember and reminisce with those that matter most. It has become obvious to me that families attending with veterans or representing veterans look forward to seeing each other just as much as the veterans and it is just as important. Those who represent their veteran, say that being around all the others brings their memories back 10 fold. We owe a debt of gratitude to our past president Herb Sheaner and adjutant Murray Stein for the production of this year's reunion. Great job, gentlemen. Thank you.

Next year at Norfolk, Virginia we hopefully will have more veterans and their families relishing in the moment again.

I obviously do not have firsthand knowledge of Dec. 16, 1944 and the days surrounding it but I feel like I do thru stories from my Dad and from stories told by you, of the cold and the events of the battle as they unfolded. I always tell my kids, grandkids and friends of the start of the battle on Dec. 16th and how you had to survive the onslaught of the German Divisions and the bone freezing cold you had to endure without shelter for days and days.

I do this in part to recognize Dad and you, his comrades and what you did for us and to remind them that freedom is not free.



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(Robert M. Wood 423/I)

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Please continue to submit your stories to the “Stories of the Men of the 106th Division” to be printed in *The CUB*. The story count has been so great that we are running out of room. To help with this dilemma we hope to have the new website up and running by this November. The entire *CUB* will be on the site. We also will include the complete stories submitted to *The CUB* that was introduced in *The CUB*, but the text will be on the website. The website will help you who get a *CUB* to share it to a much greater degree.

As we begin to plan for the coming New Year and the 70th anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge, let me know of your Ideas that will make a difference to the association and the members. I wish you and your families a joyous Holiday Season and a happy New Year.

Randy



Chaplain's Message . . .

It began on December 25, 1944, Christmas Day, when elements of the 424th Regiment attacked and took Manhay. Actually, we had to attack twice because the enemy took it back from us and we had to make a second try. This time we were able to hold on. The weather, if I remember correctly, was bitter cold with a stiff breeze. It was necessary to cross a large, wide open field covered with snow. There was no other approach to the town, so we were exposed to mortar and machine gun fire all the way.

When the town was fairly secure we could still see clusters of enemy soldiers escaping down a road which I believed led toward Bastogne. Quite a few Germans, trapped in the few shelled-out houses that made up the town, surrendered. As the shooting died down to an occasional burst here and there we noticed a white flag waving back and forth out of a cellar window. One of our group stood near the doorway and called to the enemy to come out. He was ready to toss a grenade into the doorway at any sign of trickery. The rest of us stood close by covering the exit and cellar window with our small arms. It wasn't a trick. Five or six German soldiers were surrendering. Out they came in a single file, hands held on their heads. Then out of the doorway came the hero of this story, a beautiful large German Shepherd dog. Ignoring him, we loaded five captives into a ¾-ton Dodge 4 x 4 and trucked them off to be questioned.

Do you remember one of the names we used if referring to Hitler? "Schickelgruber!" It was some kind of a disparaging, uncomplimentary term. (Don't ask me what it meant). So a few



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

**Reprinted from *The CUB* issue:
April 2008, Vol. 64, No. 2**

of our guys started calling the dog by that name. Later it would be abbreviated to just "Schick." Abandoned now by his German friends, the confused dog began to do what dogs always do — find a new friend. Most of the men shunned the dog, called him a Kraut dog, and ignored him. A couple kicked at him, but he hung around. Dogs do, don't they? But inasmuch as I've always been a dog lover, I patted his head, scratched his belly and opened a K-Ration so he could have some canned meat. Friends Forever! Schick repaid me by adopting me (or did I adopt him?). In any event, he would never leave my side. Soon after on one bitterly cold night we had to scrape the snow to open up a little trench in which we would sleep and evade the blistery wind. We had heard stories of men who had frozen to death during the night hours. I lay in my trench trying

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Chaplain's Message . . .

to go to sleep, yet fearful of doing so, shivering violently. I opened one eye to see Schick lying there, watching me, also with one eye opened. His thick beautiful fur kept him warm when, unbelievably and to my amazement, Schick got up, crept closer and crawled on top of me. Had he not done so, I wonder if I, like others, might not have survived those freezing, blanket-less nights. I only knew Schick for a short time. On the 23 January he was struck by shrapnel. Although very cold, the worst of the

winter's blasts were over. In the midst of death all around me, I found myself grieving for a dog I had taken as a prize of war. What a prize! The Scriptures tell us not to forget to "entertain" strangers whose paths may cross our own because we may be "entertaining angels unaware." I hardly think that the writer of that verse of Scripture meant it to be applied to a canine found and lost on a field of battle, but he was like an angel sent to me.

We are in need of a Chaplain!

If you have any thoughts, please reply to Adjutant Murray Stein (423/I) and/or President Randall M. Wood (Robert M. Wood 423/I)

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.

New 106th Challenge Coin — *Coming Soon*

By Randall Wood

Hopefully in time for Christmas gift giving, the 106th I.D. Association will have their new challenge coin for sale. Very shortly, you will be able to read more about it and see a color image of the coin on our association's new website at www.106thInfDivAssn.org.

The coin should be available by mid-December and they will cost \$10 each.

President Randall Wood will be the contact person for the purchase of the coins and you may start pre-ordering them at this time. They will be sent directly to you when they are completed.

Any questions or pre-orders may be emailed to woodchuck01@sbcglobal.net or call 765-346-0690.



The Adjutant's Message . . .

My Brothers and Sisters,

Reunion 2013 in New Orleans was a huge success, due to the increase in attendance of our YOUNG people. The 106 Div. Assoc. is ALIVE & WELL. Our 67th reunion was remarkable, in that we made history on Aug. 24, 2013. We passed the Gavel to a non-106th Vet. Randy Wood (he is a Vet). Randy served on the Board of Directors for two years and filled in as our acting Chaplain the past two reunions. Randy's father, Robert Wood, served with the 106th 423/I. We know that the 106 Assoc. is in excellent hands. Further, we're fortunate to have his lovely wife Patty, who is already planning to show our appreciation to our ladies who attend the reunions.

New Orleans proved to be a fine choice for our 2013 reunion. The WW II museum and that marvelous, emotional movie was the highlight. Bourbon St., the Casino, the City Tour, were truly added attractions. Our now past Pres. Herb Sheaner is to be congratulated for the work he did, contacting 106 Veterans and their families to attend the reunion. The increase in attendance was mostly due to his efforts. Thank you Herb!

During our week in New Orleans, you could sense the Goodwill, the smiles, the embracing of each other, the camaraderie of the Vets and families. On a personal note, the hugs and kisses, especially from the lovely ladies of the Wood, Roberts and Hoff families. I loved it! At the Banquet, our guest speaker, Brig. Gen. Barry Keeling, Director Joint Staff La. National Guard, was charming, mingled with the guests, and obviously did some research on the 106th Div.

His remarks were complimentary of the history of the 106th Inf. Div. and



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they were most welcome. Also, the acceptance speech of the OGL award for Milton Wiener 424/M, by his son, Bernard Wiener, of Newport Beach, Calif. was outstanding. He stated how proud he was to be amongst our 106th Vets and his reference to having been named after his uncle, Lt. Bernard Wiener, (Bombardier B-17) who was Killed in Action in WW II, was an emotional moment. Bernard's father must be very proud of his son.

Reunion 2014 is being planned. **It will be held at the Sheraton Waterside Hotel in Norfolk Va. Sept. 3-7, 2014.** My Dear 106th veteran Brothers—time is running out on us. If at all possible, please make every effort to be with us in Norfolk, Va. To our Sons and Daughters and Grandchildren do the same and help bring your Fathers and Grandfathers to our 2014 Reunion.

Stay well all—

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!



University of Alabama — Army Specialized Training Program (1943)

Submitted by Mark Rigatti

This photo, from the files of a former Association Treasurer Richard Rigatti (423/B), and submitted by his son Mark Rigatti is of the U.S. Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) during World War II, submitted to Mr. Rigatti by Stephen Calchet in 2004 who took the photo.

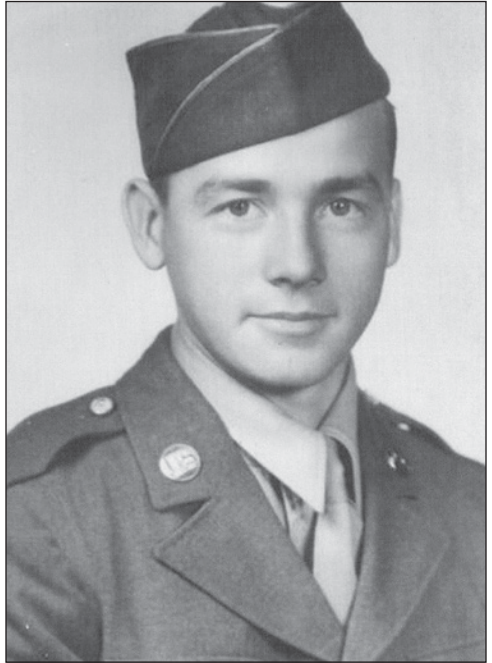
Mr. Calchet entered the Army

in April 1943. He was sent to Camp Wheeler, Georgia where he was put into the first U.S. ASTP unit at the University of Alabama after infantry training. The ASTP was terminated in March 1944 and the soldiers in Mr. Calchet's unit were sent to Camp Atterbury, there he was assigned to Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, of the 422nd Regiment.

The Adjutant's Message . . .

Billy Jackson, 424th Regt., Anti-Tank Company

Golden Lion Billy Jackson of Brady, Texas is pictured here at 18 years of age in Chicago. Mr. Jackson's "Story" was printed in the last issue of *The CUB*, Vol. 69, No. 2.



**Gilbert Basnik (top), his brother
Bill (below)**



**Gilbert Basnik (right), his brother Bill (left), and in
the middle, his brother Bob, a Korean War veteran.**

Veterans Memorial Hall (cont.)

In the April–July 2013 issue of *The CUB* Vol. 69, No. 2., Golden Lion Gilbert B. Basnik (423/C Weapons Platoon) submitted the article "Veterans Memorial Hall." Unfortunately, *The CUB's* printing deadline came before the submission of these photos. Mr. Basnik would like the readership to enjoy them for "the rest of the story" next time you read his article on pages 44–45 on the previous issue of *The CUB*.

Historian's Message . . .

History goes back a long way. It's hard to imagine all that has taken place just since history has been recorded. And now, the name of another one of our good buddies has been entered into the annals of history. My good buddy, Walter Snyder, A Battery/589th FA, has passed on, (9 September 2013) and I feel like I have to say something about him and our relationship.

In March of 1943 we were both placed in A Battery and assigned to the same squad with much the same duties to perform in the battery. We were still in our teens and had no clue about what to expect from the U.S. Army. Walt was a tall skinny guy, about 6'+ and about 140 pounds. We called him "Bones." He was always on the job and never fell out of a hike, and never gained any more weight either. (I don't believe any of us did!) We learned a lot about what would be expected of us and gained confidence along with experience in the field. I would say that we grew up together. Even though our personal likes and dislikes were hardly ever the same we gained a healthy respect for one another.

On 17 December 1944 Walt was captured by the Germans and had it not been for circumstances I might have been where he was in that place and time. His time as a POW was particularly hard and he barely survived the ordeal having to spend much time in rehabilitation. His peacetime career was one of helping people and though he certainly qualified for much praise, he never sought it. When I started to write this it suddenly occurred to me that I was describing a great many of the veterans of the 106th Division who went through the particular hell known as the



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Battle of the Bulge. It has occurred to me as I write this that this scenario fits a great many of you. I will stop here where many of you reading this are simply going to recognize your own personal stories. I offer you my best hand salute.

Many unexpected events occur during a war. I thought that this was one worth re-telling. Elmer Bendiner was a navigator in a B-17 during WW II. He tells this story of a WW II bombing run over Kassel, Germany and the unexpected result of a direct hit on their gas tanks: "Our B-17, the Tondelayo, was barraged by flack from the Nazi antiaircraft guns. That was not unusual, but on this particular occasion our gas tanks were hit. Later, as I reflected on the miracle of a 20-mm shell piercing the fuel tank without touching off an explosion, our pilot, Bohn Fawkes, told me it was not quite that simple. On the morning following the raid, Bohn had gone down to ask our crew chief for

Historian's Message . . .

that shell as a souvenir of unbelievable luck. The crew chief told Bohn that not just one shell but 11 had been found in the gas tanks, 11 unexploded shells where only one was sufficient to blast us out of the sky. It was as if the sea had been parted for us. Even after 35 years, so awesome an event leaves me shaken, especially after I heard the rest of the story from Bohn. He was told that the shells were sent to the armorers to be defused. The armorers told him that Intelligence had picked them up. They could not say why at the time, but

Bohn eventually sought out the answer. Apparently when the armorers opened each of those shells, they found no explosive charge. They were clean as a whistle and just as harmless. Empty? Not all of them! One contained a carefully rolled piece of paper. On it was a scrawl in Czech. The Intelligence people scoured our base for a man who could read Czech. Eventually they found one to decipher the note. It set us marveling. Translated, the note read: **"This is all we can do for you now."**

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:

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How I Remember It

by Milton Weiner, 424/M

This narrative is based on my memory of what happened 68 years ago and is dedicated to the Men of the 106th Infantry Division who were not as fortunate as me.

I was in the Army Air Corps, waiting for assignment to navigator training. I received a letter from General "Hap" Arnold which stated: "You are young, vigorous and well trained, and the Army ground forces need you." All of this was true except for well-trained, which Camp Atterbury took care of.



Bernard Weiner accepts the Order of the Golden Lion on behalf of his father who was too ill to attend the 2013 annual reunion.

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Historian's Message . . .

At Camp Atterbury we jumped into 2½-ton trucks. I was assigned to Company M of the 424 Inf. Reg. of the 106th Div. I had selected the group with which I was to have my “finest hour,” by truck selection. I was now classified as an 81 mm mortar gunner. There was training on a variety of weapons, especially the mortar, the M1 Rifle and 45 caliber pistol. There were many days of 20-mile hikes carrying full field equipment. I was very aware of the seriousness of our future. If there was any training I missed or felt incomplete, I “got it down” on my own time.

After breaking Camp, we were moved to Massachusetts. Then to New York Harbor, where we boarded the Aquitania for the trip to Scotland. We stood jammed at the rails getting a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. Upon arrival in Scotland, our training continued in a small English town, Chipping Norton. Then back on a train to Southampton and a small ship for Le Havre which we anchored outside for three weeks.

We were all anxious to land. Finally, we transferred to an LST. We were in full combat gear weighing excess of 50 pounds. As the ship and the LST rocked and rolled, I was helped into the LST by two soldiers — both could have played tackle for any NFL team — who handed us over at the appropriate time, then rode to shore, LST style.



Milton Weiner, 106th Infantry Division, M Company, 3rd Battalion, 424th Infantry Regiment. This photo was taken at the General Patton Museum in Chiriaco Summit, California. He is standing in front of a WW II Sherman tank, like the one that he and his buddies rode out on, on the side pod, with the help of Patton's men after two weeks of heavy combat.

Our LST landed on the beach in Le Havre. We were warned that Le Havre was mined except in the marked paths. All during the night there were explosions. We were again loaded onto open Army trucks driven by “Red Ball Express” drivers for a 24-hour ride. I never forget reading a sign that said, “You are now entering Germany courtesy of First Infantry Division”. There were also signs stating.

“Achtung Minen” with the skull and crossbones made it clear.

The newspapers said 106th Div. occupied a quiet front. We were in rough structures protected from weather. Not bad for combat. The forward observation people could see the enemy, we fired our mortars with rationed ammunition and the Germans fired back in small amounts also. Each night an enemy observation plane “Bed Check Charlie” flew over.

It was quiet for about a week, then my Sergeant said that the Germans were moving up every f***ing think they had. This was a week before the Battle of the Bulge started. It is still a mystery to me how the Sergeant knew and the Commanding Generals thought it was a big surprise.

I clearly remember 12/16/44, in the middle of the night it became very light and there was so much “incoming” artillery that the ground shook. The shelling continued for a very long time. Then, Sergeant Duncan called us together and said “Don’t be alarmed men, but we are going to withdraw.” After falling back, we set up the mortar and began firing in a 360-degree pattern. Since the 81 mm mortar has a range of about a mile or less, obviously we were surrounded.

During the next few weeks we moved quite a bit. We slept very little. I remember in a farmhouse I feel asleep standing up and woke up when my M1 rifle hit the floor. Thank God, I set the safety. We ate even less than we slept, one emergency chocolate ration bar per day. I resolved never to eat chocolate after the war and I never have.

One day we had the beautiful sight

of American tanks coming toward us. We asked what outfit they were in and they replied “we’re with PATTON!” I understand he moved more troops faster than was ever done in military history. We were a benefactor of his record. The bottom line was our mortar crew was no longer surrounded as we rode out on the side pods of one of his tanks.

On the first clear day, our “6000” planes, nearly blacked out the sky. I saw quite a few planes, blown up by Nazi anti-aircraft. Some had big white parachutes, many did not. My brother, Bernard, a 2nd Lt., Bombardier on a B17 was shot down on 12-31-43 over the English Channel after a bombing run and he was never found.

The worse thing in combat is being shot at on an individual basis. Artillery and mortar shells are bad, but they seem to give you some odds, just by hitting the ground. Being shot at by rifle fire was something else. I was shot at quite a bit due to the fact we were silhouetted against the sky. I can still hear the bullets going by — an unforgettable sound and experience that time cannot erase.

About four weeks after the Battle of the Bulge started, I took off my boots, and my toes were blue. We had been moving constantly through snow and water, my feet were always wet. There was no time to change to a dry pair of socks. My Lt. insisted that I walk the five miles to a field first-aid station. Upon arrival a Doc insisted, putting me on a stretcher for 100 yards to the ambulance, crazy!! After bouncing back and forth from one medical tent to the next by truck and train, finally I was “good to go” back to my company.

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Historian's Message . . .

When I got back to combat in February, 1945 there was much less action than the Battle of the Bulge. We were very short on personnel. A mortar squad was supposed to have 7 or 8 men. We had two, my buddy Frank LaPenna and me. One night a Lt. on the forward observation post called to tell us the Germans were moving up reinforcements. All night, about every hour, we fired about 10 rounds staggering the time so our patterns could not be determined. That was the hardest I ever worked in my life. I always focused on making sure I got the firing coordinates 100 percent right. This required that I refused to put cotton in my ears. I did not want a case of "friendly fire on my watch." We must have been successful. Success for a mortar gunner is hitting the enemy before he hits you.

The Germans mined their dead, typically using Lugers. Once, another soldier was going to grab the gun when I showed him the thin wires going to the mine. I saved one life but heard the mine explode a minute later.

I was close enough to hear the guns firing near Malmedy, Belgium. Later, I found out what had happened there. All the previous action had not prepared me for the massacre that was committed.

We went to the same German town both in the middle of the Battle of the Bulge and near the end of the war. The first time there were no children in sight, the women looked the other way and the old men gave us dirty looks. The second time the children were asking for chewing gum, the women were more than friendly and the old men

said, "Nicht Nazi" and told us about their relatives in Wisconsin. It looked like a good adjustment to the times. Our soldiers that had recently joined us didn't believe our description of our first visit.

Well, the war finally ended after we crossed the Rhine River on a Pontoon Bridge courtesy of an Infantry Division whose number I have forgotten but whose efforts I'll always remember.

We were given the job of watching thousands of German prisoners behind barb wire. We had two soldiers with machine guns on each of the enclosures guarding so many men. But they weren't going anywhere anyway. It was strange seeing the men that had caused us and the world so much bloodshed at close range, almost like a human laboratory.

Looking back over the last 68 years, my thoughts on the Battle of the Bulge and the 106th Div. are that war is worse than Hell and you can never totally remove yourself from it. We have been called the Greatest Generation, but if you would ask any member of the 106th Div., they would say we were doing our job. The truly Greatest Generation were parents who prayed every night that their son or sons would come back alive when the war was over. In my parent's case I came home and my brother Bernie did not.

Now at 89 years old with Parkinson's disease, I approach every day the same way we all did in the 106th. Div., putting one foot in front of the next and getting to tomorrow!!

In the Spirit of the Golden Lion.

PFC Milton Weiner
106th 424 Reg. M Company

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

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



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

Please report all changes of address and deaths to the Association Membership Chair:



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

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-106th 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.



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

Treasurer's Report: July 1, 2013 – September 30, 2013

Total Contributions for the period: 57 equaling	\$3,050.00
Total Expenses for the period:	\$5,174.44

Association Membership As of September 30, 2013

Total Membership	1,214
Membership Veterans	748
Membership Non-106th Veterans	466

LIFE PLUS and REGULAR DONATIONS:

81st Eng.	John Aalsburg	423/HQ	George W. Strong
106 Recon	Rudolph L. Aittama	Non-106th Veteran	Frank Tracz
Non-106th Veteran	Connie P. Baesman	422/H	Dr. James R. Tuorila
422/B	Robert N. Bare	423/SV	Dr. Joseph F. Uchino
Non-106th Veteran	David H. Bludworth	Non-106th Veteran	Victor V. Vaade
Non-106th Veteran	David H. Bludworth	424/M	Milton Weiner
423/K	William B. Busier		
81st Eng./Co C	Fred A. Carr		
422/B	Hugh L. Colbert		
423/HQ 1st BN	Francis P. Corcoran		
Non-106th Veteran	George Fleming		
590 FA/HQ	James D. Gilles		
592/SVC	John O. Gilliland		
Non-106th Veteran	Robert & Jean Himberg		
424/C	Richard L. Idstein		
Signal Corp	Dr. Vance S. Jennings		
423/HQ 1st BN	General Alan W Jones, Jr		
Non-106th Veteran	Beatrice F. Keeber		
424/C	William T. Martin		
424/L	Harry F. Martin, Jr.		
423/G	James O. Mason		
106 Recon	William C Mitchell		
106th Signal Corp	Donald D Regier		
Non-106th Veteran	Robert G. Rhodes		
423/HQ 1st BN	John H. Stamataky		

MEMORIAL DONATION:

Samuel Feinberg (589/FA HQ)
*In memory of Staff Sergeant Francis
"Frank" Aspinwall, 589 FA HQ.*

HONORARY DONATIONS:

Kristina L. Rice and Family, Non-106th
Veteran Member
*In honor of William T. Martin
(424/C) in celebration of 91 years of
life. Happy Birthday Dad — your family.*

Janet Wood, Beth and Ron Garrison,
Carol and Dean Faulkner, and Randy
and Patty Wood, Non-106th Veteran
Members
*In honor of their mother
Wilma Wood from her children
(Robert M. Wood, 423/I).*

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

NEW MEMBERS:

422/AT	Clifford H. Birdsall	Non-106th Veteran	Frank Feinberg
Non-106th Veteran	Judi Bludworth	Non-106th Veteran	Andrew Feinberg
Non-106th Veteran	Pat Bludworth	Non-106th Veteran	Brenda Summar
Non-106th Veteran	Robert "Bo" Bludworth		Francis
Non-106th Veteran	John F. Bludworth, Jr.	422/AT	Arthur R. Grubermann
Non-106th Veteran	Ginger Roberts	Non-106th Veteran	Valerie Lafleur
	Brackett	Non-106th Veteran	Donald Wayne Lewis Jr
Non-106th Veteran	Hugh Richardson	Non-106th Veteran	Margret Bludworth
	Bryers III		Little
Non-106th Veteran	Constantine Christ	Non-106th Veteran	Matthew T. Roberts
Non-106th Veteran	Peter Christ	Non-106th Veteran	Kimberly A. Roberts
Non-106th Veteran	Nancy Bludworth	Non-106th Veteran	Christopher Schneider
	Davidson	Non-106th Veteran	Barry L. VanCleave
Non-106th Veteran	Carl H. Elker	Non-106th Veteran	Benita Rae VanCleave

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.

Ed Cottingham – Hereford, AZ
Armand De Vito – Belmont, MA
Irvin Schecter – Quincy, IL
Gerald Meadows – Davison, MI
Anna Hutchinson – Mifflintown, PA
John Plenskofski – Doylestown, PA
Jeanne Vaught – Chattanooga, TN
Raymond Keller – Carlisle, PA
P. Clinton Frampton – Mansfield, OH

Harold D. Allen – Trumann, AR
Walter Jewell – Cedar Hill, TX
Pat Westfall – Gatesville, TX
Frank Bates – Fairfield, OH
Philip Albaum – Santa Barbara, CA
Phyllis Emmert – Hagerstown, MD
Irving Brown – Dallas, PA
David Deffenbaugh – Claremore, OK
Joseph Zimmerman – Orland Park, IL

PLEASE NOTE:

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 on page 11.

Membership Chair Jacquelyn Coy is working to update the Association's roster with veterans and their units. Using email, please contact her directly at the email address on page 11 with the following in the subject line: **"To 106th Membership Chair."** Then in your message, please let her 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 (***CubEditor@106thInfDivAssn.org***). 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 the December 2013–March 2014 issue: Material due by January 31

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

For the August–November 2014 issue: Material due by September 30

Remember to send in your Reunion photos!

Articles and pictures can be mailed or emailed to:

CUB Editor: William McWhorter
166 Prairie Dawn, Kyle, TX 78640
512-970-5637
CubEditor@106thInfDivAssn.org

CUB Publisher: Susan Weiss
9 Cypress Point Court
Blackwood, NJ 08012
856-415-2211
CubPublisher@106thInfDivAssn.org

106th Association has a New Website!

By Wayne Dunn

To complement the wonderful websites that are already out on the Internet, including our own members' Jim West (www.IndianaMilitary.org) and Carl Wouters (www.106thinfantry.webs.com) the association has just launched our own website at ***www.106thInfDivAssn.org***.

This is where you can find: info on upcoming events; copies of the membership application for your family to join; the complete latest issue plus additional photos and articles from *The CUB*.

Also look for our Facebook page at ***Facebook.com/106thInfDivAssn***.

This is where you can find up-to-the-minute information and where you can connect with friends and make plans for the next reunion.

If you have any additional reunion photos or information that you would like to see on the website or Facebook page, please contact the new Webmaster, Wayne Dunn at waynedunn@comcast.net or 410-409-1141

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 a scan of him to Jim West.

All 106th General Orders have been reviewed and all the information has been added to the Roster. These General Orders allowed for the addition of 513 previously unknown names to be added and a huge amount of service numbers and other data were added. All the original General Orders are available for viewing on the website. These were made possible by a friend, John Bowen, of the 31st Division Association (Camp Atterbury, Korean War).

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.



Join up with the veterans of the 106th Infantry Division Association.

No need to be a veteran, all one needs is an interest in WW II and we will welcome you to become an Associate Member with all of the privileges.

Research our history on line

Attend our National and Local Meetings

Take an active part in the organization

Receive issues of the Association's publication,
The CUB of the Golden Lion

Write, e-mail, or call our Membership Chairman for details -

Jacquelyn Coy
121 McGregor Avenue
Mount Arlington, NJ 07855
973-683-2410
jasc164@aol.com

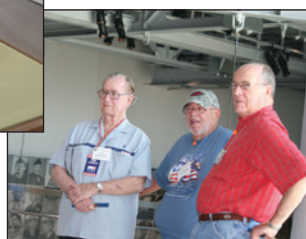
Photos from the 2013 Annual Reunion

The 67th Annual Reunion of the 106th Infantry Division Association was held at the Doubletree by Hilton in New Orleans, LA from August 21 to 25, 2013. Please enjoy this selection of photos from the reunion, submitted by members of the Wood family, Susan Weiss, *The CUB* Publisher and non-106th member Larry Heider.



After a great welcome at the hotel, many visited the WW II museum, including the Wood family, photos at right.

Below was the business luncheon and the memorial service with the presenting of the wreath and the boy scout color guard.



Feature Stories . . .



Here are some sights of the city of New Orleans, including Bourbon Street and the French Quarter.



Many dined at the famous "Mother's" restaurant, (above) had chicory coffee and beignets at the "Morning Cafe" (left).

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The Adjutant's Message . . .



On the city tour, many saw picturesque Canal Street and the famed above-ground cemeteries.



The guest speaker at the banquet (left) and the recipients of the Order of the Golden Lion in attendance (right).



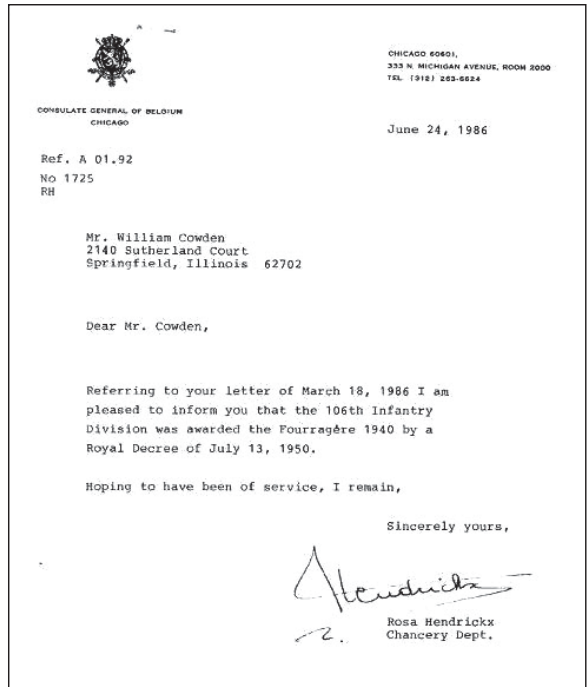
*For additional pictures from the reunion,
please visit the website at:*

www.106thInfDivAssn.org

Belgium Honored the Golden Lion Division

Submitted by John Schaffner (589/A)

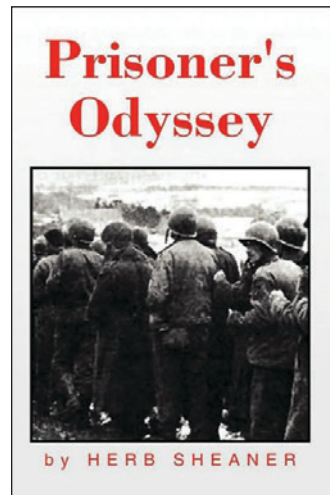
106th Infantry Division Association Historian John Schaffner (589/A) submitted this image of a letter from the Belgian government. This is a reply from the Consulate General of Belgium in Chicago, dated June 24, 1986 to Mr. Cowden, indicating that the 106th Infantry Division was awarded the Fourragère 1940 by Royal Decree in 1950.



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.

U.S. Army Signal Corps Photos Found and Shared

by Marion J. Bahlinger (422/B)

Below is one sample of more than 40 U.S. Army Signal Corps photos that were discovered in a drawer by Marion J. Bahlinger (422/B) of Baton Rouge, LA. He brought them to the New Orleans reunion to share with his fellow vets. The images were then scanned and submitted to the staff of *The CUB* by Larry Heider, from Calabasas, CA, a non-106th veteran member of the association, for the readership to view.



Battle For St. Vith (bulge) Sig C 65-10

To see more of the pictures, visit the new 106th Association website at www.106thInfDivAssn.org.

A Brother's Discovery

Submitted to Susan Weiss, The CUB Publisher

At the New Orleans reunion, board member Frank Trautman handed me a photocopy of an article that ran in the Fall 2009 issue of the *Amherst* magazine. It was about how Martin Vogel discovered the story behind his brother's death. Bernard "Jack" Vogel, Private First Class, 106th ID, died in a POW camp, but that all they knew.

Because of the article's length, it would not be possible for it to be included in its entirety in *The CUB*, so links to the article on the *Amherst* magazine's website and a similar version of the story on the CNN website, have been provided here.

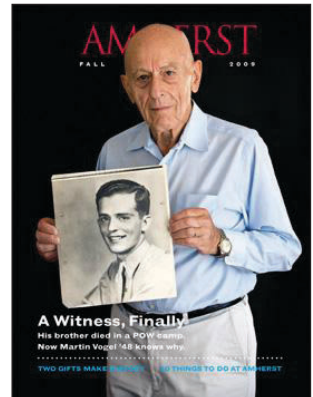
The link to the Amherst article:

<https://www.amherst.edu/aboutamherst/magazine/issues/2009fall/vogel>

The link to a similar story, but from CNN:

<http://www.cnn.com/2008/LIVING/11/20/worldwar.two.folo/>

Either type these addresses into your web browser, or visit the new 106th Association website at www.106thInfDivAssn.org where you can simply click on the links, to read the stories.



A Note from the Chairman of the “U.S. Veterans Friends Luxembourg”

Submitted by Daniel Reiland

When in early 1994, 9th Armored Division veteran Frank Noe presented some of his medals and ribbons, earned during World War II to a young Luxembourgian boy, no one could image how much this small but very meaningful gift would affect the life of that 10-year-old child. This little boy is me, Daniel Reiland, born in 1983 and living in the small town of Huldange, in northern Luxembourg. Before the German army started the Battle of the Bulge, Mr. Noe’s unit had been staying for several weeks in the region. In the 1980s he started visiting the region. I was amazed that Mr. Noe came back several times to see the places he had been during the war, and I was glad that veterans like him get a warm and thankful welcome during their visits.

The memories and stories he shared fascinated me in such a way that I wanted to get to know more about the Battle of the Bulge and especially about the men who had to fight it. The medals Mr. Noe showed me made me become interested in the daily items

the American soldiers used at that time, and so I started collecting all kinds of military uniforms, equipment and items from those days. Throughout my teenage years I looked for genuine military artifacts, which I often found from farms and houses where the battles took place.

In 2005, I graduated from Police Academy, purchased a restored World War II Willys Jeep, and became a member of the “U.S. Veterans Friends Luxembourg,” a non-profit which helps erect monuments and organizes ceremonies in Luxembourg, as well as tours for veterans. Meeting a veteran on the former battlefields and getting to know his personal story is not only a fascinating but also very meaningful experience for me. I don’t think it is even possible to touch history in a more realistic, genuine and living way. I consider it very important to make every possible effort to prevent our common history from being forgotten once the people who were part of it are gone.

MY WAR

by Fredrick Smallwood

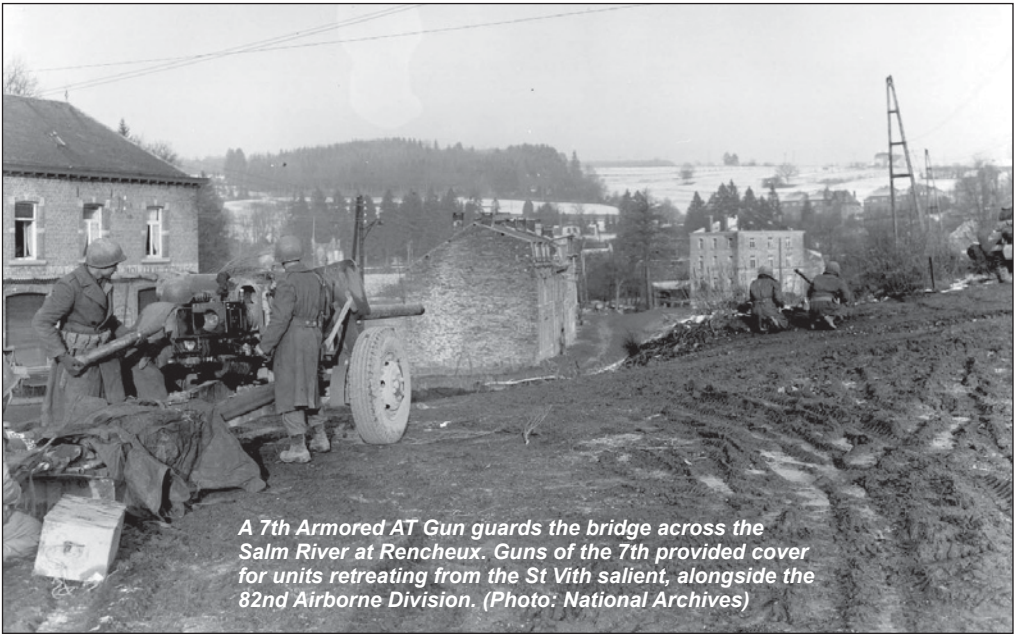
This is the story of my experiences as a young boy from a small town in south Georgia with the 106th Infantry Division during World War II. I was initially in the A&P Platoon of 1 Bn. Hq. Co. of the 423rd Regiment. I was one of the few who made my way through the German lines back to the Allied lines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



106th Division River Crossers Honored at Rencheux

By Carl Wouters, 106th Div. Belgian Liaison



A 7th Armored AT Gun guards the bridge across the Salm River at Rencheux. Guns of the 7th provided cover for units retreating from the St Vith salient, alongside the 82nd Airborne Division. (Photo: National Archives)

On September 7, 2013, during Belgium's liberation weekend, a new memorial for the Battle of the Bulge was inaugurated at Rencheux, near Vielsalm.

In December 1944 the road bridge across the Salm River at Rencheux was the site of a courageous holding action by units of the 82nd Airborne Division. Their mission was to keep the roads open for American units making their way out of the St. Vith pocket and halt the German spearhead. Not far from the bridge, at the Belgian Army barracks for the Chasseurs Ardennais, General Alan Jones had installed the 106th division command post. Several units of the division, such as the 591st FA and at least one battalion of the 424th Infantry, made their way to Rencheux and crossed the bridge. They moved back to the area

around Chêne-al-Pierre to regroup for the Manhay battle around Christmas 1944.

The idea for the Rencheux monument came from the C47 Club Inc. and its Ardennes Salm River Chapter members Eddy Lamberty and Claude Orban. They were dedicated to honor both the defenders and the crossers for their valiant participation in the liberation of Belgium and devised this poignant memorial. We owe them our sincere thanks and congratulations for the realization of the project.

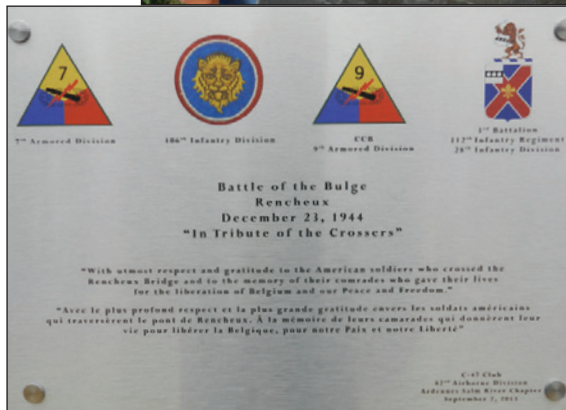
The ceremony commenced with Eddy Lamberty and Dutch historian Erik Van Der Hoeven setting the historical context and their announcement of a book that is soon to be published about the battle at Rencheux. In his speech, C47 Club

Inc. president Ed Lapotsky emphasized the importance of remembering the sacrifices made during WW II and symbolized the missing soldiers by two helmets and an empty flag-draped chair. The commune of Vielsalm was represented by mayor Elie Leblire and I was honored to say a few words in name of the 106th, the division being one of the crossing units. Speeches were followed by a wreath and flower laying at the monument and a post-ceremony reception.

In light of the 70th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge in 2014, the legacy of the American soldiers who fought and died for our freedom continues to be perpetuated here in Belgium. Coming December, the 2nd Flag of Freedom ceremony will be held at St. Vith and will coincide with a ceremony at Rencheux for the 106th and the 7th Armored. We encourage everyone to join us in remembrance of the Battle of the Bulge.



Flag bearers and a USAF Color Guard are lined up next to the new Rencheux monument on September 7, during the unveiling ceremony. (Photo: Doug Mitchell)



Above — L-R: Eddy Lamberty, Ed Lapotsky and mayor Elie Leblire of Vielsalm.

Left — The plaque in honor of the Rencheux bridge crossers.

(Photos: Carl Wouters)

BAD EMS – Then and Now

By Carl Wouters, 106th Division Belgium Liaison

The men of the 106th may remember the town of Bad Ems, which was home to the Golden Lion division for some time in 1945. On our recent return from a trip through Italy and Austria we passed through Bad Ems and we wandered around for some time through this quite picturesque spa and bathing resort town.

Sixty-eight years ago countless hotels in the town were occupied by men of the 106th, while most of the manpower of the division was guarding German POWs

in the many temporary enclosures that dotted the Rhine valley. Signal Company veterans may remember the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten or the Grand Kurhotel on the majestic promenade on the Lahn river.



Above: Edward Straka, 106th Signal Company relaxes on the bank of the Lahn river at Bad Ems in July 1945. The footbridge behind him was destroyed by the retreating German army.

Left: Reliving history at the exact same location in July 2013, Carl Wouters sits on the railing of the bridge that had been repaired long ago, but for the rest, time seemed to have stood still.

Captured at Grosslangenfeld

Submitted by Paul Thompson, CPL (106th Reconnaissance Troop)

In early December the reconnaissance troop received orders to move to France. At the time, we were stationed in the Cotswolds at Stow-On-The-Wold. We embarked at Weymouth and landed at Le Havre on December 11. We drove north through France, Belgium and The Ardennes and set up at Grosslangenfeld, a small hilltop in the German Schnee Eifel.

At Grosslangenfeld we replaced an infantry company of the 2nd Division. My job was radio repairman assigned to the HQR platoon. Since I had been trained as an infantryman at Fort Benning and could handle most of the standard infantry weapons, my secondary assignment was to man the light machine gun in bunker "Lenny 7 Able." This bunker overlooked the A-20, the major road between neighboring towns. Our platoon commander was Lt. Leonard Prosnick, hence the moniker "Lenny 7 Able." My orders were to see that no Germans moved on that road.

My buddy and I set up housekeeping in the second floor bedroom of the farmhouse just above our bunker. He was an expert "scrounger" and brought a footlocker from England loaded with cans of chicken, peaches, extra "C" rations and other "goodies." For my part, I had "liberated" two folding cots plus a good supply of blankets. Between us we set up very comfortable living quarters and settled down to wait out the war in our "fur-lined foxhole."

Many years later I met Jacob Rausch, the German soldier who owned this house and grew up in it. He attended

some of our recon troop reunions and we spent several pleasant hours together.

About 5:30 on Saturday morning, December 16th, all hell broke loose. "Screaming Meemies" were whistling overhead, shells exploding all around. The house shook, the windows rattled. I was certain the very next shell would come through the wall and explode in our bedroom. I snatched my trousers and tried to put them on but for the life of me I could not get my legs into the openings. I threw them aside, grabbed my overcoat, helmet and rifle and raced for the bunker. I fought the first battle without trousers. If I had been captured then the Germans would have caught me not only with my pants down but with no pants on at all. Later on during a lull in the fighting I had a chance to go back and recover my trousers.

Come daylight the Germans attacked. Our officers deployed our armored cars and with their 37mm cannon fire and the machine gun fire from our several bunkers they were driven back. They regrouped and came at us again and again we drove them back. The Germans then redirected their attack, moving against our flanks. The 424th Cannon Company was to our right and a troop of the 14th Cavalry to our left. By Sunday morning these units were virtually destroyed and we were surrounded. On our front there had been sporadic gunfire throughout the night. Sometime after midnight a lucky mortar shell struck our ammunition store. We enjoyed a regular Fourth of

continues on page 28

July celebration with whizzing rockets, fireballs and explosions. It was a great show but the result was we had very little to fight with when the Germans attacked again. They came at us the next morning, this time with two reinforced infantry companies (about 600 men). We had about 120. Our ammunition mostly gone, we were ordered to evacuate and try to escape to the American lines. I carried several grenades and I threw them in the direction of a burpgunner I had been trying to reach all night, but I failed to hit him. As I ran from the bunker he bounced up and began spraying bullets. Other men running with me were hit but I managed to reach an armored car unscathed. I jumped in, slammed the turret hatch and we started down the road but got only a few yards—the road was blocked and the German troops were everywhere. Our fight was over. We were all captured.

It is worth mentioning here that some dozens of years later I happened upon a description of this battle written by one of the German officers who led

the attack. He wrote that the German command concluded that they were facing an armored battalion and not the expected infantry company, hence Sunday's attack with so large a force. He further wrote that his troops lost more than 90 percent of their men at Grosslangenfeld and that it was the bitterest fighting that his division — the 62nd Volksgrenadiers — encountered during their Ardennes offensive.

The Germans forced us out of our vehicles and penned us up in some kind of animal enclosure, perhaps a pigsty, while they decided what to do with us. While waiting there one of my buddies pointed to some holes in my trousers. They were bullet holes. That burpgunner had hit men running beside me, but missed me completely except for shooting holes in my trousers.

Later in the day the Germans herded us out on to the road and marched us to Prum, from there to Gerolstein and into boxcars to Limberg. So began our months as prisoners of the Germans.

My Escape From Altengrabow (Stalag 11A)

Submitted by Paul Thompson, CPL (106th Reconnaissance Troop)

One morning in early April we Americans POWs were ordered out of our barracks, separated into groups of 30 or so and marched by the Germans west toward the American front. We were to be "arbeit commandos" (work details), sent to repair the railroads damaged by the Americans. We were all in bad shape, weak and sick from a winter of sawdust bread and turnip "soup." Marching was hard but few of us were unhappy about being on

the road. Any way of getting outside the barbwire was welcome. Those of you who have been prisoners will fully appreciate how wonderful it felt. Besides, the German countryside in early spring was pretty nice.

After two or three days of marching we neared Halberstad, a manufacturing town apparently still making armaments for the Germans. The town was under attack by American bombers. The next morning we marched in. There was

almost nothing left of the town, at least of that part we marched through. Here we experienced one of the most painful and poignant experiences of our time in prison. Our arbeit commando was under the command of a feldwebel, an old man in our eyes and a veteran of the German Army. He was about 40 and as guards go he was more than decent. He allowed rests from time to time and permitted us to help those who had become too weak to keep up. On previous marches guards forced us to abandon the weak. They were then shot or bayoneted. From time to time he even distributed apples from his knapsack. This feldwebel was from Halberstad and we marched past where his house had stood. A bomb had destroyed his house utterly, killing his wife, two children and both of his parents—his entire family. He absolutely fell apart. Our hearts went out to him. He was a decent man, but we were the enemy and we had destroyed his life. I know that there were thousands on both sides who have suffered similar tragedies but this one was up close and personal. It hurt. War is indeed Hell. The next day we continued our march under the command of another feldwebel. As we marched west, the front became more and more evident, especially at night when the horizon was lit up by the flames and explosions of the American advance.

On the night of April 10, our arbeit commando, along with several others, was camped among the trees beside a country dirt road. Behind us were thick woods, in front open country without a tree in sight. During the night my buddy and I heard shots coming from the areas of the other commandos. (My buddy was Carlton Schilcher, a fellow

Recon trooper. We teamed up early on and remained together for the rest of the war.) The shots sounded like executions to us. The Americans were no more than a day or two in front of us and we reasoned that perhaps their guards had received orders to execute their prisoners. Nothing like this was happening in our area but we decided not to wait and see what developed. Behind us were thick woods and in front open meadows. We reasoned that the guards would expect escape attempts to be made through the woods but wouldn't expect anybody to try the open country. So we took off across the open country. As it turned out we were right. A number of our fellows were shot trying to escape through the woods while we got away unmolested. We hid out during the rest of the night and emerged about midmorning when the mobile artillery of an American division roared by travelling fast. I don't remember their number but their patch was a black buffalo on a gold background. Now came the scary time. I was wearing a German field jacket and a Serbian barracks cap. Carlton wore a French overcoat. As we approach a jeep full of soldiers we worried whether they would welcome us or shoot and ask later. We needn't have worried. They thought we were the sorriest looking soldiers they'd ever seen and drove us to the company mess. They were certainly wrong about being sorry. At that moment we were the happiest men on earth. Being free is a day none of us will ever forget. At the mess they were serving ham with raisin sauce and sweet potatoes. We devoured it!

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The mess sergeant hovered about soaking up our praises and obvious delight in his cooking. Perhaps that's the first (and maybe the only) time any G.I. ever said anything good about Army cooking, but on that day it was the finest in the world.

The Americans moved on and we were left on our own for several days. Carlton and I hooked up with some

British troops who had been captured in the Dodecanese Islands. Our experience with them is another story in itself. After a few days we managed to get a ride on a 4x4 back to Hildesheim. From there we were sent to Camp Lucky Strike and back to the U.S. on a Navy transport. I was home in Chicago by May 16, my 20th birthday.

James Harry Hicks

Submitted by Stacy Hicks, granddaughter

James Harry Hicks was born on December 28, 1919, in Gethsemani, Nelson County, Kentucky. He went to the eighth grade before dropping out to help support his family. He met Margaret Mary Hicks on June 7, 1941, and married her on November 26, 1941.

On March 2, 1943, Harry was inducted into the U.S. Army. His active duty began a week later, March 9, 1943, at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. He was there approximately two weeks before taking a train to Fort Jackson, South Carolina. It was at this time that Harry was assigned to the 590th Field Artillery Battalion, Battery A of the 106th Division.

He trained through November of 1943. From Fort Jackson, he went to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, for maneuvers. The weather was cold and rainy. It did nothing but rain for days. During a night firing mission, Harry suggested they all stay under the tent with only one man firing the gun and loading it up again. About an hour into the mission, Captain Pitts wanted to know, "What the hell is going on? Why are the men not on the firing line?" Harry was honest with him. He told him he didn't see any sense in the men

getting wet and dying of pneumonia, when each man could take an hour at a time... It was also here in Murfreesboro that Harry found himself in more hot water. He and a buddy had gone off to see their wives. In the meantime, his unit had unexpectedly moved out. When Harry returned, it took him a day of following the kitchen truck in the pouring rain before he located his outfit. When Harry jumped off the truck in his dress clothes, not his digs, he found his Captain standing there. He ordered Harry to the bivouac area until he could free himself up. When Captain Pitts finally ordered a guard to bring Harry in front of him, he told Harry that he would be restricted to the bivouac area for the duration. An armed guard was there to enforce it. Well, Harry had a few friends around the base, including Captain Pitts's driver. From then on, when the driver got word that Captain Pitts planned a trip, he got word to Harry. Harry would slip out and go to town to see his wife. Harry's guard made one attempt to stop him, but looked the other way from that point on. In March of 1944, the division moved to Camp Atterbury, Indiana.

In October of 1944, the division

was transferred to Camp Miles Standish in Boston, Massachusetts. Harry left the US on November 10 and arrived in England on November 17, 1944. It was here, in England, that Captain Pitts called Harry to his office. He told him that he would see to Harry's promotion to staff sergeant. Captain Pitts told him, "From now on, my name is John and your name is Harry. You won't call me Captain Pitts, and I won't call you Sergeant Hicks. Because we are going into combat, everybody is on the same level. I'm going to see that you get your promotion to staff sergeant." Harry thought a lot of Captain Pitts.

Harry crossed the English Channel and landed in France. He and his division traveled through France to Belgium where their duty was to relieve the 2nd "Indian Head" Infantry Division. This area was considered to be a quiet sector; a place for the 106th to get their feet wet. For five days things were pretty quiet. There were a few shells coming in, but nothing too rough. It wasn't long before they realized the reports were wrong. On December 16, the battle started in earnest. Captain Pitts heard that Harry had two carbines. Pitts came by to borrow one of them because he was headed to the front lines. After a little negotiating, (and Captain Pitts promising to get the gun back to him), Harry gave it to him. About 20 minutes later, a runner came by and said Captain Pitts was dead. Harry asked where he was. The runner told him his body was up at the kitchen. Harry went to retrieve his carbine, but somebody had already snatched it. Harry felt the loss of his much admired Captain. It wasn't long before Harry and one of his buddies,

Sergeant Vance, got caught in a foxhole. Around 4 o'clock that day, they were relieved of the small trap they had been in. Then orders came for Harry's outfit to move up and strengthen the 423rd Regiment on the Schnee Eifel. The 423rd was surrounded.

On the evening of December 18, in pitch black darkness, the 590th FAB followed their vehicles down into the Ihrehbach Valley. Tuesday, December 19, 1944, Harry and his battalion did their best to support the infantry's attack. At 9 A.M. the Germans let loose a barrage of fire that sent everyone running for cover. It lasted for about 30 minutes. When the firing let up, the infantry got out, but the 590th was surrounded. Word came down to surrender and, "Get out the best you can get." Harry decided he did not want to be a prisoner. He rolled down the backside of a hill and took off running, dodging everything that came his way. After a while, he found and joined up with some other soldiers. These were men from his division, but not his outfit. One man stood up and announced he was a captain and wanted to know if anyone outranked him. Nobody did, so he laid out his plan. They were on the edge of a field. There was a hay stack in the middle of the field. They were to run to the haystack, drop down, catch their breath, and then make a run for the trees. This would help them get through the German lines. So, they made it to the haystack and dropped down. Bullets and helmets went flying. There were German machine guns blasting away from a wagon at the edge of the field. About half the men survived the assault. They

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had been captured by Hitler's pride and joy, the SS (Storm Troopers). They were gathered up and divided into two groups. One group was taken into the woods and Harry and the others could hear the burp guns and the screams of the men being shot. The remaining men were divided up, stripped of their possessions and marched off.

Harry went to a rock quarry where he loaded boulders on wagons to fill bomb holes so that the Germans could drive their machinery across the area. After three days, he began his march into Germany. He had no food and his feet were frozen. Once during his march, he was sitting on a curb when a little old lady came and motioned for his canteen. He gave it to her. He had nothing left. She came back with a loaf of bread and a full canteen of water. The loaf of bread was ripped to shreds by the starving men. Another time they were stopped for the night at a barn. When Harry heard hens cackling, he asked his fellow prisoners if they knew what that meant. They replied, "No." He told them, "That means eggs! I'm going to sneak over there and get a few eggs to suck." He made it to the barn and gathered his eggs. As he was walking out the door, his German guard came in and saw him. The guard just grinned and walked away. Harry sucked those eggs and showed his buddies how to do the same. After some time, he was finally loaded into a box car, headed to Limburg, Germany. It was here that his train was bombed. Harry spent Christmas day stacking bodies like "cord wood" against a small train station. Then he was loaded back up and headed towards his destination, a prison

camp. Harry spent his 25th birthday in the train, starving, sick, and heading towards Stalag 4b. After Harry arrived at the camp, he quickly succumbed to pneumonia. One cold winter night, he crawled to the lazerette for medical aide. Since they had nothing to offer him, he spent that night sleeping on the floor. He was moved to a hospital outside the prison camp. Later, he was placed with the Danes to recuperate. After about a month with them, Harry was put back into his barracks, only to find his blanket missing. Once sufficiently recovered, Harry was assigned duty of the "Honey Wagon," and sometimes pushed the potato wagon. Harry was standing next to a man the guards shot for reaching in and taking a potato.

In April, when the Russians liberated the camp, they took Harry and others with them. He witnessed many atrocities on the road with the Russians, but they were good to him. They fed him and "shared" their vodka. They finally arrived in Riesa, Germany. It was here that American soldiers came for Harry and his fellow POWs, but the Russians would not release them. Harry was told he had to make it out on his own. It was here that he and four other fellow POWs made their escape. They stayed with German families and hid from Russians as they made it towards the American line. After a few more tough times, they made it to a bridge with Russians on one side and the Americans on the other. The Americans finally "rushed" the Russians and Harry and his fellow soldiers made it through. He was flown on a C47, and eventually took a train to Camp Lucky Strike. From there he took a ship back to America.

The Ride Home: Sponsored by the *Rolling Thunder*

Submitted by John Gatens (589/A)

Golden Lion John Gatens (589/A) has submitted the following account of his recent experience with Rolling Thunder's "Ride Home" tribute to prisoners of war, including seeing a fellow Golden Lion along the way.

On September 19, I arrived at the Atlanta Airport and was met there by Carol and John Beck, members of the Rolling Thunder Motorcycle Group and very good friends of Mary Vandermast and me. Carol and John drove us to Americus, Georgia. The ride to our Quality Inn Motel was over 100 miles. We checked in for a four-day stay. From here on, everything was free for Mary and me: room, food and transportation to all events. After dinner, Carol and John gave us a tour around the area, to show us where all of the activities would take place.

After breakfast the next day, we were driven to the area where the Vietnam Traveling Wall was being assembled. The weather was just like the Battle of the Bulge, very cool and foggy. Assembling this Wall is no easy matter. They had about fifty Rolling Thunder members present and needed

every one of them. They had to put down a retainer that the pieces fit into, and it took two people to carry each piece to the assembler. It took about three hours to completely assemble the Wall. Very impressive when complete. A crew from Cable TV WABC was there taking pictures of the wall being assembled. A young lady interviewer came over to me and asked if I would be willing to be interviewed. I agreed and had about a thirty-minute interview. It was to be shown that night on local TV. The interviewer told me that she would send me a copy of the show. I hope she keeps her word. I doubt it — once their job is finished, they forget about you.

When the wall was finished, we drove to the Warner Robbins Air Force Museum Hanger 1 for a National POW/MIA Recognition Ceremony for all of POW Guests that where there at that time. Many were just arriving to their motels around this time. First was presentation of the Colors and playing of the National Anthem. We had an invocation and recognition of former POWs and family members. The keynote speaker was Mr. J. D. Lankford, a former POW, and a WW II and Korean War veteran. I was very interested in the speech. Then came the words, I was a member of the 106th Inf. Div. 423rd Reg. Co. B. I almost fell off the chair. His comments were about a book that he had written. Closing comments were given by Col. Christopher D. Hill, Deputy Director of Warner Robins Complex, followed by the playing of

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John Gatens (589/A) with medal

TAPS that concluded the ceremony. I had to go up to Mr. Lankford and tell him that I was in the 106th Div. He was more surprised than I was. He said he never had a 106th Div. member at any of his talks. We traded a few stories and I told him that I would buy one of his books. He wouldn't take any money and autographed a book, for me. While I was talking to him, there was a photographer standing with us taking pictures. After Lankford left, the photographer asked me some questions and he wrote down everything that I answered. When he was finished he said, look for your story and picture in the paper tomorrow.

Next, we went to an old Train Station, turned into a restaurant, for a social dinner. Being at the Museum, we were a little late. It was very crowded with the POWs that arrived that day. We were ushered to our seats at a long table. Looking around, seated a few chairs away, was Murray Stein and the four friends that he came with. It was nice to see him.

On September 21, another Battle of the Bulge type morning, the fog was very heavy. Our bus took us to the Wal-mart parking lot. There Rolling Thunder motorcycles, four buses for POWs and personal cars were lined up for the ride to the Andersonville POW



106th Plaque at Museum



Women POWs Plaque at Museum

Museum for a wreath laying ceremony; about a ten mile ride. We had about five police cars as escorts. When the motorcade started, the police would ride ahead and stop all of the traffic. This was quite a line of traffic, about two hundred motorcycles ridding two abreast, then about 25 cars and four buses.

Arriving at the cemetery, the wreath was for a Navy pilot that was shot down in Vietnam. He has been an MIA for forty years. A nice talk about his life was provided, by a lady who has been seeking information all these years and will not give up doing all she can, trying to get even a small bone fragment to make a closure. A high ranking Navy Chaplin gave a talk and a prayer for all of the deceased POWs. Most of the group stayed to view the POW museum. Mary and I headed back to motel,

we have been there two times before. Murray Stein was there taking pictures and viewing the Museum as well.

Later that day, we boarded the buses again and assembled at the Wal-mart parking lot. This time we were taken to the University Dome Reception Hall. This was where the main MIA Service, "Keeping the Promise, We will Never Forget" was held. This was supposed to be at the Vietnam Wall, but because the bugs where so bad they changed it

to inside. Then came the Hero's Dinner, where a man escorted the women, and a women escorted a POW to the buffet table, He or she held the plate and you told them what you would like on it. Then they carried the plate back to your table. The food throughout this affair was out of this world. It was even hot when you got to your table.

After dinner all the names of the MIAs that had family there was read off. Then a song written by Sarah McLachin, "I Will Remember You" was sung by all. There is always a Missing Man Table at these dinners. The Invocation was given by Commander T. Ray Stewart, United States Navy. The Welcome was given by Dr. Kendal Blanchard, President of Georgia Southwestern State University. After dinner we had the Flame of Freedom. The guess speaker was Col. Donald J. Davis, Commanding Officer Marine Corp Logistic Base, Albany. *God Bless America* was sung. The Flame of Freedom was lit and the words, "Bring Forth the Light" was announced. The Light was brought forward and all of the MIA families followed all around the room. Then Col. Darryl Rodgers. U.S. Army Retired, Rolling Thunder FI 4, played the bagpipes. TAPS was played and that ended another wonderful day.

On the morning of September 22, we boarded the buses again and started the parade to the Georgia Southwestern State University Reception Hall. Along the way many people were on the streets



Five Women POWs

waving flags and hands to welcome us. When we arrived at the Hall all POWS were escorted to a row of seats on one side of the hall and companions on the other side, with MIAs and Next of Kin and Gold Star Mothers behind us. After the welcoming home speeches, a member of Rolling Thunder marched down the row and stopped next to a POW, at the signal each Rolling Thunder presented the POW with a Red, White, and Blue Ribbon with a beautiful medal on it and placed it around his neck. Everyone was sorry to see it end. After the ceremony ended, we had and an indoor picnic. Again the food was great. For dessert, there was as much ice cream and toppings that you could eat. We now returned to our motel.

These people gave us every inch of kindness that they could possibly give. They are always thanking us for our service and asking you if there is anything that they can do

for you. I cannot explain in words how wonderful they all where. They would

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Missing Man Table

not accept thanks. “NO, we thank you for what you went through for us.”

At six that evening we were all called down to the pool area. What a surprise, the picnic started all over again. They had set up a few grills, tables and chairs. The grills were busy cooking hamburgers and hot dogs with all the trimmings. They also had potato salad. Then the pizza man came with many boxes of pizzas. Again The Rolling Thunder members waited on you with all the food that you can hold. We took chances on an American Flag made by a member. It was Beautiful. We didn't win that, but Mary won a beautiful lamp with an eagle on top.

On the last day, September 23, Carol and John drove us back to the Atlanta Airport for our flight back to Newark. This was a great four days. Words fail me in trying to explain to the readers, how much the Rolling Thunder members care about the Ex-POWs. Their whole year from now on will be figuring what they can do next year to make the stay as great as this year. God Bless them all and I hope that next year will give them good health and happiness. Any EX-POWs reading this who is healthy enough to make their way next year to this affair, *please do*. You will never be better taken care of than how these very special



Murray Stein (423/I)

people took care of us.

I left this part to last so I can express what a fellow EX-POW went through. The Rolling Thunder members gave him the Royal Treatment and he deserves it. At the Train Station dinner, I sat next to the best son, Michael, that I have ever met. His father was Phillip W. Coon. They are an American Indian family from Sapulpa, Oklahoma. Phillip, a Muscogee Indian and his wife, a Cherokee, were married 65 years. Phillip was 93 and his wife was 92. Phillip was soldier in the Philippines and was taken Prisoner. He was in the Bataan and also on Corregidor. He was a POW for three years. If you had read anything about that march, you know what he had to go through. Recently, there were two POWs left in his area. They wanted to build a statue to honor these two men and all of the American Indian soldiers. Before the statue was completed, the other soldier died. So, they put Phillip's face on the statue. Michael has a son now, in Afghanistan. He will be home in five months. Michael told us that his mother and father took care of him for many years, now it is his turn, to take care of them. And he really is doing that.

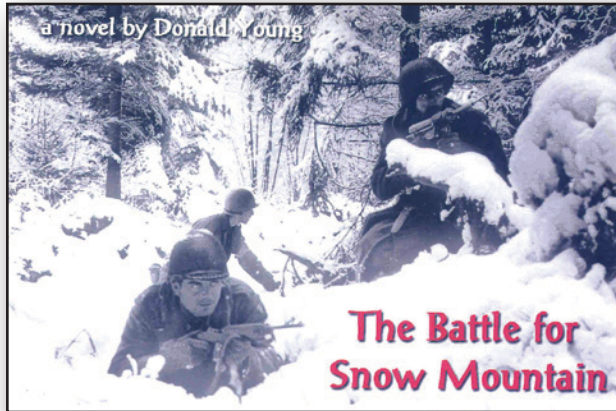


Rolling Thunder member's motorcycle

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

Stories of the Men of the 106th Infantry Division

In the last issue of *The CUB* (Vol. 69, No. 2), then Association President Herb Sheaner initiated a *very successful* effort to increase the attendance, especially of 106 veterans, at the 67th annual reunion in New Orleans (2013). Along with this effort came this new section in *The CUB*; and the stories continue below.

Jim Adsit

**422nd Regiment, Company F
Youngstown, Ohio**

I was inducted in the service at Camp Atterbury. From there I was sent to Camp Fannin (Tyler) in Texas for basic training. After basic training I was a replacement soldier placed in the 106th Infantry Division with the 422nd Regt., Co. F, Service Company where I served in April and May 1945. Our duties were guarding German prisoners. I ended up in the southern part of Germany with the 89th Infantry Division. I was preparing to go to the Pacific Theater of War when the war ended. I served 23 years in the Reserves.

Gilbert Basnik

**423rd Regiment, Company C
Grayslake, Illinois**

I joined the division at Camp Atterbury. During the Battle of the Bulge I was taken prisoner. I, along with others, was held in a boxcar, we broke out to form letters in the snow to let American planes strafing from above know that they were shooting at their own. From Stalag IV-B, I was sent to Zeitz on a work detail. We tore down damaged buildings, repaired sewers and water mains and did a lot of cleanup from air raids, etc. We were marched out of the camp on April 12, along the way discipline broke down and we broke into small groups and escaped. I eventually

made it to a civilian air raid shelter in Kayna, a small town 10 to 15 miles from Zeitz. The first unit to reach us was the 6th Armored Division. Amazingly, it was my older brother Bill's outfit and he was one of the first men I saw. Needless to say we were both overjoyed as he knew only that I was missing. If you know anyone who spent time in Zeitz I would appreciate hearing from them, my email is gebas1@sbcglobal.net

John Collins, III (1st Lt.)

**423rd Regt., Company I
San Antonio, Texas**

I was a prisoner-of-war at Hammelburg, on March 27, 1945, when some American tanks burst through our prison gate and all "Joy" broke loose. These were tanks from Patton's army that traveled quite a few miles thru unsecured German territory sent to liberate and bring back Patton's son-in-law to the American lines. The tankers told the men that they could ride on the tanks and go back to American lines with them, stay there in the prison camp, or take off on your own. A lot of the POWs took the offer to ride on top of the tanks to go back to American lines. It ended up a messed up affair. Few if any got back. Patton's son-in-law was shot in the back and didn't get out of the camp. I took off on my own with a couple of other guys and five days later we made it back to the American lines.

David Deffenbaugh

**423rd Regt., Company D
Claremore, Oklahoma**

I was the jeep driver for 1st Platoon Leader, 2nd Lt. Stein. On the first day of the German attack, December 16, 1944, I was in convoy driving a jeep going to Schoenberg on a country trail when we got "Hung Up" trying to cross a creek at the bottom of a draw. We got bogged down and spent the night there. Early the next morning we got caught in German cross fire. Three '88's were up the hill firing down on us. Medics up near the front showed surrender flags. I saw body parts flying around me. I took shrapnel behind the left leg. Captain Clarkson was killed by a direct hit. I don't know how many more were killed.

After surrender I drove a 6 x 6, along with a string of American vehicles, carrying American POWs to a nearby German town to a railroad station. I had 12 or 14 guys in the back of my truck. There we boarded trains. Because of my injury, at the railroad station, I was put in a rail car with wounded SS troops. The other American POWs were placed in box cars. The German SS troops had been wounded up north. The SS men and I exchanged family photos with each other. They were nice to me. They spoke English better than we did.

Rudy Hirsch

**589th Field Artillery
Bronx, New York**

I was born in Saarbrücken, Germany on September 15, 1919, and first arrived in the U.S. in August 14, 1943. In October of 1943 I received my draft notice. At Camp Atterbury, I was assigned to the 589th Field Artillery. I was on guard duty at a machine gun post on that fatal morning, December 16th, when the Battle of the Bulge began. Thanks to the icy wind, I was fully awake when all hell broke loose around me. Just a few yards away, my buddies were all asleep in the cellar of the farmhouse, but they were quickly awakened by the infernal noise of the shells exploding all around us. Fortunately, the barrage was not very accurate and subsided an hour later. But they had accomplished to interrupt all our communications. As the first day of that battle drew to its end, I was cold, soaked, hungry and petrified, but still in one piece. I survived the Battle of the Bulge, and was actually in combat for almost four months total. There were days and nights, hiding in foxholes and dugouts, trying to find shelter, not only from the enemy, but also from the icy wind, snow and rain.

To read Mr. Hirsch's entire 127-page memoir, "*My Life: The Diary of Rudy Hirsch*," visit:

<http://www.indianamilitary.org/106ID/Diaries/None-POW/Rudy%20Hirsch/Rudy%20Hirsch.htm>

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Paul Kirkpatrick

Springville, Alabama

I was with the original 106th Infantry Division at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. I was a farm boy, tough, with no problems being placed in the army infantry. I took six months of basic training with the 106th at Fort Jackson. I was one of the first group of 18-year-old boys in training. The 106th became “combat ready”...we were a “crack Division.” We had good non-commissioned officers and officers. It was a great Division. Then two-thirds of us were taken from the Division and sent out as replacements, I was never on maneuvers or at Camp Atterbury with the 106th. I was shipped to Fort George Meade and then to Casablanca, ended up in Naples, Italy and performed long shore man duties. There we loaded as many as 200 ships headed for Anzio and other places. I wondered what happened to the 106th Infantry Division. I lost contact with the Division. Now, I am a member of 106th Infantry Division Association. I read *The CUB* and enjoy it very much. I’ve been married for 65 years.

William Krebs

423rd Regiment

Pascagoula, Mississippi

I took basic training at Fort Benning, Georgia. I stayed at Fort Benning for 1½ years as an instructor. In the spring of 1944, I was sent to Camp Atterbury where I joined the 106th Infantry Division. I was a staff sergeant and instructed the use of the ’03 sniper rifle, and sniper rifles with a telescopic scope. The ’03 and the

M1 rifle both used the same caliber bullet. I was with the 423rd Infantry regiment in the Battle of the Bulge, captured and became a POW.

Bill Mitchell

106th Reconnaissance Troop

Ocean Ridge, Florida

As luck would have it, I arrived from the States in Rennes, France in late March or early April of 1945 and was assigned to the 106th Reconnaissance Troop as the Division was being reconstituted. Shortly afterward we were in the process of moving up to the Bastogne area when the war ended. My contribution after that was duty with the Occupation Forces in Germany for some 14 to 16 months. Next stop was to ship out of Bremerhaven, Germany, and 11 or so days later arrived in New York.

Archie Ross

424th Regiment

West Palm Beach, Florida

I joined the 106th at Fort Jackson when it was organized. We sailed on the *Acquitainia* to Scotland. The trip took 10 days and I lost 20 lbs, I thought I was going to die en route. We billeted in Banbury where we befriended the Creed family. They were worried the Germans would eventually invade, as well as the town which built a fake factory to draw German bombing away from their real aluminum factory. The fake was bombed!

We crossed the Channel and raced across France in the back of 2½ ton trucks. When we went to the front in Belgium, where the 2nd Division

came down the hill in single file and we walked up the hill in single file. We were in Steinbruck. At six-foot, 210 lbs, I could handle crates of ammo, and worked at a nearby ammo dump.

When the Germans attacked on December 16, Lt. St. John roused us out of bed. To our left was a large opening in the forest, the Germans had it flooded with spotlights. They were playing music, making noise, and talking to us. There was utter confusion. Lt. St. John led us back to battalion headquarters, but when we arrived we found it abandoned, having been surrounded by Germans already. We went on to fight the Germans and to find ourselves surrounded. I found myself lying low with a buddy and smoked two Phillip Morris cigarettes. I never smoked in my life, and still don't. Under fire I recovered a Jeep and a few of us were able to make it back to St. Vith and Division headquarters. It was a mess

and total disorder. Lt. St. John organized a small convoy to carry food back to some of our guys who were surrounded. I was the lead jeep, with someone on foot in front of us leading the way, as we drove with our lights off. At this point, we learned the Division had been annihilated. I ended up with frostbite, yellow jaundice and pneumonia.

Calvin Shifley **106th Reconnaissance Troop** **Bucyrus, Ohio**

I was with the 106th Recon. I was the driver for the troop commander. I never drove an army vehicle before I was assigned to the 106th Recon after I got overseas. I still remember a trip I had to make; "Never slow for anything!" It served me well as the war progressed and I was made a permanent driver.

1946-47 Association Membership Card

Submitted by Hugh Colbert (422/B)

Golden Lion Hugh Colbert (422/B) from Dallas, TX and former prisoner of war at Stalag IV-B Muhlberg and Stalag IV-F Werdaun submitted this image of his 1946-1947 106th Infantry Division Association membership card.



Camp Atterbury Annual Veterans Memorial Commemorative Service

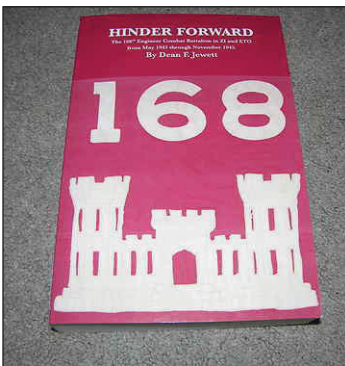
By William McWhorter, Editor of The CUB

One of the duties of Memorial Chairmen and Golden Lions Frank Trautman (422/D) and Dr. John Robb (422/D) is to attend various functions of recognition honoring veterans in the Indianapolis area. On August 10, the 106th Infantry Division, along with several other U.S. military units were honored with a commemorative wreath presentation. In attendance on behalf of the 106th Infantry Division Association was Frank Trautman (422/D).



Hinder forward: The 168th Engineer Combat Battalion in ZI and ETO from May 1943 through November 1945

By Dean F. Jewett (168th Eng)



Note: the cover may not look like the pictured image.

Dean F. Jewett has written a book about the 168th Engineer Combat Battalion, which was attached to the 106th Infantry Division during the Battle of the Bulge. The book is 456 pages and sells for \$75, which includes postage, sales tax, etc.

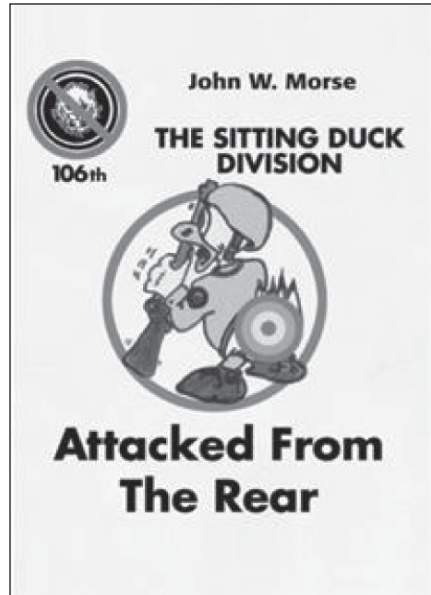
New copies are only available through Mr. Jewett at P.O. Box 148, Saco, ME 04072 or by phone at 207-284-6778.

Used copies are available online through outfits, such as Amazon.com or Ebay.com.

The Sitting Duck Division: Attacked from the Rear

By John W. Morse (422/C)

This is the story of one boy soldier and his fellow GIs from draft to disaster and back. John W. Morse's (422/C) self-published book describes being taken prisoner in the Battle of the Bulge. To order, visit iuniverse.com or call toll-free at 877-823-9235. The book is priced \$9.95, plus shipping.



ONCE UPON A TIME IN WAR

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



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By Robert E. Humphrey

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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*)

Dr. James R. Jewell

Dr. Jewell, the Chair of the History Program at North Idaho College, asked for the following post to be added to *The CUB*. Dr. Jewell would like to know what veteran 106th Infantry Division soldiers' **strongest memory about your trip overseas was (i.e. on board the transports)?** If you would like to send your response directly to Dr. Jewell, you can reach him at 1000 W. Garden Ave., Coeur d'Alene, ID 83815 or by email at JRJewell@nic.edu.

The First 106th I.D. Battlefield Commission

By Jim West

John Wesley Miller (423/2 BN/E)

He was the first Golden Lion to receive a Battlefield Commission; he went from 1st Sgt. to 1st Lt. Does anyone know more about his service record? If so, please email Jim West at jimdw@centurylink.net.

The Importance of a Mini Reunion

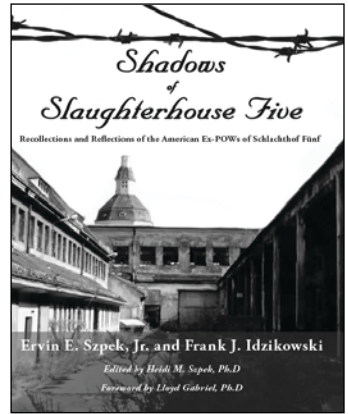
Of corollary importance to the Annual Reunion are the individual “mini-reunions” which are held throughout the year in various locations around the country. In the past, a reunion provided a social event whereby men of the 106th and their ladies gather close to that infamous date of 16 December to remember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

No mini-reunion reports were turned in for this issue of The CUB.

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.



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

**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

BRYAN, VIRGIL W. 424/SV

—*Date of Death: March, 2012*

Reported by Sandy and Jim Weiman

BYRAM, ROBERT L. 423/A

—*Date of Death: July 11, 2013*

Golden Lion Robert L. Byram is survived by his beloved wife of 66 years, Jackie Byram, son, Mike, four cherished grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren whom he loved dearly. He worked for 45 years at SISCO, becoming Vice President. He was a POW, captured at St. Vith, Belgium and held at Bad Orb, Stalag 1XB until his liberation. He was a devoted husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather and friend.

Reported by his widow, Jackie

CANUP, CARL CRAFTON 424/C

—*Date of Death: August 14, 2013*

Golden Lion Carl Crafton Canup of Kennewaw, GA was a lifelong Cobb County resident. He was a decorated WW II veteran, having served during many fierce battles that included the Battle of the Bulge. During his service to our country, he was awarded the Purple Heart and two Bronze Stars. To stay connected with his army friends, he joined the Golden Lions club, which represents his regiment. He was a long time member of the Morning View

Baptist Church in Acworth, GA. Carl was a wood worker with Lockheed for 33 years. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Sue; daughters, Peggy Harriman and Cathy White; three grandchildren; five great-grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews.

Reported by Frankie C. Burkes

CLOSSON, RAYMOND E. 589/HQ

—*Date of Death: December 1, 2011*

*Reported by his widow, Helen P. Closson,
via Herb Sheaner (422/G)*

HILLIARD, MARION EDWARD

422/C

—*Date of Death: June 27, 2013*

Golden Lion Marion Edward Hilliard was born on July 30, 1921 in Lone Wolf, Oklahoma. After graduation from high school he joined the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D.C. There he met his wife, Helen Homesley from Cherryville, NC, who also worked at the FBI. They were married June 6, 1943. He joined the U.S. Army in 1943 and was captured in the Battle of the Bulge on December 16, 1944. He endured the bombing of Dresden, Germany with the small "Slaughterhouse Five" group (made famous by Kurt Vonnegut). He was

continues on page 48

considered missing in action until he was liberated in May 1945 in Czechoslovakia by the Russian Army. He escaped the Russian Army to get to the American Army. He returned to the U.S. and rejoined the FBI and retired in 1979. While in Washington, DC, he received his BA in accounting at Southeastern University. He spent many years in Washington, DC, Little Rock, Arkansas, Charlotte, NC and 20 years in Raleigh, NC with the FBI. He moved to Oak Island, NC in 1980 and was active in many civic organizations. He spent eight years as NC Magistrate in Brunswick County, NC, while living on Oak Island. He is survived by his wife of 70 years, Helen; his daughter, Linda; his son, Jerry; two grandsons; and two great-granddaughters.

*Reported by his daughter,
Linda Hilliard Yoskey*

HORTON, CHARLES J. 422/HQ
—*Date of Death: February 5, 2011*

Golden Lion Charles John Horten of Chattanooga, TN was a disabled World War II veteran, but continued to spend his professional life in service to his country and family. A father of nine, Charles was married for nearly 64 years to his surviving widow, Elizabeth Brown Horten. Charles, a decorated WW II veteran as a member of Company F, 47th Infantry Regiment, 9th Infantry Division, was part of the D-Day landing on Utah Beach at Normandy. He was awarded the Bronze Star and Purple Heart after being wounded twice in France and Belgium. Postwar, he served as superintendent of national cemeteries in Louisville,

Ky.; Seven Pines, Va.; Corinth, Miss.; Marietta, Ga.; and Chattanooga. He retired in the early 1970s on permanent disability. Charles was an active member of Knights of Columbus, Holy Family Council 6099. He is a charter member of Holy Family Fourth-Degree Assembly 3250. He is survived by sons, Michael, Steve and Jim; daughters, Ann Ford, Theresa Rievley (Keith), Joy Parsons (Mike), Margaret, Mary Rievley (Gregg); sister, Maria Loehe (Richard). He is a beloved grandfather of nine and great-grandfather of three.

Reported by his daughter, Joy

JOHNSTON, RAYMOND H/423

—*Date of Death: October 13, 2013*

*Reported by Association Board member
Brian Welke*

KERNS, LEON JAY “PINKY”

81st ENG/A

—*Date of Death: June 15, 2013*

“Our dear Dad was a good and wonderful man; that seems to ring so true to his generation.”

*Reported by his daughters, Sue Allen and
Linda Hilliker and son, Tom Kerns*

KOTANIEMI, RAYMOND 422/B

—*Date of Death: unknown*

Reported by Jackie Coy

LORENZO, ALBERT 590th/AB HQ

—*Date of Death: unknown*

Reported by Murray Stein

MURPHY, OREN L. “RED” 422/D

—*Date of Death: April 26, 2013*

Born in Cedarvale, Kansas on January 4, 1918, Golden Lion Oren Murphy was a decorated veteran of the Battle of the Bulge and a former prisoner of war. He served as a cook for Company D, 422nd Regiment. His love of country was only exceeded by his love of God and family.

Reported by Frank Trautman (422/D)

NOVAK, JOHN “JACK”

Unit Not Provided

—*Date of Death: July 5, 2013*



Mr. Novak served honorably during the Battle of the Bulge and was taken prisoner of war. He is the beloved husband of the late Mary, dearest father of Jacqueline Convery

and John, grandfather of Patricia, Robert, Deborah, Allison, Nickie, Susan, Victor and Jon; great-grandfather of 16 and great-great-grandfather of five.

*Reported by Hugh Roberts, via
John Schaffner (589/A)*

PAULSON, DORAYNE M.

423/HQ BN

—*Date of Death: January 2010*

Reported by his widow, Betty

PETERSON, PAUL K.

Unit Not Provided

—*Date of Death: September 8, 2011*

According to his children, Golden Lion Paul K. Peterson rarely spoke of his experience in World War II, until 1995 the 50th Anniversary of his release from

a German prisoner of war camp. On Father's Day of that year he spoke to his six children about his experiences. One of the mementos he shared was a very small scrap of paper on which he had written all the things he was going to eat when he got out of the prisoner of war camp and home to the United States.

Reported by his children

PEYSER, CHARLES

424/B

—*Date of Death: May 16, 2012*

The 106th was very close to my father's heart. He never talked much about his war experiences while I was growing up. Fortunately, he did keep some materials and in later years did talk about some of his experiences. My father was very close to his First Sergeant, Roger Rutland and credits him with saving his life. On the first day of the Battle of the Bulge, my father was on inspection of a hill with another soldier, Woolcock, and they spotted a German helmet. My father was shot as he dove into a fox hole. As he said, if he had jumped in, he would have been dead. The bullet hit him in the right leg and broke it. First Sergeant Rutland got him on a litter and “stuffed” him into the last ambulance to make it out before they were overrun by the Germans. He was put on a train and sent to a Paris hospital. It is my understanding that he was the only Company B officer to survive the Battle of the Bulge. He returned to Company B around Jan. 8, 1945 and after the fighting assisted with the guarding of prisoners of war. At the end of the war, my father was a laundry officer during the German reconstruction

continues on page 50

until he returned home in March of 1946. I know my father was with you all in spirit at this year's 2013 Reunion.

*Reported by his daughter Bobbi Peyser
Mohrmann, via Herb Sheaner (422/G)*

PILKINGTON, FRED

422/HQ (I/R platoon)

—*Date of Death: July 16, 2013*



Colonel

Frederick A. Pilkington was born in the Bronx in 1922. He joined the Army in 1942. Pilkington survived stepping on a land mine during the

Battle of the Bulge and being held in a prisoner of war camp. Pilkington's artistic endeavors included paintings and sculptures. When he was a war prisoner he used wood from the bed frames to carve ornate handles to hold the hot tin coffee cups they were given. For his efforts in World War II, he received several awards including a Purple Heart and Bronze Star. When he came home, he finished his degree and in 1945, married Ethel May Secor, whom he met before the war. He lived in West Hempstead for most of his time on Long Island. He became chairman of the Hempstead High School's fine arts department and in 1961, assistant principal. In 1971, he became assistant principal of Mineola High School. He also served as president of the Long Island and New York State art teachers associations. Pilkington retired from school administration and retired from the Army Reserves as a colonel in 1979. After the war he

stayed in the army reserves and retired as a Colonel in 1982. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia. In the photo, Fred is riding in a WW II jeep as Grand Marshall of a parade whose theme was "Tribute to Veterans." He is survived by his wife, Mary, son Peter Pilkington, daughters Patricia Mead and Beth Atkinson, as well as seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

*Reported by his widow,
Mary Pilkington, via Herb Sheaner (422/G)
and by James R. Jewell, Ph.D.*

RANDOL, ROBERT L. 423/SV

—*Date of Death: July 25, 2013*

Golden Lion Robert L. Randol was a member of Captain Frieese's 32-man platoon captured near Bleialf, Belgium on 17 December 1944. He was only one of two of the former surviving POWs in Huntington County, Indiana. He is now a soldier of God.

As reported by his son Richard

SANDAHL, DEAN E. 422/D

—*Date of Death: June 16, 2013*

Reported by his widow, Della

SKORKA, FRANCIS M. 422/G

—*Date of Death: April 10, 2013*

Golden Lion Francis M. Skorka of Chicopee, MA was born on June 8, 1918. He was captured during the Battle of the Bulge and held in Stalag 4B. Frank is survived by his daughter Valerie, his son Francis Jr., four grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

As reported by his daughter, Valerie Lafleur

Memoriam . . .

SNYDER, WALTER M. 422/SV

—*Date of Death: September 7, 2013*

Golden Lion Dr. Walter M. Snyder was a long time resident of Dundalk, although he liked to consider himself a 'Pleasant Pheasant from Pennsylvania.' Dr. Snyder was much more than that, as he was a very caring and gracious man, generous not only to his family but also to a long line of friends, to his community and many charities. Walter was always quick to send a card, give thanks, help a fellow person or give someone advice. Throughout his many years, he was a devoted brother and uncle, always remembering birthday, anniversary or other special occasions. Dr. Snyder was born in Montreal, Canada in 1923. At the age of six his family moved to Springdale, PA, where Walter graduated from Springdale High in 1943. After graduation he went to work in a factory in Oakmouth, PA, making bombs before being drafted in March 1943 into the United States Army. Walt was attached to the 106th Infantry Division, and after being deployed he was captured in December of 1944 during the Battle of the Bulge. Freed by allied forces in March 1945, Walt arrived safely home where he finished out his service in 1946 in Ashville, SC. He was honorably discharged with two Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts and several other medals. He attended the University of Pittsburgh and graduated in 1950, earning his Masters degree in Business Education. He went on to teach at Dundalk Junior/Senior high school from 1950 to 1954. He took a leave of absence from

teaching to attend Harvard University, where he earned his PhD. A good book and a diet Pepsi close by his side would be all he needed to get through the day.

As reported in the Baltimore Sun

TANNER, GEORGE M., Jr. 422/AT

—*Date of Death: April 29, 2012*

Golden Lion George M. Tanner, Jr. was born on March 22, 1920 in Charleston, West Virginia. George served during the Battle of the Bulge and was taken prisoner of war. His brother Lester was killed in World War II. George Tanner was a commissioner on the Board of Veterans Affairs for Marion County for over 10 years. He owned a family trucking company for over 40 years and was married to Clarabella Mae for 32 years.

*Reported by Donald Bentley, via
Herb Sheaner (422/G)*

THOMPSON, CHARLES 591/C

—*Date of Death: April 2011*

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

THURLOW, JOHN W. 589/HQ

—*Date of Death: August 11, 2013*

Golden Lion John W. Thurlow was born in Detroit, Michigan on January 2 1922. John was a graduate of the University of Michigan. He married his wife, Joyce, on August 8, 1946, and remained married for 67 years. He joined the General Electric Company in Schenectady, NY. John retired in 1980, as General Manager of the

continues on page 52

Memoriam . . .

Distribution Assemblies Department. He then became CEO of LOK Products in Fullerton, CA. In 1984, John retired. John loved to take motorhome trips, play golf and go boating. He is survived by a daughter and son, and a great-granddaughter.

As reported by John Gatens (589/A)

ZORDELL, JACK W. 423/C

—*Date of Death: January 18, 2011*

Reported by his wife Catherine

LANGER, HERMAN

—*Date of Death: June 21, 2013*

The atrocity of the murder of eleven soldiers of the 333rd Field Artillery Battalion (all African-Americans) occurred at Wereth, Belgium after they had taken refuge in the Langer home. The Langer family has never forgotten and erected a monument to their memory on their property. In 2004, a more permanent monument was erected and dedicated with proper ceremony. This event was witnessed by Golden Lions Norman Lichtenfeld, John Gatens, Barney Alford and John Schaffner.

*Reported by Anne Marie via
John Schaffner (589/A)*

PLEASE NOTE:

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 on page 13.

To see a full-color version of this issue of *The CUB*, please visit our new website at:

www.106thInfDivAssn.org

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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.

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

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

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