

# The Bugle

PURPOSE: TO PROVIDE SUPPORT TO THE 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION AND COMMUNICATE WITH FORMER MEMBERS OF COMPANY D, 424TH COMBAT INFANTRY REGIMENT AND FAMILIES.

FOURTH EDITION

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER 1996



## A DAY TO REMEMBER

December 16, 1944 is a day in the minds of most soldiers who were there. For those of us who faced battle for the first time, many bitter memories cause us to forget many of the bad moments and somehow remember the more pleasant ones. However difficult it is to remember anything pleasant about that period of time, our minds cleanse our thoughts, so that we can think about those fellows who we called our buddies. Many of the fellows over a period of time have put themselves into a gridlock, locking up all of the memories and forcing them out of existence forever.

But I would like to ask each of you, regardless of whether you were there or not, and regardless of whether you were wounded, taken prisoner, or was fortunate enough to have lived through frozen feet, hunger or fortunate enough to have made it without a scratch, I'm going to ask each of you to this year all try to do the following: Let's ALL make a real honest try to attend one of the local 1996 December Mini-Reunions. Let's each try to attend one of the 56 or more locations from Washington to Florida, from California to Maine and in between, and let's all, you former members of Company D, 424th Combat Infantry Regiment, dedicate some of our thoughts to those friends and buddies who are no longer among us. If you don't know where the nearest Mini-Reunion is to you, call John Klein, Editor of The Cub at 612-423-4837 and he will be able to spot the nearest one for you. You who were members a year ago and still have your copy of The Cub can find answers on Page 3, Oct-Nov-Dec 1995 Issue.

Now, for those of you who are not in a position to travel to another city due to health, distance or weather, how about this as a suggestion: Choose a location near your home, OR at home, invite a WW II friend or buddy over to your house, be sure to include his wife, and with your wife, have a nice meal and give some thought and discussions about some of your old buddies. And when it's about time to break up, all hold hands and say a prayer of thanks. Bob Homan and his wife Pat, are having an open house party. And afterwards, take a few minutes to write me a few lines and tell me how much you enjoyed it.

In my area, the group is having a luncheon at a famous Baltimore landmark restaurant, Hausner's in East Baltimore. I will miss it, but I intend to be joining the Arizona group in Tuscon as I will be in Phoenix visiting the family of my deceased buddy, George G.T. Hurley, and I'm taking them. And I wish all of you the best of Seasons Greetings.

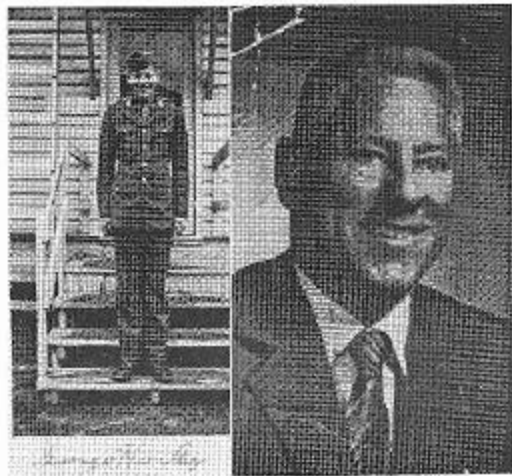
## COMPANY GUIDON BEARER

S/SGT GEORGE GLEN TRUMAN HURLEY 1924-1988

Born November 18, 1924 in the small southwestern town of Carthage, Missouri of which most people have never heard of, but located just fifteen miles from Joplin of which most of you know a line from a once famous song that goes something like this "I go down through St. Louie, Joplin, Missouri, Oklahoma City you'll see." At the age of nine months, and the youngest of four siblings, George's father passed away from pneumonia leaving the family in the hands of a very dependable mother.

After graduation from high school and turning eighteen in November of '42 George like his two older brothers knew that entering military service was just ahead. Like many of the rest of us, January and February 1943 were months of receiving draft notices, physical exams and by March, entry into the Army. He entered the army at Camp Crowder, MO and within a few days was on a long train hauling newly inducted men to

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Staff Sargent George Glen Truman Hurley at Fort Jackson South Carolina and 1987 shortly before his death. He was Company Guidon Bearer and Second Platoon Communications Sargent.

## George G.T. Hurley (Continued)

Fort Jackson, SC. There he was assigned to Company D, 424th Infantry Regiment, and then to the second platoon. The 106th Infantry Division was being newly activated and because of his height and stature, he was handed a long pole with a spear on the end, holding a blue flag, crossed rifles and D,424. He was the company Guidon Bearer.

From that time until taken prisoner of war at Winterspelt, Germany, George G.T. Hurley was "the guidon bearer" and was out front wherever this proud unit marched, or wherever they went. With head back, shoulders erect, right hand firmly at his side, holding the staff of the guidon erect, his steady pace lead the company. His assigned duty within the second platoon was communications NCO, overseeing and helping to maintain communications within the machine gun squads, to company.

With George having entered service and now all three Hurley boys were gone, Mother Hurley along with a grown daughter decided to move to St. Louis where defense employment was available and they became part of the homefront defense team. That also made it a bit easier for George to get home on leave or later at Camp Atterbury to get home on pass. Numerous times George G.T. and this author jumped on the St. Louis westbound train in Indianapolis and laughingly parted each others company on arrival in St. Louis.

On December 17, as the Germans brought captured American troops together in Winterspelt, I looked into the faces of those I could see, and there was the face of George G.T. Hurley my buddy and friend. We were marched back through Prum to Gerolstein and put into a warehouse building and the next day loaded into boxcars moved through Koblenz to Limburg and into Stalag XII-A. We were there together when on the night of December 23, the English bombers bombing the nearby railroad yards, strayed over, and bombed the prison camp. In that bombing, we lost two of our officers, Lt Kilkenny and Lt Flewelling our second platoon leader.

We were loaded into boxcars, in late January '45 and for five days bounced and jostled around, through Berlin and north along the Oder River almost to the Baltic Sea, and then east into what is now Poland to Stargard and Stalag II-D. What little bit we had, we shared together, even sleeping at night with one thin blanket, we huddled together in the unheated barracks buildings. And then the news that we were to be evacuated due to the Russian push. For fourteen days we walked east back into Germany, rations being two or three cold golf ball sized potatoes, sometimes a piece of black bread and when we stayed overnight at a farm, a cup of soup. We made it to Neubrandenburg and Stalag II-A. We were there until May when the Russians overran the camp and liberated us. Then after a wait, the long trek to American lines, and eventually to Camp Lucky Strike on the coast of France, near LeHarve, which is where we had entered France.

Transportation by ship back to the United States and given 69 days convalescence leave. We visited back and forth almost daily, using every day for enjoyment, eating and doing a bit of drinking. The war in Japan was still going on and we did not know what the future had in store. Then we got word as

everyone else did, of the atomic bombing and PEACE. We all thought we might have to go to Japan for the occupation, but no more fighting. When we reported back for duty, we got assignments near home and then got discharges.

We both went back to work but we continued the close relationship and were back and forth from St. Louis to Alton and we did have fun. In 1947 we drove up to Indianapolis for the first reunion of the 106th Infantry Division Association. We double dated and enjoyed being together. Then on his birthday, at a party given by his family, he met a tall, dark haired, long stemmed beauty and he was hooked. We continued to visit back and forth, and now George G.T. was bringing his own date, a young lady named Dorothy Moore Peterson. Dotty had a young son from a previous marriage and I believe this young boy became the glue or cement between George G.T. and Dotty because on September 3, 1949 they were married.

They both worked to make ends meet and look to the future, George was installing burglar and fire alarms and all the time looking for something better. Then they decided to make a big, big move and they packed up and heeded that old saying, "Go West Young Man" and that's what they did, ending their move in Phoenix, AZ. George got a job first at the Goodyear plant and after a time moved to the Reynolds Metals factory. With a lot of hard work and study, George earned his way into a supervisory position and was well liked by company officials and by his men.

With a bit of encouragement by his wife Dorothy, George began taking night classes at the local community college with the thought of applying for a state government position. His timing proved to be right when he applied for a position with The State of Arizona Department of Mobile Homes, he was accepted without examination. That was 1978, he was accepted and appointed to a position as an Inspector, and shortly thereafter moved into a supervisory position. He gained a good solid reputation as a knowledgeable person in that field, traveling extensively to those areas where mobile homes were built. He helped write good reliable but tough regulations for mobile homes, putting them into a classification of permanent housing.

It was while taking a well deserved, three week vacation in California when the effects of his illness hit him and when they returned home, he got the bad news from his doctor. He had an enlarged heart and not expected to live much longer. On March 17, 1988, George G.T. Hurley joined the Silent Corps. He was buried in the Veterans Cemetery, Phoenix, AZ.

Within a years time of George's death, his brothers James and Seburn died, then followed by his sister Scrina.

George G.T. Hurley is survived by his wife Dorothy, his son John, four granddaughters and two great-granddaughters.

*Rest In Peace, My Friend*

*Seasons Greetings To All*

## FOOTLOCKER STUFF

I had sent a copy of The Bugle to Ken Warner's wife at the address from an old Cub. It came back as undeliverable, which indicates to me that after Warner died, she moved and due to the time span, the post office won't deliver. If any of you happen to have Mrs. Warner's current address, please forward.

After the last issue was mailed and received by you, Leon Kerns called me and we had a very nice, long, telephone conversation. In the past, he and his wife along with friends, had made two trips to Europe...but none to Belgium. Now I guess he wishes he had detoured to Belgium just once. They used to spend their winters of late in Florida, but Mrs. Kerns present physical condition restricts traveling. I know what you are doing Leon, and I wish you both "the best."

I also received a nice short note and a very nice photo from Mrs. John P. Hart, Shelbyville, TN. I also talked to her on the telephone and she told me about the Hart family. Mrs. Hart is a former school teacher. I'm trying to get a reading on survivors attending the Banquet, those who aren't associate members, but when it's in their location, to attend the banquet. As close as she will be to Nashville, it would be nice to meet her.

Sometime soon, I may be able to run some photos of family members.

Also received a very nice letter from Leon Langlois. He took me up on getting the forms for applying for medals and awards... It's a simple process to complete the forms. I have more, for anyone who wishes to use them.

Had a very enjoyable afternoon visit with Sandi (Sutter) Richards in October. They brought some people from their visit with the Richards in Hershey, PA to the Baltimore Airport and after they dropped them off, we spent a couple of very enjoyable hours talking. I know that Burnie and Rozetta are proud of the two, as well as the three grandchildren.

After returning from the reunion in Roanoke, VA one of the letters that I received was from Bob Landis (I wish I had gotten to know him better while on active duty) with some pictures which he took at the reunion. One picture was terrific...I think Mary, Bob's wife had taken the shots, which were up close, left side, right side, then Bob had put the two together. Great!! Anyway, Bob had asked for the names and addresses of the fellows in the picture, to send them a copy. I realized that he might not be able to put names on the faces in the picture. Well, he realized that each fellow was wearing a name badge, so he took a magnifying glass and read the names off the badges. How about that for using the 'ol noodle. The Landis spend the winters in the south, and last year, they joined the South Carolina group for celebrating the Bulge Anniversary dinner on December 16. In warmer days in Pennsylvania, they enjoy life living in and around the Poconos. I had asked Bob to spend some time trying to locate Yanulaitus in or around Pittston. He went to one of the Catholic churches and the lady checked three church memberships, he checked the post office and phone books. No results, NO Yanulaitus whatsoever. Thank you Bob.

## STALAG XII-A, LIMBURG, GER.



**PRISONERS BARRICKS, STALAG XII-A, LIMBURG, GERMANY AFTER LIBERATION BY U.S. TROOPS '45  
Photo supplied by U.S. Army Signal Corps.**

It was in buildings such as these that American troops taken prisoner were confined. Prisoners slept on the floor which had a covering of straw. There was no blankets provided, so prisoners slept close together for warmth.

It was in a building such as this that Officers were confined on the night of December 23, 1944. During the night, English Air Force "Pathfinder" bombers attack the railroad marshaling yards not far away, bombing the trains and rails. There were American captured troops locked in the boxcars in places in the yards. There were casualties there. The flares that the lead bomber dropped were said to have drifted of course, and the bombers following the drifting flares, bombed the prison camp. There was "a number" of direct hits on the building holding the Officers. All Officers in the building were killed, including two Officers from Company D, 424th. They were 1Lt G.K. Flewelling, Platoon Leader, Second Platoon and 2Lt John P. Kilkenny, Jr., Section Leader, Third Platoon.

It was from this prison camp that non-comms were separated from privates and private first class, with non-comms being transferred to other prison camps and privates and Pfc's were sent to "work camps." This was one of the few Geneva Convention Agreements on prisoners that the Germans complied with. Some worked on farms, some worked on roads (and railroads) and some like our own Philip Rosenthal were put on rock piles, breaking big rocks into gravel. Those prisoners on work details received no more rations than those confined to prison camps, unless on farm details where they had an opportunity to steal it and eat it.

## Footlocker Stuff (Continued)

In order to hold publication of The Bugle to four pages this issue has omitted the Roll Call listing. In the future, it will be published as additions and changes take place.

Another Bob, Bob and Pat Homan sent me a greetings card and with it a message that they also will be heading south about December 23, stopping in Arkansas to spend Christmas with their daughter and family, then on to Texas for the winter months. Bob also informed me that for the past several years, and again this year, he will Host his annual Battle of the Bulge, December 16 Christmas party. For the past several years they have entertained around 50 guests. Anyone who fought the battle and lives or is in the area is invited. So...any of you fellows and ladies in the area of Janesville, WI on Dec. 16th, drop in at the Homan's house.

Lee and Francis Steele took some time and motored east, stopping first at the Parvin's home in East Tennessee where they enjoyed the southern hospitality of the Parvins, then motored into North Carolina in search of the Paul Morris. They couldn't make connections since the Morris' have recently moved, and on they went to Myrtle Beach. There they hooked up with Bill and Jean French and enjoyed meeting up with them. Lee has pressured Bill to join us in Nashville, but it seems that Labor Day week end is when his children come to visit. Sorry you'll miss it Bill. Lee sent me a snapshot of Bill and Jean and I must say Bill, I wouldn't have known you. Bob Landis, since you will be in Hilton Head, give the Frenchs a call, or possibly a visit.

Received, and had a very enjoyable phone call with Myrton Dickerson up in the great state of Washington. I had a copy of a picture made in Boston in '44 when we were at Camp Miles Standish. When I saw Myrton in Roanoke, I could see that in the face, he looked the same. The white hair we all seem to wear changed things a bit.

Some time ago, months for sure, my daughter Pamela acquired a large bottle of wine. I'm not very knowledgeable of wine, so I can't say exactly how large it was, but the way they talk about sizes, I would think it was a magnum. It sat in the refrigerator for quite some time. Finally, she invited friends over and with that bottle and I believe some others they had a party. The next day I got a good look at the bottle and I really got a shock. SUTTER'S HOME.

There was one Sutter's Home that I knew of, and that was in Moline, Illinois. I washed out the bottle and decided that I would send it to my friends, The Sutters of Moline, Illinois. The more I thought about it, the more I thought that it should contain something. Since it was the fall of the year, and cider time, I hustled out and bought a jug of cider, poured carefully into the once empty wine bottle and capped it. I next found a large box in which I could ship it, tucked it inside with plenty of packing and let UPS do the rest.

I soon received a telephone call from Burnie and Rozetta, the Sutters at home in Moline. They were having a good of time drinking the cider and we had a wonderful time talking.

## THE SILENT CORPS

The following names are those men, that in my searching, or have been reported to me, found they have joined the "Silent Corps."

Pfc Herman Bavarisco KIA 1944  
1Lt John Berthias KIA 1944  
T/5 William G Berri 1996  
Pfc William H Bingle KIA 1944  
Pfc James W Blythe 1991  
1/Sgt Robert Bothe 1993  
Pvt Eugene B Clifton KIA 1944  
1/Col Charles H Costigan 1988  
Pvt Joseph D'Antonio KIA 1944  
Pvt James J Dettore KIA 1944  
Sgt Louis Ferretti 1981  
1Lt G.K. Flewelling KIA 1944  
Sgt John Frizzell KIA 1944  
Pfc J.C. Frogge 1990  
Pfc William E Gradin 1994  
Sgt John P Hart 1977  
S/Sgt George G.T. Hurley 1988  
T/5 Robert Huchko 1995  
T/Sgt Carl J Kerin 1995  
2Lt John P Kilkenny, Jr KIA 1944  
Pfc Charles Kossage 1989  
T/Sgt Nels Moe 1993  
Pfc Michael Petrunio 1994  
Maj Robert W Preucel (M.D.) 1995  
Pfc Clarence Saffley 1987  
1Lt Allen G Smith 1986  
Pfc Christian Sutich 1989  
Pfc Michael Serrian 1976  
Maj Russell Terry 1985  
1Lt Kenneth Tewell KIA 1945  
Sgt Robert Triglowne 1985  
1Lt Claude VanEmelen KIA 1944  
Sgt Ellis R. Watson KIA 1944  
Maj George Warner 1994  
Pfc David Woodson, Jr KIA 1944

## OFFICERS CALL

Following are names of Officers who served with D Company. If you can remember additional names, please supply them.

Capt John P Foley (First CO)  
1Lt John Berthias (First EXO)  
2Lt Kenneth Tewell (1st Platoon)  
2Lt Aiden F Russell (2nd Platoon & 2nd CO)  
2Lt Russell Terry (3rd Platoon)  
1Lt Claude VanEmelen (2nd Platoon)  
2Lt E. C. Johnson  
1Lt Lawrence E Randall  
1Lt Cecil Ayers  
2Lt Donald K White  
2Lt Gene O Yarnell  
1Lt Harry M Wooldridge  
Capt Wesley D Griffin  
Capt Ralph K Lee  
Capt Roy Burks  
Capt Robert W Preucel (CO in US & ETO)  
1Lt Charles H Costigan (EXO US & CO ETO)  
1Lt G. K. Flewelling (2nd Platoon-KIA)  
2Lt John P Kilkenny, Jr (3rd Platoon-KIA)  
1Lt Plummer (1st Platoon)  
2Lt Jack E. Clifton  
2Lt William S. Boucouala  
2Lt Allen G Smith  
2Lt William C Sanderson  
2Lt Anthony M Yanulaitis (BF Comm)  
2Lt George Warner (ETO OCS)

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