



The Bugle



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

TWELFTH EDITION

OCT., NOV., DEC., 1998



Anthony "Yank" Yanalitis, Captain, Infantry, AUS, a member of Company D, 424th Infantry, who received a Battlefield Commission.

Mortar Platoon Squadleader Saluted

We regret to inform you that Staff Sgt. Robert Homan was seriously wounded in action in Belgium. Details to follow....."Was he blind? Did his legs get shot off? How bad was he hurt? I can't imagine why they would send a telegram like that. It was days before we heard more," Pat said.

They had been married just six months earlier. She in her green crepe dress, he in his olive drab uniform. The boys in the barracks had all chipped in, dug deep to see that buddy and fellow infantryman could get home for his wedding. After the wedding they drove around town, Janesville, Wisconsin, through the park, slowly, to be alone, together. He only had a few days and it was then back to Camp Atterbury, Indiana.

Robert C. Homan, not yet out of high school, volunteered for military service, and along with a group of 150 of his friends and neighbors was inducted into the Army, March 19, 1943. With a large group of men from that area, they were shipped to Ft. Jackson, SC and assigned to the 106th Infantry Division. When he was assigned to Company D, 424th Regiment, they decided to make a mortarman out of him, and he became a member of Lt Russell Terry's platoon.

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Staff Sergeant Robert Homan, Mortar Platoon Squad Leader Company D, 424th Infantry at Camp Atterbury, IN, prior to the division leaving for the European theater.

Anthony Yanalitis Passes

Born July 21, 1923. Died July 16, 1998

Anthony M. Yanalitis, beloved husband of Martha R. Yanalitis and father of three children, Barbara, a son Mark and Susan Marie joined *The Silent Corps* on Thursday afternoon, July 16th at 4:45 P.M. in his home in Palo Alto, Pottsville, PA. Tony was still active with his business of Electrical Contracting and had just finished talking with several of his customers when he decided to stop and take a rest. He closed his eyes and never awakened. He had passed quietly into God's hands. He was a youthful 74 years and was within 5 days of reaching his 75th birthday.

His heart was sturdy, but from the years of rugged physical work, he needed a new heart valve. He was only four days away from entering Geisinger Medical Center in Danville, PA that would have given him a replacement heart valve. Prior to the doctor telling him that an operation was necessary and as quickly as possible, Tony had asked Martha to make the necessary arrangements to attend the up-coming 106th Division Association Reunion in Indianapolis, IN.

Services were arranged by Robert A. Evans Funeral Home, Pt Carbon, PA. Mass of Christian Burial was said at St. Casimir's Catholic Church, St Clair, on Monday, July 20, 1998. Burial was at Indiantown Gap National Cemetery. He was laid to rest in Section 14, #345, buried among his fellow soldiers.

Tony was a good man, a valiant soldier, a devoted husband and father and a quality tradesman. He will be missed by all who knew him.



Battlefield Appointment 25 January 1945

Staff Sergeant Anthony M. Yanalitis 33 589 690 was appointed a Second Lieutenant by outstanding performance in actual combat by orders written and signed by Col J.R. Jeter, 424th Infantry Regiment, Commanding.

This individual has clearly demonstrated his fitness for appointment by outstanding performance in actual combat.

Sgt Y, (as the orders referred to Yanalitis, has exhibited exceptional leadership in actual combat on numerous occasions since being committed to action on the 16th of December 1944. When committed to action on the 16th of December, Sgt Y was a section sergeant. On the following day, Sgt Y was made the platoon sergeant due to the former platoon sergeant

KNOWING "YANK" YANALITIS

On July 16, 1998, Anthony M. Yanalitis joined *The Silent Corps*. To all of us who knew him in service and served with him, he was "Yank." Of those of our comrades of whom I have written of their passing, writing of the "Yank" here is the most difficult. Not because I knew him any better, not because we were closer, because we weren't close buddies, but I did know him better than the others. We were both in the first platoon, however, "Yank" was in the first section and they were on the first floor, I was in the second section, on the top floor. "Yank" was a squad leader, I was "a private in the rear ranks."

It made a difference, but we were comrades in arms. I admired him as I admired a number of other men in the company.

Fellows like Bob Homan, and Goedert and Goodwin and yes, later, a loud, proud, bully by the name of Kochler. I admired them as I admired "Yank," because they represented something, they were what I wanted to be, not just a soldier, but a good soldier. I had good buddies with whom I was tight with. With whom I spent time talking and going on pass with, fellows like Burnie Sutter with whom I joined D Company with, and Paul Morris whom I admired because he could take time out to read his Bible and keep us all straight. There was Kenny Dux a real buddy who never won a poker game and smoked up a storm, but he was close until he wanted to become a member of the Air Corps and left us, and there was Norm Simmons who was one of the short guys, but carried a big load. They were buddies! But "Yank" was something different. He stood tall and straight and gave you that feeling you were something also.

It wasn't until Camp Atterbury when I was made a Squad Leader that I got to know "Yank" better. By then he was a Section Sergeant in the first platoon and I was in the second platoon. But becoming a non-com put me more in his class and I watched and listened to what he did and tried to imitate him without letting it show. And then we shipped out, headed for Europe, with a stop in Great Britain. We were quartered in Quonset huts in Bayberry, England. And it was announced that both "Yank" and I were to be given three day passes to go to London. It was over the Thanksgiving holiday and weekend. So we boarded a train for a ride into London. We arrived at Waterloo Station and when we stepped off the train, we were two small town Americans in the Hugh city of London. We made our way to the Servicemen's Club by Taxi. And that was a thrill, because I couldn't remember having ridden in a taxi, but I had seen enough movies about London. Both of us were smiling and laughing as we looked out at the buildings.

Through the Servicemen's Club we took a tour of London. To see Buckingham Palace and the guards, The Tower where they told us the "jewels" were locked up for safe keeping, and Waterloo Bridge and then they took us into a big office building where above our heads were many beautiful flags and a gentleman guide asked us if any of us knew the flags overhead. No one spoke up, he gave us a smile and said, "Those are the forty eight state flags of the United States. Then he took us to the top of the office building which he said at night it is used for a fire lookout. As we looked out in one direction, all we could see were flattened and burned out houses and buildings. The German bombers and "buzzbombs" had really taken a terrible toll on the city.

We did a lot of walking around the center of London, rode on the "underground" and enjoyed ourselves. Sunday morning,

Robert Homan, Squad Leader

Military life went well for the young inductee and by the time Basic Training was completed, he was promoted to Private First Class. By the time he had completed basic training, he had also graduated from high school, his mother standing in to receive his diploma. Over a period of months of training he saw many of his newly made friends "levied out" as replacements to other divisions already in combat or getting ready for the invasion of the continent.

He was promoted to Corporal and months later, to Staff Sergeant and was a mortar squad leader. This required some responsibility for a young eighteen-nineteen youth not long from school. But he applied himself to his weapon so that when that day came that they would enter combat, he, and they, would be ready. But each time they got ready, there would be another "replacement levy."

It was while on maneuvers in Tennessee that some of the best news broke for Bob Homan. When the division left Ft Jackson in January 1944, everyone was given the word, we're not coming back to Jackson. So the rumor mill worked overtime, there wasn't a camp in the U.S. that didn't get mentioned. When the word came out that we were going to be stationed at Cp Atterbury, IN, Bob Homan could only smile.

As soon as he got to Atterbury, he began to call for railroad and bus information, and thus began the weekends of liberty on a bus headed towards Chicago and then to Janesville. Pat waited each Saturday night in the back of the Jeffris Theater, Bob would slip in beside her about midnight. Their relationship had begun when Pat was 13, and Bob was 15. It all had something to do with Bob's brother.

By late September 1944, the Army announced that the 106th Division would be shipped to the European Theater of Operations, and the two young people made fast decisions. They would get married before Bob was shipped out. They got parental agreements and a date was set. Although by now, Bob being a Staff Sergeant, the many trips home were using up his funds. Fortunately, the wedding date being on the 5th of October, was shortly after payday. And that's when the fellows in the barracks decided to "chip in" and see that Bob had a happy wedding trip.

The troop train headed east and finally stopped at Cp Miles Standish, MA and even the name of the camp brought a smile to Bob's face as he remembered his English Literature from school. It was only a couple of days and back onto trains with all gear and a short trip into New York City and to the docks. One of Bob's platoon NCOs, Bill Domiano had spent time working before service on these same docks. They boarded a hugh ship, single file, calling off their names as they boarded, just like he had seen in the movies so many times.

The Aquatania had left New York harbour all by itself and began it's movement across the Atlantic, arriving five days later in Scotland. For the large majority of the men crammed into every deck of the ship, the safe landing was the happy event, for most everyone got seasick. The troops were quickly loaded aboard trains and the movement south towards and into England. The train stopped and everyone was told to carry all equipment, "we're here." This was Banbury, England. We were here long enough to have Thanksgiving Dinner and thanks to Captain Preucel, it was served by our cooks in an English Restaurant.

Then to Southampton to board "ships." It looked almost like

Continued

a circus, as we looked out at the boats and boats and boats of all descriptions. We luckily arrived at LeHavre, France, having lost no one, and after a day or so getting everyone together, we loaded up on our vehicles and began our motor trip to Belgium. When the motor convoy finally stopped, we were told that we were actually in Germany.

I remember Dec. 16, 1944 very clearly, Bob Homan spoke. We were in reserve. We were called up that same morning. We were going forward through an open field when all hell broke loose. Artillery shells were hitting right near us. All we could do was hold onto the ground and prey. Luckily no one was hit—that time. We then pulled back to a crest of a hill and set up our defense. We stayed there until dark and waited. In the middle of the night our Platoon Leader told me to go out a distance to see if the enemy was near. I went out by myself, about a mile when I ran into a patrol of Germans. I couldn't see them, but I could hear them. I fired a couple of shots to shake them up, and then took off. They fired back plenty I got back and reported to the Lieutenant. It wasn't long before the Lieutenant decided I should go out again to see if they were still there. I went out about half the distance as before, but heard nothing, so I returned and reported in. He decided I should go again. This time I did not go as far as the second time. Still no Germans.

We then pulled back across a small river and set up. This time the Lieutenant decided that I should go again, but this time he wanted me to "set-up" to defend that position. About now it was very late night or very early morning. We did not hear or see anything but could hear gun fire moving up the river towards where the rest of the company was located. We waited as long as we could and when it became apparent that we would be cut off, we pulled back across the river. When the Germans tried to cross the bridge, we stopped them. One German who had been hit, lay on the bridge crying out "Comrads!" We then pulled back again.

We moved around just about every day to a new position. On January 9th, 1945 we were sent back to the front to relieve another division that was there. The guide that was to take us to our positions on the front lines took us right past our positions and right into a Belgian town full of Germans. We knew we were in the wrong spot so we headed back to our lines. On the way back we were hit by a shell or a land mine. It was about 5:00 A.M. in the morning and it was pitch black out. I was hit in the face with shrapnel. Sgt. Keans was hit in the shoulder. A new guy who was standing next to me was killed. There must have been seven or eight of us receiving wounds. I was taken back to an old barn where the medics had an aid station. My face blew up like a balloon! I saw Sgt Adams there and called him over to where they had placed me, waiting for a ride to the rear. He didn't know who I was until I told him. He told the rest of the guys he didn't think I would make it.

As Homan talked, the memories came flooding back. We were set up in a valley with our mortars, with no forward observers at this time. We were just throwing out shells for some effect on the Germans. Maybe some would hit something, or scare the hell out of them. All at once we were told to pick up and pull back because tanks were coming at us. Everyone was told to move out except me and my two man gun crew. We were told to stay and fire as long as we could and then pull back. It wasn't long before a tank pulled up on the top of the hill. He did not see us. We loaded up the jeep and was just going to take

Anthony Yanalitis, Battlefield Commission

becoming a casualty. During the period from 17th December to the 7th day of January 1945 Sgt Y executed his duties in a most superior and efficient manner. His control over his men was at all times positive and his cooperation, technical knowledge and efficiency has been more than outstanding.

On the 8th day of January 1945 Sgt Y took over as the platoon leader. Since that date Sgt Y has commanded his platoon in a most commendable manner. While moving his platoon into a defensive position in the vicinity of Spineux, Belgium, on the 8th of January 1945, his platoon was subjected to extremely heavy and accurate enemy artillery fire. Although light casualties were suffered, Sgt Y quickly and efficiently organized his men and set up a defensive position in difficult terrain. While in this position, Sgt Y was a constant inspiration and example to his men.

On the 13th of January 1945, while advancing on Coulee, Belgium, Sgt Y's platoon came under direct fire of German 88's. Although heavy casualties were inflicted on his troops, Sgt Y managed to organize his men and withdraw in an orderly manner and set-up a defense on high ground. So orderly was this withdrawal, even though under this extremely heavy artillery fire, that all weapons were recovered due solely to Sgt Y's personal supervision, courage and leadership.

The position to be taken was on top of a hill. When Company A of this battalion neared the top of this hill, it was suddenly fired upon by numerous automatic and small arms fire. Sgt Y placed his machine guns into action and on the enemy positions. As a result of Sgt Y's foresight, leadership and quick action, the company was able to continue its advance and take its objective while suffering negligible casualties.

It is highly desirable that Sgt Y be appointed as a 2D LIEUTENANT, AUS, and assigned to duty with my company. Sgt Y cannot be too highly praised for his fine work as a platoon leader, and without a doubt has executed his duties without a thought for personal welfare.

Upon appointment it is recommended that this individual be assigned to Company D, 424th Infantry Regiment as Machine Gun Platoon Leader.

J. R. JETER
Col., 424th Inf.
Commanding

HEADQUARTERS 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION

APD 443, % Postmaster
New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Katherine Yanalitis
56 Wiggen Street
New Philadelphia, PA

Dear Mrs. Yanalitis:

I have just awarded the Bronze Star Medal to your son, Second Lieutenant Anthony M. Yanalitis, 424th Infantry. This award was earned by your son for meritorious service on the field of battle. The complete citation will reach you in due course.

Yesterday I also wrote to you regarding the battlefield of your son. It is not often that a man is thus twice honored in such a short time. Again permit me to congratulate you on the outstanding accomplishments of your son.

Very truly yours,
D. A. STROH
Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding

Knowing "Yank"

"Yank" was up early, announced he was going to find a Catholic church and would see me when he came back. I went back to sleep. I was later awakened by "Yank" shaking me and yelling at me to wake up. It was then that "Yank" told me of his encounter on the way back from church. Seems he had been stopped on the street, in broad daylight by one of London's "ladies of the night." She asked "Yank," "Would you care to come up to my flat for some entertainment?" Well, I asked, what did you do? Hey, she wanted forty pounds! So! Hey, that's a hundred sixty bucks he answered. I knew he wouldn't have taken her up on it, regardless of the price, but it was worth a laugh over his expression of high prices.

After "The Bulge" started and I was taken prisoner, I never saw "Yank" again. I learned that because of his leadership and outstanding performance in combat, Yank had been given a "battlefield Commission" as a second lieutenant. He was also awarded the Bronze Star Medal by the Division Commander. I was proud to have known and been associated with Anthony M. Yanalitis. The Veterans Administration changed the spelling of his name, and he left it that say....Yanalitis. And that made it very difficult to find him. I had to laugh when I was finally put in contact with him, his first statement to me was "I don't remember you!" I hadn't made much of an impression on his memory I suppose. As we talked, he began remembering, but I was smitten by his first statement.

Yank remained in the Reserves and his unit although alerted was not called to active duty. He was promoted to Captain. I had entered the Illinois National Guard and commissioned a Second Lieutenant. By the time I got to Korea, I was a First Lieutenant, Artillery. I had had enough infantry, even though I was proud to say I had been an infantryman.

On the First day October, 1964 Anthony M. Yanalitis was transferred to the Retired Reserves. On the Twelfth day of April 1973, I joined him in the Retired Reserves.

Anthony's wife Martha stated when writing to me that he had planned to attend the 1998 reunion in Indianapolis.

Rest In Peace Buddy.:

JAMES SCARSORIE PASSES

Born October 27, 1910, Brooklyn, NY

Died July 23, 1998, Everett, WA

James Scarsorie, a former member of the second squad, first platoon, Company D, 424th Infantry Regiment joined The Silent Corps on July 23, 1998. He was just a few months short of his 88th birthday.

Word of his passing was received from his daughter-in-law, Margie, James, Jr.'s wife. There was no funeral or obituary, the family feeling that James would not want it. The body is buried in Everett at the Evergreen Funeral Home.

James had become ill a short time before his passing and never seemed to recover.

James in passing, left his two sons, James Jr. and Thomas, as well as their wives. There are four grandchildren, a grandson and granddaughter with each son.

In the past year Jim was able to get to know his sons and their families and enjoyed the many hours with the grandchildren. He was a quiet type person, but with a good heart, stated daughter-in-law Margie Scarsorie. *Have a peaceful sleep buddy.:*

Robert Homan, Squad Leader

off when one of the company runners came running down the hill. As he jumped on the jeep, his carbine went off and hit him in the back of the head. One of the gun crew and me jumped off to pick him up, when the jeep took off without us. The two of us carried him for a couple of miles before we caught up with the company. I can't remember his name or if he even lived through it.

I was wounded on January 9th, 1945. As they processed me to a hospital, my first stop was in Paris, but for one day, then to the coast where they put us into little fishing boats to take us to England. They put about seven into each boat. When we reached England, I was transferred to the 157th General Hospital at Burkenhead. I was there for two months. When I was OK to return to duty, we were put on an old Polish Luxury liner. Half way to France, the motor conked out. We had to be towed back to England. We finally made it back to Belgium where I remained in a Replacement Depot waiting to go back to my outfit. I saw a jeep from the 423rd Regiment. I asked if the 424th was near by and they answered yes. I asked them for a ride and they agreed. I got my duffle bag and took off for Company D. I guess this wasn't the right way to do it, but it worked out for me. When I got back, the division had been assigned to guarding prisoners.

I had been with the 106th Division from the beginning and now they were sending guys home or for reassignment to the Pacific. I was transferred to the 28th Division for return to the U.S. This time the ship was an American ship, the USS General Bliss.

Bob Homan was discharged on October 23, 1945 at Camp Blanding, FL with the rank of Staff Sergeant.

When he got home he tried being a policeman for about three years. That wasn't to his liking, so he quit and put his efforts into becoming a Cement Contractor. The business lasted for over 30 years when he decided to retire. In the meantime Bob and Pat had brought two daughters into the world, Linda and Kathy. Linda married Roger Frank and they have 5 children and 8 grandchildren. Kathy married Phillip Fooks and they had 3 boys and four grandchildren.

Pat and Bob are in pretty good health, if Bob's replacement knees work OK and he can stay away from the "shingles."

Several years ago, Bob and Pat along with another company D man and his wife, Phil and Shirley Gerlach made a trip back to Belgium and Germany. Bob was actually able to go back to a spot, where he found fox holes that he and his gun crew had dug. They spoke very highly of the warmth the Belgian people have for the American veteran.

Each year on December 16, Bob and Pat Homan throw open the doors of their home in Janesville, WI to former members of The 106th Combar Infantry Division AND to any veteran of The Battle of The Bulge. From dawn to dusk, these veterans are welcomed into the Homan home and they enjoy the feast that is prepared by Bob and Pat. The memory of those frozen, cold hungry days are in the memories of Bob, and he joyfully shares with those who come from miles around, to eat, and to reminisce. Last year, sixty-five veterans came, stayed, talked, and listened to a retired Army General discuss the World War II European operations. I wish that each of you would check around to find the nearest mini-reunion in your area. Your latest issue of The Cub will list all of the locations.



Bob and Pat Homan on their 50th anniversary

WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T GO THROUGH TO ATTEND A REUNION

The story of Steve and Irene Varhola, Margate, Florida. We left Ft Lauderdale at 7:30 P.M. and flew directly into Orlando to pick up additional passengers. As we left Orlando we relaxed and sat back to enjoy our flight which was to be direct into Indianapolis.

About seven or eight minutes after take-off and before we could relax and get a "nip" we heard the pilot say, "We have a problem and I have decided that we have to return to the airport." We all could smell a strange odor in the cabin.

We all had to disembark and met in a briefing room. We were informed that a bird was sucked up into the jet engine. They began to pass around the peanuts, pretzels and all the sodas you could drink. But that got tiresome, a "nip" would help.

This went on for three and a half hours, and we finally boarded a replacement plane.

THEN the pilot announced "The bar is open, you may have complimentary drinks." We had Chardonay Wine to drink and thank you, a couple to take with us. THEN we sat back and relaxed.

We arrived at the Indianapolis Airport three and a half hours off schedule, only to find the airport was deserted and no transportation. We saw a driver and tried to bribe him into taking us to our hotel. Didn't work. We kept looking around for some transportation, even though we were just a short distance from the hotel. After a period of time, the driver that we had tried to bribe, came back, and said he would take us to the hotel. But no bribe.

We arrived at the Mark Adams Hotel at 3:00 A.M. Sept. 10th. We had finally made it, slipped into bed for a few quick winks and down to get registered for the reunion. We're here gang! So, this wonderful couple, Steve and Irene Varhola, Margate, FL joined us for their first reunion. Happy to have had you all.

THE BUGLE BLOWS AGAIN

The 1998 106th Infantry Division Association Reunion was held and was a terrific success. Those of us who attended had a really good time and missed those of you who for many reasons, could not attend. We missed you however! The reunion led by our President John Kline moved along in good fashion and when it was over, we were sorry to say good-bye to each other.

Before I go any further, write these dates down on your calendar: **September 2 thru September 5, Chicago, Illinois.** Those are the dates and the place for the 1999 reunion. And just in case you are interested, the Year 2000 reunion will be held in St. Louis, Missouri. **Mark your calendars men.**

I would like to begin by saying that a few people who were present for 1997 and absent for 1998, we understand your individual reasons and hope that things will be better for you next year. Judge Walter and Barbara Bridges, we will keep saying our prayers for you and for your daughter. You are carrying a mighty big load. We pray that your daughter will get better. Frank 'ol buddy, I'm sorry you couldn't fit it in this year and I'll miss you if you can't make it to Chicago. Burnie and Rozetta Sutter, good friends, we hope that things will get better for Rozetta and we will say prayers for both of you. Norm and Betty Simmons, you have the dates now, and I hope that should another grandchild decide to get married, you can convince them to choose a date other than our reunion dates. Bob and Pat Homan, I wish you both the best of everything not only for you but for Pat's mother as well. Bob the surgery on your knee was enough but having had a case of the shingles earlier in the year myself, I know you suffered with yours. To W.G. "Bill" Mize, you weren't there in 1997 but we did miss you not being with us. Fred and Irene Chermack, we hope that your situation has gotten better and that Irene is stronger and that we can see the two of you in Chicago. And last but not the least, Russell and Judy Sarang. I intentionally left you until last so I could say a little bit more for the both of you. We enjoyed your company in Nashville in '97, and we laughed and clapped when you led the dancing after The Jack Daniels visit, and we were sorry when you left us in Nashville. You are now carrying the biggest load that a man can carry and I can only say that our prayers will be with you. Judy, please keep me informed, and I in turn will keep the others informed as to Russell's situation.

Now, to those wonderful, smiling, happy group that found the Indiana hospitality to be tops and enjoyed the Adam's Mark to be a fine place to have a reunion. Alden and Margaret Russell, I'm going to try to beat you two in making my reservations this year. It was wonderful to constantly see your smiling faces. I hope that your winter in Arizona helps the leg to get better. You have a nice Army Nurse of your own to care for you. And to Myrton and Beatrice, we're happy that you had a good, long, safe driving vacation visiting friends and relatives all over the U.S. and we are happy that you included us into your trip. Hope to see you both in May. Phil and Shirley it was nice to see you both there and having such a good time. Several times I saw the look of pain or discomfort in Phil's eyes, but you seemed to hang in there and it was swell to see you both there this year. Bobby, you and Mary Jane make it all happiness. You were a wonderful host at "The Library" and your capability to bring humor into the get together was wonderful. I still hear Henry every so often. I could also see

the love and affection in your eyes and on your face when Leonard showed up. To Leonard Bruening, "thank you fella" for putting it all together and not letting the need for a wheel chair keep you away. And to those two lovely daughters of yours who understood the words and actions of us "older people. Thanks to them both for giving their dad a reunion. And to Glen and Kathleen it is always wonderful to be around or near you two. We had a good time talking on the bus at Atterbury, but I've got to be honest with you Glen, it has changed so much, I couldn't recall a spot, nor do I remember where our barracks were in the new arrangement. To Lee and Frances, you always provide happiness and warm feelings any time and any place you are. I know that there are times when things become a bit difficult, and Lee has a problem, but the two of you provide much courage and happiness to all of us. Now, and only because their name begins with a "V" I come to the Varholas, Steve and Irene. I am going to undertake writing about their trip to Indianapolis elsewhere in The Bugle and just say here that each year that I have attended our reunion, I have been concerned with those attending for the first time. It's important to me, not as a officer of the association, not as a member of the board, but just as one of those members of the Association, to see that those members attending for the first time, have a good time and enjoy "our reunion." I have never met such an enthusiastic, exuberant couple as the Varholas. They made me happy that I was there and each time that I caught their eyes, they were smiling and having a good time with each of you who were there. We, the Rays, enjoyed being with you and having such a good time. See you in '99 in Chicago(Schaumburg). Don't forget to put it on your calendar, that's September 2nd thru the 5th 1999.

106TH LOSES A HERO

With the recent death of Colonel Thomas Riggs, the 106th Division has lost one of it's true heroes. Colonel Riggs joined *The Silent Corps* on 5 November 1998 at his home in Providence, RI on 5 November. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery on 10 November with full military honors. Colonel Riggs was not only the Division Engineer Officer, he was Battalion Commander of the 81st Engineer Battalion, Division Engineers.

It was during that period of the early days of The Bulge, the Germans desperately needed control of the road nets into and out of St Vith and our division was trying desperately to deny it to them. General Jones, Division Commander turned to his combat engineer battalion and it's commander, Lt. Col Thomas Riggs. Jones gave command of all troops in and around St Vith to Riggs and asked him to hold it as long as he could. He used not only his 81st Engineer Battalion, but any troop that came in to St Vith. They denied St Vith to the Germans for several days, interrupting their time schedule to move east and to the English Channel. But in so doing, Riggs placed himself in a difficult position and he was taken prisoner.

Col Riggs was transported to a prison camp in eastern Czechoslovakia. They didn't hold him long for he managed to escape and for a short time, fought with the oncoming Russians. He was then transported by train to the Black Sea, put aboard a ship which took him to Italy. He insisted on rejoining his "old outfit" and was allowed to do so. Rejoining the 106th Division as the division was being reactivated.

ROLL CALL

*Roger Batten
77 E. Missouri Avenue
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*Felix J. Blinn
3082 Kennebec
Newburg, ME 04444
*Walter Bridges
225 Laird Ave
Huey, AL 35023
*Leonard Bruening, Sr
3508 Cypress Creek Dr Apt A
Florissant, MO 63031
*Samuel E. Cemer
25 N Valley View Drive
Green Valley, UT 84770
*Fred F. Chermak
4038 Wooded Drive
Colgate, WI 53017
*Alden Cobb
2701 1 8th Ave
Friendship, WI 53934
*Carl Crowder
1110 Emery Lane
Clarksville, IN 47121
*Myrtion B. Dickerson
17431 Ambaum Blvd S-01
Seattle, WA 98148
*William A. Domiano
509 St. Paul Ave.
Cliffside Park, NJ 07010
*Kenneth Dux
403 E. 2nd St.
Neillsville, WI 54456
*Raymond Ellis
10431 Big Tree Circle West
Jacksonville, FL 32257
*Val O. Erión
RR#2, Box 161
Cass Lake, MN 56633
*William A. French
112 Lexington Pl.
Myrtle Beach, SC 29579
*Phillip E. Gerlach
4112 Rice St.
Vadnais Heights, MN 35126
*Gene Greytak
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*Gordon Hawn
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Rockford, IL 61103
*Robert Homan
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Kingsport, TN 37660
*Phillip Rosenthal
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*Alden F. Russell
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Alexandria Bay, NY 13607
*Robert Sabiston
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Glen Arm, MD 21057
*Russell Satrang
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*Anthony Skoda
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Chicago Heights, IL 60411
*Oscar Scott
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N Little Rock, AR 72117
*Norman Simmons
1208 Florence Dr.
Harrisburg, PA 17112
*Kermit Lee Steele
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*Burnett L. Sutter
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*Howard Swenson
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*Steve Varhola
6650 Royal Palm Blvd #309C
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*Andrew M. Yakupchina
232 W 2nd St.
Wilburton, PA 17888

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 Robert C. Ames 1994
Pfc Anthony Barredo 1998
Pfc Herman Bavarisco KIA 1944
1Lt John Berthias KIA 1943
T/4 William G. Berri 1996
Pfc William H. Bingle KIA 1944
Pfc James Blythe 1991
1/Sgt Robert Bothe 1993
S/Sgt Carl E. Burch
S/Sgt William J. Burke 1986
1Lt William S. Boucouvalas 1986
Pvt Eugene B. Clifton KIA 1944
Pvt Hays Copeland 1988
Pvt Mays Copeland 1980
LCol (1Lt) Charles Costigan 1988
Pvt Joseph D'Antonio KIA 1944
Pfc Anthony DellaPinta 1993
Pvt James J. Dettore KIA 1944
T/Sgt Carl J. Kerin 1995
Sgt Louis Ferretti 1981
1Lt G. K. Flewelling KIA 1944
Sgt John Frizzel KIA 1944
Pfc J. C. Frodge 1990
T/Sgt Edward A. Goedert 1991
T/S William E. Gradin 1994
Sgt John P. Hart 1977
S/Sgt George G. T. Hurley 1984
T/S Robert Huchko 1995
Pfc Peter Karvalas 1944
T/Sgt Carl J. Kerin 1995
2Lt John P. Kilkenny, Jr KIA 1944
Pfc Charles Kossage 1989
S/Sgt Leon J. Langlois 1998
T/Sgt Nels Moe 1993
Pfc Michael Petrunio 1994
Major Robert W. Preucel (MD) 1995
Pfc James Scarsorie, Sr. 1998
Pfc Clarence Saffley 1987
1Lt Allen G. Smith 1986
Pfc Christian Sutich 1989
Pfc Michael Serian 1976
Major (1Lt) Russell Terry 1985
1Lt Kenneth Tewell KIA 1944
Sgt Robert Treglowne 1985
Pvt Robert Tucker KIA 1944
1Lt Claude VanEmelen KIA 1944
Sgt Ellis M. Watson KIA 1944
Major (2Lt) George Warner 1994
Pfc David Woodson KIA 1944
Capt Anthony M. Yanalitis 1998

OFFICERS CALL

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

Capt John P. Foley (First CO)
1Lt John Berthias (First EXO)
2Lt Kenneth Tewell (1st Platoon Ldr)
2Lt Alden F. Russel (2nd Platoon Ldr & 2nd CO)
2Lt Russell Terry (3rd Platoon Ldr)
1Lt Claude VanEmelen (2nd Platoon Ldr)
2Lt Kenneth Long
2Lt F. C. Johnson
1Lt Lawrence E. Randall
1Lt Cecil Ayers
1Lt James VanOsdol
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 in US & CO ETO)
1Lt G. K. Flewelling (2nd Platoon-KIA)
2Lt John P. Kilkenny, Jr (3rd Platoon-KIA)
1Lt Ralph Plummer (1st Platoon)
2Lt Jack E. Clifton
2Lt William S. Boucouvalas
2Lt Allen G. Smith
2Lt William C. Sanderson
2Lt Anthony M. Yanalitis (BF Comm)
2Lt George Warner (ETO OCS)

The Bugle

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