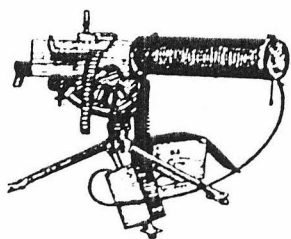




# The Bugle



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

FOURTEENTH EDITION

APR., MAY, JUN., 1999



## RE-UP REMINDER

This is a reminder to all of you Association members that pay your dues on an annual basis, July 1, 1999 is the beginning of a new year. I encourage all of you, paying on the annual method to get your dues in to our Association Treasurer, Sherod Collins. His mailing address is: 448 Monroe Trace, Kennesaw, GA 30144. The annual dues amount is \$10.00. As a reminder, if you get tired of paying each yer, you may take advantage of the Life Membership for the sum of \$75.00. Your dues basically pays for printing and mailing of The Cub. If you don't pay your dues right away---you will not receive The Cub.

## SCHAUMBURG IS AWAITING US

Schaumburg, Illinois, in the suburbs of Chicago, is getting ready to welcome all of you Golden Lions for the 53rd annual Reunion. Golden Lions will be arriving on September 1 and September 2 for those grand and glorious days that come about each year about this time. The Reunion, officially September 2nd to 5th will provide time for all to talk and eat and be entertained. The Chicago group which have made it a habit of holding our reunions on those years ending in a 9, will be awaiting all of you.

Room rates at the Schaumburg Hyatt Regency Woodfield are \$82.00 per night. You may make reservations by telephone by calling the hotel at 1-800-233-1234. You may make reservations in writing at: Hyatt Regency Hotel, 1800 East Golf Road, Schaumburg, IL 60173

Reservations for the Reunion should be made in writing and sent to Russell Villwock, 8560 W. Foster Ave, #510, Norridge IL 60656. Forms were printed in the Center Section of the most recent issue of The Cub. Vol 55-No. 3, Apr-May-Jun 1999. However, if you missed them or don't have any, call me at 618-377-3674 or send me an E-Mail message at Bugleboy19@Juno.com. The Registration Fee this year is \$150.00 per person. The optional Tours are additional. If you are not interested in any of the additional tours, members of Company D, 424th Infantry are invited to partake of the visit to The McCormack Estate as a group and have some fun. We're trying to work something out with Phil Rosenthal for refreshments. Those of you who were in Nashville remember the "spur of the moment" get together in Bob Homan's room.

**SO, PAY YOUR DUES AND MAKE RESERVATIONS**

## GOING BACK

This past May, it was my pleasure to be one of the group of members of The 106th Division Association to make a visit back to Germany and Belgium. Thirty-five veterans and their mates made the trip for the purpose of our meeting with German veterans of The Battle of The Bulge. The German group is known as the German Bundeswehr Military Reserve Unit of the Eifel. Planning for the visit was conducted by John Kline, Cub Editor and Past-President. Actual movement plans were prepared by Robert Riggs, President of Hypointe Travel Agency, Lakeville, MN.

The Rays were picked up at their home early Sunday morning of the 9th of May by the Limo Service and driven to St Louis' Lambert Municipal Airport. We were now, "on the way." We had prepared for the trip for months, getting passport photos, traveling to the county seat and applying for our passports through the Clerk of The Courts. From that point on, we had periods of concern, like how long would it take to receive them and would there be some "glintzs." We bought new luggage for each of us so we could get everything into one bag except a small carry-on bag for needed overnight situations. But all went well, we received the passports. Decisions were made as to what clothing would be taken. (The after trip reflection told us that we took too much and the luggage was too heavy!)

We boarded TWA Flight 507T bound for Minneapolis, MN, our departure point for the group flight to Frankfurt, Germany. The flight to Minneapolis left on time, was a smooth flight and arrived at Minneapolis International Airport on time. Since many of the airlines are on a cost reduction chase, a small plastic cup with four ice cubes "filled" with soda and a very small bag of very small pretzels was our lunch. Having eaten a very light breakfast we were hungry, so we indulged in lunch at one of the many nice restaurants at the airport. Our TWA flight arrived at 12:50PM and we weren't due to depart on Icelandic until 7:30PM. We had plenty of time to eat and relax. After several hours, traveling companions Myrton and Beatrice Dickerson arrived with two surprise visitors. Russell Satrang and wife Julia, who live not far from the airport paid us a visit. It was a very pleasant surprise, since I knew that Russell was taking treatments for prostate cancer. They had missed the Indianapolis Reunion because of his problems, after giving us the pleasure of their company in Nashville. It was a very pleasant period and great to see the both of them and to hear about his very determined fight.

*Continued, Page 3*

## GOING BACK

1944-45 . . . . . 1999



Winterspelt, Germany, May 12, 1999. Standing near the area of deployment of 2nd Platoon, Company D, 424th Infantry Regiment on 16 December 1944. L to R, Richard Cartier, Company K, Walter Bridges, Myrton Dickerson and Marion Ray all of Company D. Historian Bob Lampe with back to camera.



Eigelscheid, Germany, May 12, 1999. Standing in some of the remains of the German Siegfried Line. L to R, Myrton Dickerson, Walter Bridges and Marion Ray, Company D and Richard Cartier, Company K, 424th Infantry Regiment.



Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery and Memorial. Lies 2 miles northwest of the village of Henri-Chapelle, Belgium on the main highway from Liege Belgium to Aachen Germany. Final resting place of Private Kenneth Ruskin, Private Joseph D'Antonio and Private Robert W. Tucker. All former members of Company D, 424th Infantry Regt. Here rests 7,989 of our military Dead. Names of 450 missing are inscribed on the piers of the colonnades.

## Going Back, Continued

Our Icelandic flight departed on schedule at 7:30PM and as the plane rose and leveled out for it's flight, the sun was brilliant off to our left and a golden glow filled the inside of the plane. As the beautiful setting sun stayed to our left, I knew that we were heading up over Canada for our destination, Greenland and into the airport in Iceland. It was to be a six hour flight. It took a period of time for everyone to settle down, reading, talking to each other and roaming up and down the aisle. As we had left home in Illinois, I had started recording parts of the trip with my camcorder and continued doing so inside the plane. By 11-11:30PM on my watch, most everyone had settled down to reading or dozing and since we had three seats for Fran and I, we raised the chair arms and tried to get comfortable. Fran suggested that I just lay my head in her lap and try to relax. Accomplished and after a short period of time, I dropped off to sleep. After a period of time, I was awakened with an odd feeling, and as I raised up, the cabin was totally bright, not by the airplane's lights, but sunlight. To our left again, was a very bright sun. I looked at my watch and it said 12:20. About 1:30AM on my watch, we were alerted to our landing in Iceland. As we looked out the window, we could see the coast line and the plane flew straight in for a landing. It appeared that we might be about five or ten feet above sea level and it was 6:30AM Icelandic time.

We were all happy to be able to get off the plane and walk into the terminal, which was small but adequate, but shortly thereafter another plane landed from Boston and it became crowded. The Dickersons and I headed for the relief station and then for a cup of coffee. The coffee wasn't the greatest and was \$1.75 per cup, American. Our plane's final destination was Oslo and boarding the plane that came in from Boston was slow and crowded. When we got to our seats, I found that Fran and I were separated and sitting in the middle seat with both armrests occupied was a larger than average lady. She actually spread shoulder-width into my seat. I was literally hanging into the aisle, getting bumped by "stews" and passengers as they made their way to the relief stations. Needless to say, I was relieved when we landed at Frankfurt, Germany airport.

After disembarking, we got our luggage and thankfully were able to obtain a large baggage cart, made it through customs without a delay and headed in the direction of the terminal and the rental car that we had reserved with the Dickersons. This necessitated the use of an elevator, which we found were very small, one cart and four people. Although we had reserved the car several months before, we found it to be a bit of a hassle. We had rented a mid-size car to hold four people and luggage, and much to our pleasure when we got to the vehicle, found it to be a station wagon. It fit us, and we fit it

Getting the rental car was the beginning of a running joke with the four of us, since none read or understood much less spoke German. We had a vehicle which we didn't know how to get into, nor maybe get out of, once we were inside. We finally exited the airport and entered onto another experience, The Autobahn. Since we were following the tour guide director, we got onto the autobahn going in the correct direction and immediately it began raining.

Sometimes the rain was hard, sometimes just enough to keep the wipers moving, but since we kept to the right lane as much as possible, the faster traffic passing us on our left threw water against us. But our intentions were to drive safely. We were headed generally in a westward direction. At one point we

passed near Limburg and my thoughts moved back to that period of time in December 1944 and January of 1945. I have been told by several people, one of whom is Frank Koehler that the prison camp (XII-A) has been completely removed. We sped on by on the way to Prum and our hotel for a week.

As we got close to our turn-off point, we stopped at a reststop, and the occupants of our three car convoy enjoyed a bite to eat and a period of rest and talk. As we walked out of the reststop, the rain had ceased and we got some sunlight and it seemed to change everything. A short distance down the autobahn, we came to our exit and the sign read Gerolstein. Once again, I had an odd feeling in the pit of my stomach. We entered Gerolstein and I must admit that I recognized nothing. We did however, cross a railroad track and for a short period of time drove near the tracks. It was here, after a long walk from Winterspelt, through Prum to Gerolstein that the Germans put us into a warehouse overnight. The next morning after a nights sleep and a bowl of soup, I saw my platoon leader Lt. Flewelling.

It was a terribly mixed reaction, if I were here and he was here, what had happened? What had happened that so many of us were here, prisoners of war? If our officers were here, how mighty was the force that had over powered us? Had we failed so completely to stop the enemy force. What was happening to our forces? As I slid in beside Lt Flewelling and began to talk, he was as dumbfounded as I. Then he began to move around saying a word to each man in an attempt to bolster each and their feelings. Hurley and I sat together, trying to bring our thoughts together.

We left Gerolstein and wound our way towards Prum and as I watched the speedometer and looked at the scenery as we sped along, I thought back to that day or days and wondered how we made that distance from Winterspelt to Gerolstein in one day. Then we were entering Prum, having passed over the same road some 55 years and 5 months before. As we entered Prum, my stomach did a flip-flop. It was in Prum as they marched us through town that German civilians threw rocks at us. It was humiliating enough to be a prisoner of war but to be showered with rocks by kids and grownup alike was a terrible feeling. Near the edge of town, a German woman threw carrots at us, which we picked up and began to eat. We were never sure of what her intentions were, feed us or hit us with the only thing she had handy-carrots!

Our hotel, The Zum Goldenen Stern was in the center of town across from the Catholic Cathedral. Several days after arriving there, I picked up a nice little bound book in the lobby. The book was a history of the Zum Goldenen Stern in which we were staying. I couldn't read it, but in looking at the pictures, I saw one picture of a destroyed hotel. It had been destroyed by artillery fire from American lines. I then remembered a statement made by one of my hometown friends, Jack Rain, who was in Battery B, 589th Field Artillery. Jack had said that as they occupied their positions before the bulge, that each night, to keep the people of Prum awake, they would send a few rounds into Prum. I felt that the trajectory of the rounds to clear the small mountain, caused them to clear the Catholic Church across the street, and land on the hotel, which was completely destroyed. And here we were in that rebuilt hotel.

It was late afternoon, we had lost some sleep in the flight and the drive was tiresome. We found a restaurant where we could get a light bite to eat and went back to our rooms for a night of sleep. Our bed, twin beds pushed together were covered with a

*Continued, Page 4*



## Going Back, Continued

feather coverlet and too warm, so I made a mental note to ask for a replacement.

Tuesday, May 11 we were up early. The hotel served breakfast only in the dining room. It was a nice breakfast, the service was extremely good and one couldn't ask for any better. However, it was the first time that most of us were served "lunch meats" with our breakfast. We were to see this the rest of our time in Europe. Since this was a "free day" meaning nothing was planned before getting together with the Germans, the Dickersons and the Rays took off driving. We were headed for Winterspelt and Steinebruk....and we took the wrong turn onto the autobahn. We finally got turned around and soon saw a sign saying that Winterspelt was ahead. At the exit, we could go to Winterspelt or Steinebruk and we chose Steinebruk first. It didn't take long until we rolled down the hill into Steinebruk on the German side and this is what I wanted to see. There was only a couple of houses on the German side, as well as being on the wrong side of the road. I got out of the car, camera in hand...and there was no house on the other side of the road, where we had been quartered. It was just trees and weeds and some wild grass, but no house. I turned and looked at the bridge which was a replacement for the one destroyed, then looked down into the Our River. I walked onto the bridge, turned and looked back where the house had been. It didn't look large enough of an area to hold a house, and I was confused. I walked on into Belgium, having crossed the bridge, looked around and turned and looked back into Germany, to where the house had stood....in my memory. I took video pictures, and walked back into Germany...completely confused. We got back into the car, turned around and headed up the road towards Winterspelt.

Before we got into Winterspelt, which didn't take long, we passed by the area of the road where we had come under artillery fire. Capt Preucel had stopped the convoy, and as he jumped out of his jeep, he yelled, "Hit the ditch." We all followed his directions. I was to find out days later, when my feet began to warm up and my foot began to throb, I had been hit on my left foot.

As we rolled into Winterspelt this time in a comfortable automobile, things began to swirl around in my head and I quickly told Myrton, who was driving, "Take the first left." We made the turn and I knew we were on the correct road. Immediately, however, things were different. Instead of a narrow blacktop country road, it was a street, paved, with curbs and sidewalks and a number of houses on both sides of the street. I was confused! We rolled by the area to the end of the houses, turned around and came back and into Winterspelt. Again, we turned around and started along the street again. I had Myrton stop and let me out. I walked to the side of the street, yes, here was a curb, a sidewalk and a hedge. As I looked over the hedge, I could look up to where our positions had been with the machine-guns. But I could feel that this was the area, right here, S/Sgt Nels Moe, my section sergeant and I were taken prisoner, right here. There had been a larger hedge there. T/Sgt Walter Pampus, who was our platoon sergeant, had pushed through the hedge moments before and had escaped being taken prisoner. I was to find out, almost 50 years later that after going through the hedge, he had been seriously wounded by incoming artillery.

I felt considerably different now. I had waited over 55 years for the opportunity to look at that spot once again....FREE.

Myrton came back with the car, I got in and we rolled out the road, past the last house and discovered a small "farmers road" going up into the general area of the gun positions. We stopped the car and Myrton and I got out to look around. We didn't walk into the fields, since we both felt we might be trespassing a farmers fields, but we looked and talked and took pictures. We were to return again, later.

We drove up and down the road, in and out of Winterspelt, then we turned off the main road in the center of Winterspelt and drove back into the forested area. The road wound around through the trees and we soon came to what looked like it had been a trail, and nailed to a post were very faint words in German. They were probably there when our battalion used these trails, possibly our artillery support used these trails. We drove back into Winterspelt and continued to drive the roads that must have been the same roads as we were there. Finally after viewing the church that had been there when we were here before, we drove into the parking lot of a restaurant. We decided to have some lunch. We doubted they were open for business, the winter of '44. We had a nice lunch and enjoyed the relaxation. Nature, Time and Man have caused many, many changes. It was a very emotional return!

Wednesday morning we were up and ready to leave by 0800 (8:00am civilian time) Today, the historians who had accompanied us to Germany, accompanied us back to our areas. There were four of us from the 424th, Walter Bridges, Myrton Dickerson and myself from Company D, Richard Cartier from K Company. Absent was John Gregory, E Company and Edwin Huminski of F Company. Huminski had not made the trip and John Gregory (1st Vice President, 106th Association) who had been severely injured in an auto accident while driving in from the airport. More about this later.

As we left Prum, they told us that we would be generally following the German attack route to begin with going in to Winterspelt. This would give us a more complete picture. Our first approach was through Grosslangenfeld. It was in this area that I was told that our 106th Cavalry troop was positioned and took the initial blow. I knew there were no divisional troops to our immediate left in the Winterspelt area and to the regimental flank at Bleialf. (Approximately 5 kilometers or about 3 miles). We approached Winterspelt through Eigelscheid. This general area, the road and the treed area had been our target area as we fired. Proceeding into Winterspelt from this direction, I remembered reading the material that Sgt Oscar Scott (squad leader, 2nd squad, 1st platoon) had sent to me, narrating his experiences. In Winterspelt, as we neared the road leading off to the left, I remembered this is where the 1st platoon was deployed and in this area, Capt Preucel had established the company command post. I didn't know which houses existed then and how many of these houses had been built in the years since our being there. I know that it didn't present a good field of vision, because there was a bend in the road, stopping vision at a specific point. We drove on through Winterspelt to the road going off to our right in a general easterly direction. Out this road, and back in a southern direction, the second platoon had been deployed. We followed the road for a short distance and turned up into the same "farmers road" which we had used the day before. We drove up to the crest of the hill and stopped and dismounted. From here we could once again see our target area in the vicinity of Eigelscheid. We could also see for miles to our left and to our

*Continued, Page 5*

## Going Back, Continued

left front. If we could see that far---so could the Germans and this was his home ground. If we were wearing green uniforms and there was snow on the ground--well, you didn't have to be a genius to know they could see us. And they did! Well, we discussed it, took pictures and left the area. My stomach was really turning over.

We left Winterspelt, driving to Steinebruk as the Germans had done. We know that one of their objectives was the bridge at Steinebruk, so their tanks could cross the Oer without problems. When we got to the Oer in Steinebruk, we all got out and began to walk around. I showed them all where the house was supposed to be. It just didn't look big enough for a house, a three story house. We all looked around, walking onto the bridge and over into Belgium, back across the bridge, looking, looking, then down the small "farmers road" that was there. I knew where the bridge was then, where it is now (same place) and the river had not moved. Suddenly Don Patton, one of the historians, spoke up, calling me. He had pushed back through the trees and undergrowth, back into the overgrown area. "You are right, your memory is good, here's the foundation." I moved over to where he was standing-and yes there was the foundation. It stood about 2 to 3 feet high, the rocks probably removed from the hillside immediately behind it, mortared in place. The foundation ran for about 15 feet, made a 90 degree turn and was about 15 or 20 feet longer. My stomach was doing flip flops and my heart was racing. I took out my camera and began to take pictures. I moved over to a concrete slab about the size of a small front porch and stood there having my picture taken. The day was fine! Dickerson stated that he had slept here and so had Bridges. Later, when once again reading Scott's notes, I found that the first platoon had also been in this same house. We left there for the areas that the 2nd and 3rd battalions had been positioned. We went back through Winterspelt and into Eigelscheid, made a turn west and drove into the area around Heckhuscheid. It was here that Richard Cartier got a wonderful surprise. We drove right up to the house in which he was taken prisoner. We all got out and began taking pictures. A German farmer came out of the house and approached us. One of the historians, able to speak some German, began telling the farmer why we were here. Yes, this was his house then, but at the time he had been in Belgium. Our forces previously, had removed German nationals from the air. He invited us onto his property and Cartier was enthused, walking around explaining what had taken place and where he was. Only, the house looks different, he explained. Oh, the front part was built after the war. Cartier asked if he might go into the back building which was attached? The German agreed and Cartier entered the area, saying there was a door back here which went into another part of the building. And there was the door! Later, Cartier embraced the smiling German farmer, thanking him for allowing us in. And everyone was smiling. We left there, headed into the area which the 3rd battalion had been stationed, and on over into German territory. We stopped at a row of "Dragon's teeth" which was part of the Sigfried line of defense built years ago by Hitler's men. It was here we relieved ourselves.

On Thursday, all veterans were to meet for the first time and have lunch together. American and German. In looking at the map, we could see that the easiest route from Prum to Auw was to head straight north to Mooshaus, turn left and straight

into Auw. This day, I was driving and Myrton was the navigator and map reader. The day was beautiful, the roads were clear, the scenery was wonderful, so much so that none of us noticed the small sign that said Mooshaus. After a period of time, I knew that the speed which we were traveling and the lack of a Mooshaus sign meant that we had overshot the point. The signs we were seeing indicated problems, but neither could we see the names on the short map we were reading. So we turned around and headed back. Finally we encountered some road construction people and Myrton walked over for "directions." Myrton speaking no German, Germans speaking no English, he was able to get across to them where we wanted to go. I was watching in the rearview mirror and as I saw one worker begin to wave in the direction from which we had come originally, I was ready to move as he entered the car. At this point, the conversation stopped and all four occupants read road signs and was watching. We found Mooshaus, made our turn and headed for Auw. We arrived at the meeting just as it was about to start.

Introductions took place and comments made about future events and then lunch began. This was the Hotel Restaurant Backes. It was a nice restaurant and meeting hall and the food was not only abundant, but was very tasty. It was an enjoyable meeting, smiles on faces and warm handshakes.

Friday was to be an outstanding day. We all met in Auw at 0900 hrs and boarded buses. Our first stop was The Belgian Military Camp Elsenborn, and the first stop was the museum. It was a mixture of uniforms and small arms equipment from WW I and WW II, American, German, English and Belgian. I really felt at home when I got to the American section, for there was a Browning Machine-gun, caliber .30, water cooled. They had manikins in uniforms for life-like exhibits. I was looking at it carefully when I realized they had the gun mounted on a light machine-gun tripod. Any G.I. in a heavyweapons unit would know that was wrong, especially if he had carried the proper tri-pod. I was interested in the old WW I German uniforms and the two Germans standing beside me, explained about the helmets they were wearing. This started a relationship which lasted through the day.

We then moved on to the Dining Hall. In order to place things properly, I must say that the noon meal is large, the evening meal smaller. So, we were served a full meal with desert, preceded by many refills of a delicious wine. It was all served by Belgian soldiers, dressed in white jackets who were very gracious and friendly, but very efficient. Needless to say, everyone left the dining hall, very satisfied and smiling. It was a fantastic occasion, to be remembered forever.

We again boarded the buses and left Camp Elsenborn and headed for the American Military Cemetery Henri Chapelle for the American Memorial Services. Before we arrived, the sky had gotten gray and overcast, then raindrops hit the windshield of the bus. I thought it would cause a cancellation of our services. However, as we drove into the Cemetery, a brilliant sun broke through, the rain disappeared as well as the dark clouds. As we de-bussed, a fantastic feeling came over me, and as I looked around, I could see and feel that others were reacting the same way. As we approached the entrance to the cemetery proper, I could see the engraving of names on the columns and when we got closer, I could see that they were names of MIAs. I found two names which put a grab inside of me. Private Eugene B Clifton and Private Thaddeus

*Continued, Page 6*

## Going Back, Continued

Galantowice. Both of these men had been members of my squad. Clifton's name bore a bronze star beside it, indicating that they had found his remains after the engraving. I made an inquiry about the location of his grave and they informed me that his remains had been found after Henri Chappel had become full, so he was buried in the Ardennes Cemetery.

We had our Memorial Service in the chapel with a reading by Jack Saucer, former Association President. We then moved to the floor of the cemetery where John Swett and myself lay a bouquet of flowers at the memorial, accompanied by John Kline, past President. It was to say the least, a very emotional period.

We were then given each a long stemmed rose to place at the grave of a comrade. Private Kenneth Ruskin and Private Joseph D'Antonio, both of Company D are buried there. Afterward, I found the name Private Robert W Tucker. I was almost certain that he too was a former Company D member, but I had no proof that this Tucker was from our company.

We left the cemetery with heavy heart. I have had many others who have visited these military cemeteries tell me that doing so brings about a feeling that is hard to describe. I agree. It was a long bus ride back to Auw.

Saturday was a different sort of day to begin with. It had turned quite cool and we were to be outside for most of the day. It was more of an open day for the people of Auw and in a way a carnival spirit existed. There were a number of WW II American army vehicles, jeeps, 3/4 ton vehicles, a command car and an armored vehicle. There was also a German army field kitchen preparing food for sale for lunch. There was also 9" long hot dogs, served not on a hot-dog bun, but on a nice crusty roll. The sandwich was good and tasty, the bun was very good, but since it lacked that wrap-around hot-dog bun, it wasn't complete. There were numerous things taking place and we participated in several.

Later in the day, precisely at 1500 hours (3:00pm) a horn sounded and the German Military Reserve unit lined up in the main street. They indicated to us to simply fall in behind. We all were to (march) walk to the Auw Cemetery for services. It was a slow walk to the cemetery. At the cemetery, the Mayor spoke and the Auw church minister spoke in both English and German. A small group of German young ladies sang several numbers and then twin bouquets of flowers were laid at the memorial. They then adjourned to the area set aside for the burial of German soldiers killed in The Battle of the Bulge. As we walked around taking pictures, we noticed that many of the young men buried there were sixteen and seventeen, one was fourteen when killed. As young as we were at the time, here were German soldiers, younger than we were. There were also some headstones indicating that men buried there were in their forties. Hitler had dug deep to put his "last chance" group together.

Sunday was the "wrap up" day for our get together with the German group. It was concluded with a fine meal and a lot of conversation. The lunch at the Gasthaus Backes brought to a close the second meeting of members of the 106th Infantry Division Association and members of the Bundeswehr Military Reserve Unit of the Eifel.

Monday was the beginning of the open time for everyone and many things were planned by all. This day was set aside for us to meet with Rogers Maes, our Belgian friend to visit areas within the Ardennes battle area, then to travel west to his

hometown to meet and visit with his parents. This failed to materialize due to a mix up on dates and timing. By afternoon, we had left Prum headed towards Saint Vith and on to Malmedy for a look at the Memorial there. It was very impressive and moving. Especially to those of who us had been made prisoners. It reinforced the thinking that those of us who returned home alive, were very lucky.

In regards to the Massacre Memorial, I would like to point out to any and all who read this, and might travel to Belgium and would like to visit this memorial---It IS NOT located in the town of Malmedy. It is about five kilometers outside Malmedy at the crossroads settlement of Baughe, which I found to be in the Township of Malmedy.

After seeing the memorial, we continued our journey. We were eventually to end up in Paris, which we did. We got lost going IN to Paris, and we got lost coming OUT of Paris. It isn't difficult to get lost in Paris. We spent a day and a half there, the second day we took a tour guide and saw some of the sights. That period of time wet our appetite for Paris and we were glad to leave. We spent one whole day driving from Paris towards Frankfurt and the airport for our return trip. We stayed overnight in a hotel on the autobahn at Darmstadt. It was a nice, modern, well kept hotel. We had a wonderful dinner, served by a German who had spent some time in New York. His only complaint is having had to pay \$4.00 for a bottle of Budweiser.

The next morning, we closed our bags for the last time in Europe and prepared ourselves for the flight back to the U.S. Entry into the airport brought another mishap and we missed the Rental Car area. Fortunately, we encountered one of the local security guards in a vehicle and he told us to follow him. We got the car turned in without mishap. As we arrived at our check-in point, we encountered other members of our group, all returning happily and satisfied for an eventful visit.

Our flight, once again, stopped in Iceland where we changed planes. We were now heading for Minneapolis, back over the top of the world. The viewing was clear all of the way and the sun was once again shining as we landed. It was the Rays choice to stay overnight in Minneapolis and catch a mid-morning flight to St Louis. We arrived back in St Louis and our Limo Service was awaiting us. It was a wonderful trip. It had it's ups and it had it's downs. We met some nice people in our group and we met some very nice Germans and Belgians. We'll leave France to the Frenchmen.

## NEAR TRAGIC ACCIDENT

John Gregory, Association 1st Vice-President, his wife Shirley and Mike Thome, association member were involved in a one car accident coming off the autobahn in Germany. Gregory lost control of his rented car and traveled off the highway and hit a tree. Mrs Gregory in the back seat was thrown violently against her seatbelt and sustained multiple bruises and a leg injury. Thome suffered bruises and a bump on the head. John suffered what was later found to be a broken vertebrae. John's condition deteriorated and The Gregorys were flown home, John strapped to a stretcher. The vertebrae was decompressed, a piece of bone removed and he is now on the mend. John is presently wearing a removable, shoulder to hip, cast when out of bed. After three months, if all goes well, he should be out of the cast. We hope all goes well so that he will be able to move into the Presidents chair at our reunion in Schaumburg, IL.



Dear Veterans of the 106<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division of the Second World War !

Ladies and Gentlemen !

We are very pleased to welcome you so numerously to this visit in Sankt Vith.

In Sankt Vith was fought one of the most decisive battles of the Second World War in Europe, during which many of your friends lost their lives in order to preserve peace and freedom in our countries, so the American people is doing at the present time in Kosovo or anywhere else in the world.

Together with your friends you fought at the risk of your lives to allow us to live in peace ~~an~~ free from each kind of dictatorship.

We are particularly pleased to see that by your numerous visits in Belgium during the last years, lot of friendships have been stricken.

We can promise you that we'll make a point of taking care of and treating with respect the Memorial raised in honour of the 106<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division in our city of Sankt Vith.

That's our duty towards your friends who lost their lives or were injured during the Second World War and we thank you for everything you have done for our country.



Thank You !

Presentation by The Honorable Mayor of Saint Vith, Belgium  
to visiting Veterans of 106th Infantry Division Association  
Friday, 14 May 1999.

## ROLL CALL

\*Roger Batten  
77 E. Missouri Avenue  
Phoenix, AZ 85012  
\*Felix J. Blinn  
3082 Kennebec  
Newburg, ME 04444  
\*Walter Bridges  
225 Laird Ave  
Huey, AL 35023  
\*Samuel E. Cemer  
25 N Valleyview Drive #77  
Green Valley, UT 84770  
\*Fred F. Chermak  
4038 Wooded Drive  
Colgate, WI 53017  
\*Truman Christian  
27 Center Drive  
Camp Hill, PA 17011  
\*Alden Cobb  
2701 1 8th Ave  
Friendship, WI 53934  
#Carl Crowder  
1110 Emery Lane  
Clarksville, IN 47121  
\*Myrton B. Dickerson  
2500 S 370th St #209  
Federal Way, WA 98003  
\*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. Erion  
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 55126  
\*Frances A. Gramlich  
1380 Meetinghouse Rd  
Meadowbrook, PA 19046  
#Gene Greytak  
18332 Gramercy Drive  
Santa Anna, CA 92705  
\*Gordon Hawn  
1509 River Bluff Blvd  
Rockford, IL 61103  
\*Robert Homan  
1614 Holly Dr.  
Janesville, WI 53546  
\*Steve Jablonsky  
Box 425  
Dixon, IL 61021

\*Leon J. Kerns  
631 Hamilton St.  
Bellefontaine, OH 43311  
\*Franklin R. Koehler  
243 Torkey Pines Rd  
Toms River, NJ 08757  
\*Robert J. Landis  
210 Indian Mountain Lakes  
Albrightsville, PA 18210  
\*Noel Lyon  
1110 Yellowstone Ave.  
P.O. Box 145  
Osburn, ID 83849  
\*William G. Mize  
1 Mize Place  
Greenwood, MS 38930  
\*Paul E. Morris  
128 Glenbrooke Ct.  
Hendersonville, NC 28739  
\*Walter Pampus  
254 First St.  
North Huntingdon, PA 15642  
\*Glen R. Parvin  
3316 Princeton Rd.  
Kingsport, TN 37660  
\*Phillip Rosenthal  
7401 West Arcadia St.  
Morton Grove, IL 60053  
\*Alden F. Russell  
20892 St Lawrence Park Rd.  
Alexandria Bay, NY 13607  
\*Robert Sabiston  
Glen Meadows Nursing Home  
11630 Glen Arm Rd.  
Glen Arm, MD 21057  
\*Russell Satrang  
2844 Brunswick Ave.  
St Louis Park, MN 55416  
\*Anthony Skoda  
888 Audrey St.  
Chicago Heights, IL 60411  
\*Oscar Scott  
5305 Pentel Ln.  
N Little Rock, AR 72117  
\*Norman Simmons  
1208 Florence Dr.  
Harrisburg, PA 17112  
\*Kermit Lee Steele  
424 Roosevelt Dr.  
Mt Vernon, IN 47620  
\*Burnett L Sutter  
832 53rd St.  
Moline, IL 61265  
\*Howard Swenson  
2371 Kimball Ave, NW  
Annandale, MN 55302  
\*Russell F Vanarnam  
112 N Roloff St.  
Davenport, IO 52804  
\*Steve Varhola  
6650 Royal Palm Blvd #309C  
Margate, FL 33063

## 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	Sgt John P Hart 1977
Pfc Anthony Barredo 1998	S/Sgt George G T Hurley 1984
Pfc Herman Bavarisco KIA 1944	T/5 Robert Huchko 1995
1Lt John Berthias KIA 1943	Pfc Peter Karvales 1944
T/4 William G Berri 1996	T/Sgt Carl J Kerin 1995
Pfc William H Bingle KIA 1944	2Lt John P Kilkenny, Jr KIA 1944
Pfc James Blythe 1991	Pfc Charles Kossage 1989
1/Sgt Robert Bothe 1993	S/Sgt Leon J Langlois 1998
Pfc Leonard Bruenning 1999	T/5 Arturo Maya 1963
S/Sgt Carl E Burch 1995	T/Sgt Nels Moe 1993
S/Sgt William J Burke 1986	Pfc Michael Petrunio 1994
1Lt William S Boucouvalas 1986	Major Robert W Preucel (MD) 1995
Pvt Eugene B Clifton KIA 1944	Pfc James Scarsoe, Sr 1998
Pvt Hays Copeland 1988	Pfc Clarence Saffley 1987
Pvt Mays Copeland 1980	1Lt Allen G Smith 1986
LCol (1Lt) Charles Costigan 1988	Pfc Christian Sutich 1989
Pvt Joseph D'Antonio KIA 1944	Pfc Michael Serrian 1976
Pfc Anthony DellaPinta 1993	Major (1Lt) Russell Terry 1985
Pvt James J Dettore KIA 1944	1Lt Kenneth Tewell KIA 1944
T/Sgt Carl J Kerin 1995	Sgt Robert Treglowne 1985
Sgt Louis Ferretti 1981	Pvt Robert Tucker KIA 1944
1Lt G K Flewelling KIA 1944	1Lt Claude VanEmelen KIA 1944
Sgt John Frizzel KIA 1944	Sgt Ellis M Watson KIA 1944
Pfc J C Frodge 1990	Major (2Lt) George Warner 1994
T/Sgt Edward A Goedert 1991	Pfc David Woodson KIA 1944
T/5 William E Gradin 1994	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	Capt Robert W. Preucel (CO in US & ETO)
2Lt E. C. Johnson	1Lt Charles H Costigan (EXO in US & CO ETO)
1Lt Lawrence E. Randall	1Lt G. K. Flewelling (2nd Platoon-KIA)
1Lt Cecil Ayers	2Lt John P. Kilkenny, Jr (3rd Platoon-KIA)
1Lt James VanOsdol	1Lt Ralph Plummer (1st Platoon)
2LtDonald K White	2Lt Jack E. Clifton
2Lt Gene O Yarnell	2Lt William S. Boucouvalas
1Lt Harry M Wooldridge	2Lt Allen G. Smith
Capt Wesley D Griffin	2Lt William C. Sanderson
Capt Ralph K Lee	2Lt Anthony M Yanulitis (BF Comm)
Capt Roy Burks	2Lt George Warner (ETO OCS)

\*Andrew M Yakupchina  
232 W 2nd St.  
Wilburton, PA 17888