

The CUB

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

of the
GOLDEN LION

Vol 68 – No. 2

January – April 2012

Belgium Memorial to “The Last Five Hundred Men of the 106th”

Golden Lion and current first Vice-President of the 106th Infantry Division Association, Herb Sheaner (422/G) and his family joined the 106th Infantry Division Association’s Belgium Liaison Carl Wouters and his fiancé Sofie last fall in Belgium for a very special tour of the 106th Infantry Division’s battlefields during the Ardennes Offensive.



Carl Wouters (left) and Herb Sheaner, 422/G memorialize the spot where the last of the 400–500 men of the surrounded 106th Infantry Division were surrendered and saved during the first days of the Ardennes Offensive.

Read more and see additional photos on pages 27 and 28.

The CUB

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

Total Membership April 1, 2012 – 1,235
Membership includes CUB magazine subscription

Annual Dues are no longer mandatory for Vets/Non-Veterans: Donations accepted

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

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251-639-4002
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2nd Vice-Pres **Randall Wood**

Business Matters, Deaths, Address changes

First Name = Chairman / Second Name = Backup

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President's View . . .

Well here it is, less than six months to go for our next reunion in Washington D.C. We all have been busy trying to get the details worked out. Although we have been to Washington before, there are so many interesting places to still be explored. The planning committee is hoping to make this reunion the best one yet.

As most of you know, a tour operator had contacted us to alert our membership of a forthcoming tour of our old work place, The Ardennes. The tour is not sponsored by the 106th Infantry Association, but is being accompanied by two of our own, John Schaffner and John Gatens. For those that will be able to accompany them, we are sure you will have an unforgettable experience.

In February of this year, Herb Sheaner, 1st Vice President and I along with our wives were invited to attend a WW II luncheon hosted by the Department of the Air Force Retiree Activities Office in Shreveport, LA. Unfortunately due to health reasons, I was unable to attend at the last moment and Herb represented the 106th. [Also attending the 2012 Barksdale Air Force Base luncheon was Bob Howell, past president of the 106th I.D. Association, accompanied by his wife and daughter.] Along with the 106th, there was also recognition made to WW II Vets and Ex-POWs that were in attendance.

We are progressing with our reorganization of the Elected Officers lineup for the next term. The nominating committee will be announcing the new candidates to



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the Board and the membership at the next reunion. Murray Stein, our most able Adjutant will be retiring at the conclusion of this year and is in the process of turning over the duties and records to our next Adjutant.

It seems that this year is flying by at a rapid pace. I hope that we all have been able to meet the challenges that we face day in and day out. Again I wish to remind all of us to continue to participate in our Life Plus and Regular Donations Programs as this is our only source of funds for the financial needs of our organization.

Have a great summer.

Sy



Chaplain's Message . . .

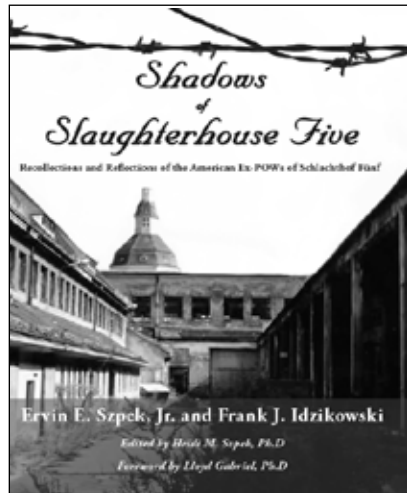
The position of the Association's Chaplain is currently vacant and the Board of Directors would like to hear from any interested members (Division veteran or non-veteran) regarding their desire to serve as a replacement for the 2011–2012 year of service.

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

Shadows of Slaughterhouse Five

From Ervin Szpek Jr., Non-Veteran Member

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



www.BarnesandNoble.com. With best wishes for 2011 and with appreciation for your efforts — thank you.

2012 REUNION — Mark Your Calendar!



The Doubletree Hotel in **Arlington, VA**, will host the 66th Annual Golden Lion Association Reunion on **September 5–9, 2012**.

The Association has held a reunion there before, but there is always something new to visit in the D.C. area.

Enter these dates on your 2012 calendar *now*.

The Adjutant's Message . . .

My Brothers,

I have been in contact with many of our Board members to discuss plans for 2013. Most of our people wish to continue to at least the next year 2013. Our thoughts are to give our new non-veterans an opportunity to prove that enough of our non-veterans are willing to do what is necessary to keep the 106th Association alive!

So many people have been contacting our 106th Veterans to gather information to write books about the exploits of our 106th Division during WW II and especially stories of the "Battle of the Bulge." The many heroic actions of this CIVILIAN ARMY of 18, 19, and 20 year OLDs. In every instance, these writers were so very impressed with the many stories of the actual combat and the experiences of those of us who were POWs.

I am in contact with president Sy Lichtenfeld and V.P. Herb Sheaner asking their input on the 2013 Reunion locations. We will discuss these suggestions at the Reunion in September at our Board meeting.

On a personal note, my wife Barbara was hospitalized again in January and is now in a Re-hab facility learning how to walk again. She is making very slow progress, but we're hopeful that she will



**Murray Stein, 423/I,
Ex Comm, Adjutant**
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greg0803@bellsouth.net

As of May 1, 2012
Murray Stein
8372 Calabria Lakes Drive
Boynton Beach, FL 33473

be walking with a walker and be coming home. I am trying to sell my house, as I have just purchased a new four bedroom home where I will live with my son Greg and his two daughters, Lauren (20) and Sabrina (7). Life takes funny bounces, in these our senior years!

Hope all is well,

Love ya,
Murray Stein

Editor's Note:

It is with the deepest regret that we must forward the sad news that Barbara Stein passed away on April 7, 2012. Please look for her memoriam in the next issue of *The CUB*.

Our hearts, thoughts and prayers are with Murray and his family through this difficult time.

William and Susan, and the Officers and Board of Directors

Golden Lions During World War II—A Photo Article

Requested by Murray Stein (424/I)

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

From 1st Lt. Arthur Thompson (106th Signal)

This is a photo of myself and the *Non-Coms* of the T&T Platoon of the 106th Signal Co. taken after the Battle of the Bulge. I am very proud of these guys. A Silver Star, The French Croix de Guerre and a number of Bronze Stars attest to the great job they did during the battle. My poor memory prevents me from identifying each person. In second row, left to right is Sgt. Calabreze, fourth left, Sgt. Joe Bull, sixth left is Master Sgt. Clyde Foster (Silver Star, French Croix de Guerre). I am in front row (the guy with the tie.)



Rudy Hirsch (589 FA/Hq)

Golden Lion Rudy Hirsch (589 FA/Hq) submitted the above photo. Mr. Hirsch states, "This photo was taken at the end of May 1945 when we came back from Lorient to start training at Nurburgring before, (thank God) not going to the Pacific. Left to right is Trent Acosti [from N.J.??] and Rudy Hirsch, both were part of the Wire Section. Trent was a hell of a nice guy."

The Adjutant's Message . . .

Don Beseler (424/A)

Golden Lion Don Beseler (424/A) thought the following three photos might be of interest to the Association's readership. According to Mr. Beseler:

Photo 1, is of Pfc. Lloyd Brunner a BAR man. He was one of the few from Company A that survived through the whole ordeal of the Battle of the Bulge. He was a member of most of the patrols.

Photo 2, is of Sgt. Pete Mahonacheck. He was our Mess Sgt. He too was a survivor, serving in the line after losing our kitchen to the Germans on December 17th. I (Beseler) am the other person in the picture. Company A was in the Marxzel Area for a very short time before we were assigned to prison cage work in the Rhine River area. I was the only surviving officer from the original Company A.



Photo 1



Photo 2

Photo 3, was taken near Berk, Germany. This was as far as we got in the drive to the Rhine River. The man on the right side of the picture is 1st Sgt. Wallace Rifleman. He managed to escape from either the 423rd or the 422nd when they were surrounded. He is deceased. I have no knowledge as to what happened to Burns or Muchanus (pictured?)

Best Wishes, Don Beseler



Photo 3

The Adjutant's Message . . .

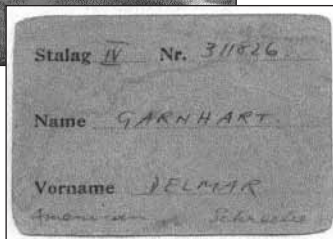


Delmar Paul Garnhart (422)

Submitted by James E. Garnhart, at nrgage@rushmore.com

Left is a photo of my father, Delmar Paul Garnhart (422nd) at Camp Atterbury, he is the one on the left. Does anyone know who the other man might be? I would be happy to make

a copy of this photo for the family of this other man. The second photo is dad's POW ID card reading, "Stalag IV, Nr. 311826, Name Garnhart, Vorname Delmar."



Wilbert Paquette (589 FA)

Albert Pachmayer (son-in-law of Mr. Paquette) submitted the two photos left and right. Pictured in the individual photo is Wilbert Paquette (589 FA), in the second photo is Wilbert and Howard Schlehuber (with Corporal stripes).



Edgar R. Carpenter (81st ENG)

Golden Lion Edgar R. Carpenter passed away on July 13, 2011; his Memoriam listing can be found later in this issue. He was a 1st Lieutenant with the 81st Engineer Combat Battalion.

His widow Martha J. Loynes found the photo in Ed's things titled, "Staff Meeting — 1st Platoon-Rebuilt B Company, 81st Engineers, March 1945, Germany." Pictured are: 1. Lt. Ed Carpenter, 2. S/Sgt. George Japp, 3. Sgt./2nd Squad Disbon, 4. Cpl./2nd Squad Anderson, 5. Pvt. Jeep Driver Churchill, 6. Sgt./1st Squad Kegerice, and 7. Pvt./1st Squad Hosier.





Pictured lower right are Charlie Ace from HQ Company, 423rd and Mr. Cooley, third from lower right. The other four men were British troops [captured in 1942 near Tobruk in North Africa] with whom we had been hiding for a week in a farmer's barn loft, awaiting liberation. By May 20, 1945, Mr. Cooley was back home.

Donald Cooley (423/1st BN/HQ/I & R Platoon)

In response to the photo which ran in the May-Aug. 2011 (Vol. 67, No. 2) issue of The CUB, page 5, submitted by Golden Lion Walter Greves, of the Communications Platoon of Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 423rd Regiment, where Mr. Greves asked, "Can you help identify some of the soldiers in this photo?"

Golden Lion Donald Cooley (423/1st Battalion/HQ/I & R Platoon), then a Battalion Clerk, was captured during the Battle of the Bulge. Mr. Cooley submitted this photo and the following update.

"On Christmas Day 1944, while in a boxcar from Gerolstein to Stalag 4B, I circulated a blank copy of a Battalion Daily Journal, which I had in my pocket, for the men present to 'sign in.' Several 28th Infantry Division names appeared on the impromptu sign in sheet. The

next day, December 26, was my 21st birthday, and exclusive to just the men on the aforementioned guest list. Ha!" Mr. Cooley wonders how many of those prisoners of war are still around.

Mr. Cooley also submitted the photo above taken the day he and his fellow troopers were liberated, April 20, 1945 near Dessau, just north of Leipzig, by the tank scouts of the 104th Infantry Division. The men of the 104th gave Mr. Cooley and others captured swords and pistols.

Historian's Message . . .

There is apparently a resurgence of interest in WW II history and as a result I have had my experience used in several books (that I know about) with two more in progress. Last October Lil and I were invited to attend a book signing at the Navy Yard in Washington, D.C. by the two authors of a new one titled "Voices of the Bulge." One fellow is American, Michael Collins (pictured far right) and the other a Scot, Martin King (pictured wearing a white scarf, center) who resides in Belgium and conducts tours of the Ardennes. The others pictured with me are James "JT" Taylor, LCDR, USN (Retired) and, of course, my wife Lil.



It was a small gathering in the museum's auditorium and they invited me to speak. I suppose it went over OK since I was asked to sign as many books as the authors. There are two more books in progress that will be very important to the history of the 106th Division. One titled "Red Legs of the Bulge," about the artillery, by C.J. Kelly, to be released soon and the other is "The Last Infantry Division" by



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

Kenneth Johnson. Johnson's book is nearing completion and will be based solely on the experiences of the men of the 106th Division. He has worked on this project for several years and by using memoirs written, personal interviews, and the full cooperation of other WW II historians, has compiled an outstanding work that all of us 106th veterans will be proud to hand down to future generations. It is "our" story, as complete as one can put it on paper, and digital. There will be an electronic version that will contain newsreel footage with sound, Google maps that will show actual terrain and locations of various units for one to view using an iPad, or other devices that I believe are now on the market. Check with your grandchildren. This latest electronic stuff is fascinating, almost unbelievable until you have one in your hands. Get with it guys.

Historian's Message . . .

The commemorative picture honoring Lt. Eric F. Wood, 106th I.D., 589th FA is hung on the wall of the Valley Forge Military Academy where he was a graduate. The gentleman on the left is LTC Shawn A. Phillips, USA (Ret.), the Superintendent of Valley Forge Military Academy, and on the right, Martin King, co-author of "Voices of the Bulge," noted WW II historian and guide of the Ardennes to returning veterans.



JRS



Order of the Golden Lion Committee

John Schaffner has been named the new Chairman of the Order of the Golden Lion Committee. Mr. Schaffner invites all those who have received a Golden Lion award to send any nominations to him at:

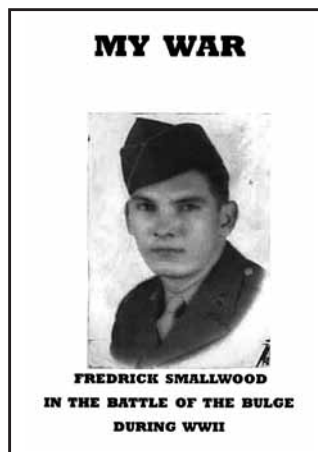
John Schaffner (589/A)
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MY WAR

by Fredrick Smallwood

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

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



Treasurer's Report . . .

Treasurer, Harry F. Martin Jr. (424/L) asked the staff of *The CUB* to inform the readership that, while dues are no longer necessary, the Association is very appreciative of **any donation** it receives.

For the Association to be able to meet not only yearly expenses, these donations make possible the enjoyable time at each Annual Reunion.

Please consider donating to the Association.

Please report all changes of address and deaths to Association Treasurer and Membership Chairman:

Harry F. Martin Jr. (424/L)

121 McGregor Avenue Mt Arlington, NJ 07856

Phone: 973-663-2410 E-mail: hmartin19@optonline.net

Association Membership As of March 8, 2012

Total Membership	1,235
Veterans members	911
Non-Veterans members	324

LIFE PLUS and REGULAR DONATIONS:

424A	James Forsythe	Non-Veteran	Marcel Gustin
424/C	Royce E. Lapp	Non-Veteran	Andre' Hubert
423/E	Raymond Kegerreis, Jr.	589/A	John Schaffner
589/A	Floyd L. Elston	523/L	Irving Schrom
589/HQ	Rudolph Hirsch	424/M	Milton Weiner
422/I	William S. Blaher	423/K	Burton Benson
422/F	Francis L. Plumly	424/A	Donald Beseler
106 RECON	William Steward	422/G	Herb Sheaner
422/SV	Donald Regier	423/A	Robert Byram
423/F	Jack Sulser	422/A	Roger C. Fournier
DIV/HQ	Kenneth Schuetz	424/HQ	Robert M.
422/C	Thomas H. Kapsalis	423/F	Coy Tate
423/I	John W. Collins, III	424/HQ 1BN	Wendel Albaugh
424/AT	Jack C. Weingarten	422/B	Daniel A. Simone
422/HQ	Clifford D. Armgard	Non-Veteran	Jeff Garn
423/HQ 3BN	Gifford B. Doxsee	81st ENG/A	Louis Braznik
423/SV	John Steward	Non-Veteran	Wilma Wood
Non-Veteran	Mary Vandermast	81st ENG/C	John Aalsburg
Non-Veteran	K. Avedisian	422/I	Donald Young
Non-Veteran	Robert Himberg		

Treasurer's Report . . .

MEMORIAL DONATIONS:

Richard L. Rigatti (423/B)

Submitted by Mark J. Rigatti



It is with great pride that I am able to provide the enclosed Memorial Donation in honor of my father Richard L. Rigatti (pictured left). My Dad

entered service to his country through the Civilian Military Training Corp. where he lied about his age to enroll. From there he earned the rank of Technical Sergeant and proudly served from Ft. Jackson to the European Theater of Operations with the 106th Infantry Division, 423rd Regiment, Company B. He was a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge where he was captured and became a prisoner of war.

As a POW he was pulled from the ranks and spent his incarceration being forced to march between German cities in the winter of 1944. My father was

awarded the Purple Heart and a Bronze Star for valor.

He was a past 106th Infantry Division Association President, on the Board of Directors and three-term Treasurer. He was truly honored to serve the 106th and to be recognized by the division for his award of the Order of the Golden Lion. My Father was part of the Western Pennsylvania Prisoner of War Association and dedicated his time, through appointment of the Governor of Pennsylvania, to the Veterans Administration where he was an advocate of Veteran's rights and homeless veterans. My father died on Veteran's Day, November 11, 2006. He is missed by many and loved by all.

Salvatore Grasso (423/Service)

In honor of Salvatore Grasso, 423/Service Co. by John Starmack

NEW MEMBERS:

106/HQ	Clarence L. Buckman
Non-Veteran	Ronald Steen
Non-Veteran	Marc Bartusek
Non-Veteran	Bernard Weiner
Non-Veteran	Adam Weiner
Non-Veteran	Jeff Garner

YOUR Annual Dues Are NO Longer DUE

If you are an ANNUAL member (not a LIFE member), your annual dues are no longer due. At the last Board of Directors meeting held during the 2010 Reunion, the board voted to dispense with the annual dues payments. We are asking for donations, whatever you can give, to help defray the cost of printing and mailing the *CUBs*, which go out to you three times a year. We will also continue to collect *Memorial* and *Life Plus* donations. Please make all checks payable to "**106th Infantry Division Association**" and mail them to the new treasurer listed below :

Harry F. Martin Jr., Treasurer

121 McGregor Avenue, Mount Arlington, NJ 07856

ATTENTION —

106th Infantry Division Veterans, their Families & Friends

A major 106th Infantry Division-focused “**Battle of the Bulge Tour**” — set for **May 13–20, 2012** — is being planned by Milspec Tours and it is shaping up to be a very special return to the places that touched the lives of so many good men. All our European friends are excited about our return to the Ardennes/Eifel and we welcome all our comrades, young and old, to *join us on the tour bus!*

*John Gatens and John Schaffner,
106th Infantry Division veterans*

Visit **www.gomilspec.com** or **106thinfantry.webs.com**

for the 106th Infantry Division-focused “Battle of the Bulge Tour”
brochure and booking form

Contact Sarah at 215-248-2572 or sarah@gomilspec.com **NOW**,
for information and don't miss out on the **Special Early-bird discount!**

John Schaffner (589/A) says about the tour;

“There is an Ardennes battlefield tour being arranged by the **MilSpec Tours Inc.** as I write this.

The tour will be 13-20 May 2012. It will begin with an assembly of participants in Brussels at a hotel at the airport and end with a return flight from Frankfurt Airport. The area to be covered by the tour will pinpoint the locations of the major events of the Battle of the Bulge. I will be going, accompanied by my two sons, daughter, and a grandson. It will be a treat to once again be in the company of those folks who live in Belgium & Luxembourg. They certainly do roll out the red carpet for the American veterans who return. Once you meet them you will realize how grateful they are to the Americans who restored their freedoms.”

**The tour mentioned on this page not sponsored by the 106th Infantry Association.
It did lead to a donation to the 106th Infantry Division Association.*

NEW CD #5 due out Next Year

Jim West and John Schaffner are once again undertaking the huge task of putting together another CD containing more of the history and stories of the

106th Infantry Division.

If you still have a story to tell, contact either of these gentlemen and let your tale be told.

From the editor of The CUB of the Golden Lion

Hello, my name is William A. McWhorter and I am the editor of *The CUB of the Golden Lion (The CUB)*. I am an admirer of your outfit and hope that I can assist in keeping open the lines of communication for our Association. Please send news items that you would like reviewed for potential inclusion in upcoming issues of *The CUB* to me. Whenever possible please send them to my email address (williammcwhorter17@gmail.com).

If you do decide to send them via postal mail, if possible, please **TYPE OR PRINT** your messages (it helps me get names spelled correctly). Thank you.

Board member Tom Hoff would like you to contact him if you are interested in serving on a future Board of the 106th I.D. Association. Tom's contact information is tjhoff@milesaheadmedia.com and is also located on the inside cover of *The CUB*.

Just a reminder . . .

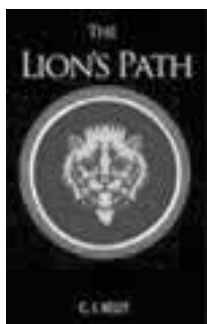
If you have pictures and information you would like included in a future *CUB*, the due dates are as follows:

- For the edition that comes out in AUGUST each year all material is due by JUNE 15
- For the edition that comes out in DECEMBER each year — to include pictures from the reunion — all material is due by OCTOBER 9
- For the edition that comes out in APRIL each year all material is due by FEBRUARY 15

Articles and pictures can be mailed or emailed to:

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The Lion's Path

By C.J. Kelly

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

Available at Amazon.com or barnesandnoble.com

Yes, I Am Proud to Have Served the 106th

By Herb Clark (422/Cannon)

Golden Lion Herb Clark (422/Cannon) submitted the following letter to readership of the CUB.

“I am an old timer, assigned [during the war] to Co 422nd of the 106th Infantry Division. Prior to that, in the Spring of 1944, I was a member of the U.S. Army Specialized Training Program, the ASTP, [along with fellow Golden Lion] Ralph Nelson.

I was assigned to a Cannon squad, and was a jeep driver. [But getting there late] all the “clicks” were formed, so I was on the outside looking in. Just before shipping out to the ETO, I finally started to be accepted more. [However, things started to get better], on December 11, 1944, I was assigned to a four-man log cabin. We served during the Battle of the Bulge, forward of St. Vith, and on the 18th or 19th, as

possibly the last weapons carriers we had to pull out of our positions and head for Veilsdam. There we were told to get breakfast and return to St. Vith for another load.

[As many of you know, the battle went on.] Out of the 3,000 of us from the 422nd, I was one of 32 not killed, wounded or captured. Truly a lucky son of a gun—as I survived the good, bad and ugly. Yes, I am proud to have served the 106th. One high point was to drive General Perrin up front a couple of times. He was a wonderful officer and gentleman!!

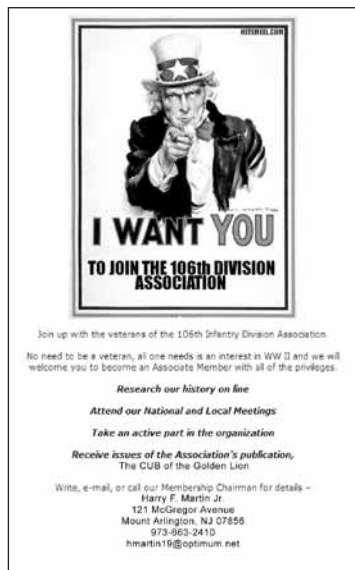
My goals are to check out at book value. No reason to be the last Bulge survivor—turn out the light and shut the door, just join my bride who died in 1981.”

Jim West and the www.IndianaMilitary.org Website

Non-Veteran member Jim West has created an excellent Web page at the following address: <http://www.indianamilitary.org/106ID/Cubs-106/InfoRequest.htm>

It is hoped that this new webpage will increase awareness of the 106th Infantry Division Association and perhaps our membership. Check it out at your earliest convenience. To join the Association visit: <http://tinyurl.com/join106th>

Jim West has been adding photos to the website’s roster. He is nearly finished going through all the old issues of *The CUBs* and will start adding names from other sources, such as the Camp Atterbury Photo Album. However, he will not be able to find every veteran’s photo without your help.



Join up with the veterans of the 106th Infantry Division Association. No need to be a veteran, all one needs is an interest in WW II and we will welcome you to become an Associate Member with all of the privileges.

Research our history on line
Attend our National and Local Meetings
Take an active part in the organization
Receive issues of the Association's publication, The CUB of the Golden Lion

Write, e-mail, or call our Membership Chairman for details -
Harry F. Martin Jr.
121 McGregor Avenue
Mount Arlington, NJ 07856
973-963-2410
hmartin16@optimum.net

continues on the top of the next page

If you visit his website, listed above, and a photo is not shown for an individual, and the family has one available, all they need do is email him a scan. Preferably a single person and not in a large group, and accurately identified. You can email Jim West at his new email address

jimdw@centurylink.net.

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

Where is the 10th Anniversary (Reunion) “Record”?

From Association Member Jim West

In the April and May 1962 issue of *The CUB* (pictured here), Jim West found notation of a “record” (which we interpret as an audio recording) made of the 10th Anniversary Reunion. He would like to know if *The CUB* readership has any thoughts on the location of this

“record,” or for that matter, the possibility that the St. Vith dedication ceremony recording mentioned in this article might have also been turned into a “record,” and where a copy might be. Here is the text, mentioning the “record.” *Dr. De Laval (a dentist who in the usual European fashion is referred to as ‘M. De Laval’) recorded the whole ceremony, inside and out and has given it to me. It will probably not be the same speed as the States, but perhaps I can have it made into a record as I did the 10th Anniversary record. The Army made a sound picture of the entire outside ceremony and will contact me when it is ready so that I can show it at the Convention.*

If you have any tips to share with Jim West, please email him at jimdw@centurylink.net.

II Memorial erected by an Association on the grounds of the events it commemorates.

The Memorial will be used for assembly purposes by the College. Through an arrangement between the Association and the College, the Memorial and the grounds on which it stands will be perpetually maintained in a state of beauty worthy of the bonds between the Belgian and American peoples and the brave men honored by it.



— U. S. Army Photo
Belgian Army bugler sounds “Last Post” during dedication as color guard stands at attention

A GREAT DAY AT ST. VITH; A GREAT DAY FOR THE 106TH DIVISION

Saint Vith — In an interview after the dedication ceremonies honoring the men of the 106th Infantry Division who lost their lives during the Battle of the Bulge in the Saint Vith area more than sixteen years ago, Memorials Chairman Doug Coffey offered the following random comments:

All went well, more than we could possibly have expected under the circumstances. The actual dedication was wonderful, though a trying event for me. Any member of the 106th Division would have been proud of the ceremony and would have choked up as I did.

We had a grand luncheon fit for a king with cocktails and wine during the meal, an excellent meal, cigars and cigarettes afterward.

Contrary to Al Gericke’s criticism, I and many others I spoke to including

General Baker, Colonel Harmon, and Major McMahon, Jr., feel that we got more than our five thousand dollars worth. The memorial is not being defaced in any way, and all mentioned the fact that this is not a dead memorial like most or a pile of rocks but a monument that will live, because the back of the monument is being used and should be used.

It was really a thrill to see the place surrounded by Ceremonial flags, the American and Belgian flags on the monument, the color guard with the American flag and our flag flying in the breeze.

Of course I had a nice talk with General Clarke and General Baker. I was very pleased to see General McMahon’s son. He looks exactly like his father. Colonel Harmon was up from Verdun. He was commander of Company A, 81st Engineers with headquarters at Auw in 1944. He sends his regards to Jim Wells, Tom Riggs, and the other regulars of the 106th that belong to the Association.

The director of the College knows the history of our plans for the monument better than I do, who started it all.

Anyone who thinks you just say “Have a dedication,” and you have it, knows from nothing. This thing had to be run like Army maneuvers. You can’t imagine how many people we had at the site doing things. Contrary to the usual Army Snafu, each one knew his job and did it. Each and every one involved deserves a “Well done.”

Dr. De Laval (a dentist who in the usual European fashion is referred to as “M. De Laval”) recorded the whole ceremony, inside and out and has given it to me. It will probably not be the same speed as the States, but perhaps I can have it made into a record as I did the 10th Anniversary record. The Army made a sound picture of the entire outside ceremony and will contact me when it is ready so that I can show it at Convention.

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Chevalier de la Legion d' Honneur — “Knight of the Legion of Honor”

*By Christian W. de Marcken, Secretary and Historian of Chapter XXII,
Central Massachusetts Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge*

Fourteen years ago as I retired from Norton Company, my wife Jeanne and I decided that we would devote our time to help Veterans retrace their steps through their Battle of the Bulge's battlefields. We bought 158 books concerning the Battle of the Bulge, most of them signed by their authors, who we met at conventions or at their homes.

Mr. Chester Wenc (424/B) and his wife Janice accompanied many other veterans, who would come to our home to review their WW II experiences. On that first day “Chuck,” as Chester likes to be called, said to my wife, “It’s no use for me to talk about these past experiences, you would not understand what was going on.” When Jeanne answered, “I was there in the combat zone all through the war, if I cannot understand, who would?” he opened up. For the next two hours Chuck related many of his sad and terrible experiences. It was an eye opener for all of us. I decided to retrace Chuck’s steps through the battle.

I was able, thanks to my fluency in the Belgian language, my four and a half years of experience in Belgium during WW II, and my background as a special investigator in the United States Military Police to literally trace Chuck’s path from the Siegfried line, back into the Saint Vith area. Then to his Company B’s various actions as support of an



Mr. Christophe Guilhou, Consul General of France pins medal on Chester Wenc (424/B)

armored Battalion, then in support of a Airborne Company in the areas of Ennal, Spineu, and Logbierme, Belgium in December 1944. Chuck was scheduled to accompany me with two of his Central Massachusetts Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge friends for a tour of their battlefields in Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg in May 2008. Unluckily, Chuck developed a heart condition which did not permit him to fly to Belgium. We nevertheless went to his battlefields and took pictures of many of the Memorial Monuments, which were erected by the grateful Belgians around Saint Vith and other locations.

A year ago I heard from a veteran living in Worcester, MA, who had been told by another veteran, who lives in Florida, that the French Government was giving out the very prestigious French decoration called: Chevalier de la Legion d' Honneur, “Knight of the Legion of Honor” to living American

veterans who could prove that they fought in France. After calling the French Embassy in Washington, D.C., I was told to contact the Consulate General of France in Boston, MA. The latter gave me the requirement necessary to apply for such a highly regarded award. Having listened to Chuck's war experiences, I knew that he had fought in the Metz area of France. It took some doing to gather the appropriate documentation, which proved that he had fought in France. These documents were reviewed by the Consul General of France in Boston; then the whole file was sent to the French Embassy in Washington, D.C. for approval. Finally the documents were sent to Paris, France, for final investigation and approval to be signed by Mr. Nicolas Sarkozy, the President of France.



Chester Wenc (424/B) and his wife Janice at their home in Grafton, MA

for whom we had been able to gather all the necessary documents required by the French Government. Ninety-six people showed up to honor our eleven veterans. The ceremony was enhanced by the presence of Congressman James P. McGovern, Senator Stephen Brewer, General Leonid Kondratiuk, a representative of the Governor and Vice Governor of Massachusetts, a representative of Senator Scott Brown, and Mr. Michael O'Brien the Worcester City Manager. Lunch was offered at O'Connor's Restaurant on West Boylston Street, Worcester, MA. At least five different newspapers had reporters and photographers record this very unusual and very emotional ceremony.



Eleven recipients of the Legion of Honor. From left to right: William Ford, John Kreckler, Richard Woolson, Francis Gaudere, Charles Kady, Helen Rusz, Joe Landry, Dorothy Barre, John Judge, Arthur Hubbard, and Chester Wenc

In early November last year we were called and notified that we should arrange a special ceremony to be held on November 29, 2011, at which time Mr. Christophe Guilhou, the Consul General of France, would come to bestow the decoration to all the veterans

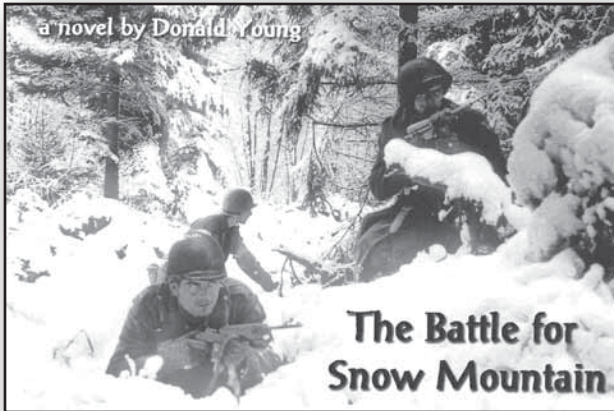


Francis J. Gaudere, 30th Inf. Div., Joe Landry 776th Anti Aircraft Artillery Battalion, Chester Wenc (424/B)

THE BATTLE FOR SNOW MOUNTAIN

by Donald Young

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



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

“I’ve never read a more powerful WW II novel than *The Battle for Snow Mountain*.”

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

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

WALLACE WOOD, BOOK REVIEWER

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

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

My Service During World War II

By Vernon Brumfield (589 FA/C)

Golden Lion Vernon Brumfield of the 589th Field Artillery, Battery C submitted the following article about his service:

I was born in a rural community, in which farming was the major occupation and cotton was the chief money crop. The name of the community was Darbun, Mississippi. During the school year of 1943–1944, while a senior, I received a message from the Uncle Sam Draft Board to report to Camp Shelby, Mississippi on November 15, 1943, exactly one month after my birthday. I complied with the instructions. I reported and was given my basic rights. He stated and I repeated, “I do.” I’m in the army now.

I received my basic training at Fort Bragg, N.C. Oh yes; I will never forget my arrival upon Fort Bragg. There was snow everywhere, being only a few days before Christmas, and Bing Crosby was singing *White Christmas*, several of the men started crying. I was sad to see their reaction. I didn’t realize then that the Fort Bragg incident was nothing in comparison to the events that would occur in the future. In April of 1944, I was sent to Camp Atterberry, Ind., to join the 589th F.A. Battalion Battery C, 106th Division. Army trucks met us at the station in Indianapolis, Ind., and brought us to the camp. In the back of an army truck on the way to camp is where I met Ed Malone, a mountain of a man and my big brother, or protector. Maybe he thought this country boy needed all the help he could get, and you know, he was right.



Moving Forward

We either completed our responsibilities at Camp Atterberry, or Uncle Sam needed the 106th elsewhere. We were sent to the Port of Debarcation in Boston, Mass., then across the Atlantic to England. While in Boston, I recall three outstanding events in which I was implicated. One, my name was placed on the board to report for duty K.P., “kitchen police.” I had the honor of cutting butter all night long. Never did I believe that I would eat any more of that fatty substance.

The second event to take place was me being informed to report to the quarter master department, Sergeant LeMasters, to get everything prepared for the big trip across the Atlantic, I entered the building from one end and the good Sergeant was walking toward the old stove like he had been on a drunk the night before. He gave a command, “Make a fire!” I didn’t appreciate the tone of his voice and also I didn’t feel very well, for it was cold. I ignored LeMasters and again he gave the command; only this time he gave it with more emphasis and dressed it up with a few choice words.

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Sergeant LeMasters' action angered me and I answered by stating, "If you want a fire, build one yourself." The Sergeant reached into his pocket, pulled out a knife, opened the blade and proceeded to march in my direction. I assume LeMasters was going to force me to obey his command. I sidestepped the knife and the good Sergeant landed on his back due to my assistance. He replied that I had broken his back and that he was going to have me court marshaled. Ed Malone entered the building during his aggressive move and observed the event. Malone proclaimed that if LeMasters brought charges, then he would testify on my behalf that it was self-defense because he was attempting to cut me with a knife. LeMasters dropped the charge and did not report the incident. I heard later from some of the men that Brum beat the hell out of LeMasters.

The third event in Boston caused me and others some difficulty, because no one enjoys an all-out inspection. You know the procedure all G.I. articles have on display according to regulations, but this inspection was different from all the others. They were looking for one particular item: a pair of underwear "shorts." I made a preparation on a previous inspection and detected that someone had borrowed or stolen a pair of my shorts. I proceeded to replace the article by robbing Peter to pay Paul. I understand that no good soldier ever came up short in equipment; therefore I replaced the missing item by stealing another pair of shorts. I removed the ink number and replaced the number with my own, 7037. The soldier without his drawers

reported the incident. I heard the officer proclaim that whoever committed the crime would be severely reprimanded. I was depressed and worried about the possibility of the blurred number causing me problems. The soldiers were upset and angered about the inspection. I'm not sure, but this was probably the first underwear inspection in the history of the U.S. Army. The inspection team examined and re-examined every pair of shorts in the unit. During the first round of their inspection tour they found nothing to indicate any wrongdoing. However, on the second round, I had the inner feeling that one of the officers noticed something suspicious, but he smiled and moved on. Oh, it was such a relief to escape the humiliation.

Europe, Here We Come

We departed from Boston Harbor on the U.S.S. *Wakefield*, destination unknown. We arrived in England around Southampton where we remained for about two weeks, prior to crossing the English Channel to Normandy. I didn't enjoy the British invitation and I'm sure, under different circumstances, they would have preferred we'd remained at home. The climate was unique, causing wet pants and socks in the morning. Black-out and robot "Buzz" bombs were enough to warn one of the conditions in a strange land. We crossed the English Channel in LSTs prepared for action. In spite of the turbulent weather conditions, we landed at Normandy, went up the Seine River to Rouen, France, across Belgium, and on to the front line in Luxembourg to defeat Hitler's Third Reich. The members of General Courtney Hodges' First Army

entered the “sacred soil” of Hitler’s Third Reich and moved to the Siegfried Line where we made our stand to defend an area of about 24 miles. The division was entrenched atop the Schinee Eifel.

Battle of the Bulge

General Von Rundstedt in the Battle of the Bulge made a final desperate attempt on December 16, 1944, to break through the allied lines to reach the channel ports and Paris. He took advantage of foul weather, which grounded allied planes. The heavily wooded terrain in the Ardennes and strategic surprise would give them the opportunity to accomplish their objective to regain supremacy of Western Europe. During the early hours of December 16, I was awakened from a peaceful sleep by German tanks and mortar explosions. Soldiers dressed and began to disburse in all directions. Some of the members of Battery C tried to eat breakfast, but to no avail, as the kitchen utensils were vibrating and some of the men were seeking protection under the dining tables. I didn’t enjoy the meal and decided to report to the field phone behind the 105 MM Howitzer.

That afternoon, Col. Kelly ordered the commanders to defend our positions across an open field. I was stationed behind a machine gun in a semi-fox hole with some protection along the inner area of the Ardennes forest. I looked eastward for approaching Nazis along the open field of snow. It was difficult to locate the moving targets in the snow, because the Germans camouflaged their uniforms. Sporadic firing occurred along the line all afternoon. I was surprised when I looked to my left and observed

our buddy, Corporal Rhinebrick, behind a 50-caliber machine gun and as white as snow. I yelled to Rhinebrick that this action was like a wild west picture show. He replied, “Brum, you will change your tune after a while.” My thoughts and concepts changed drastically. Soon thereafter, one of the men was hit in the back by a piece of shrapnel. He yelled and screamed for several hours. I think this event awoke me from my dream and I began to realize that I was in the middle of another phase of World War II, or maybe the destiny of humankind.

Volunteered to Get Ammunition

In the later afternoon, approximately one hour before dark, Malone came to my position and stated that we were nearly out of ammunition. I replied by stating, “Why in hell doesn’t someone go and get ammunition?” Malone replied, “Brum, I informed Captain Rockwell that I would volunteer.” I was surprised, but I accepted the challenge and departed after arrangements had been made for a replacement at my position. Malone and I moved westward toward St. Vith; the objective was to get the necessary equipment back to the front lines. We moved through the forest and snow-covered terrain for about one hour and came in contact with a Sergeant and a dozen of his men. I believe the Sergeant stated they were from Battery B. He proclaimed that his unit had been in a firefight and they were going to St. Vith. The sergeant assumed command and we proceeded along a valley, until we approached an elevated region. We detected the possibility of an ambush.

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The group leaders outlined the strategy. We were to move across an open area, (the moon was shining brightly) at a distance of fifteen to twenty yards apart. The sergeant stated he would go first and moved out. Four or five men were ahead of me, but they refused to move after the leader had gone beyond thirty yards. I exclaimed, "If you are afraid, move aside so that I can pass!" Malone was behind me and stated, "Brum, I will follow you." As we were crossing the open areas, I heard a sound to my left and immediately I fell into the snow. Simultaneously, the Nazis opened fire, killing or wounding most of the men in the group. The sergeant, Malone, another GI and I escaped the massacre, but we were under fire all night on the side of a hill.

The next morning I couldn't locate anyone. I had slept for about an hour before daylight. I couldn't believe I was alone, and where was Malone? I got out of the foxhole that I had dug during the night. With gun in hand, I moved across the hill to a farmhouse. As I approached the house, I identified about twenty-five or thirty American troops. A colonel appeared and shouted, "Anyone here in the 589th Battery C?" Another soldier and myself answered and he stated, "Your outfits have been either destroyed or captured; follow me." The colonel moved toward his jeep and took his position in the front seat. His driver was sitting behind the wheel and the motor was running. He moved fast because this was an opportunity to ride back to safety. We left the farmhouse, again moving westward toward St. Vith. We traveled two or three miles and came under the assault

of artillery or mortar fire. One of the explosions forced the jeep off the road into a snow bank. The driver tried to get the jeep back on the roadbed, but was unsuccessful because of too much loose snow. The wheels were spinning and shells were exploding. We jumped out and pushed the jeep back onto the road. While under fire, I realized that individuals under severe stress will react in different ways. That Colonel was a fighting man. He proved his courage. I am sorry that I never heard or asked his name. He had no identification on his uniform. Thereafter, we continued our movement westward and joined another unit in a wooded area to reorganize and move toward St. Vith.

The third day of my western retreat was not as eventful as my preceding experiences. We established a camp in a wooded area for protection and began to reorganize the dislocated personnel. The commanding officer attempted to contact other units to obtain assistance in order to establish a fighting unit. The morning of the nineteenth, we departed from the camp area in a convoy. The convoy consisted of about 15 trucks, escorted by about 100 infantrymen. We traveled westward toward Belgium for about three hours, through valleys and over hills in the snow covered terrain. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. I was sitting in the back of a covered truck, next to the last truck in the convoy. Then suddenly, the fury of the German tanks and artillery bombarded the convoy. Immediately after the first bombardment, I jumped from the rear of the truck onto the ground and rolled to the bottom of the ravine (approximately 50 to 60 yards), then I looked

up to observe the annihilations. I saw balls of fire from the German tanks and guns. American soldiers were flying through the air. The trucks had been destroyed and were burning. The sounds and vibrations were beyond description. I trembled and prayed. Then, by some supernatural force, I moved under the cover of underbrush to the other side of the hill into a wooded area. As I moved up the hill, I found a wounded soldier. I picked up the casualty and carried him with me to safety.

We were constantly under fire as we moved northward into the forest. The tops of trees and branches were falling as the Germans continued their assault. I staggered on with one arm around the waist of the wounded GI and his right arm around my neck. We pressed on until late afternoon, traveling northwest to my destination. Later, I located a medical tent. The Red Cross tent was visible in the light of the afternoon sun as we moved westward through the Ardennes. I asked the unknown soldier if he could walk alone to the medical unit and he stated, "Yes." After I had traveled about 150 yards, I looked directly to my left and observed my wounded friend as he entered the medical unit, which became consumed by fire. His body was blown to pieces. The Germans had made a direct hit on the medical unit. I exclaimed, "Good Lord, have mercy upon us." The hand of God, or some inner force, was directing me as I continued to move northward. I finally approached an area in which I heard voices, and after some recognizance, I detected they were Americans and joined the group, which was a motor pool of American soldiers.

German tanks and troops surrounded the motor pool in the Ardennes during the night of December 19. Several hundred Americans had assembled on this hill in the motor pool. Sporadic bombardment occurred throughout the night.

Prisoner of War

The next morning, the German commander of the tank corps launched a direct assault for several hours. To prevent a massacre, the Nazis dispatched an officer waving a white flag to discuss terms of surrender. The German officer was shot and killed; the flag of truth was ignored. Thereafter, the enemy bombarded us for eight hours, a rain of destruction. We were at their mercy. It was a miracle that any of us escaped alive. The Commander must have had some compassion for mankind, because another officer was sent to negotiate surrender. I do not know when the discussions started or ended because I fell asleep, due to exhaustion.

On the morning of the 21st, I was awakened by a German trooper who stuck me with a rifle. He was standing over me with a bayonet approximately 12 inches from my heart. The German soldier commanded me to discard my rifle and to move toward another group of Americans who had been disarmed and captured. This was one of the most embarrassing and humiliating events of my life. I marched from the Ardennes, a prisoner of war in Hitler's Third Reich. As I moved from the motor pool with about 500 other Americans, I was angry, depressed, hungry, and exhausted. I had slept only about six hours in the past five days, and I had barely eaten anything.

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We march to Stalag IV-B in Muhlberg, a British prisoner of war camp, where we were interrogated. The expedition to Stalag IV-B was a horrendous experience. We marched three days and nights without food or sleep. Wounded soldiers fell out and some were left behind to die. Other soldiers tried to obtain food by digging snow and earth from storage areas. We found potatoes and were lucky if we returned to the column before the guards inflicted bodily harm. The German civilians would take our shoes and overcoats and mistreat us as we passed from town to town. I moved to the middle of the marching column and was not harassed as many of the weary American soldiers were. The fourth night of the journey, we were forced into railroad boxcars like cattle. There was not enough space for all of us to sit, and the smell was deplorable. There were no bathroom facilities available. I do not recommend this kind of trip for a vacation. The British Royal Air Force strafed us the first night of this ordeal. They killed two soldiers in my boxcar and wounded one beside me during this raid.

Prison Camp

We arrived at Stalag IV-B about the middle of January. Upon arrival, we were interrogated by the Gestapo. The secret police lived up to their name by demonstrating their brutality. Two Americans tried to escape prior to our entrance into the compound. They hid under a building and the troopers turned their police dogs on to the men. The dogs literally tore the prisoners apart. It is difficult to observe that type of scene, but helpless to assist. The

guards marched us into the compound and forced us to remain in formation throughout the night. I nearly froze; my feet were cold, I was hungry and exhausted, but I never lost my determination to live and to survive the ordeal. Several of the men fell into the snow, only to meet a greater tragedy from the guards. The next morning, I passed through the interrogation center. We were searched and relieved of all valuables. I escaped the search with my wristwatch. The watch had an elastic band and I pushed it up my arm, which was covered by my coat. I traded the watch to the British for cigarettes, and then exchanged one cigarette for a piece of bread that helped me to survive and to alleviate starvation. Most of the British at IV-B were captured in the African and Italian campaigns. They were pessimistic and accepted their role as being prisoners of Germany the rest of their lives. They quoted, "We will never get out of here." I didn't enjoy discussing the future in a negative tone. I had great aspirations to return home to the United States, and I had faith God would aid me throughout this tragedy.

I remained at the British Non-Commission Officers Camp at Stalag IV-B for about one week. Then I was sent to Leipzig, Germany to a slave labor camp where we repaired railroads that had been destroyed by American airplanes. The allies bombed Leipzig on an average of four times daily. The city was a main artery in moving troops and supplies to or from the American or Russian fronts. The Germans proclaimed that the Americans had destroyed the railroads and the Americans would repair the tracks. We worked from sun up to

sun down. Sometimes our work hours were determined by the destruction of the main lines, and frequently we worked through the night. Early one morning we were transported by rail to Halle, a town approximately 25 or 30 miles from Leipzig, to repair the railroad track that had been destroyed the previous day. We arrived around six in the morning; the sun arose in the east as usual, and we observed the beauty of the day. Then, around seven, it became cloudy and visibility was difficult. The Americans had dropped a smoke bomb prior to a low altitude raid. Suddenly the Germans sounded the alarm and mass confusion prevailed as fighter planes struck the city and the railroad junction. Civilians throughout the area ran for protection along with some of the prisoners. The guards started shooting as we fled for cover. I fled to an area next to a lake about a mile from the junction, only later to have a guard join me. We observed the water in the lake, jumping up and down due to the bombardments. The raid lasted only a short period of time, but the railroad yard had been destroyed. In fact, one locomotive engine had been thrust by the concussion of the attack onto a shattered building one story high. It was an excellent example of power and destruction during war. The removal of bodies and debris was not beautiful; our day had been one of despair. Thank God we survived another day.

One afternoon we were returning from work and marching in formation to the compound, I began to whistle a tune. I heard the guard give a command but didn't realize he was talking to me, therefore, I continued to whistle. All of a sudden I had been knocked into the

snow. The guard hit me in the back with the butt of his rifle. I got to my feet and was circling the guard in preparation to attack. One of the prisoners grabbed me and pulled me back into the group. Today I believe that was a good move, because the guard had his bayonet pointed in my direction and ready for action.

The Germans informed us that we would receive more food on the work projects outside of the prisoner-of-war compounds. They did not inform us that we would not receive Red Cross parcels or that we would be subjected to no protection during air raids, but we didn't have a choice and were forced to comply or suffer. I believe we would have endured incarcerated life to a great degree in a permanent location. Our ration consisted of one small piece of bread and three potatoes; most of the time they were defective or rotten. Occasionally the railroad officials would prepare a soup after a bombing attack, provided that some type of animal had been killed and enough was available for the prisoners. The soup was usually millet, skin or bone. We received about one cup each. Lack of food was a problem and the Americans often discussed menus. This angered some of the prisoners and it brought about conflicts. One morning after the cup of hot water, bread, and potatoes had been issued; the guard accused two Americans of stealing a small jar of jelly. The guards used a large stick and whipped the prisoners to death. They also forced us to observe this atrocity.

In the middle of April 1945, the allies were moving toward Berlin. We heard artillery fire from the West and knew

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the Americans were on the way. The Germans moved us from the city of Leipzig toward the east just before the arrival of the Allied Forces. We marched for nearly two weeks to the Eble River. The bridge across the Eble was blown up the night of the 24th, which prevented us from being liberated by the Russians. The morning of the 25th at ten o'clock, I saw a jeep, then two jeeps, with fifty caliber machine guns mounted on them and rolling towards us. A few shots were fired and the guards threw down their guns, which were picked up by ex-prisoners, and additional firing occurred. Some of the guards lost their lives. We were free men; a day of rejoicing, because we had been liberated from Hitler's Third Reich. The freedom of man, do we really appreciate its significance and its value? God bless the USA. I moved eastward from the Eble River, after liberation, seeking a German guard—the one who had knocked me down with the butt of his rifle. I confiscated a bicycle from a German girl and rode from town to town. After one week, I gave up the search because we were to be air lifted to Camp Lucky Strike in France to return to the greatest nation on the planet: the United States of America. The Western coast of France, Camp Lucky Strike, was used as a rendezvous for ex-prisoners of war as they assembled from various Stalags from Germany. After VE Day, the Americans attempted to build up our strength before we crossed the Atlantic by feeding us raw eggs and milk. I remained at Camp Lucky Strike for about two weeks, crossed the Atlantic to Norfolk, Virginia, then to Hattiesburg, Mississippi on my way home. I did not inform my parents of my arrival in the states. In fact, they

hadn't heard anything from me since they received the telegram that I was missing in action. I walked through the front door of my parents' home and they nearly fainted. I was home for sixty days and then reported to Miami, Florida for recuperation. I remained in Florida for about one week and was sent to Fort Still, Oklahoma, where I was discharged December 1, 1945.

I entered college under the GI Bill in 1946. I received a B.S. degree at the University of Southern Mississippi and did graduate work at Louisiana State University. I married my childhood sweetheart Eleanor Willoughby December 25, 1947. We have two children Beverly Dianna Brumfield and Wendell Milton Brumfield and 6 grandchildren. My wife and I have taught school for forty years. We retired in 1986, and we are enjoying the Great Freedoms in our democratic society. I thank God for the United States of America and the democratic freedom we enjoy. We pray that future generations will preserve, protect, and defend this great nation, The United States of America.

I have summarized my experiences on the battlefield and my period of incarceration. I would have to write a book to describe everything in detail. In outlining my experiences, it may appear that I was at the right place at the right time to escape death. I sincerely believe that God saved my life. I prayed the Lord's Prayer and quoted the 23rd Psalm. Yes, I made requisitions to God, and he preserved and protected me throughout my tribulation. I thank God, and today I glorify his name because he interceded in my life and made it possible for me to live.

Memorial To “The Last Five Hundred Men”

Submitted by Herb Sheaner (422/G)

Golden Lion and current first Vice-President of the 106th Infantry Division Association, Herb Sheaner (422/G) submitted the following article.

Mr. Sheaner, his wife and son landed in Brussels, Belgium on a beautiful October day in 2011. After renting a car, two and one half hours later they were in the wooded hills of the Ardennes Forest where the 422nd and 423rd Regiments faced the onslaught of the German Offensive of December, 1944. According to Mr. Sheaner, “We had lodging there, of all places, in the small village/town of Bleialf, where we were to meet Carl Wouters the next day. Bleialf was the town behind our lines to the south and to the west of the 422nd and 423rd’s frontline positions where the Germans, with superior assault troops, took Bleialf early on in the battle and at the same time easily took Schoenberg, a town that was also behind the lines of the two regiments to our northwest. The Germans then quickly took the road from Bleialf to Schoenberg and the two regiments were trapped.

Mr. Sheaner added, the next day, we met Carl, his fiancé Sofie and his dad in front of our beautiful lodging/restaurant in Bleialf. Our greetings were warm and



Photos of the plaque Herb “Mike” Sheaner, Carl Wouters and Sofie left at Hill 576, where the Lost 500 held out in the 422nd Regimental Motor Pool. It’s a simple wooden plaque that Carl hand engraved and varnished. “But I felt it provided the brave men of the 106th Infantry Division with a special recognition.”

sincere. Carl is a Belgium who adopted the 106th Infantry Division early on. He was a young school boy when he was first taken to the battle area and learned of the demise of the 106th Infantry Division. He fell in love with the Division and learned of its difficulties and hardships. Today he is our Belgium 106th Infantry Division Liaison and local Historian, a very mature twenty-three year old young man with a keen respectful interest in the men of the 106th Infantry Division.

After a short introduction, we drove east out of Bleialf on the road toward Prum, Germany. A short distance out of Bleialf we stopped at a road coming from our left that dead-ended at our road. Here we got out of our cars and Carl said, “The road to our left is ‘Skyline Drive,’” and it was at this place and up the road on which we were traveling that the Germans had a clear view of movement on the road.

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I remember as the 422nd Regiment was going to its positions during the early evening darkness over this road, we stopped our line of trucks and proceeded to go over this high point on the road, traveling one truck at a time over the hill. This was the area where German “eighty-eights” had shooting practice on American moving vehicles. We did not receive a shot . . . may be, they held up shooting for their “Big Offensive.” The area is void of trees, so it was a real “road hazard.”

A bit further up the road we stopped at a vacation-spot restaurant for lunch. Across the road in the woods, from where we were, Carl told us that the 423rd Regiment occupied pill box positions in the old German Siegfried Line in the woods along the road on which we were traveling. After lunch we traveled further east into Germany moving along the line of 423rd positions to our left. We turned left on a road, where now, the 422nd occupied old German Siegfried Line positions and then we turned left again, going down a forest trail where we came to my Company “G” position with its German concrete bunker. We were the last company of the 422nd before reaching the cavalry group that held positions some “uncovered” two miles distance to the north of our position.

The old German pillboxes/bunkers had been blown up by the French . . . still we examined them and they are still there. Next, we went to Schlaussenbach, 422nd Regimental Headquarters, where I found the barn across from headquarters—where I had my last meal, breakfast—torn down and a small building set there. In the earlier morning

of December 17th, on orders, Company “G” left its frontline position and was ordered back to protect Schlaussenbach. Here, Carl spent some time speaking to the Germans that occupied the old headquarters house. They knew nothing about the war. They were new to the area.

Next, we drove to the area where the last men of the 422nd and 423rd regiments were surrendered on December 21, 1944. I was there. We were hungry, without sleep, cold, numb, without food, with little or no ammunition, no fire support, no medical help for the wounded and facing the promised deadly fire of concentrated German artillery that evening of December 20th. Our officers voted to save what was left of our surrounded Division and surrendered us, December 21, 1944, 8:00 A.M. It was here, this October day, 2011, that Carl Wouters memorialized the spot where the last of the four hundred to five hundred men of the surrounded 106th Infantry Division were surrendered and saved. Carl nailed a memorial on a tree at the spot where the decision was made. I was asked to sign it as a member of that surrendered group. It was a moving moment. It was a place that I will never forget . . . this moment and the moment of December 21, 1944. The memorial is still there and awaits the arrival of any survivor to sign his name to the new 106th Infantry Division Memorial.

Thanks to Carl Wouters for his kindness and for this memorial and for his love of our historic 106th Infantry Division during the 1944 “Battle of The Bulge.” The photos were submitted for this article by Carl Wouters, Association Belgium Liaison and his fiancé Sofie.

Bill Mauldin US Postal Service Stamp

Submitted by Murray Stein

The United States Postal Service (USPS) deserves a standing ovation. Bill Mauldin got his own postage stamp. Mauldin died at age 81 in the early days of 2003. The end of his life had been rugged. He had been scalded in a bathtub, which led to terrible injuries and infections; Alzheimer's disease was inflicting its cruelties. Unable to care for himself after the scalding, he became a resident of a California nursing home, his health and spirits in rapid decline. He was not forgotten, though. Mauldin, and his work, meant so much to the millions of Americans who fought in World War II, and to those who had waited for them



to come home. He was a kid cartoonist for *Stars and Stripes*, the military newspaper; Mauldin's drawings of his muddy, exhausted, whisker-stubble infantrymen Willie and Joe were the voice of truth about what it was like on the front lines.

Mauldin was an enlisted man just like the soldiers he drew for; his gripes were their gripes, his laughs their laughs, his heartaches their heartaches. He was one of them. They loved him.

He never held back. Sometimes, when his cartoons cut too close for comfort, superior officers tried to tone him down. In one memorable incident, he enraged Gen. George S. Patton, who informed Mauldin he wanted the pointed cartoons celebrating the fighting men, and lampooning the high-ranking officers to stop. Now!

He won the Pulitzer Prize, was featured on the cover of *Time* magazine. His book "Up Front" was the No. 1 best-seller in the United States. On March 31, 2010, the USPS released a first-class denomination (\$0.44) postage stamp in Mauldin's honor depicting him with Willie and Joe.



