

THE ARDENNES * THE RHINELAND * CENTRAL EUROPE

The CUB

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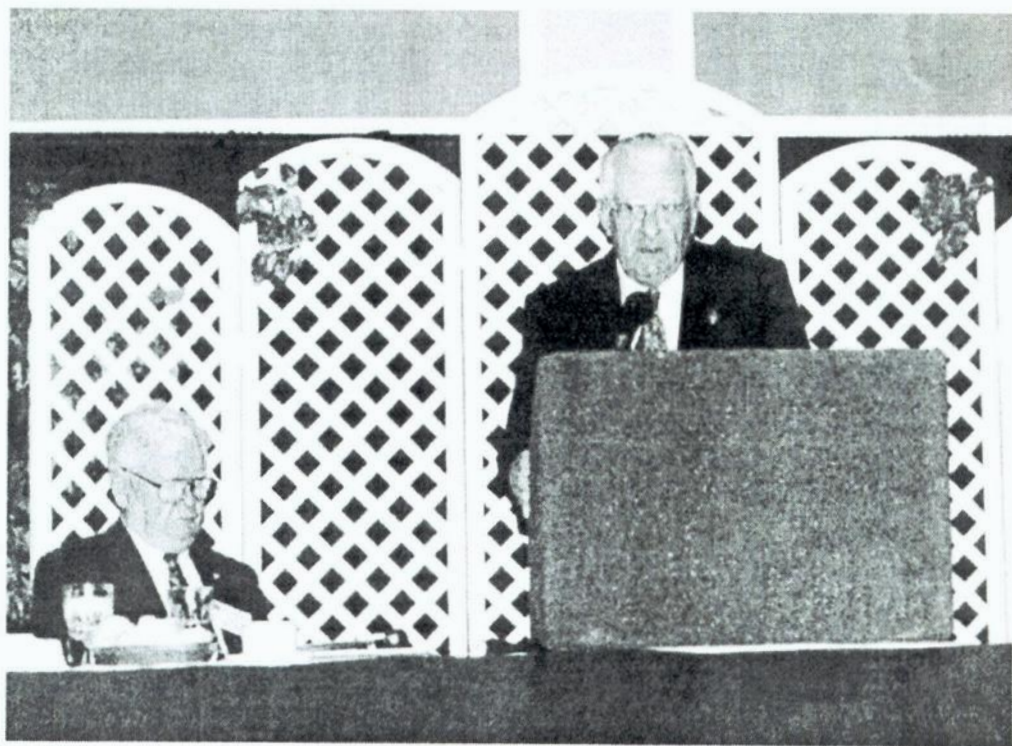
*The Veterans of the
106th INFANTRY
DIVISION*

of the

GOLDEN LION

Vol 59 - No. 1

OCT - NOV - DEC 2002



56th Annual Reunion of the Golden Lions

Holiday Inn - Hampton, VA. September 18-22 2002

John Schaffner "A" Battery, 589th FAB, incoming year President, at Podium

Joseph Maloney, 424/HQ, President year 2001/2002

presiding over the 56th Annual Reunion

The CUB

*A quarterly publication of the
106th Infantry Division Association, Inc.
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Membership Fees

Life Vets/Associates ... \$75 Auxiliary \$15

Annual Vets/Associates... \$10 Auxiliary \$2

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President's View . . .

To all members of the 106th Infantry Division Association:

It is with humility that I accepted the invitation to serve as your President for the year 2002-2003.

Already, even before our reunion was over, some of you have volunteered your services and proposed your ideas to me in support of our Association.

I appreciate that more than you can imagine. It is YOUR Association.

If you know of anything that should be done, or NOT done, to benefit the Association, please let us know.

Working together in support of our Association is our aim. To lend our talents for the benefit of our members is our mission. That is why we are here.

I am looking forward to another successful year and to meeting again with all of you next September for the 57th Annual Reunion at The Drawbridge Inn & Conference Center, Fort Mitchell, Ky. (Greater Cincinnati Area.) Reserve the days of September 10 – 15, 2003, on your calendar now.

Past-President Joe Maloney gave me a tough act to follow at Hampton, but we will do our best to provide the best of times for you.

You will be interested to know that at the Board Meeting at Hampton a proposal was passed that will allow the Association to spend the amount of money needed to establish an attractive memorial for the 106th Infantry Division POW's at the Andersonville, Ga. National Historic Site. The chairman of our *Memorials Committee*, Dr. John Robb, 422/D, is currently at work on this important project.

The ball is rolling. Our men who became prisoners will not be forgotten.

Director, Harry Martin, 424/L, is now the *Mini-Reunions Chairman* and will be encouraging all of you to participate in a Mini-Reunion in your area. These meetings are more important every year as traveling longer distances becomes more difficult for us.

I thank you from the heart for being there for OUR Association.

May God bless and keep us all in good health until we meet again.

John R. Schaffner, 589/A
President 2002-2003
106th Infantry Division Association



John R. Schaffner, President 2002-2003
106th Infantry Division Association
"A" Battery, 589th Field Artillery Battalion
1811 Miller Rd, Cockeysville, MD 21030-1013
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Email: ddtrueman@yahoo.com

The 106th's "Red" Prendergast told this incident to Studs Terkel:

We had two platoons, maybe sixty men. We were in this huge forest. This was the Ardennes - the Schnee Eifel, snowy mountains. We were fighting on the run. We had no food, no vehicles, no ammunition.

We had no place to run because they were behind us too. ..So there I am wandering around with the whole German army shooting at me, and all I've got is a .45 automatic. Snipers were a big problem. They shot a major right out from under me.

It was always protocol for the lesser rank to walk on the left of an officer. So he insisted I walk on his left.

Of course, the whole German army knew that lesser ranks walked on the left. The major got one right through the neck. There are times when pride goes before a fall. There are times when, despite protocol, humility is the better way.

How vividly Red's story illustrates this truth.... "He **INSISTED** I walk on the left." A little more humility might have saved that major's life. Proverbs 16:18, "Pride goeth before destruction," was literally true for that Major.

That is the way we are to conduct our walk through life with God. The prophet Micah wrote: "He hath showed you, O man, what is good; and what does the Lord require of you, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God."

To walk with God ! Walk with God! Is there any way one can do that other than humbly? To walk with God requires, absolutely requires, humility. Many of us may be caring people, doing justly to others, extending mercy...but life is completed when we come alive spiritually - and walk with God. Only then is life fulfilled.

Fortunately, it is always possible to experience that rebirth - from the natural to the spiritual, says the Word of God. It is never too late. Every new day is a day to begin !

"I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord, and they shall be my people and I will be their God." (Ezekiel 18:31)

Chaplain's Memorial Message . . .

Yesterday's Heroes

*56th Annual Reunion Memorial Address
Holiday Inn, Hampton, VA
September 10-18 2002*

The Civil War ended in 1865, but it wasn't until 1997 that the last shot was fired. Two young boys were playing around with a metal detector when they came across a live shell dating back to the civil war.

At first they didn't know what it was, but their uncle called the police, who exploded the shell in their yard, creating a crater four feet by five feet. The uncle said "It was the last shot fired in the civil war."

Isn't it amazing that 132 years after the end of the war, its weapons could still be alive and capable of destruction? Yet that seems to be the nature of war ... Its effects linger on in the lives of people for many generations.

One of the most famous pictures from world war h must surely be the photo of five valiant marines raising the American flag on Iwo Jima. The young man in the center of that photo was John Bradley.

After the war he moved back to Wisconsin, married his high school sweetheart, and raised a family. Although he won a Navy Cross, like most of us, he preferred not to talk about the war.

And he absolutely refused to accept the hero worship that others tried to force upon him. In response to remarks about his heroism, he replied; "The heroes of Iwo Jima are the guys who didn't come back."

No, John, it's not just the dead who are the heroes. Death was too often just an accident of time and place. The hero was every last man who looked death in the face and, for the sake of a cause or a brother, stared it down

Still. We do, yet today, honor those men who didn't come back ... Those who have left us in the intervening years ... They all gave their last full measure of devotion. Heroes All!

It's interesting to see the concept of heroism coming back into fashion since last September. The editor of Esquire magazine wrote to over 200 prominent people asking them about their ideas on heroism. Most who wrote back said they weren't even sure what a hero was. Actor Paul Newman wrote, "I'm embarrassed, but I have no heroes that I know of.."

What makes a hero? Is our culture so superficial that we no longer recognize heroic qualities? Pulitzer prize winner Daniel Boorstein said this about the difference between heroes who we don't recognize, and celebrities who we do.

"Celebrities are people who make news, but heroes are people who make history"

The qualities of heroism are Eternal Self-sacrifice Courage Duty Honor.
Those qualities are God given.

Author Harold Coyle once wrote; "No man is expected to be A hero every day. No soldier is expected to willingly march into every battle ready to die. We are not like that."

Wrong. We were like that, every one of us. Every bitter day of that great battle we were heroes... Ready-to-die heroes.

Not wanting to die, but willing to die... Especially for each other.

Heroes ... We just didn't know it.

Chaplain's Memorial Message . . .

Sgt. John Ellery of the 1st division wrote;

"My contribution to the heroic tradition of the U.S. Army may have been the smallest achievement in the history of courage. But at least, for a time, I walked in the company of some very brave men."

In the Bible there are two main words for love. We translate them both L-O-V-E. Phileo and agape. Phileo refers to brotherly love ... An affectionate bond between people. Agape refers to unconditional, sacrificial love. Not once are we commanded to have just brotherly love toward one another, but repeatedly we are commanded to have agape. **Sacrificial love.** That's what heroism is made of ... Agape ... Sacrificial love.

Newscaster Sam Donaldson, interviewing a young American private during desert storm, asked. "How do you think the coming battle will go? Are you afraid?"

The private replied; "We'll do okay. I'm not afraid cause I'm with my family and we take care one another."

Do you think that private would be willing to lay down his life for those he called his family? Of course he would. He would be called a Hero and Heroism is made of Agape.

One of the most inspirational Memorial addresses related to *The Battle of the Bulge*, was delivered a year ago by General William E, Carlson. He spoke mostly about the average GI. **The Infantryman...**

The *Brave Rifles*, as we are called. He attributed victory not to the strategy of the High Command, but to the extraordinary valor of GI.'s there on the battlefield.

Though these excerpts are long, they're worth hearing. All I've changed are a few pronouns; "You are the soldiers who, when your officers lay dead and your sergeants turned white, held the enemy at bay. For a brief moment in history, you men held our Nation's destiny in your hands. You did not fail us. You blew the trumpets that toppled the walls. Yours was the face of Victory

Victory in the greatest battle ever fought by the United States Army.

But the cost of victory was high. There on that cold brutal field of battle 19,000 young Americans answered the Angels' trumpet call and had their rendezvous with death.

We look into the mirror of the past and we remember them. In the muffled cadence of memory only, they go marching by, and we salute them.

Over 23,000 American soldiers were captured during the heat of battle ... Prisoners of war who staggered in tattered columns as they were marched to German Stalags. There they were forced to serve behind barbed wire in silence and with courage... Each in his own way, until the war's end.

Amid the serene hills of the Ardennes to this very day, reposes the dust of American soldiers listed as missing or unaccounted for. Those known only to God, who were left behind, never to return. There on that field of battle they perished and disappeared as though they had never been. History cannot record their deeds, for it knows not even their names.

Look at you - old soldiers gathered here. You are yesterday's heroes. Veterans bound together with a bond as strong as right itself and as lasting as a lifetime.

With your fellow warriors on that field of battle, you followed duty's call and lived the code of the soldier... Duty... Honor... Country.

Chaplain's Memorial Message . . .

We look afresh into the mirror of the past as we come together each year, and we do remember. We all do remember. In the muffled cadence of memory, those comrades of old still march by... A ghostly battalion. In spirit we march with them as we marched long ago.

In spirit we warm our hands at their campfires once again. We accept a welcome cigarette. And those times when they notice our hands shaking from the horrors of the day, they offer that secret bottle of Armagnac saying, "Take a swig, buddy."

Oh, we do remember the ghosts of yesteryear. Sometimes we wish they'd go away, those ghosts of yesterday, but they are as precious to us as we in this place are to each other. If they were to march out of our memories, we would be poorer indeed, and a vacant place would exist in our lives.

Bt that will not happen. The ghosts of yesteryear will not march out of our lives. They all come back to us. Everything always comes back to us.

Sergeant George Thompson wrote;

"When I'm home by myself at night, it all comes back.

I'll hear the noises, the shells exploding. I stay awake thinking about it."

In the thousands of cemeteries throughout this land, and in the sacred plots of ground in cemeteries far from home, rest the remains of those ghosts of yesteryear.

They were our comrades, our companions. Our families... sometimes our saviors. God gave them to us.

Over the entrance to one such cemetery in another land, these words appear
"Tell them we gave our today's for their tomorrows."

Tomorrows are always bought with a price... and heroes are the ones who pay the price.

My brothers –

You are the heroes who, one terrible Winter long ago, made history... and bought the world a "Tomorrow." ~

Dr. Duncan Trueman Chaplain

106th Infantry Division Association

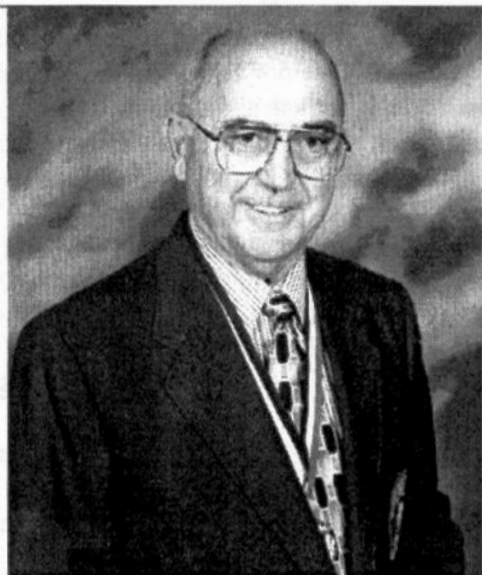


Dr. Duncan Trueman, Chaplain, and wife Grace with John Schaffner newly elected 1st Vice-Pres.

Donations

Since Jul-Aug-Sep 2002 CUB
Your generosity is appreciated.

<i>Daniel, Charles T.</i>	2
<i>Robert Edwards</i>	25
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<i>William/June Streeter</i>	10
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<i>IN MEMORY of Bill Dahlen 591/SV-----</i>	
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CUB Editor's Report

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Editor's Note:

I am always making apologies for being late. The fact is, I am busier now than when I was working full time at my regular job. The Web Site takes a lot of my time. But we get a lot of new members from that site. So bear with me. If there is a "due date" that date is the middle month of the tri-month date stamp. Oct-Nov-Dec means I should mail The CUB in November, etc.

This issue contains a GREAT story by John Califf, 423/I&R Platoon, about his return to the battleground. It will be in two parts, one now, the next in the February issue.

MARK YOUR CALENDER

January 12, 2003. Watch Oliver North's WAR STORIES on the FOX Channel. 7:00 P.M. Central Time.

I was honored to be interviewed and furnished some background material for that show.

NOTICE

John Roberts, 1st Vice President, Nominations Committee Chairman and Mini-Reunion Chairman for the Michigan delegation wishes to REMIND all.

PLEASE notify us if you have any change of Address, Telephone Number, Area Code Number and/or ZIP Codes.

The cost to the Association is 2.16 for each CUB magazine that is returned because of a bum address.

Best way to save us money is for you to be sure to send us your change of address.

The other items are important also. They help us operate more efficiently, keep us from calling information for telephone numbers, etc.

AGAIN, any changes of address, phone numbers send those changes to the CUB editor/Membership Chairman

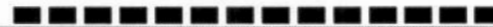
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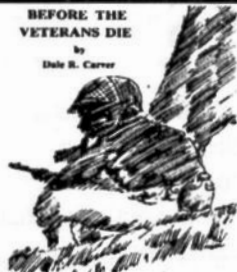
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BEFORE THE
VETERANS DIE

by
Dale R. Carver



In Memory of Dale Carver

Poet Laureate of the 106th Inf Division Association

424/HQ 3rd Bn A&P Platoon leader

Silver Star recipient 1945

61 pages - \$8 + \$2.50 S&H

% Ruth Carver

742 Druid Circle

Baton Rouge, LA 70808

PRISONERS

*"Keep your men away from the wire," was all I wanted to say;
The guards are green and jumpy - there's going to be hell to pay."
At the sight of the broken commander, at his dumb look of despair,
humanity welled within me and I pitied him sitting there.*

*I saluted the colonel prisoner - I was a lieutenant then -
and said to him slowly in English, "Please sir, control your men.
Keep them away from the wire; already too many have died.
Though the war for you is over and you are on the loser's side,
duty still calls; stand on your feet.*

I'll be a Man in victory; you be a Man in defeat."

*"You have lost a war; no malice I have won.
If there is a way I can help, call and I will come.
The future will demand from us the finest we can give;
both of us are Men, Sir; with courage we will live."*

If you were a Prisoner of War and do not belong to AX-POW!

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**For information on who we are and what we do, contact us at
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3201 E. Pioneer Parkway, Suite 40, Arlington, TX 76010

Fone: (817) 649-2979 *** Fax: (817) 649-0109

email: pow@flash.net

MINI-REUNIONS

Recognizing that every member of our Association cannot attend the annual reunion for various reasons, the next best thing is to have one in your own neighborhood. If you have ever thought that it would be fun to get together, have a nice meal, shoot the breeze with real friends, and go home realizing that you had a good time, then let me share with you how you can make it happen. Say to yourself, "I want to make that happen!"

1. Select a place that will host your group. Get prices and menu.
2. Write or call our Cub Editor, John Kline, and request a list of Association members in your area. He will do that, and he will print sticky labels for you to use for a mailing or start off small if you want to and just telephone what appears to be the logical or interested members. Those that you call may call their buddies and the chain reaction begins.
3. Do step 2 well in advance of the date, which is usually December 16th. Write a short letter of announcement indicating what to expect, the cost and a return of their intentions and a check to you by a specific date. Your meeting place will need to know how many to expect.
4. If at all possible, provide someone to speak to the group. You will be surprised that many qualified speakers will jump at such an opportunity.
5. After the meeting be sure to send John Kline, CUB editor, copies of the group photograph. Usually taken with a men's group and ladies group. It's also O.K. for a mixed group. Just be sure to identify the participants that are in the photo.

I have organized mini-reunions for a few years now and have found that, after the first one, it is a piece of cake. Get someone to work with you. Associate members are not excluded from doing this. Look forward to encouraging results and know that fellow veterans will deeply appreciate the opportunity for such an enjoyable gathering.

There may be some questions or guidance needed,
If so, feel perfectly free to contact me at the above address, or telephone number.

Harry F. Martin, Jr.
National Mini-Reunion Chairman
106th Infantry Division Association
121 McGregor Avenue
Mt. Arlington NJ 07856
973-663-2410

HELP TO KEEP OUR ASSOCIATION ALIVE!

106th Infantry Division Association - PX Items . . .

Send Order to our PX Manager John Gilliland, address below

No credit cards - make your Checks payable to:

John Gilliland
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If you call seeking information please refer to the line number of the item listed below.

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- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. Cap, ball, mesh back, adjustable, 106th Logo/Washington | \$10.00 + \$3.50 S&H |
| 2. Cap, ball, mesh back, adjustable, 106th Logo/WW II Memorial | \$12.00 + \$3.50 S&H |
| 3. 106th shoulder Patch, duplicate of original, 2½" | \$3.00 PP |
| 4. Patch, pocket, etc. 106th Inf. Div. Assn., 4" | \$3.00 PP |
| 5. Flag Set, US & 106th w/base, miniature (limited) | \$10.00 PP |
| 6. Address Index, expandable, magnetic, credit card size,
w/106th Logo, Gold, Nice! | \$3.00 PP |
| 7. Decal, 4", like 4" Patch, peel and stick | \$2.00 PP |
| 8. Decal, 4"x 6", 106th Logo on Red & Blue Flag, peel & stick | \$2.00 PP |
| 9. Decal, 4" x 10", Combat Infantry Badge (CIB), peel & stick | \$2.00 PP |
| 10. Decal, 1-3/8", Lion's Head, 60 to sheet, peel & stick | \$3.00 PP |
| 11. Lapel Pin, Hat, etc. St. Louis, w/106th Logo (15 left) | \$3.00 PP |
| 12. Lapel Pin, Hat or tie or dress (raised Gold) in red & blue circle | \$3.00 PP |
| 13. Lapel Pin, same as above - with bar and chain for tie tac. | \$4.00 PP |
| 14. Scratch Pads, 5" x 8", (50 sheets) w/106th Logo, Battles, etc. | \$3.00 PP |
| 15. Planner, Two Year, pocket size, w/106th logo (Nice) | \$3.00 PP |
| 16. Windbreaker, lined, Blue w/106th 4" patch on left front XL and XXL | \$ 25.00 + 4.50 S&H |
| 17. T/Shirt, Jerzees w/ colored Artist Photo of 106th Logo and WWII Memorial on front
Med, Large and Xtra Large \$12.00 - 2X \$14.00 - 3X \$15.00 Plus \$3.50 S&H each | |
| 18. Colored Artist Photo, 8x10 inch, suitable for framing | \$2.00 each PostPaid |

Your choice showing: 1 World War II Memorial 2 106th WWII locations, as detailed on
Afghans. State your choice and how many you want. Order both at this low price.

LIFE MEMBER



**106th
Infantry Division
Association**

**Marion Ray
D/424th Inf. Regt.**

**MEMBERSHIP
PLAQUES**

**Dark Lettering on
slightly dark Walnut
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Special arrangements have been made for Members, Associate Members and Families to purchase a beautiful laser engraved walnut plaque showing membership or service in the 106th Infantry Division Association. There are two sizes available, 9" by 12" for \$43.50 and 7" by 9" for \$33.00.

The Golden Lion Insignia on the 9" x 12" is 5" in diameter, on the 7" x 9" the Lion is 4 1/4" Price includes Preparation and Mailing.

There are three categories:

Select one: Life Member, Member, Associate Member. Provide correct spelling of name to be engraved. Provide unit in which member served in 106th Division.

Pay by Check, Money Order or Credit Card.

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Credit Card Purchases should include the following: Type of Card, (Visa, MasterCard, Discover) Provide the sixteen (16) numbers from the Credit Card as well as the Expiration Date.

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Payable to: Budget Signs, Trophies and Plaques

Cost of Plaques includes Preparation and Mailing . Approximately 30 days delivery.

56th Annual Reunion - Hampton, VA . . .

106th Inf Div Association - Treasurer's Report July 1, 2001 - June 30, 2002

<u>INCOME</u>		<u>\$22,714.90</u>
Members Dues	\$ 7,490.00	
Life Dues	3,520.00	
Auxiliary Dues	260.00	
54 th Reunion Surplus	4,555.62	
Interest Earned	3,605.45	
Donations	2,357.58	
Sale of St. With Books	289.00	
Sale of CUBS	5.25	
Sale of Labels	10.00	
Sale of Memorabilia	410.00	
Sale of Merchandise	212.00	

<u>EXPENSE</u>		<u>\$25,385.84</u>
CUB Expense:	\$14,134.79	
Printing.....	\$11,104.00	
Mailing.....	\$ 1,878.79	
Layout.....	\$ 1,152.00	
Postage	1,700.00	
Mailings (other):	1,176.65	
Reunion Packets	\$363.25	
Reunion /Registration Letters..	\$445.00	
Past Due Notices.....	\$368.40	
Telephone	1,341.74	
Office Supplies	1,936.08	
Computer Parts	215.78	
OGL Medals	366.00	
Flowers for Memorial Service	344.33	
Copies	51.33	
Liability Insurance	520.00	
Race Expenditures	3,000.00	
Bond for Treasurer	170.00	
Cost of St. With Books	398.89	
Cost of Battle Book	30.25	

GENERAL FUND ACTIVITY

<u>CHECKING & SAVINGS</u>	
Brought Forward	\$ 76,823.33
Income this Year	\$ 22,714.90
Expenses this Year	(-\$ 25,385.84)
TOTAL	\$ 74,152.39

CHANGE IN CASH POSITION

<u>GENERAL FUND</u>	
THIS YEAR	\$ 74,152.39
LAST YEAR	\$ 76,823.33
	(- \$ 2,670.94)

BANK BALANCES (June 30, 2002)

Main Street Bank (checking)	\$ 1,339.00
Edward Jones Co. (savings & CDs)	\$ 74,811.56
TOTAL	\$ 76,150.56

AS OF JUNE 30, 2002:

Number of Life Members.....	778
Operational Funds Withdrawn from Savings during Year:.....	\$ 2,347.17



ORDER of the GOLDEN LION

By John O. Gilliland, Chairman
Order of the Golden Lion Award Committee

Any **recipient** of the Order of the Golden Lion or any member of the **Association Board** may nominate a candidate for the *Order of the Golden Lion* (reference: pages 331-336 "The Cub of the Golden Lion: PASSES in REVIEW" or the "Officer's Field Book.")

The purpose of the *Order of the Golden Lion*, is to honor members who have rendered outstanding and exemplary service to "the Division" in peacetime, ie: President, member of the Board, Chairman of a Mini-Reunion or anything contributing to the welfare and enhancement of the membership for the Association.

Nominations, with reasons for the award, must be submitted in writing, and be received by no later than May 1, 2003.

Send to: John Gilliland
140 Nancy Avenue
Boaz, AL 35957-6060
1-256-593-6801

The Order of the Golden Lion
The ribbon is red, white and blue.
The medal either Gold, Silver or Bronze
Gold for Commander's Class
Silver for Officer's Class
Bronze for Companion Class
The terms "Commander" and "Officer" have no military meaning as to rank or association to any prior holding of such rank. The award is for services rendered to the Division Association, after the war. However, the ranks do designate an order of commitment, **Gold** the highest; **Silver** and **Bronze**.

The Order of the Golden Lion Medallion

**Presented at the final banquet ceremony
of the 106th Infantry Division Association's
56th Annual Reunion
Hampton, Virginia Sept 17, 2002**

This prestigious medal was awarded, to the following:
Orfeo Agostini, President 1989-1990: Commander's Class - Gold
John Gregory, President 1999-2000: Commander's Class - Gold
his wife Shirley, Companion Class - Bronze.
John Swett, President 1998- 1999: Commander's Class - Gold
Marion Ray, President 2000-2001: Commander's Class - Gold

Agostini and Swett were not present for this presentation.

(See page 19 for photographs)

56th Annual Reunion - Hampton, VA . . .

DIV/HQ		424/HQ			
106 MP	4	424/AT	1		
106 SIG	4	424/CN	2		
331 MED/HQ	1	424/SV	1		
331 MED/A	1	424/HQ 1BN	1		
331 MED/C	1	424/B	4		
422/HQ	1	424/C	2		
422/AT	1	424/D	8		
422/CN	2	424/HQ 2BN	1		
422/HQ 1BN	1	424/E	4		
422/A	2	424/F	3		
422/B	1	424/G	3		
422/C	3	424/HQ 3BN	1		
422/D	4	424/I	1		
422/HQ 2BN	1	424/L	3		
422/F	1	81ST ENG/	1		
422/G	4	81ST ENG/A	2		
422/H	11	81ST ENG/B	5		
422/HQ 3BN	1	Attached	1		
422/I	2	401ST FAB	1		
422/K	1	589th FAB	1		
422/M	5	589/A	4		
422/MED	1	589/B	3		
423/HQ	3	590/HQ	3		
423/CN	1	590/A	3		
423/SV	1	591/HQ	2		
423/HQ 1BN	2	591/SV	3		
423/A	1	592nd FAB	1		
423/B	2	592/C	1		
423/C	4	592/SV	1		
423/D	10	ASSOCIATE	18		
423/HQ 2BN	1				
423/F	2				
423/H	6	Grand Total	179		
423/HQ 3BN	3				
423/I	4				
423/K	3				
423/M	3				
423/MED	2				

Div/HQs & units	8
422nd	41
423rd	47
424th	34
81st Eng	7
589th FAB	7
590th FAB	6
591st FAB	5
592nd FAB	2
331 MED	3
Attached	1

Total Vets 179

Associates 18

Total Guests 157

Grand Total
336

Tours / Functions

Colonial	85
Air & Space	43
Thur Dinner	318
Men Luncheon	186
Friday Wharf	195
Sat Cruise	217
Sat Casmate	35
Sat Banquet	325
Registered	331

56th Annual Reunion - Hampton, VA . . .



Ted Basel and Group



Mr/Mrs Bernard Mayrhoth



Murray and Mrs. Stein



Gloria Ann & Herb Sheaner



**Adda RIKKEN (L), John Driscoll
Richard Idstein (sitting) his wife Geraldine
to the right, Driscoll is her brother**



**L/R Jim Mills, Gifford Doxsee, Louis Grivetti
& Wayne Troxel
All former POWs from Slaughter House Five
work Kommando**



**Men's Business Luncheon
l/r: Mike Zenn, Eugene Timm, Damon
Young and David Hunter**



Honor Guard at the Memorial Ceremony

56th Annual Reunion - Hampton, VA . . .



423/D Group -Tour Boat. Most had on special yellow shirts. L/R on the photo to the right: Ruth Yingst, Mike Zenn, Leona Hunter, Elaine Zenn, David Hunter and Mary Lou Marsh



**POW Display Desk
Paul Boschert (standing) Wendell Hoffmaster and Doris Jenks POW NSO and Roy Burmeister facing camera**



Some of the excellent orchestra players, that wandered through the dinner crowd. A fantastic young group of musicians they made your heart sing



Adda RIKKEN, GOUVY Belgium left, President elect John and Lillian Schaffner



Part of 589th group, standing l/r unknown, Roy Burmesiter. Sitting Jessica Kuizema, Virginia - Bernard Strohmeier, Nick Spagnolia



Dinner Cruise Ship



Vincent Gerard, his mother, Anne Marie from Belgium and Virginia Strohmeier, wife of Bernard. 589/B

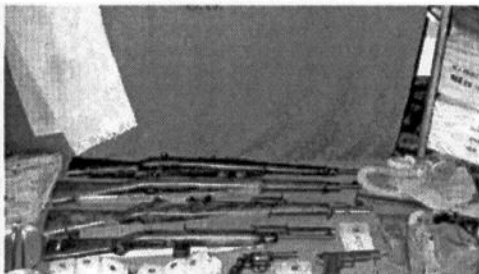
56th Annual Reunion - Hampton, VA . . .



**John Schortemeyer/ Michael Pumphrey
Army Equipment Display
Associate members**



**Donald Herndon, 424/L furnished a great
map display for the troops**



**Various WWII Rifles and personal
equipment**



**1/r Light and Heavy Machine gun
and BAR rifle**



Banzooka Grenades



Foot locker w/ Pinups Wow!



U.S. Army Field Phone



Donald Herndon w/ refreshments

56th Annual Reunion - Hampton, VA . . .



Silver Springs Orchestra
A fantastic young group presented
banquet entertainment



Strings, during final banquet meal



The orchestra members made their way through the diners during the final closing banquet



A young country dancer getting prepared to do her stuff



Another young country dancer doing her stuff! Donna Lee, our Armed Forces Reunions Coordinator



Pat Homan, white hair, wife of Bob Homan, 424/D, center, behind the dancer in a white shirt, and Ann Marie Keech, flowered dress. right, daughter of CWO Stan Bachmurski, 401st FAB doing their stuff!

Thanks to all you, for all the 56th Annual Reunion photographs. I could have filled *The CUB* with the numbers of photos I received. If your photos were not used, it doesn't mean that they were not appreciated. If I missed you in the following credits please let me know, I will give you special credits in the next *CUB* magazine.

Photographers: Wayman Troxel, 422/AT; Joseph Massey, 422/C; George Peros, 590/A; Herb Shearer, 422/G; John Gillespie, 422/C; Al Vitali, 424/B; Victor Breite, 422/I; William Yingst, 423/D; William Ivy, 422/H; Rinard Davis, 422/HQ 3Bn; James Mills, 423/I; Adda/Willy RIKKEN, Associates, Belgium; Frank Koehler, 424/D; Ray Twardzik, 106 SIG; Donald Herndon, 424/L. Special thanks to the GI's in the WWII display room, John Schortemeyer and Mike Humphrey, for the opportunity to view and photograph the real thing. Allows us to "show and tell" at home and say, "That's the weapon, uniform or equipment I used in WWII." Thanks John and Mike for your dedication to us guys from WWII.

New Members . . .

AALSBERG, JOHN - 81ST ENG/C
7441 MARGARET AVE
WEST OLIVE, NY 49560
Tele: 616-399-6455

Retired from the construction business.
Mission work with the Methodist VIMers.
Else, when home, I'm a beach bum, living
on the shore of Lake Michigan.

BACK, OLLIE J. 423/HQ 1st BN
419 Hiway 3408
Blackey, KY 41804

BEAL, THOMAS H. - 424/SV
5238 RIVER PARK VILLA DRIVE
ST. AUGUSTINE, FL 32092
Tele: 904-284-5250
Email:

BROWN, KENNETH H. - 422/H
10 MAPLE AVENUE
FREEPORT, ME 04032

CHINNICI, PASQUALE - 591/B
1801 E WALNUT ROAD
VINELAND, NJ 08361
Tele: 856-692-7410

GERARD, MICHEL - ASSOCIATE
31 RUE DE JENEFFE
4450 HORION-HOZEMONT
BELGIUM

GRAHAM, RICHARD B. - 423/AT
PO BOX 14338
COLUMBUS, OH 43214-0338

**IANNUZZI, JR., ALPHONSE
ASSOCIATE**
618 NACKENSACK STREET
CARLSTADT, NJ 07072

LAMBERTY, EDDY - ASSOCIATE
2/3 RUE CAPITAIN LEKEUX
B-6698 GRAND-HALLEUX,

LAZZORONI, ANTHONY J. - 590/HQ
412 SCARBOROUGH CT
NEW LEBONAN, OH 45345

MARTIN, WILLIAM T. - 424/C
23109 GLENBROOK
ST CLAIR SHORES, MI 48082
Tele: 586-296-5851

**MCCALLISTER, CLINTON
81ST ENG/A**
109 VIRGINIA STREET E
ST ALBIN, WV 25177
Tele: 304-727-7959

After I was captured we marched several miles day and night. We were put on a train, were horses had been. The train was parked on a siding and we were bombed that night. I was a small guy and they put me through a window. I opened the doors, with some help from some other GI. No one was hurt. Now if anyone remembers the name of the pills we got to give us a appetite at Camp Lucky Strike, France.

I can sure use some. I weighed 79 pounds when I got out of Stalag 9 B at Bad Orb

MEHR, JONELL - ASSOCIATE
66 BROOKSIDE DRIVE
NORTH KINGSTON, RI 02852
Tele: 401-884-4877

In a letter to Sherod Collins Jonell wrote: "My husband, Joseph, 424/I passed away Nov 2, 2001. We lost the love of our life and a true warrior. I related some of the things to John but not all. Just numerous big battles this man endured during his lifetime. He was always so exuberant and happy.

Editor's note: Jonell, it was nice to see you in Hampton. J. Kline

**MILLER, CHRISTOPHER -
ASSOCIATE**
1005 LOVELACE RD
PELHAM, NC 27311-8511
Tele: 336-388-2336

I think of myself as a "Bulge Buff." I am planning another trip to the Ardennes and would like to meet people that were there. I was at the 2002 Reunion in Hampton.

New Members . . .

MONFORT, EDDY - ASSOCIATE
15 RUE DE GOTTE
B-6960 MALEMPRE-MANHAY
BELGIUM

POWERS, KEITH - ASSOCIATE
23 LINCOLN ROAD
GERRARDSTOWN, WV 25420

REED, CHARLES E. - 424/F
8160 LAURIE LANE
LUMBERTON, TX 77657-6845
Tele: 409-755-1043

ROESCH, JAMES F. - 422/M
5201 RAYMOND ST NHCU
ORLANDO, FL 32803
Tele: 407-629-1599

SADACCA, JOSEPH
423/HQ 1BN
12056 MT. VERNON AVE #192
GRAND TERRACE, CA 92313
Tele: 949-673-9194

SHIPMAN, ELMER - 423/I
14102 E LINVALE PL #203
AURORA, CO 80014-3710
Tele: 303-632-7051

THOMPSON, TRUMAN B. - 591/?
5711 HENRY BAILEY RD
BUFORD, GA 30518

Awarding The Order of the Golden Lion (OGL)

See Page 12.

Sherod Collins OGL Committee-
man presenting John Gregory
Past-President 1999-2000
the OGL Commander's Class
and his wife

Shirley the OGL Companion
Class for services rendered to
the 106th Infantry Division
Association.

Joseph Maloney, sitting
President 2001-2002.

At the closing banquet of the
56th Annual Reunion,
Hampton, VA. Sept 2002



Marion Ray, Past-President
year 2000-2001
with his OGL Commander's Class
presented in the same ceremony as
above. The 56th Annual Reunion of the
106th Infantry Division Association.
Hampton, VA Sept 2002

Gus Agostini, President
Year 1989-1990
and
John Swett, President
Year 1998-1999
were also awarded the Order of the
Golden Lion, Commander's Class, but
were unable to be present for the
presentation.

(See page 12 for details on the
Order of the Golden Lion.)

RETURN and REMEMBRANCE

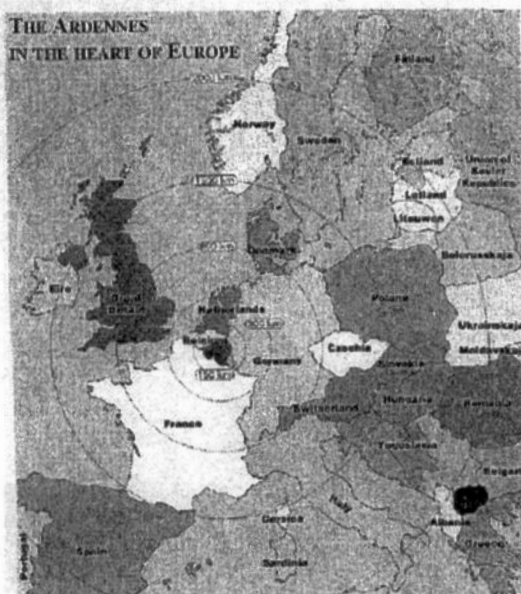


AN ALBUM OF A WAR AND TWO WINTERS IN THE ARDENNES

John Califf, 423rd Infantry I&R Platoon

423rd Infantry Regimental Headquarters
I&R Platoon 1944

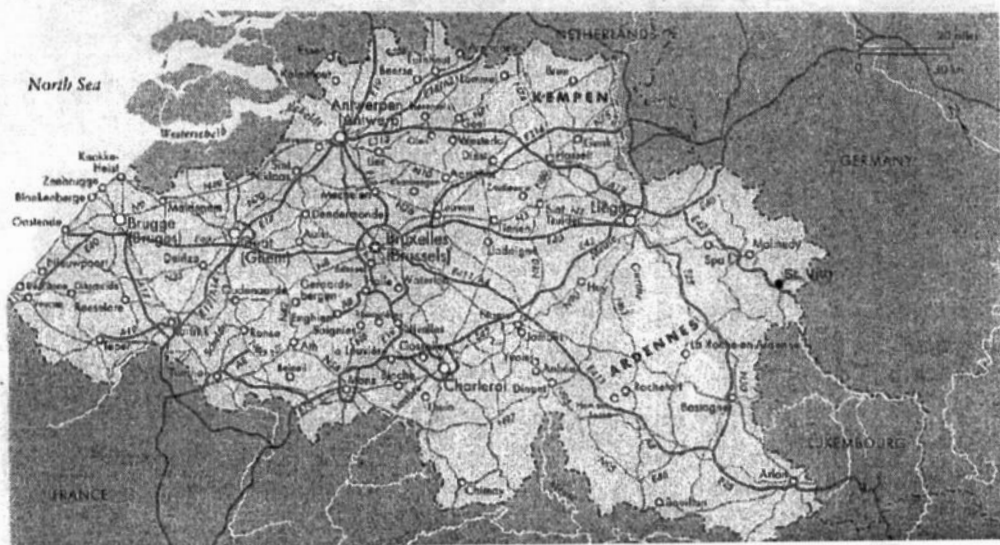




Where it happened



Interesting maps from Belgian tourism brochures and a travel guide have been included here to illustrate some of the information mentioned in the text. Two larger scale maps follow showing specific areas where the 106th Infantry Division and the 423rd I&R and Company A/424 were involved.



Return and Remembrance, John Califf, 423rd Infantry, I&R Platoon

General area of 106th Infantry Division activity in late December 1944 and early January 1945.



From a Michelin tour map, locations, above, mentioned in this story are marked with black dots. Areas circled are shown later in this story at a larger scale.

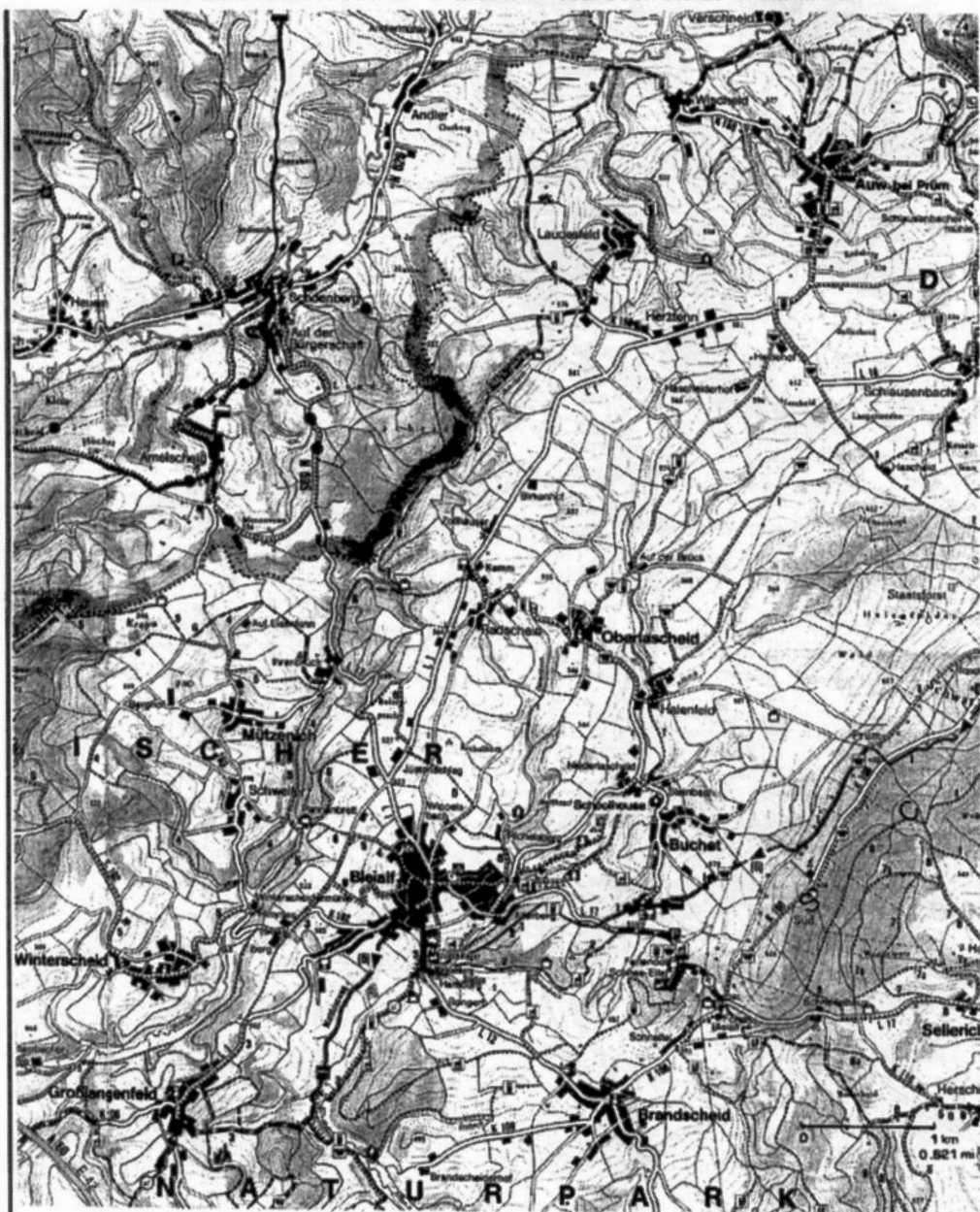
Return and Remembrance, John Califf, 423rd Infantry, I&R Platoon

From WANDERKARTE Nr. 17 des Eifelvereins,

Cartographer: KEB Landkarten, 56075 Koblenz, Germany

Printed by: Bastian Druck (Bastian Printers) 54347 Neumagen-Dhron

A popular hikers map depicting the area of the Ardennes where the 106th Infantry Division was in place during early December 1944. A beautiful full color map showing all the hiking and nature trails in the area. Also available in local book stores in that area.



This portion of Wanderkarte Nr. 17 shows the 423rd regimental area.
Note: 423rd headquarters was located in Buchet east northeast of Bleialf

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My return trip to the Ardennes, which resulted in this endeavor, was made possible by my son Rob. Either of my other two sons John and Jim, or my daughter Sis, surely would have done likewise had such an opportunity arisen for them.

With great patience my wife Sarah survived my greater impatience and bad temper to give me enough knowledge about the computer for this production.

Henri Rogister, CRIBA, made the arrangements for our tour and spent two days getting Rob and me through the snow, joined at times by Anne Marie Simon and Karl Noel and Christian Kraft de la Saulx. Adda and Willy Rikken welcomed us with warmth and food on a frigid night. Henri, Ann Marie and Karl along with Adda and Willy also spent much time and effort in providing many of the photos and maps shown here as did John Kline, editor of **The Cub**, the 106th Association quarterly.

Wesley Johnston, son of a 7th Armored Division veteran, supplied its combat interviews pertaining to the Bulge which helped to verify the participation of the 423rd I&R platoon in the action at St. Vith.

And my old I&R friend Dick Sparks reinforced Sarah in prodding me along to finish getting this material together after much procrastination on my part.

FOREWORD

Just surviving life in the ranks of the army was quite a struggle for one of my nature, but far worse was being in the midst of the greatest American battle and biggest preliminary setback of World War II in Europe. For many years afterward my only wish was to forget the army and the *Battle of the Bulge*, not to mention snow and freezing weather.

Then, as retrospective articles and books about that momentous event began to appear, my interest awakened and I started to collect material pertinent to it. Sometimes my thoughts would turn to the fellows who had been in the 423rd I&R (Intelligence and Reconnaissance) Platoon of the 106th Infantry Division. At the time of my assignment in the summer of 1944 at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, it had twenty-four interesting individuals, some in established cliques, but there was an overall friendly spirit and sense of pride binding all of us together. As the last man to join the group, I found several kindred souls and got along without any major problems. Just how I wound up there is another story, but the I&R was a good place for me at that time.

For more than forty years after returning to civilian life, I never heard a word from anyone in the I&R or the 106th, except for an exchange of letters in 1945 with Sam Davis, our company commander who had been a senior at Clemson my freshman year. Then during dinner one Sunday in the summer of 1989 a phone call came from Sam who had tracked me down through Clemson connections. He urged me to attend an upcoming reunion of the division.

Reluctance and health problems prevented attendance at that time, but Sam sent me a copy of an account of the exploits of the I&R platoon written by Dick Sparks while he was awaiting his discharge. Included in his account was my long forgotten sketch of a platoon emblem which we had wanted to paint on our jeeps. Reading Dick's account of our experiences altered my memories which had been rather distorted by trauma and bitterness and I looked forward to the 1990 reunion. It proved to be a most meaningful occasion, full of sentiment and camaraderie.

Somewhere there must be a study of war veterans which shows interest in the recall of wartime experiences and reunion with comrades to be rather low until about the age of sixty, then increasing and peaking in their early seventies. Such was our experience. Newsletters from Dick Sparks and **The Cub**, the publication of the division association, helped to create interest and attendance grew at the yearly reunions. Only three of the group have not attended at least once. In 1994 the peak for the I&R was reached when twelve of the sixteen living members showed up for the 106th reunion here in Columbia and held a get-together at our house.

In 1991 Dick Sparks expanded his account to include information from some of the others and printed the result as **A Walk Through the Woods**. Then Al Shoffit sent us a copy of the journal that he had kept during our training days at Camp Atterbury and an account of his experiences as a prisoner of war. These efforts made me think about putting together some of the material that I had been collecting to serve as a supplement to them in rounding out our story.

Stories abounded in **The Cub** about men from the division who had returned to the scenes of their ordeals in Belgium and Germany, guided by Belgians from that remarkable organization CRIBA. At several of our reunions there was some talk about going on such an expedition together, but nothing ever came of the idea. My son Rob, a cardiologist and director of the Clinical Research Institute at the Duke University Medical Center, had been working on medical studies which included Belgian doctors and went over there at intervals for consultations. We had talked about the possibility of my going with him sometime and venturing down to the Ardennes, but no definite plans had ensued.

Then in the fall of 1998 Rob called and said that he had a conference in Brussels that December and wanted me to go with him. My acceptance was not made without some apprehension about being over there in the Ardennes during winter, but it proved to be a really great experience. This album contains an account of the trip and photographs taken then, woven in with material both from my collection and from my Belgian CRIBA friends who continue to send interesting information, thus giving me a valid reason for my procrastination in completing this effort. Much of the material from the album has been reproduced in a different format for the men of the platoon, family and friends.

BACKGROUND NOTES

THE 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION

One of a hundred divisions authorized in November 1942, the 106th Infantry Division was formally activated at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, in the following March. A classic Roman lion's head in gold on a blue circular background rimmed with white and red was adopted as the division insignia and the troops were known as the Golden Lions. After ten months of basic and unit training there, it successfully completed winter maneuvers in Tennessee. Now at the height of its training efficiency, it was judged to be ready for battle and with some 13,000 men moved to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, to await shipment to a theater of operations.

Then came a sudden change in plans. With mounting battle casualties in Europe and the Pacific the Army from April through August of 1944 ordered 7,000 of these unit-trained men from the 106th to be sent overseas as replacements.

Return and Remembrance, John Califf, 423rd Infantry, I&R Platoon

Their places were taken by participants in disbanded specialized and flight training programs, personnel from replacement depots and volunteers from coast artillery, antiaircraft, military police and service forces. With only two months of retraining incorporating these newcomers, the division left for Europe in October.

After a brief encampment in the English Cotswolds it made a rough crossing of the Channel in the first few days of December and landed at Rouen. Then in miserable weather it proceeded across France and Belgium to the front lines just across the border in Germany. On December 11th this newly composed outfit replaced the veteran 2nd Infantry Division "man for man and gun for gun" along an overextended twenty-two mile front, almost five times the recommended divisional coverage, in the most vulnerable part of the Allied line from the North Sea down across Holland, Belgium and France.

The undertraining and the overextension of the 106th in this vital location, compounded by the lack of combat experience of its troops from its commander Major General Alan W. Jones down through the ranks, put the division at a disadvantage against the German breakthrough.

THE 423RD INFANTRY REGIMENT

In accordance with the Army tables of organization of that time the 106th Division had three infantry regiments - the 422nd, 423rd and 424th - along with artillery, engineer, medical and service components. Commanding the 423rd was Colonel Charles C. Cavender, who had been an enlisted man in WW I and was known to many of his troops as "Parade Rest Charlie."

Each of these regiments had three infantry battalions, an attached battalion of division artillery and cannon, anti-tank, service, medical and headquarters companies. In addition to the colonel, the regiment also had an executive officer and other staff officers in charge of its many functions. The working personnel for operations, communications, motor pool and intelligence were organized in headquarters company. The staff officer for the intelligence function was a major designated as the S2 and had a platoon at his disposal to do the work.

THE I&R PLATOON

Commanded by a first lieutenant with the assistance of a platoon sergeant and a radio chief, this intelligence and reconnaissance platoon was composed of two squads of twelve scout-observers, drivers and radiomen. It carried out patrols for the S2 near and behind enemy lines on foot and in jeeps with mounted radios and .50 caliber machine guns. In the 423rd many of the original platoon members lost in the replacement fiasco were succeeded by men from the abandoned specialized training programs with high scores on the standardized Army IQ tests.



1944: With my brother and our dog before going overseas

RETURN

HERE WE GO !

Rob's overseas trips are usually very tightly scheduled - overnight flight, ride from airport to hotel, conference at hotel, ride back to airport, flight home. On this occasion, however, he allowed an extra day after the conference so that he could go with me on part of the journey into the Ardennes. This meant two and a half days in Belgium and a tight schedule of my own to be worked out.

A close study of the area on a Michelin road map resulted in a logical division of the expedition. After an arrival at noon the first afternoon would be spent seeing some of Brussels, then St. Vith would be the crucial point for the next two days with the first day in the towns, hamlets and countryside to the east and the second in those to the west.

Accomplishing this goal would not have been possible without the help of the Belgian organization CRIBA "Centre de Recherches et d'Informations sur la Bataille des Ardennes" which means "Center of Research and Information on the *Battle of the Bulge*" [never Bulge in Belgium]. The 106th **Cub** magazine often praised it for, in addition to collecting material on the battle, taking returning veterans back to the places where they had been in 1944-45. When contacted through e-mail about my proposed itinerary, the secretary of CRIBA, Henri Rogister, immediately responded that it could be accomplished and detailed planning and coordination were carried through e-mail, somewhat easing my resistance to that medium.

A DIFFERENT CROSSING IN FIRST CLASS

In October 1944 our transatlantic crossing had been made on the *Queen Elizabeth*, awesome in size and magnificence, but packed with more than 15,000 troops. In December 1998 it was first class on an American Airlines 767 with luxurious space and seating, gourmet meals, constant attention and VIP lounges. It will be hard to face future air travel "on the other side of the curtain."



1998: Looking over a map of the Bulge area with Rob, my son, before returning there.

Return and Remembrance, John Califf, 423rd Infantry, I&R Platoon

Quite by coincidence, during that summer we had seen a large scale model of the *Queen Elizabeth*, at least thirty five feet long, in the lobby of a Myrtle Beach seafood restaurant. It was accurate down to the rivets and while studying it, a most personal experience on that spectacular ship came to mind. Our advance party from the 106th was one of several small groups aboard along with a full division of some 14,000 men. Somewhere along that seemingly endless stretch of deck rail was the spot where I had been when an ex-roommate at Clemson just happened to come up and lean on the railing next to me. Neither of us had known that the other was on board. We had stayed there and talked as long as we could, then reluctantly went back to our units. We never saw each other again; like more than ten percent of his classmates, L.O. Matthews didn't get back home.

The ocean voyage was marked by the constant vibration of the powerful engines and the odd rolling sensation of the hull in the water. Then one morning when we awoke the great vessel was still and the only noise was the raucous cries of seagulls coming through the portholes open to the harbor of Greenock, Scotland.

Inside of Captain Benjamin's, the *Queen Elizabeth*, huge even as a model, lay still forever. As we stepped outside, the cries of the seagulls echoed those of more than a half century ago. And my thoughts turned to L.O. and to the countless others who had made a one way ocean voyage.

HERE WE ARE !

Our flight to Brussels was uneventful, except for my experiencing the increasing luxury of first class travel as mentioned before. We left Chicago late at night and approached the North Sea coastline of Belgium in the morning. It was a strange, linear vista with the vertical cranes of the docks and shipyards separating the flat gray surface of the sea from the flat green surface of the land.

When we landed around noon, the sun had faded and there was a light dusting of snow to welcome me back. At the terminal we were met by a driver in a Mercedes Limo and whisked through the city to the Hotel Conrad International on the stylish Avenue Louise, the posh shopping area for clothing, antiques, chocolates and such. The Conrad had a sleek contemporary interior behind the classic facade of an 1865 mansion.

With only half of a snowy afternoon left in which to see the sights of Brussels we decided to concentrate on the old Lower Town, known as "The Heart of Brussels", containing the celebrated Mannekin Pis, the magnificent Grand'Place and the Centre Belge de la Bande Dessinee [Belgian Comic Strip Museum].

A WHIMSICAL FOUNTAIN, GILDED FACADES AND FLAMBOYANT SWIRLS

As we arrived at the Mannekin Pis, (see next page) the world famous bronze figure of a chubby little boy urinating into a fountain, it was decorated for Christmas and a crowd was standing around it listening to a brass quartet. Regarded as the city's oldest and most celebrated citizen, it was erected in 1377 as a public water source and has become a symbol of the Belgians' indifference to authority. For hundreds of years costumes have been given for it, some from kings and queens. They are displayed in a showroom close by and put on the statue on special occasions.

A narrow street alongside the fountain wound away for several blocks before suddenly bursting into the gilded splendor of the Grand'Place, perhaps Europe's most ornate public square. Faced on all four sides with elaborate Baroque facades and the



A Christmas concert with Mannekin-Pis, Belgium's most famous citizen.

Gothic tower of the town hall, this vast open space is the site of historical pageants, ceremonies, concerts, flower markets and seasonal celebrations like this one at Christmas time. The area was filled with rustic booths selling all sorts of holiday items and food. Shiny lights and decorations reflected off of the surrounding gilded facades.

Snow began to fall as young people rushed along gaily and older folk strolled by.

It was truly a beautiful place of history being used for the benefit of the people.

It is most fitting that amidst the general nonchalance which prevails in

Belgium, the comic strip should be regarded as an art form, housed in a museum which itself is an example of an art form, the Art Nouveau. A taxi took us into one of the commercial areas of the city and there standing out amidst some grimy mundane buildings were the flamboyant swirls and curves of the museum which Victor Horta had originally designed to house the showrooms of a hardware merchant before World War I. The interesting interior spaces had been skillfully adapted for museum use. My Mercury station wagon with its similar curving lines would have looked just right on display in the lobby.

That night at the hotel there was a "walk-around" dinner, a buffet with two dozen hot and cold dishes and seven desserts from all regions of the country varying from delicious to unusual, such as



Brussels' Grand place. a magnificent setting for many varied events.

eels and rabbits cooked in beer. The table conversation with Rob's colleagues from several European countries was most interesting and their regard for him quite rewarding to me.

THREE LANGUAGES AND A GREAT RAIL SYSTEM

About the size of Maryland, Belgium is divided into three parts by ethnic and lingual differences. To the north next to Holland in Flanders, Flemish, a derivative of Dutch, is spoken and in the southern region, Wallonia, the inhabitants have Walloon, a derivative of French. The Eastern Cantons, a much smaller area, once the western border of Germany and now the eastern border of Belgium, of course, speak German. The three areas overlap and many people speak two languages, some three.

Brussels lies in the overlapping region between Flanders and Wallonia and is a bilingual city with separate radio, television and newspapers in Flemish and French and commercial and public signage in both. This bilingual quality was quite evident the next morning with the TV and papers displaying big black headlines, **La Neige** in French, and those short, odd words in Flemish, with predictions of the heaviest snowfall in many years, particularly in the Ardennes. A repeat of that fiendish winter of 1944-45 had been just waiting for my return.

Henri had written me to take an early train to Liege and go in his car to the Ardennes. He had confirmed this plan in a telephone conversation the night before, but after looking out at the deepening snow in the hotel courtyard and getting the weather reports, I put in another call. He was not at all concerned. "Come on. I will be at the station". That was to be his unflappable attitude throughout the trip which eased my apprehension about driving conditions.

My taxi (a smaller Mercedes) slushed through six inches of snow to the Bruxelles Midi station where my introduction to the sensible European rail travel system began. The Midi station was a cavernous structure with heavy steel arches curved in a modern industrial version of Art Nouveau. Trains to and from Liege came at half hour intervals; my ticket was for the 7:21. A great little bakery in the station provided hot coffee and fresh rolls right out of the oven. At exactly 7:21 the train pulled up and off we went on the sixty mile ride to Liege.

The coaches were clean with no graffiti and had comfortable seating and fold-down tables for eating and working, good features for the majority of the passengers who appeared to be students going back and forth between the universities in Brussels, Leuven and Liege. Even at that early hour, they were as lively and spirited as they had been on the night before in the Grand'Place, Accenting their attire were long woolen scarfs looped nonchalantly around their necks and over their shoulders. They chatted with much animation in French and Flemish and both the automated digital signs at each end of the coach and the vocal announcements before each stop were in both languages for the railroad route ran through the ancient province of Brabant where the Flemish and Walloon peoples merged.

Outside the snow deepened with each mile and covered the undulating expanse of open land between the cities, interrupted only by the church steeples rising above the rooftops of scattered villages. Peasants hard at work or play would have created a living Breughel landscape, but the only human activity seen from the train window in this 20th century panorama was a small group of young men spinning a VW around on an icy parking lot.



Road through through the Prumerberg Wald
on which the Tigers came into town.

Right on time the train arrived in Liege and there waiting on the platform was Henri. When we got into his little subcompact, the snow was up to its hubcaps. Henri's radio had reported that it was still falling in the Ardennes, but off we went, true to his word. The thirty five mile ride to St.Vith was on the autoroute or motorway, the equivalent of the German autobahn or our interstate, with four lanes of concrete well curved and banked with continuous overhead lighting and only necessary informational signage. As we progressed, the terrain became familiar, much more hilly with

increasing forest coverage, both small "Christmas" trees and the tall, brooding pines and firs. Low dark clouds, fog and intermittent falling snow added to the well-remembered scene from another winter fifty four years ago

BACK TO ST. VITH AND THE EIFEL

As we pulled into St.Vith though, nothing was familiar. The war had almost totally destroyed the town and it had been rebuilt in a new minimal style. German speaking CRIBA members Anne Marie Simon and Karl Heinz Noel met us there for the trip eastward into the Eifel area and we all went into a nearby bakery for coffee and pastries before setting out. Looking out of the window, the realization hit me that we were sitting right across from the corner where the I&R platoon had been overrun by the German panzer attack on the night of December 21, 1944. Before we headed out of town for the little hamlet of Buchet where our adventure had begun back then, we found some more familiar places which will be told about in the overall story on St.Vith.

The winding road ran through the Prümerberg Wald, a thick, gloomy forest of tall evergreens, one of many which covered this area where we had bivouacked on the way to the front lines. There in his own inexplicable way, Gnome Mowery, the platoon scapegoat, had lost his cartridge belt and made quite a fuss, thinking that we had hidden it. I could see him now wandering through the trees, cursing and muttering. A sharp bend in the road was accented where the snowy haze was lifting and I expected to see a German tank come around it creaking and clattering, flanked and followed by grenadiers with burp guns. Nearby was a memorial to an engineer battalion which had made a valiant stand when the Panzers had come through this forest.

Further on, we broke out into more open countryside and passed through Bleialf which had been hit hard by the initial German attack and apparently had been rebuilt and expanded. Two roads from behind the German lines converged in Bleialf and ran north across the sector to the Losheim Gap making its control essential to the movement of supplies, armor and artillery. The I&R had sent out a jeep patrol to try and make contact with Cannon Company which had been cut off there, but we couldn't get through to them and a short time later they were overwhelmed.

WITH THE 423RD IN THE EIFEL

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT BUCHET

A mile to the north we reached Buchet where the 423rd Regiment had been headquartered. The little cluster of houses and barns had not changed very much in half a century; however, the road which had run in front of the schoolhouse where the I&R stayed now was behind it and the schoolyard had become a thicket. For a moment the picture called up from my memory became confused, but on the exterior the schoolhouse looked the same, except for the addition of a covered terrace at the rear and a cover on the front dormer.



The front of the schoolhouse
as seen from the 1944 roadbed.

A freestanding structure with restrooms had been built near the schoolhouse before it had been abandoned due to consolidation of the schools in the area. The family of Frau Helga Hagen then occupied it, living upstairs as had the schoolmaster before, with her husband using the old schoolroom downstairs for some computer related business. At its location on a current map a symbol labeled Hutte mit Fluerstelle (barbecue hut) is shown. Rolled umbrellas and stacked tables on the terrace bore this out.

The front steps and landing leading to the arched entry way, deeply recessed in the blank wall, brought to mind another coincidence related to my wartime experience. Quite by chance, some ten years after the platoon had been at the schoolhouse, I met a colonel who had served in postwar Germany with Ike Long and had gone back to Buchet with him and had taken a snapshot of him standing on that landing with the arch in the background.

Perhaps in her early forties, Frau Hagen was the only person in the village who spoke English and she was very friendly, allowing us to look around inside on the main floor. The tan and maroon hexagonal tiles extending into the stairwell were still there as well as the curving stair, but the typical European water tap in the corner had been replaced with an odd stove encased in stone. The classroom's high coved ceiling had retained its elaborate plaster decoration. The floor was covered with computer equipment and catalog stacks, eliminating the chances of getting any decent pictures.

The terrain out beyond the schoolyard looked much as it did, open hillside falling down to thick tree lines, behind which had been the bunkers, gun emplacements and tank traps of the Siegfried Line and the Germans. Snow now covered any vestiges of the observation dugouts from which we surveyed this landscape for anything that moved. There were some sightings, mostly imaginary.



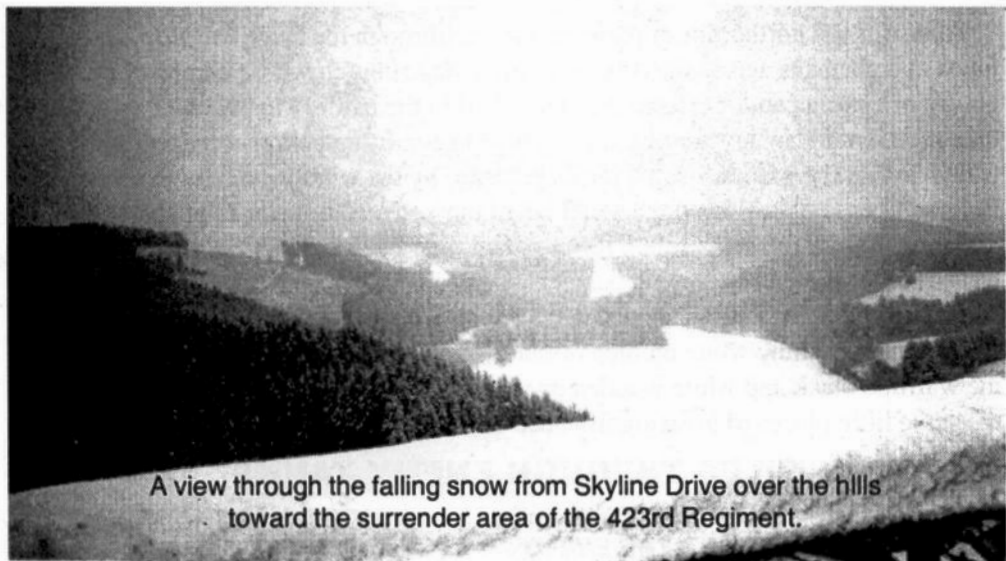
This house in Buchet had been Ernest Hemingway's *Schloss Hemingstein* before it was the 423rd Command Post

SCHLOSS HEMINGSTEIN

In Buchet there was another building of interest, not only to us, but now also to the literary world. It was an old farmhouse with attached barn which had been used as regimental headquarters. Present day villagers are proud of it because of its association with Ernest Hemingway, who according to a plaque on the wall, had stayed there as a war correspondent with the 4th Infantry Division when it captured this area which was just across the German border. In *Battle of the Bulge* Danny Parker says that Hemingway nicknamed the house "Schloss Hemingstein" and surrounded himself there with booze and AWOL literary types who called themselves "Hemingway's Irregulars". One officer recalled that the writer always offered you a drink and never turned one down. Once I was assigned there to work on some maps. Perhaps Hemingway had written his reports on the table where I worked. If I had known at the time that he had been there, I would have looked around for something that he may have left behind. The only thing of interest that I could find was some Nazi stationery with the swastika emblem and the names of local party officials on its letterhead.

SNOWY ROADS TO THE PAST

From Buchet we had planned to retrace the route of the I&R through the Eifel back to St. Vith, but it was apparent that the snow clearing effort by government and local farmers was steadily declining on the backroads between the smaller villages. Henri and Karl's expert driving kept us going, though, on north to Halenfeld. Somewhere along here, on December 18, 1944, we had pulled our jeeps off the road and Ike had taken a bottle of White Horse Scotch out of his knapsack for everyone to have a swig for reinforcement before we made our dash into the unknown. Since it was my birthday, the little bit remaining in the bottle was my present. Now on my birthday every year there is a toast to the men of the I&R with a nip of White Horse Scotch.



A view through the falling snow from Skyline Drive over the hills toward the surrender area of the 423rd Regiment.

Then we had moved up through Oberlascheid to Radscheid where we had made contact with the regiment and were ordered to set up a roadblock, which had consisted only of a fallen tree covered by our small arms and .50 caliber machine guns on our jeeps and a disabled half-track. Fortunately, it was not tested by enemy armor. My recall is that there was heavy tree growth bordering the road and the little cluster of houses, but this had changed.

A splendid German map furnished by Anne Marie Simon showed that the Eifel area now was in the Deutsh Belgischer Naturpark and was crisscrossed with hiking and bike trails and peppered with symbols denoting the presence of flowers, butterflies, rabbits, wild boars and even wolves. The West German government had instituted a postwar land use program, clear cutting some of the forests for crops and grazing. Apparently, the trees around Radscheid had been taken out and now little was recognizable, but as we approached the intersection of the road from Radscheid with Skyline Drive, it was obvious that the roadblock had been along there. Off to the left was the farm road known as the "Engineers' Cutoff" used to escape detection and shelling and the logging trail where we had to abandon our vehicles under fire to avoid capture after seeing the regiment surrender in the valley below, much to our dismay. Separated from our comrades and friends by enemy troops, the platoon had cut back towards Oberlascheid where we found some other remnants of the 422nd and 423rd which had also been cut off. One of these units was lost in a pointless attack against the Germans and another joined up with the I&R in our attempt to get through to St. Vith.

IMPASSABLE ROADS IN THE PRESENT

Now the secondary roads towards the north were impassable and Henri and Karl kept on the main road to Auw which ran between Laudesfeld and Schlausenbach around which we had walked in 1944. My hopes of retracing at least a few hundred yards of our venture to St. Vith on foot were dashed by weather conditions similar to those which had not stopped us then.

Auw was the northernmost point of our tour through the Eifel. We stopped for lunch at a gasthaus across the road from the village church whose cemetery held the graves of German soldiers from the area killed in the battle. Mostly older or younger than their American adversaries, they ranged in age from the lower teens to the upper fifties. Inside the gasthaus some locals gathered by the window, having seen the Belgian license plates on our cars and heard our conversations in English and French, glared at us with the same sullen looks as had their predecessors.

With the snowfall becoming heavier we headed back to St.Vith through Schönberg, which the ill-fated 422nd and 423rd Regiments had never reached. Along the way we passed shiny white on blue or black on yellow road signs which had replaced the wartime black and white wooden ones, but which had directional arrows pointing the same little places of great significance back then.

EIGHTEEN MILES THROUGH ENEMY TANKS AND GRENADIERS

MOVING FORWARD WITH THE ENEMY



Fox Movietone news: Featured Irish Sheehan, Sam Bordelon and Ike Long. Bob Brendlinger shown behind them, copied from one of the many television shows on the 50th Anniversary of the Bulge.

As we moved along the road from Schönberg to St.Vith, we were a bit south of the route that the I&R had taken moving forward with the enemy troops who were jamming the roads westward on foot and in trucks and armored vehicles. Trying to get through this area, in addition to the 18th Volksgrenadier Division with its attached 244th Sturmgeschütz (low slung assault gun) Brigade, were the Führer Escort Brigade and the 9th SS Panzer Division, headed for St.Vith and beyond.

Composed of men from a disbanded grenadier unit, a Luftwaffe field division and naval outfits, the 18th VG was formed in September 1944 when German infantry divisions were reorganized with greater firepower compensating for less manpower. These successors to the old line infantry outfits are often confused with the Volksturm, the local home guard. In spite of its varied composition, the 18th was among the best of the Volksgrenadier divisions and had been on the front lines in the Eifel since arriving from Denmark in October.

FINALLY - REACHING FRIENDLY FORCES

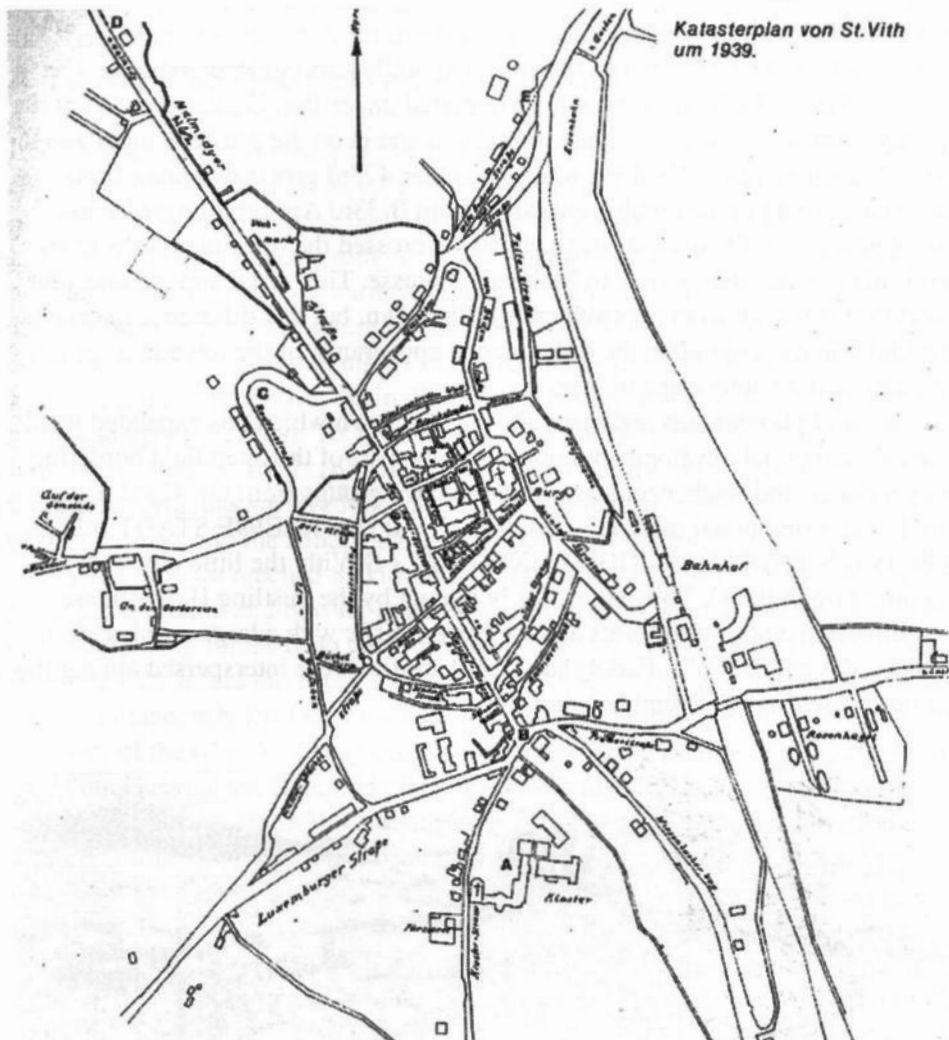
Swinging to the north and then to the west the I&R had run into these forces at night on roads leading from Andler, yelling and singing the Nazi marching songs-a Hollywood movie in reality. General Hasso von Manteuffel, commander of the Fifth Panzer Army, had assigned the Escort Brigade to provide armored support to the 18th VG in its attack on St.Vith and the 9th SS was planning to cut through above the town. Next day when the platoon had stopped in a wooded spot to rest, it was surprised by a group from one of these armored units which set up a command post in the surrounding area. Our escape from this dangerous situation was nothing short of miraculous and we continued on, now caught in between enemy and friendly artillery fire, but knowing that we were getting close to our lines. The other group from the 106th which had come with the I&R from Oberlascheid then got separated in the dense forest which suddenly ended at the edge of a large open space beyond which the western sky was lit with continuous flashes from American artillery.

A combat interview from Company B of the 33rd Armored Engineer Battalion contains a verification of the arrival of these men at its positions along the Aachener Strasse on the northeastern outskirts of the town: "About 2300, a body of men was observed moving across the front. Not wishing to give away their positions, the engineers withheld their fire. The men crossed the road and turned toward the engineers' positions. When they got close enough, they were halted and it was found that there were 26 men and one officer from the 106th Division who were making their way back to friendly lines after having been behind enemy lines for four days." One of the GI's in this group remembers crossing railroad tracks and approaching the American positions together before being challenged. A prewar map and an aerial photograph show tracks running northwest from the railroad station then turning northeast to parallel the Aachenerstrasse.

(See Katasterplan von St.Vith um 1939 on the following page.)

Unfortunately, no account of the I&R's arrival in St.Vith could be found in the combat interviews of the 7th Armored Division. According to Dick Sparks' journal and my memory, we moved due west from the cover of the woods down a draw out across the open plain. When something was seen on the far edge of the plain, Ike Long went ahead to scout out the situation and ran into a dug-in Sherman tank with supporting infantry along a tree lined roadside. After he was checked out, the platoon was called in, much to the disbelief of the tankers since the approach across the plain had been heavily mined.

Return and Remembrance, John Califf, 423rd Infantry, I&R Platoon



Just published in February 2000, the aerial photo shows a large open area beyond the northern edge of the town, bordered by woods on the east with what appears to be a draw running across it to Malmedyerstrasse on the west and the railroad tracks and the Aachenerstrasse on the south. In the photo Malmedyerstrasse was lined with trees and scattered buildings matching my recall of our entry road.

ST. VITH - THEN AND NOW

PREWAR ST. VITH

Anne Marie Simon of CRIBA sent me a prewar map and aerial photograph of St. Vith. In addition to giving a good overall picture of the town, the important places in the story of the I&R platoon have been located and identified on the 1939 map and can be seen clearly in the rare 1940 photo which was just published in an area newspaper last year. The buildings of St. Josef's Kloster (A) are in the left foreground. Beyond the five important regional roads come together to form the An den Linden (B) where the I&R was overrun in the German attack in front of the drugstore whose

corner was angled with the Prumerstrasse. Looking north from here up the Hauptstrasse can be seen the intersection with the oddly curving Rodterstrasse (C), the last road open to the west, on which we departed under fire. Going on to the north is Malmedyerstrasse (D) where we had probably come in on the previous night and to the east is Aachenerstrasse (E) along which the other 423rd group separated from us had arrived according to the combat interview from B/33rd Armored Engineer Bn.

What appears to be the draw through which we crossed the open plain runs from the woods held by the enemy over to Malmedyerstrasse. This aerial and the one after the bombing were taken from opposite ends of the town, but this difference in orientation is minor when compared to the difference in appearance of the town in a spring-time of peace and a winterscape of war.

Current aerial photographs and maps show a new town which has expanded in all directions. Commercial development now covers the part of the open field bordering Malmedyerstrasse and Aachenerstrasse where the two groups from the 423rd had come in. Local promotional material touts "ST. VITH: DIE KLEINE STADT MIT DEN GROSSEN EINKAUPSMOGLICHKEITEN." (St.Vith: the little city with the big shopping possibilities). This motto was borne out by the bustling Hauptstrasse with no noticeable empty storefronts and the heavy traffic with a large number of luxury Mercedes and BMW's. Parks and sports facilities were interspersed among the modern businesses and well kept housing.



Same orientation as photo on last page. JK.

A TOWN DESTROYED AGAIN BY WAR

St. Vith was a brooding, somber town with a German speaking population of some 2,000 brooding, somber people. Named for the Saint associated with that strange chorea, St. Vitus' Dance, it was almost 600 years old, having been granted city status in 1350, and is located in the Eastern Cantons, the narrow strip of territory between Belgium and Germany extending from the Dutch border in the north down to Luxembourg and containing a great variety of peoples, languages, cultures and landscapes.

From the time of its capture by the Romans in 51 B.C. this area has been governed successively by the Franks, Charlemagne, the duchies of Luxemburg, Brabant and Burgundy, and Austria, Spain, France, the Netherlands, Prussia, Belgium, Germany and again, Belgium. As a result, the town has been destroyed by war and rebuilt four times, in 1543, 1602, 1689 and 1945. Only one structure, a round tower called the Buchelturm, has survived the cannons of the Spanish and the French, the artillery of the Germans and the Americans and the bombs of the English.

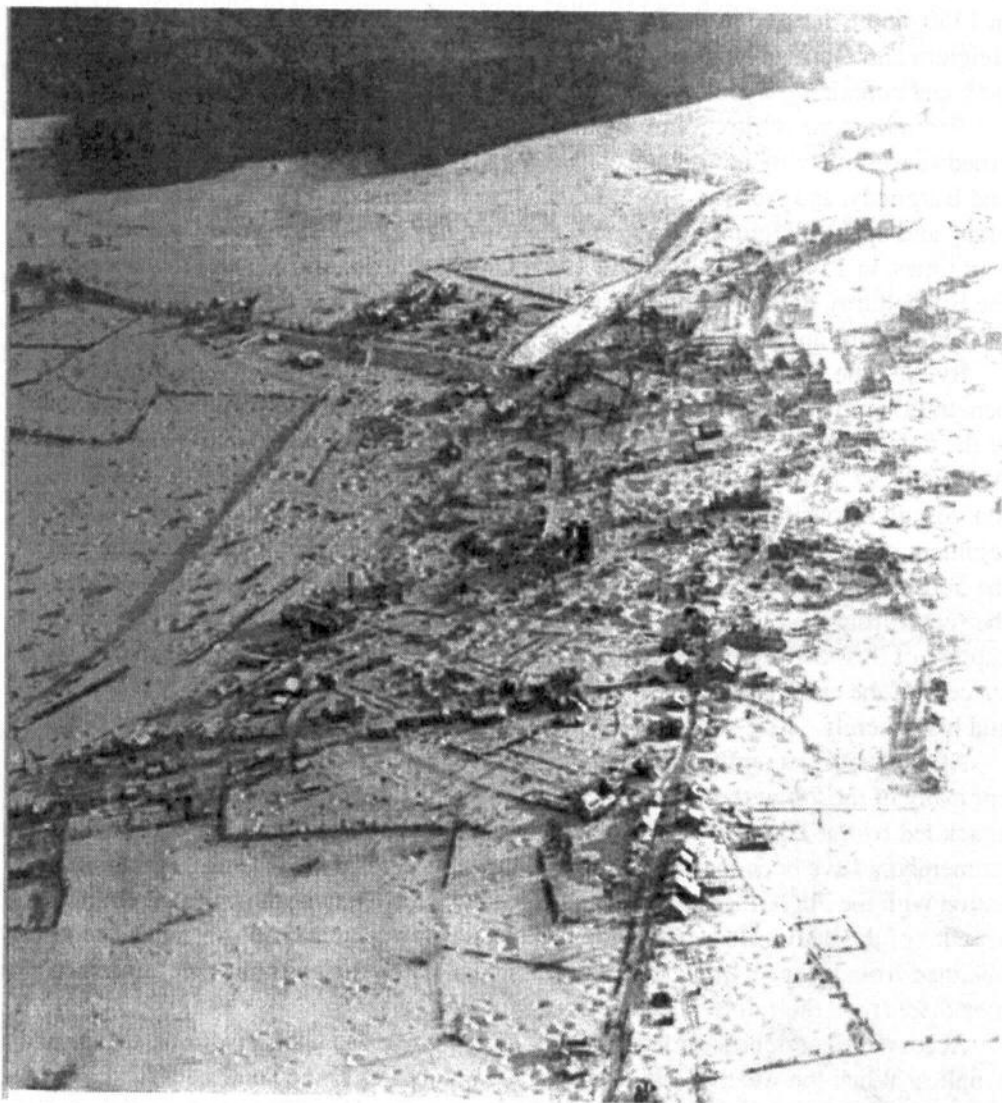
By the time we reached St. Vith, the Allied command had decided that the enemy penetration around and beyond it had become too great and had planned a withdrawal of the defending forces from the "fortified goose egg", composed mainly of the 7th Armored's CCB and the 106th's surviving 424th Regiment and 81st Engineer Battalion. Simultaneously the Germans had stepped up their attack with the 18th VG and a regiment of the 62nd VG, supported by the armor of the Führer Escort Brigade and the 506th Heavy Tank Battalion (Tigers). POW's also had been taken on the edges of the sector from the 560th VG and the 1st SS, 2nd and 116th Panzer Divisions. The capture of this town where five regional roads came together was crucial to the success of the enemy drive and it was several days behind the schedule set by Hitler and his generals.

After a brief rest and some hot food, the I&R was attached to an armored infantry company of the 7th at the vital crossroads. After finally being overwhelmed in night attack led by the Tigers, it was the last organized infantry unit to leave the town and its members have been included in the award of the Presidential Unit Citation for that action with the 7th Armored, whose Brig. Gen. Bruce Clark commended them in his account of the battle. He stated "...their enthusiasm was high, and subsequent reports obtained from troops with whom they fought indicated that without exception these men discharged their duty in exemplary fashion."

Access to the important road network was now open to German armor, troops and supplies. When the weather had cleared a few days later, three hundred RAF Lancasters and Halifaxes leveled St. Vith in an afternoon carpet bombing attack, which an SS trooper, observing from a mile to the east, called "apocalyptic" because the boiling cloud of dust rising from the rubble was turned red by the setting sun.

An aerial photo taken just after the American recapture of the town in January shows its almost complete devastation. Hundreds of bomb craters pockmarked the entire area, even extending out into the surrounding fields. Most of the buildings had been leveled, but some fragments of walls still stood with gaping door and window openings and only a few rooftops remained, mostly on the eastern and northern outskirts.

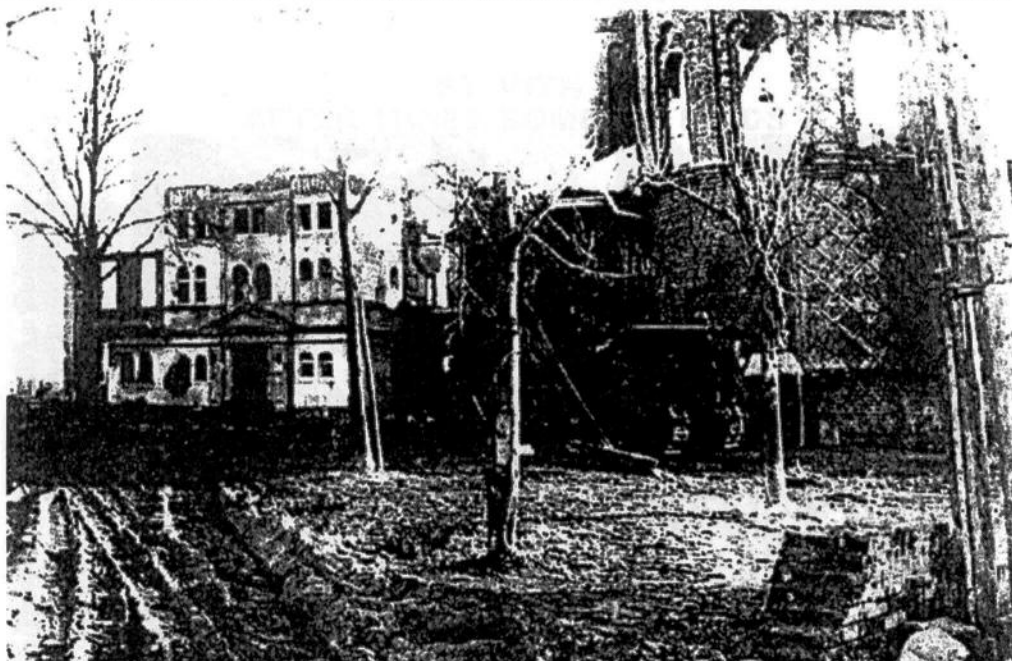
**ST. VITH
AFTER THREE BOMBING RAIDS**



In this aerial photo taken in the opposite direction from the 1940 shot on page 36. St. Vith shows the terrible effects of the shelling and carpet bombings. There were three distinct bombing runs on St. Vith during the *Battle of the Bulge*.



St. Vith Today: When compared with the pre-war photo, this recent aerial photo shows how large the rebuilt, "little city" has become. St. Josef's Klinik, successor to the Kloster, is in the left foreground with An den Linden traffic circle standing out beyond it. At the other end of town a commercial development has spread out over the open area through which the I&R came to temporary safety and reaches almost to the edge of what appears to be the draw which provided us with cover over to the lines of the 7th Armored Division.



St. Josef's Kloster after *Battle of the Bulge*

ST. JOSEF'S KLOSTER

BOTH A SANCTUARY AND A TOMB

When the I&R got back through to St. Vith, we were taken to the headquarters of the defending forces for debriefing, nourishment and a short rest. It was in St. Josef's Kloster, a Catholic institution for medical care and education, housed in two large buildings with its own dairy and extensive vegetable gardens and orchards. Because of its size it became the headquarters of the occupying American forces, in succession the 4th, 2nd and then our 106th Infantry Division, which had withdrawn back to Vielsalm by the time that we got there and had been replaced by CCB of the 7th Armored Division.

All that remains in my memory of the Kloster are the high ceilinged halls where we napped and the long flights of steps on which we ran from the third floor down to the cellar when the heavy shelling started. Though that cellar gave us some protection from artillery shells, more than three hundred townspeople were killed five days later by the RAF bombs, most of them in the cellars of St. Josef's. The Kloster had survived World War I and had been had been remodeled and expanded before its destruction a quarter of a century later. After WWII the few walls left standing after the artillery and bombing attacks were razed with the exception of one wing, which was renovated as an element of a new facility. St. Josef's Klinik is now a modern health care institution with components like a helipad and an elderly care wing. Its future building plans at the time of my visit proposed to replace that last surviving piece of the old Kloster, one of the town's very few remaining bits of prewar construction.



On the left end of St. Josef's Kloster, today, is the only surviving portion of the wartime Kloster.

AN DEN LINDEN - LAST STAND OF THE I&R VERIFICATION AFTER FIFTY FOUR YEARS

Apparently the aiming point for the attack was the crossroads for the area around it had been obliterated making verification of the I&R location during the tank advance almost impossible. Etched in my mind by the blinding white light from the flares has always been the iron railing along one side of the crossroads where we faced the Tigers with several 7th Armored TD's. When revisiting that site with my Belgian hosts, much to my disappointment there was no sign of the iron railing or of anything else recognizable from 1944. However, in the several mailings of material that Anne Marie Simon sent me after my return were two copies of prewar photographs of the An den Linden crossroads. My recollection had been correct for there was the railing alongside a three story building identified as "der Apotheke Shiltz" (the Shiltz Pharmacy). My memory was jogged again.

Battle, John Toland's very readable book about the Bulge, had given the following description of the encounter at the crossroads, but had not identified the units involved: "There was a great flash to Captain Britton's left and an American tank destroyer on the corner burst into flames. White parachute flares floated down like aerial jellyfish. Britton, caught in the middle of the firefight, jumped into a drugstore." After fifty-four years here was verification of my recollection!

Toland's account of the incident itself has been verified by a combat interview from the 7th Armored which was obtained from the son of one of its veterans last year. In it Major Alva McDaniel of the 38th Armored Infantry Battalion stated: "...Our TD's at the CR at 867879 fired at the enemy tanks when flares were sent up outlining them, but no results were observed. Shortly afterwards, Major McDaniel met Captain Britton, B/23, and as the two of them were going down the street 'all hell broke loose at the corner by the TD's'. The enemy had infiltrated into that area, and they opened up on the TD's with burp guns and other weapons as the TD's were illuminated by enemy flares. Major McDaniel, Captain Britton and Lt. Randall of the TD's ducked into the drugstore on the corner of the crossroads."



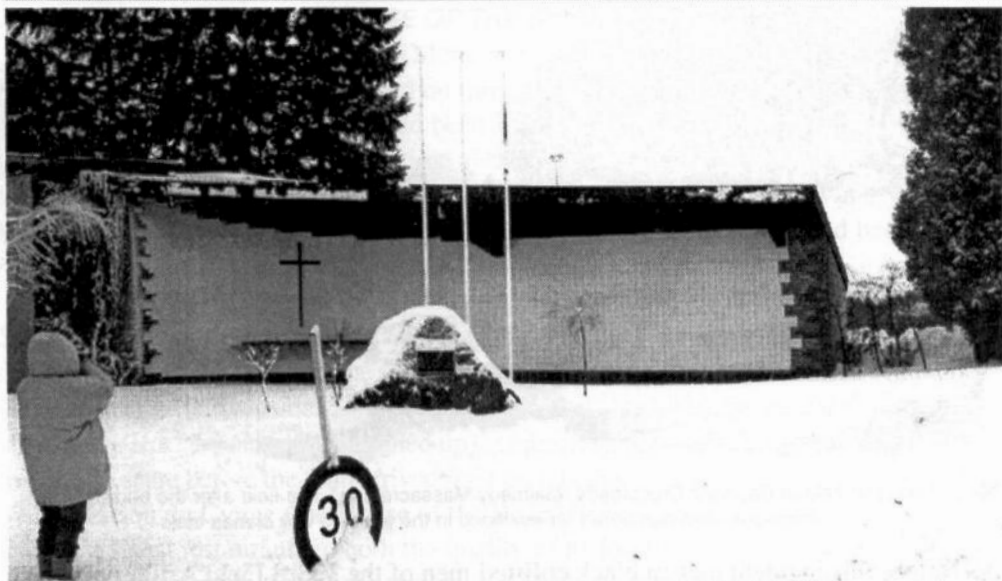
An den Linden, the crossroads with drug store and iron fence as reminders.

On his trip back Dick Sparks happened to take a shot of the An den Linden crossroads from the same spot where the prewar photographer had stood. A new building had been erected on the exact site of the Schiltz Pharmacy, but except for size, the two bear no resemblance to each other. Neither the iron railing of my memory nor the big linden trees have been replaced.

In addition to being the site of the last holding action in St. Vith, the Anden Linden crossroads was the scene of another debacle of a different nature the next day. A terrific bottleneck developed when it was converged upon by the troops, armored vehicles, trucks and horsedrawn artillery of the 18th and 62nd VG Divisions with their support units and corps and army headquarters. Then upon this intermingled mass descended elements of the Sixth SS Panzer Army refusing to follow directions of the military police. Finally, in the middle of the crossroads in a desperate effort to sort out priorities and direct traffic, stood Field Marshal Walther Model, commanding Army Group B, relieved by Generals von Manteuffel of the 5th Panzer Army and Lucht of LXVI Corps.



The An den Linden crossroads as photographed by Dick Sparks in 1999.



The 106th Memorial, St. Vith, built by 106th veterans, maintained today by St. Vith townspeople.

A MEMORIAL TO THE 106TH.

A JOINT VENTURE

Nearby St. Josef's on Klosterstrasse a memorial to the 106th had been built by veterans of the division and maintained by the local populace. Revised several times, at the time of our visit it consisted of a huge boulder with a plaque in front of a contemporary pavilion featuring a cross, altar shelf and flagpoles.

MALMEDY MASSACRE

THE KILLING FIELD

Leaving St. Vith in a worsening snowstorm just as in 1944, we pushed on towards Liege amid my doubts that Henri would get there in time for me to catch the train back to Brussels in time for the scheduled dinner with Rob's group. Nonchalantly, Henri and Karl plowed on in their trusty little subcompacts while the big luxury cars were spinning their wheels or lying off of the road in the deep snowdrifts.

Between St. Vith and Liege just outside of Malmedy lay Baugez crossroads, site of the infamous massacre of captured GI's from a field artillery observation battery by SS troopers of Kampfgruppe Peiper, the armored spearhead of the enemy attack in the northern sector, which had caught their jeeps and trucks by surprise. After surrendering, the prisoners were lined up in an adjacent field and shot. Though the exact number of Americans involved was never verified, it is known that eighty six bodies were recovered later and as many as forty three escaped, some badly wounded and all demoralized. Heavy snow completely covered the frozen bodies and when the area was retaken a month later, metal detectors had to be used to find them.

As we arrived at the crossroads, swirling snow made visibility almost impossible and covered the field as deeply as it had then. Sounds were muffled and there was an eerie silence, but inside my head the horrible noises of that deadly mayhem resounded, sharpened by the realization that this could have been the fate of the I&R had we been sent out on a motorized patrol and tun into this spearhead at some isolated crossroads.



The killing field at Baugez Crossroads "Malmedy Massacre site." The field after the bodies were uncovered and numbered for evidence in the ensuing war crimes trials

Before this incident eleven black enlisted men of the 333rd Field Artillery Battalion supporting the 106th had been captured and killed by a *kampfgruppe* earlier at Wereth, slightly north of our location in the first hours of the breakthrough. In all, the confirmed deaths of 419 unarmed victims, 308 Americans and 111 Belgian civilians, with a probable true total near 750, were attributed to them.



Photo to the left:
Obersturmbannführer Joachim Peiper
SS Panzer - Reg 2

After the war seventy three SS men known to have been connected with these killings, were brought before a war crimes trial held at the Dachau concentration camp. They ranged from the commanding officer of the 6th SS Panzer, Oberstgruppenführer Sepp Dietrich, down to the enlisted men who fired the weapons. Included was Obersturmbannführer Joachim Peiper, leader of the infamous *kampfgruppe*. All were convicted. Forty three were sentenced to death by hanging with the remaining thirty receiving prison terms from life to ten years. Then the

obsessive American fear of communism which led the rebuilding of Germany against the Soviet Union, overwhelmed our nation's sense of justice for the murdered soldiers and sentences began to be commuted. Not one of the convicted men was hanged nor did one serve his full sentence. All were free by 1956.

Standing across from that killing field in the gathering dusk, I recalled the words of Lt. Virgil Lary, the only surviving officer, who said on revisiting there, "... the screams of my men who were massacred that seventeenth of December 1944 still ring in my ears, more so now that our country has lost every vestige of honor for them ..."

A CLASSIC MEAL AT THE HOUSE OF THE SWAN

As we left the crossroads, Anne Marie and Karl turned northeast toward their home in Eupen and Henri continued on through Malmedy proper. There I had hoped to visit the local cathedral which had been noted in my architectural studies of the German Neo-Classical period, but time and weather restrictions forbade stopping. Probably just as well though, for through the snowy haze loomed the twin towers, now topped with "witches' hat" peaks. The classic edifice apparently had been remodeled in the local late 19th century building vernacular.

Darkness began to fall and more and more cars were having trouble in the snow, but Henri went right on. Off in the distance the lights of the motorway to Liege gave a golden tint to the snowy sky. Once on the motorway, progress became better although abandoned vehicles littered the roadsides and my doubts about getting to the dinner didn't subside very much. But sure enough, we pulled up to the railroad station in Liege with several minutes to spare before the train arrived right on schedule. Henri looked at me and smiled.

La Maison du Cynge (the House of the Swan) lived up to its reputation as one of Europe's finest restaurants in both the quality of its food and the ambience of its setting. It is located in one of the twelve guild houses around the Hotel de Ville (town hall) in the Grand'Place, built in the days when trade guilds were powerful forces in local government and rebuilt in the gilded Baroque style after the French bombardment of 1695. These structures have names with no relation to the guilds which occupied them. The House of the Swan housed the butchers' guild and in the 19th century had a tavern on its ground floor frequented by Karl Marx.

The only signage for the restaurant was a very small and discreet brass plaque on the wall by the single glass entrance door. Inside the vestibule a spiral stair led up to the mezzanine which displayed two original Brueghel paintings and gave access to the formal dining rooms panelled in dark wood and hung with crystal chandeliers and more old Masters.

The meal was a classic five course affair whose cuisine matched the decor. My lack of sophistication for continental dining became evident when I noticed on the menu that the main course was to be roe and connected it with the fish roe which was standard fare with grits down South in my boyhood days, but rather out of place in one of Europe's premier restaurants. Thankfully, I did not comment for when served, it turned out to be venison. Mention of roe deer in my travel guides had gone unnoticed.

Lights glittering off of the gilded facades across the Grand'Place and the gaiety of the crowds below came through the large windows and lightened the flawless, but frosty, service of the waiters in the grand manner. It was a most elegant ending to a day of vivid contrasts and memories.

To be continued in the February 2003 CUB magazine

John Califf 423rd HQs I&R Platoon
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In Memoriam . . .

Bartz, Richard E. DIV/HQ

216 Rustic Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15210

Date of death: November 02, 2002 reported by a Co-Executor for Richard. He died at home and his instructions were to notify his old Army buddies.

Brooks, Dr. Douglas 424/MED

45 Scenic Way, Francisco, CA 94121

Date of death: November 27, 2001. Steven Brooks, a son, notified Dr. John Robb that Dr. Brooks died in the Stanford University Medical Center from complications arising from leukemia. He was 77 years of age and is survived by three children and seven grandchildren.

Cooley, James H. 423/D

13009 Twisted Oak Road, Oklahoma City, OK 73210

Date of death: November 16, 2002. Wife, Carol reported via email that Jim had passed away. Still in shock and trying to make arrangements. She stated that the Reunion in Hampton meant a lot to Jim. She thanks use for any prayers offered.

Drumm, Leo 590/B

% Son Greg: 12552 Carmel Way, Santa Ana, CA 92705

Date of death: Sept 21, 2002. Son Greg wrote: "Sadly I must inform you and the Association of my father's death. He was diagnosed with melanoma about 2 years ago. He passed away peacefully with his family beside him. He was buried at Arlington October 9, 2002 with military honors. Our entire family was extremely proud of his service in the 106th and World War II and his ability to endure what was a terrible POW experience. He never talked about the war in great detail, instead frequently saying he could not remember. However, all of the family members of his age group, when commenting on his burial at Arlington, said he deserved it for what he went through. We will miss him much. It has been an honor for me to be an Associate members and I look forward to a continued membership. I am enclosing a blown up view of his POW card taken from the files at Stalag IV-B, Mühlberg, Germany. Thank you all very much. Greg Drumm and Family.

Elkin, Morton 422/SV

42 Gerard Avenue, New Hyde Park, NY 11040

Date of death: February 4, 2002. Shirley, his wife, called and gave me the date of death.

Guggenheim, Charles E. 424/E

3121 South Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20007

Date of death: October 9, 2002. Charles Guggenheim, 78, winner of 4 Academy Awards and 12 nominations — an achievement equaled only by Walt Disney — for his documentary films. One of the most memorable was a biography of Robert F. Kennedy made shortly after the presidential candidates assassination in 1968. In 1969, "RFK Remembered" won an Academy Award for the best live-action short subject.

He was a veteran of the 106 Infantry Division and member of our Association. He died at the Georgetown University hospital of pancreatic cancer. A few weeks before his death he completed his final film, the story of 350 American POWs — many of them from the 106th — who were removed from Stalag 9-B to the slave labor camp at Berga, a branch of the infamous the Buchenwald concentration camp. The film is scheduled for release next April. Most of us remember him for his graphic award winning documentary "D-Day" which was viewed during the 50th anniversary of World War II. As befits a local residents of such prominence the Washington Post carried a very large obituary in the Metro section as well as a 2 page "appreciation" in the Style section.

Hiltbrand, Walter F. 423/AT

930 Fair Avenue, Salem, OH 44460

Date of Death: October 30, 2002. Survived by his wife of 54 years, Arlene, and a son and daughter. He was wounded and captured in the Bulge, spent two years in Army hospitals recovering from his wounds. Attended many 106th Reunions.

Rest In Peace

In Memoriam . . .

Killian, B.F. 81st Eng/C

P.O. Box 362, Houston, MO 65483

Date of death: August 27, 2002. Bea, his wife, reported his death. She reported that he died at the Cox hospital in Springfield MO. He had been and for complications from pneumonia when his heart and kidneys failed. Her e-mail address is bkillian@train.missouri.org

Kmush, Stephen E. 422/C

Plymouth, PA,

Date of death: January 13, 2002. Age 78. No address given. He was an AX-POW life member and the current chapter commander of the Keystone Chapter. He was also Past Dept. Commander. He was captured in during the *Battle of the Bulge* and held prisoner at STALAG - IV-B until liberation. He is survived by his daughter, Bonnie, son-in-law Randy, and two grandsons. "*What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us; what we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal.*"

Kwaczek, Carl S. 422/C

122 Connellsville Street, Dunbar, PA 15431

Date of death: September 2002, exact date not known. His death reported by one of our members, Will Dohoney. No other details known.

Long, Ivan 423/HQ I&R Platoon Leader

18610 Hummingbird Lane, Penn Valley, CA 95946

Date of death: 11/15/2002. Dick Sparks, 423/I&R reported, "I received and e-mail from Ivan's wife Edna last evening telling me that Ivan passed away early that morning. He was 85 years old age. After WWII, he remained on the Reserve Officer's list and served as an Instructor at the Non Resident School of the Command and General Staff College. He was called to active duty in Korea where he was wounded and spent six months in the hospital recovering. He retired with the rank of Lt. Colonel. Ivan is survived by his wife Edna, a son David and a step son and step daughter.

Maleug, Russell J. 423/HQ

1st BN 4045 Cokesbury Road, Rockford, IL 61103

Date of death: July 31, 2002 reported by his wife Dorothy. She stated that he died from heart problems. She further stated that he truly enjoyed the reunions being with his Army buddies.

Matthews, William P. 422/HQ

57 Allegheny Road, Hampton, VA 23661

Date of death: January 6, 2002. Barbara, his wife of 53 years, wrote: I apologize for not writing sooner however, when you lose a loved one it isn't always easy to take care of all the things that need to be taken care of. My husband William, died after several years of declining health. It has been a hard adjustment for me after so many years of marriage. I do hope that he will be kept on your roster of deceased members. If I need to pay dues for another year, I will be most happy to do so. He was really looking forward to attending the reunions and Hampton Reunion was so close to home He was survived by 2 daughters, Susan and Carol, a son Rev. William P. Matthews Jr. two sisters and a brother, nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. I remain sincerely, Barbara Matthews

Mayotte, Russ J. 424/F

9628 Cavell Street, Livonia MI 48150

Date of death: September 9, 2002. Milton Schober, 424/F reported that he had a telephone call from Barbara, Russ's wife telling him that he had a heart attack, was taken to the hospital and passed away there. Barbara, mentioned that their son had taken his life on September 15 and this undoubtedly was a factor in Russ's death.

Rest In Peace

In Memoriam . . .

Mehr, Joseph 424/I

66 Brookside Drive, North Kingston, RI 02852

Date of death: November 7, 2001. Joseph's death reported by Jonell, his wife. The report was accompanied by a one-page letter, and a photocopy of a Fort Collins obituary, four columns, from a North Kingston newspaper. In part she said in the letter, "We registered for the last reunion in Falls Church. Due to an emergency we had to cancel at the last minute. He had a very bad stroke on October 29th and never regained consciousness in the intensive care unit at the Rhode Island hospital and died on November 7th. Joe and I went to 4 or 5 reunions after we first found out about them in 1994.

Orlando was our first and Camp Atterbury was our last. Joe had a brain hemorrhage in 1992 after having retired from the Providence Journal nine months earlier. After rehabilitation he had a speech problem, brace on his right leg and no use of his right arm. He was a real fighter with determination that was astounding. I am sure a good deal of this was due to his training and fighting with the 424th Infantry regiment. He had bad eyesight when he was in the Army but that didn't stop him from becoming a marksman and getting other important jobs done in his career. I am enclosing a copy of his obituary. Feel free to use whatever you want for the CUB.

The four column news article described the 21 years he served with the Courier-Journal in Louisville KY before moving to Rhode Island in August 1968 to take over the Providence journal's news library, which in the newspaper parlance of the Times was known as "morgue." At the Journal he oversaw the implementation of an online storage and retrieval system that eliminated the need for manual clipping and filing of newspaper stories. The Journal and its sister publication was among the first and a country to fully automated its clipping operations. He was honored twice by the Rhode Island chapter of the Special Libraries Association whose news division presented him with the Agnes Henebry Roll of Honor Award, in 1991. There was a long-listing of professional colleagues who praised Joseph for his excellence in his profession. The obit described in the part what role the 106th Infantry division played in World War II. It mentions that during the Korean War Joseph served as an intelligent specialist in the Air Force 514th fighter-bomber squadron. He also served in a KY National Guard. He left four sons - Kevin, Brian, Lawrence and Charles, a daughter JoAnn; a brother; a sister, nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. He was a father of the late David Mehr and brother of the late Helene Fohner.

Patton, BG Oliver 423/F

9074 Belvoir Woods Parkway, Ft. Belvoir, VA 22060

Date of death: September 15, 2002. Oliver B. Patton, 81, a retired Army Brigadier General who was executive secretary of the U.S. Capitol Historical Society from 1974 to 1979, died of congestive heart failure in his home at Fort Belvoir. He was a 1944 graduate of the U.S. Military Academy. During the Bulge he commanded a rifle platoon that was overrun. Badly wounded twice during the action and the balance of the war in German hospitals and POW camps. He later recounted his experiences for a PBS documentary about the battle. During the Korean War, he served in Korea, he was wounded again, and he was Assistant Chief of Staff for XXIV Corps in Vietnam in the late 1960's. In his last tour of duty was assistant Chief of Staff for Army intelligence at the Pentagon. Among his decorations were the Army distinguished Service Medal, three awards of the Legion of Merit, three awards of the Bronze Star and three awards of the Purple Heart. Beginning in 1976, five of his historical novels were published the last of them, "*The Silent Snow*," was a story about the *Battle of the Bulge* from a foot soldiers view. Survivors include his wife of 57 years, Anne Patton of Fort Belvoir; four daughters, Shelby, Anya, Ellen and Sarah; a son Oliver II and nine grandchildren.

Poellet, John A. 422/HQ

1517 Smysor Drive, Bartlesville, OK 74006

Date of death: Nov 07, 2002. His wife Pearl wrote "He died peacefully after fighting heart problems for a long time. Keep us in your prayers."

Rest In Peace

In Memoriam . . .

Puskarich, Charles H. 424/M

W238 N4625 Woodsedge, Pewaukee, WI 53072

Date of death: September 10, 2002, age 80 years. Loving husband of Ann. Dear Father of Charlene Kosterman. Janice Mundt, Dorianne Porcel, Victoria Gronoski; Grandfather of Tinamarie and Gina Biancuzzo, Nathan Mundt and Tony Porcel. Great-grandfather of Jordan Liernpeck. Further survived by a host of friends and relatives. Thanks to the ER staff of the West Allis Memorial Hospital.

Battle of the Bulge participant and holder of the Purple Heart for wounds received. Member of several service organizations. Dedicated volunteer of the local Veterans Administration, 34 years as an employee of Singer Sewing Machines and owner of "Chuck's Sewing Machine."

Samples, L Orvis 591/SV

3421 Lee Ave, Belle, WV 25015

Date of death: June 26, 2002. Reported to Dr. Duncan Trueman, no other details given.

Satrang, Russell G. 424/D

2844 Brunswick Ave S, St Louis Park, MN 55416

Date of death: Oct 5, 2002 at age 79. Born in Kidder, South Dakota December 31, 1922. Survived by wife, Judith; son Ron (Marilyn); Daughters, Jerrilyn (Jon) Mathisrud and Renee (Rick) Hermann;; Grandchildren Julie, Jill and Jenny Mathisrud, Heather and Nick Satrang; three sisters, Irene Berger, Geneveve Volk and Marvie (Clarence) Hopfingers.

Scales, Frank 423/I

15130 Community Ave, Port Charlotte, FL 33953

Date of death: August 7, 2002 Reported by Annie Scales, his wife. She stated "I shall miss him terribly."

Skardon, Alvin W. 590/B

210 Oakwood Court, Greenville, SC 29607

Date of death: Oct 9, 2002 A Hooper Skardon wrote, "My uncle Alvin passed away October 9, just two month shy of his 90th birthday.

I was with Uncle Al on a trip to Belgium for the 50th Anniversary Celebrations. Our trip was feature in The Cub of Oct-Nov-Dec 1994. Uncle Al is pictured on page 36 on the far left as well as in the same position on page 38, 2nd photo down in the second column. Uncle Al left all of his military memorabilia to me. One is a key to the front gate at the POW camp he was in. Also a small American flag made from a drapery from the German Officer's mess hall. We used that flag on his coffin. We are loosing many now. What your generation did for my generation and all to come will not be forgotten. God Bless America.

Vaughn, Ray 423/CN

620 Bell Hill Road, Cobden, IL 62920

Date of Death: September 15, 2002. Annette Lee, his wife, reported his death. Ray and Annette and their daughter Jenifer, were with our group that returned to the battle area in September 1995. We enjoyed them so much. Ray was a gunner in the Cannon Company. His health failed him over the years but he kept his spirit and kept in touch with all of us.

Williams, Oliver G. 591/HQ

206 East Highland Dr., Pensacola, FL 32503

Date of death: March 14, 2002. Mildred, his wife, reported that Staff Sergeant Williams had died after a four year illness. He left three children, two girls and one boy.

Zicker, Gordon 423/HQ

4485 Chalmette Court, Port Orange, FL 32127

Date of death: August 23, 2002. Zicker's death, at age 78, was reported by Dick Sparks, 423/HQ I&R and Joseph DeSantis, 422/H 1st Bn. Sparks said, "Zicker was a Staff driver and an original member of the Headquarters unit through the end of the war. He, Zicker, was captured along with the men of 423rd headquarters. Most of his time was spent in Dresden's Slaughterhouse Five and he experienced the "fire storm" in the Allied bombing of the city." Sparks continued, Gordon was 78. He is survived by two sons and two daughters. His wife preceded him in death. He was a member of the AX-POW and VFW organizations. Joseph DeSantis, 422/H 1st Bn sent a copy of the Zicker obit with a personal note stating that he could not make the 2002 Reunion, due to a stroke, but he would see us in 2003."

Rest In Peace

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!
BEST WISHES
FOR A
HAPPY AND HEALTHY
NEW YEAR !!

From the Officers and Board
of Directors of your
**106th Infantry Division
Association**

REMINDERS FOR THE YEAR 2003
Stay Well -Be Good

Pay your ANNUAL Dues by June 30, 2003
Keep in touch with your buddies

BE SURE TO WATCH
OLLIE NORTH - WAR STORIES
FOX NEWS CHANNEL
JANUARY 12, 2003