

To You Who Answered the Call
The Monticello Drizzle Photo Supplement



To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Harry Truman".

THE WHITE HOUSE

Produced by The Monticello Area Historical Society
P.O. Box 463
Monticello, WI., 53570

Preface

The Monticello Area Historical Society's production of "The Monticello Drizzle" was an incomplete success. No sooner had it hit the streets than friends and relatives of the "Drizzle" veterans began wondering if we could produce a companion photo supplement. That seemed like a reasonable follow-on project for a historical group and this book is the result.

The veterans named in the Monticello Drizzle provided a solid foundation to start with, but other names kept popping up here and there. We have added names from the original American Legion WW-II Memorial, old Monticello Messengers and Zwingli Church bulletins. We have even added some pre-war Monticello High School graduates who left town for greener pastures and never returned. Using our own definition of "local" we have included the names of veterans who have had the good common sense to adopt Monticello as their post-war home. Our list grew to more than 110 names. We have made our best effort to find a picture of each and everyone of these veterans but have not always been successful. These veterans are listed in a separate section in the back of the book and will be added to future editions, if we can find photographs.

Our thanks to all the people that trusted us with the pictures contained in this volume. It could not have been easy for them to send these prized mementoes to an unknown recipient. We owe a special thanks to Mrs. Lillian Hefty and Mrs. Yolanda Richards. Their memory for the details of Monticello's family lineage, marriages, births and family relocations was beyond amazing. In addition to knowing everyone and where they lived, they also made phone calls encouraging people to send their pictures and other documents. Without their help this book would have been little more than a pamphlet.

Part two of our remembrance is meant to recall another important part of history called "Home Front." This segment depicts the sacrifices of our townspeople and the support they gave to the men and women at the front.

We do hope that this photographic retrospection will keep alive the memory of these brave soldiers who are our friends, relatives and neighbors. They will never be forgotten!

May 17, 2001

Roger and Madeleine Dooley
Monticello Area Historical Society

Roswell S. Richards



The **Capital Times of Madison**, through its regular Saturday editorial page feature, “Our Weekly Open Letters,” recently tossed this nice bouquet at The Drizzle: “To **Roswell Richards** (Dear Sir): We want to commend you for the launching and continued sprightly operation of “The Monticello Drizzle.” If sprightly seems the wrong adjective for a publication named “The Drizzle,” we are sorry, but we still think that your publication gives a lot of cheer to the boys who are away and will go a long way in

aiding them fight off that feeling of home sickness for the green and lovely hills and dales of their homes in Green County. We who have stood in those long lines of khaki in foreign climes when the mail man yelled “come and get it” don’t need to be sold on the morale value of a letter or news from home, but if there is anyone who doubts the value of your enterprise just let them ask the next man who is home on furlough at Monticello.”

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpt*

Subscription rate: A letter for each copy of “The Drizzle.”

Roswell S. Richards

Postmaster (A Newspaperman Once) Now Publishes Servicemen's "Paper"

By DAN ALBRECHT

This entertaining account of how a newspaperman, turned postmaster, is using his journalistic talents to do his bit for the war effort and help build morale in the armed forces was written by Dan Albrecht, a member of the editorial staff of the Elkhart (Ind.) Daily Truth. He and Richards were classmates and SDX brothers at the University of Wisconsin.

When Roswell S. Richards (Wisconsin '28) and his father, S. Earle Richards, disposed of their weekly paper, the *Monticello* (Wis.) *Messenger* several years ago, Roswell decided that he was probably through with active newspaper work. As he settled into his new duties as Monticello Postmaster, Roswell's news hunting instincts dulled a bit and he got so he could almost hear the village fire bell ring without wanting to dash down the street and cover the story.

Then came the war. For a time, things went on about as before. More and more Monticello young men streamed off to the training camps. They included practically all the unattached lads who used to gather at the village garage and hash over the University of Wisconsin's athletic fortunes (Monticello is only 35 miles from Madison), the relative merits of the Cubs and White Sox, and other favorite topics. Richards wrote regularly to 8 or 10 of his friends who had gone into service and it was while he was pounding out a letter to one of the boys last summer that the idea occurred to him—why not publish a mimeographed paper every month or so that would keep the home town boys in touch with each other and with events in Monticello?

His first step was to assemble a page or so of gossip notes about boys in the service and send them, in a mimeographed letter, to 15

acquaintances. Their response was enthusiastic and he then proceeded to expand his publication to its present format, six legal-size pages of single-spaced typewritten material. Richards called his brainchild the Monticello *Drizzle*, he says, because that happened to be the first name that came to his mind. His subscription terms are: one letter per month from each recipient of the *Drizzle* who is in uniform. He doesn't hold strictly to that rule, however, because 25 or 30 letters between issues give him all the material he needs.

From its modest start, the *Drizzle* has grown until it now has a circulation of 225; an impressive figure when one realizes that the village of Monticello at the last census had just 714 residents. Many of the Army and Navy subscribers, of course, are from the nearby rural area but they are all regarded as home-towners. In addition to the copies sent to men in uniform, about 25 or 30 go to former Monticello residents who are now in other cities and others to families of the young men now in Uncle Sam's employ.

"The *Drizzle* is made up almost entirely of letters written by Monticello boys all over the world." Richards explains, "In this way, by writing to me, they can exchange greetings, experiences and wisecracks. Because war furnishes so much tragedy, I strive to make the *Drizzle* chatty and cheering, stressing the humorous side of things. I try to conduct it as if all the boys were seated right around me in a big family circle and we were swapping yarns with each other. To promote this spirit of good fun and kidding among the service men, I interject personal comments throughout. I try to present the stuff as humorously as I can so that the boys will get some chuckles out of it, but I confess I often fall considerably short of my objective."

"No matter how often the boys write to me, nearly all of them mention in every letter how grateful they are for the *Drizzle* and what a swell

Roswell S. Richards

idea they think it is. One of the nicest and simplest little tributes I have ever received was this from Vincent Gerry, a paratrooper last heard from in England: “God bless all the boys and Roz.”

Richards’ news training and his years of experience as editor of a country weekly—he helped his father to get out the sheet even while he was a student at Wisconsin—show clearly in his handling of material for the *Drizzle*. It’s not hard to believe that readers regard the *Drizzle*, with its infectious chit-chat and constant recollections of happier days, as some thing just as good as, if not actually better than, a letter from home. When he started his publication, Richards expected to finance it himself. He reports now, however, that it is self-supporting

through contributions from various Monticello citizens. He has also acquired a volunteer staff, consisting of two girls who address the envelopes, another who cuts the mimeograph stencils, a boy who runs them off on the mimeographing machine and a boy who folds and inserts them in the envelopes.

Obviously, the *Drizzle* takes up a lot of Richards’ time, but he doesn’t talk about building morale or doing his bit for the war effort. He’s just trying to make sure that a lot of boys from a green little village in the hills of southern Wisconsin get a regular consignment of that remarkable antidote called News From Home. And it’s as certain as tomorrow’s sunrise that those boys won’t soon forget it.



Roswell S. Richards

July 8, 1945

MADISON

THE CAPITAL TIMES

WISCONSIN

Home

'Drizzle' Keeps Monticello, Servicemen United Community



Another edition of "The Monticello Drizzle" starts its journey to servicemen, former residents of Monticello, and townspeople when Editor Roswell Richards, left sits down at his typewriter to make a stencil of the "newsy little paper" which carries the local news far and wide. The biggest job is that of culling the choicest news items from the many letters which he receives as payment of the subscription price—"A Letter, a Drizzle." In the center picture, Mrs. Richards, the compositor-pressman, starts the "press" (mimeograph machine) and the edition goes to press. In July 1943, the paper had a subscription list of 10 or 12. Now, in its second year, circulation is 350. At the right, Rosanda Rae, 5, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richards, and Miss Marian Stauffer are shown at the post office preparing to send the paper on its way to men in foxholes, in barracks, on ships, in hospitals and to other former residents of this community. Miss Stauffer also addresses and fills the envelopes. Richards, besides editing the "Drizzle," is postmaster of Monticello.

—Photos by James Roy Miller.

Roswell S. Richards

What a wonderful legacy Roswell Richards gave to his community. Dad always spoke highly of him—they were on a championship basketball team together.... Grant Blum, son of Dr. Otto S. Blum.

✂✂✂

The Drizzle is a real treasure, I only wish Carl could have seen it.... Mrs. Carl Babler.

✂✂✂

From **Lieut. Leon Babler**, 316 Bomber Sq., Walla Walla, Wash., "Received my first "Drizzle" yesterday. Can honestly say it is the most enjoyable piece of "literature" I've read since being in the army. My opinion on it? Nothing better! Just what the boys have been waiting for.

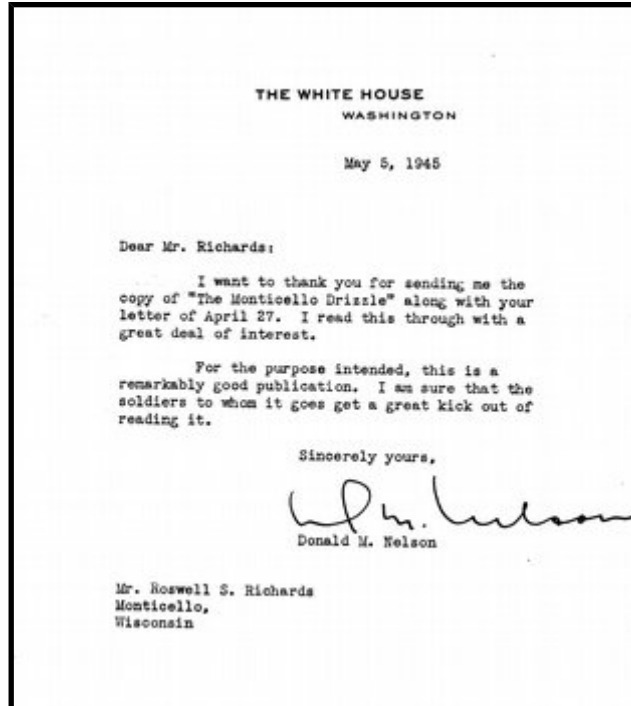
✂✂✂

From **Lt. Harris (Hoppe) Babler**, stationed in the Alaska area: "Thanks so much for including me among the subscribers to "The Drizzle." I am very much pleased with it.

✂✂✂

From far-away Australia come these interesting lines from none other than **Pvt. Louis Wyss**, "Hi, Rusty. Just received the first issue of The Drizzle and had to read it twice as I couldn't get all the laughs out of it the first time. I must agree with Whitey when he says that The Drizzle has a faint aroma of intelligence and that somebody else must be writing it for you. Come on, tell us who's doing it?"

✂✂✂



thank you for sending me a copy of The Monticello Drizzle, I really can't tell you how much it was appreciated. I surely agree with **Leon Babler** when he said it was the best piece of "literature" he has read since being in the service. Many times I have wondered where the boys that I used to run around with and knew in Monticello were stationed. My problem was surely solved today, thanks to you and the rest of your staff who put out this fine paper.

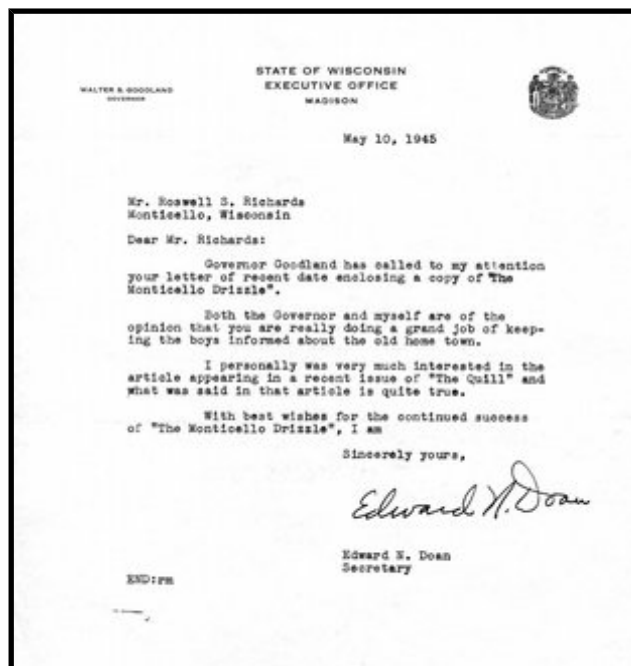
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From **Corp. Paulus Roth**, Camp Edwards, Mass. "Certainly enjoyed The Drizzle. Always like to get news from home.

✂✂✂

Lieut. Fritz and Joyce Steinmann dropped us a line from Chicago: "Just a note to tell you how much we enjoy reading The Drizzle and look forward to reading all the news of everyone.

✂✂✂



Roswell S. Richards

From far out in the southwest Pacific, **Don Trickle**, Monroe, formerly of Monticello, writes: "I received the first copy of The Drizzle and found it very interesting. Sure hope they continue coming.

With **Fritz Haldiman**, **Erv Spring** has been located in the Alaskan territory for a good many months. Listen to what he has to say:

"I guess it's about time I was paying my "dues" for my copies of the now famous Drizzle. I must say there really is some talent on the Drizzle staff. Some of the boys claim it can't be you. Well, I've known you for quite some time and think you're really at the old newspaper game again, and who could produce a Drizzle like that but you.

"**Art**" **Babler**, the former capital city insurance broker, is still at Brooklyn (N. Y.) where he is a member of the coast guard. Art writes: "Thank you for sending me The Drizzle. Enjoy reading every bit of it.

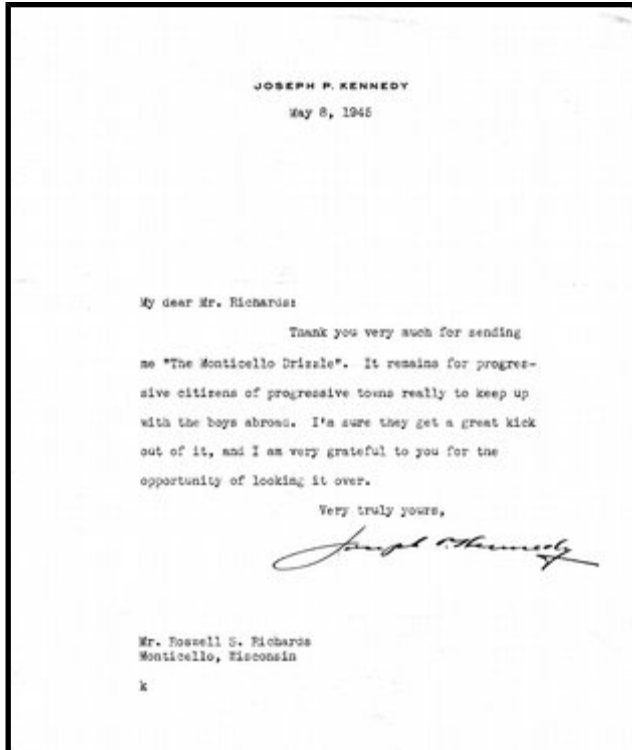
From **Sgt. Warren J. Murphy**, Camp Barkeley, Texas, former chief hash-slinger in the Midway Lunch Palace owned and operated by **J. Pierpont Lobbs**, president of the local Bank of Greece: "I certainly got a big boost to my low spirits when I read the last Drizzle. Roz, I thank you and all your helpers for it—it was so good to hear from all the fellows.

Vol. 2 – No. 12

Nov. 30, 1945

Editor: Roz Richards

This brings us to the end of the last Drizzle, this also bringing an end to the entire series, which was inaugurated on July 15, 1943. In farewell, may I express the wish that all of you, servicemen and other readers alike, have had as much enjoyment in reading The Drizzle as I have had preparing it. **So Long!**



When **Lt. Betty Woelffer** wrote her letter to The Drizzler, she was stationed at Camp McCoy, but since then she has been transferred to the 98th Evacuation Hospital near Yuma, Arizona: "It was a pleasant feeling when I received The Drizzle as I was really looking forward to it. The other girls think it's the berries, too.

The last issue of "The Drizzle" was so packed with such a variety of news, so interestingly told, that I am not even going to try to touch on the things "Ros" dealt with. If you are not

getting "The Drizzle" you really are missing something. All you have to do to get a copy is to write to our gifted Postmaster, Roswell Richards. When it comes to "fencing with fancy fanfares" he is really "on the keys."

—**Rev. A.R. Achtemeier**, March 21, 1945

Sgt. Cecil Wirth, the town's budding aeronautical genius in the years before he chose to become a Marine, writes The Drizzler from "In the Field" Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific. The sergeant is very enthusiastic about The Drizzle, but when he begins to say just a little something about himself, the censor steps in with his scissors and clips eight or ten lines.

Pfc. Raymond Zumkehr, stationed at Camp Grant, says to "tell the boys across the pond I may get to see them in 1944." Before he winds up his letter with "Keep The Drizzle dripping because we enjoy it a lot."

Robert L. Amans



AMERICAN BATTLE MONUMENTS COMMISSION



THE WORLD WAR II HONOR ROLL

Robert L. Amans

First Lieutenant, U.S. Army

02035276

**163rd Infantry Regiment, 41st Infantry
Division**

Entered the Service from: Wisconsin

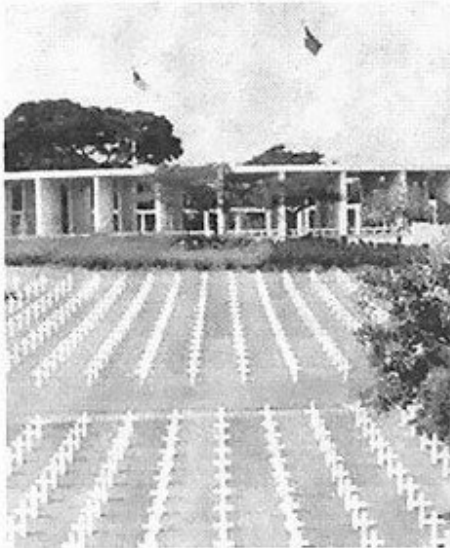
Died: April 12, 1945

Buried at: Plot A Row 16 Grave 45

Manila American Cemetery

Manila, Philippines

Awards: Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster



Robert L. Amans

...“Bob”, originally a member of Co. K, Monroe, had been in the Pacific fighting almost from the very first. He was a native of Superior, WI., and although he was not a Monticello boy, he had made many friends locally during the few years he had worked on farms in this vicinity....

...“Bob” rose from the ranks to become a First Lieutenant. Soldiers who served under him when he was a sergeant leading a platoon are unstinted in their praise of his brilliant leadership and rare courage....

...Yes, “Bob” Amans was a soldier of rare courage. There wasn’t anything he was afraid of. He was one of those breed, “The Hell you say!” sort of fellows who eagerly accepted any challenge and would wade right into the thick of battle where less courageous souls might waver and hold back. He was a soldier’s soldier....

...As we rejoice in this great Allied victory over the forces of evil, let us pause in solemn reverence to the memory of S/Sgt. Melvin Marty, Pvt. Paul Derendinger, and Lt. “Bob” Amans, who laid down their lives to help lay down the foundations of lasting peace. And may all of us have the intelligence and the courage to strive as tenaciously and as valiantly for the preservation of the peace as these gallant soldiers—and hundreds of thousands like them—fought to win it....

--Excerpts from the Monticello Drizzle

Robert L. Amans



Lt Bob Amans, Killed in action April 12, 1945, on Jolo Island, Pacific theater of operation. Assigned to Co. I, 163RD Infantry, 41st Div. US Army. Was originally called into service as a member of Co. K, 32nd Inf. Div. Monroe National Guard Unit.

His exploits were mentioned in the Chicago Tribune, during the New Guinea campaign. He was also mentioned in Life and Look magazines. He was pictured with his platoon in Look Magazine.

The time frame for research hinges on the beginning of the New Guinea campaign where he is reported to have killed the first Jap, during the first patrol of the campaign.





Orville Anderson

Since Pfc Orville Anderson was badly wounded in the right shoulder by a German machine gun bullet while guarding a bridge near Paris Aug. 31, he has had over 500 "shots" of penicillin. Moreover, he has been in eight different hospitals—four in France, two in England, and two in this country. For almost three months now, Orville has been a patient in McCaw General Hospital, Walla Walla, Wash., where in February he bravely endured an operation for the removal of 22 pieces of bone from his shoulder without anesthesia

to deaden the pain. There's real courage for you, folks! The machine gun bullet entered Orville's chest between the third and fourth rib just above the lung, ploughed through the shoulder bone where it severed the radial nerve and brought complete paralysis of the right arm. As the bullet came out, it left a hole big enough to put your fist in. Orville is making slow but steady progress and can now move his fingers a little. He is soon to submit to major nerve surgery, which will be followed by five other operations of a more minor nature before he is finally released from the hospital.

Pfc. Orville Anderson, shot thru the right shoulder by a German machine gun bullet while guarding a bridge near Paris Aug. 31, recently arrived at McCaw Gen. Hospital, Walla Walla, Wash., an institu-

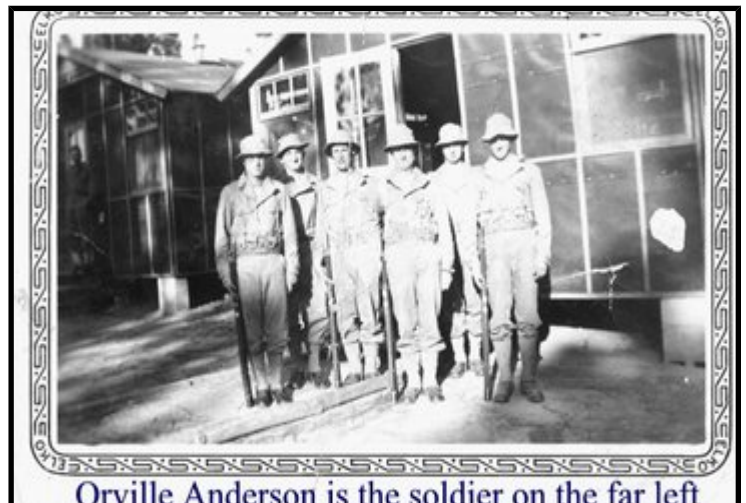


tion which specializes in nerve conditions. Orville, who served with Gen. Patton's 3rd Army for 44 days before he was wounded, will soon submit to an operation to restore life to his right arm which is now paralyzed. Orville, a New Glarus boy, is the son-in-law of Conrad Elmer, Jr., residing west of Monticello. Here's hoping the operation is a complete success!

Pfc. Orville Anderson, home recently on a 45-day furlough, is now back in McCaw Gen. Hosp., Walla Walla, Wash., where he will soon submit to

a delicate nerve grafting operation, lasting from 6 to 8 hours, to relieve the paralytic condition which has afflicted his right arm ever since he was wounded by a German machine gun bullet near Paris late last August.

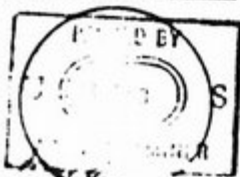
--Monticello Drizzle excerpts



Orville Anderson is the soldier on the far left

Orville Anderson

No.



CENSORS STAMP

PRINT ADDRESS IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS

TERENCE FREITAS
MONTICELLO
WISCONSIN
Box R.F.D.

SENDER'S RETURN ADDRESS

PTG. ORVILLE ANDERSON
(Grade or Rate and Name)

Army Serial Number: 36266271

Co. M 112 INF.
(Complete Organization)

APD: 28 1/2 POSTMASTER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Hello Folks:-

Just a few lines this fine Sat. afternoon.
How is every body around there? I feel alright and an-
keupful plenty busy always so it doesn't leave me any
too much time for letter writing. Well I've seen a few
good movies lately which is held at the Regis Area
for nothing. Last night I seen "Pithe packing women"
which was very good but lots different I don't think it
it would be. I suppose by this time you have your grain
and corn planted by now. How is the pasture around
there? How are the prices now? Well I still haven't
broken my record of being away from town yet. This
make my 7 week without going to town and that long
since I've tasted beer. I was on K P day before yesterday
which was a tough job as there is always something
to do like washing pots & pans, peel spuds and a
hundred other different kinds of work. We got our
new menu I got now and since then we have been
eating damn good. Like today we had pie and I managed
to get two pieces. We usually get pie cake or something once
a day. Well as I haven't any thing else to write about
will close for this time. Will write more at another
time. So long folks. Write whenever you find time.

V-MAIL

Orville

Arthur W. Babler



Arthur W. Babler, whose wife and mother live in Madison, is serving aboard a coast guard cutter in the central Pacific.

A Radioman third class, the Coast Guardsman is the son of Mrs. Florence W. Babler, 629 W. Johnson St. His wife lives at 406 N. Henry St.

Babler is a graduate of Monticello high school and the University of Wisconsin. Before entering service he was an accountant for the Farmers Mutual Automobile Insurance Co., Madison.

A brother, Capt. Leon H. Babler, is with the Army Air Forces in England and a second brother, Pfc. Carl, with the Army in the Philippines.

•

Former Local Boy Weds Madison Girl

Arthur Babler Leone May Krueger

Exchange Vows July 17

The chapel of the Bethel Lutheran church, Madison, was the scene of a pretty nuptial event at 4:30 Saturday afternoon, July 17, when Miss Leone May Krueger, Madison, became the bride of Arthur W. Babler, son of Mrs. Florence Babler, Madison, former Monticello residents.

Miss Doris Treinen, Madison, and Lieut. Leon Babler, brother of the groom, attended the couple.

The bride wore a floor-length gown of white eyelet. Her tulle veil was fingertip length and she carried a small bouquet of white roses and sweet peas. Her attendant wore a formal dress of yellow taffeta and chiffon. She carried a colonial bouquet of tea roses and sweet peas.

Mrs. Babler, mother of the bridegroom, wore a navy blue and white print dress and a corsage of gardenias for the occasion.

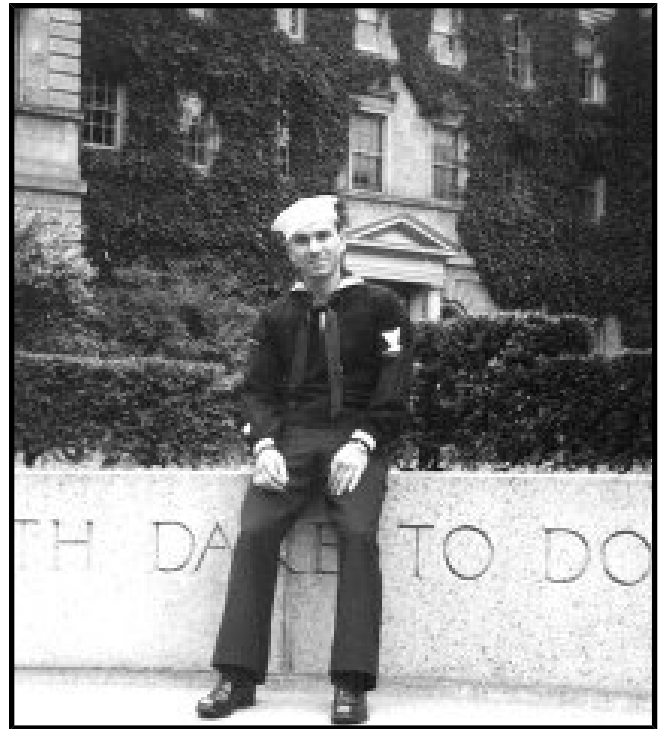
A dinner was served at the Wooden Bowl Tearoom, Madison, for a few relatives and friends.

Local Graduate

The groom attended the Monticello public schools and graduated from the local high school, receiving his diploma with the class of 1931. During his high school career in Monticello, he took an active part in athletics, being particularly proficient in basketball. He later graduated from the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Babler are making their home at 629 W. Johnson St., Madison. Both are employed at the Farmers Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, Madison.

—Monticello Messenger, July 29, 1943.



Arthur W. Babler

NOTICE OF SEPARATION FROM THE U. S. NAVAL SERVICE - COAST GUARD

NAVCG-553 (Rev. 9-44)

1. NAME (LAST) BABLER	(FIRST) Arthur	(MIDDLE) Wittwer	2. RATE OR RANK *RM2c(R)	3. PAY GRADE Third	4. C. G. SERVICE NO. 7007-551
5. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES 629 W. Johnson Street, Madison, Wisc. (DANE)			6. RACE White	7. SEX Male	8. DATE OF BIRTH 2 March, 1914
9. ADDRESS FROM WHICH DISCHARGEE WILL SEEK WORK (IF DIFFERENT FROM ITEM #5) Same as Item #5.			10. MARRIED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	11. NO. OF DEPENDENTS 1 (One)	12. U. S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO

RECORD OF COAST GUARD SERVICE

SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA	13. REGISTERED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	14. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE Same as Item #5.	15. LOCAL BOARD NO., COUNTY AND STATE #1, Dane, Wisconsin.
16. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE Madison, Wisc. (Active Duty)		MO. DAY YR. 9 7 43	17. PLACE OF SEPARATION FROM SERVICE Detroit, Michigan.
18. CHARACTER OF DISCHARGE HONORABLE		19. LENGTH OF FOREIGN AND/OR SEA SERVICE WORLD WAR II	
		YEARS 1	MONTHS 4
		DAYS 8	
20. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED		COURSES	21. OFF DUTY EDUCATIONAL COURSES
Atlantic City, N. J.		Radioman	NONE
		24	

EMPLOYMENT AND NON-SERVICE EDUCATIONAL DATA

22. LAST EMPLOYER BEFORE ENTRY INTO SERVICE (GIVE FIRM NAME AND ADDRESS) Farmer's Mutual Auto Ins. Company, Madison, Wisconsin.		DATE LEFT Sept. 1943
23. USUAL CIVILIAN OCCUPATION (D.O.T. TITLE AND BRIEF DESCRIPTION) 1-01.03 Bookkeeper III		24. JOB FIELD PREFERENCE Accounting
		25. JOB AID DESIRED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO
		26. LOCALITY PREFERENCE (GIVE GENERAL AREA) Midwest
27. NON-SERVICE EDUCATION	ENTER NUMBER OF YEARS COMPLETED	
	GRAMM'S SCHOOL 8	HIGH SCHOOL 4
	COLLEGE 4	
28. MAJOR COURSE OR FIELD Commerce		
29. VOCATIONAL OR TRADE COURSES (INDICATE NATURE AND LENGTH OF COURSES) NONE		
30. PREFERENCE FOR ADDITIONAL EDUCATIONAL TRAINING Undecided.		

31. REMARKS ***Item #2 - RM2c(R) - Radioman second class (Reserve). Has served outside the continental limits of the U. S. Entitled to wear the American Area Campaign Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Area Campaign Medal and World War II Victory Medal.**

Separated by reason of eligibility under the point system.

BORN: **Monticello, Wisconsin. (Green County)**

SS: **Unknown**


I certify that all information on this form pertaining to the Naval Service of the above named individual is in accordance with the records of the U. S. Coast Guard and that a copy of this form has been delivered to him in person.

32. 
(SIGNATURE OF DISCHARGING OFFICER)

R. B. FOSSEE, Lieut. USCGR
Civil Readjustment Officer

(TYPE NAME AND RANK OF DISCHARGING OFFICER)

33. SIGNATURE OF DISCHARGED PERSON


Arthur Wittwer Babler

DATE

27 November, 1945

Carl Babler



Pfc. Carl Babler Is Slightly Wounded

Former Local Boy Injured April 19 In Okinawa Battle with Japs

Mrs. Florence Babler, Madison, formerly of Monticello, was notified Saturday by the war department that her son, Pfc. Carl Babler had been slightly wounded on Okinawa April 19.

Overseas since last October, Pfc. Babler has seen action during the battle of Leyte and Okinawa. He has been in the Army since Dec. 7, 1942. He attended the Monticello High School for two years and graduated from Madison West high school, where he starred in football and basketball. He also attended the University of Wisconsin, withdrawing in 1942 to enter service.

Two brothers are in service. Capt. Leon Babler is in England with the Eighth Air Force, and Coast Guardsman Arthur Babler, Radioman 2nd class, is in the Pacific.

—*Monticello Messenger, May 24, 1944*

From Carl Babler, who's taking much the same course at Wisconsin as "Boob" is at Yale: "they really have us hopping here, Roz. We just finished our mid-semester exams for the second term and were they Luloos! A guy really has to stay on the beam because low grades mean back to the troops. Have another vacation coming Dec. 4th and it's awful nice to walk only two blocks to get home on furlough. Keep The Drizzle coming. It's the best I've seen yet."

And here's the latest on the whereabouts of the three Babler brothers: Capt. Leon, who had been flying as lead navigator in a Flying Fort with the 8th Air Force in raids on the European continent from bases in Britain, now has an administrative job in England. . . Carl's with Co. K of the 381st Infantry and he saw action on Leyte in the Philippines. Quite possibly he's moved on since then. Say, Carl, what do you think of the ol' tail gunner and his smooth technique with the nurses? Don't you think he's playing possum? . . . "Art" is "Somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands."

--*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*



Clarence Babler



STATIONED IN ALASKA

Pvt. Clarence Babler, former local boy, is now stationed in Alaska with the U.S. Army. His address is: Pvt. Clarence Babler, ASN, 36256S58, Hq & Hq Sq, 337th Service Group, APO 942, Seattle, Wash.

—*Monticello Messenger, January 28, 1943.*

PROMOTED IN RANK

Clarence Babler, former Monticello boy, has been promoted to the rank of Corporal in the U. S. Army, according to word received by his brother, Herman Babler, of this village.

—*Monticello Messenger, May 6, 1943*

Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler, with a medical platoon in the Alaska area, recently accompanied wounded soldiers—apparently air transport

flight to Seattle, Wash., where he enjoyed a three-days leave before flying back.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*

Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler, honorably discharged from the Army late in May, resumed his former position as pharmacist in a Richland Center drug store Monday. He saw nearly three years of Army service, about 20 months of which were spent in Alaska. "Bab" was stationed at Kelley Field, Texas, at the time of his release.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*

Clarence was inducted into the Army Air Force August 26, 1942 and was discharged May 22, 1945 from Ft. Sheridan, Ill. He served overseas from Dec. 1942 to April 1944 and from May 1944 to October 1944.

—*Information provided by Beverly Hilliard*

Harold M. Babler



From the wartime diary of Harold M. Babler

1943

MARCH 19, 1943. Left civilian life for my Army career. Arrived at Ft. Sheridan, Illinois.

MARCH 22, 1943. Left Ft. Sheridan, Ill, by train to Ft. Jackson, South Carolina for basic training with the 106th Division, which was just newly activated at this time.

MARCH 24, 1943. Arrived at Ft. Jackson, South Carolina. Was assigned to the 590th Field Artillery Battalion, (Battery B) 106th Infantry Division.

AUGUST 11, 1943. Five-day furlough plus traveling time of five days.

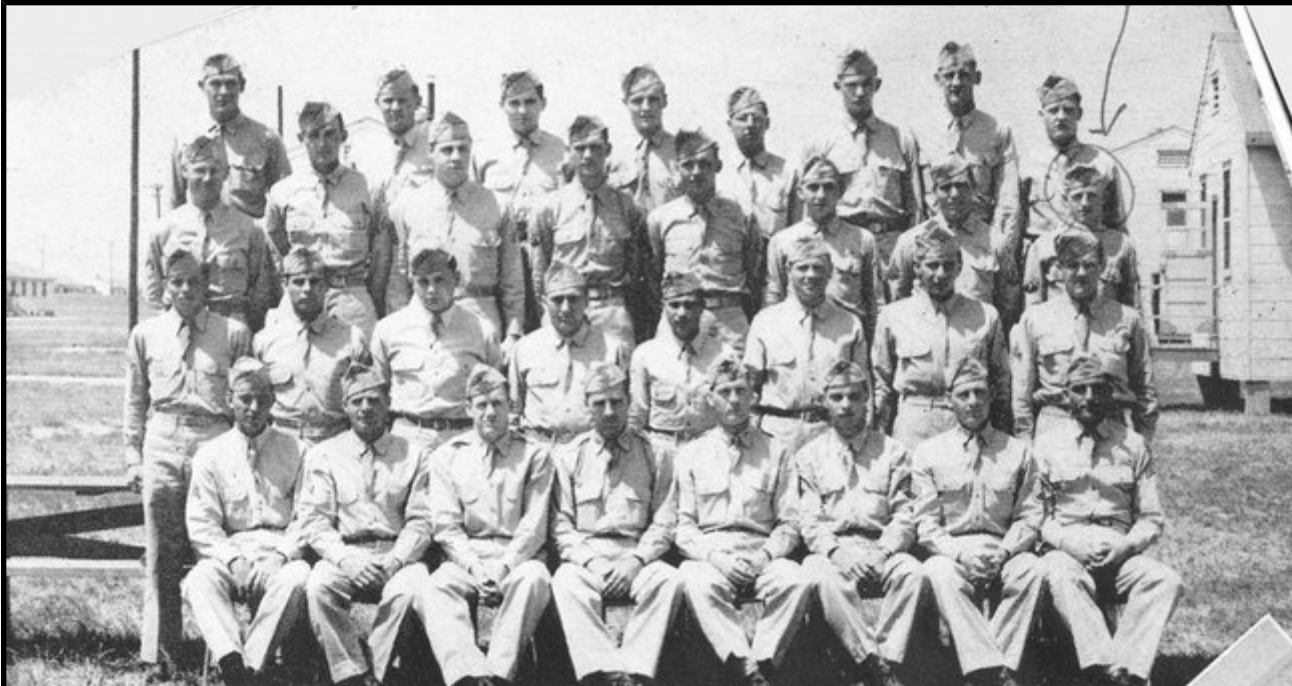
AUGUST 21, 1943. Reported back to camp and went into advanced training.

OCTOBER 5, 1943. Five-day emergency furlough to attend Bernard Baebler's funeral.

NOVEMBER 20, 1943. Got a regular furlough of fifteen days.

DECEMBER 3, 1943. Reported back to camp. Went on "D" Series, which was a two-week maneuver period.

Harold M. Babler



Battery B, 590th Field Artillery Battalion, 106th Infantry Division, Ft. Jackson, S.C.

Harold Babler is under the arrow at the extreme right end of the third row from the front.

1944

JANUARY 20, 1944. Left Ft. Jackson by motor march to Tennessee maneuver area around Murfreesboro, which is approximately thirty-five miles from Nashville.

MARCH 29, 1944. Went from Tennessee maneuver area to Camp Atterbury, Indiana by motor march.

APRIL 9, 1944. Had a furlough of ten days.

APRIL 19, 1944. Reported back to regular garrison and field training.

AUGUST 7, 1944. Had a furlough of fifteen days. The last one.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1944. Had a three-day pass.

OCTOBER 8, 1944. Left Camp Atterbury by train enroute to Camp Myles Standish, Boston, Massachusetts.

OCTOBER 9, 1944. Arrived at Camp Myles Standish (Port of Embarkation).

NOVEMBER 10, 1944. Left Boston Harbor on U.S.S. Wakefield (Manhattan) for overseas destination.

NOVEMBER 18, 1944. Arrived at Liverpool, England.

NOVEMBER 19, 1944. Boarded trains for Gloucester, England.

NOVEMBER 20, 1944. Arrived at Gloucester, England. Drove vehicles to Reservoir Camp.



Harold (center) on KP.

Harold M. Babler

NOVEMBER 28, 1944. Left Reservoir Camp–Gloucester, England by motor march. Arrived at Weymouth, England. Bivouacked overnight.

NOVEMBER 29, 1944. Boarded an L.S.T. at Portland, England for destination in France.

NOVEMBER 30, 1944. Left Portland, England at 0800. Arrived at Le Havre, France at 2200. Anchored overnight.

DECEMBER 14, 1944. Still anchored at Le Havre, France. Broke two anchors in a storm.

DECEMBER 5, 1944. Sailed in an L.S.T. back to Portland, England to get new anchors.

DECEMBER 6, 1944. Layed around Portland Harbor, England. Went roaming around town for about three hours.

DECEMBER 7, 1944. Started back for France. Anchored at Le Havre overnight.

DECEMBER 8, 1944. Went down the Seine River–within a few miles of Rouen. Anchored overnight.

DECEMBER 9, 1944. Sailed the rest of the Seine River to Rouen. Arrived there about noon. Drove all day and night across France to within fifteen miles of front lines.

DECEMBER 10, 1944. Went up to the front lines. Took over position held by the Second Division. Was supposed to be a standstill front. Set up in a village.

DECEMBER 11-14, 1944. Still in village. Ransacked through all the houses and barns. We had twelve milking cows and chickens, rabbits, and

twenty-six hogs. Then we butchered a hog and used the milk until a medical officer stopped us.

DECEMBER 15, 1944. Large counterattack by the Germans. Started with twenty German Divisions.



DECEMBER 16, 1944. Fired from held gun position, where we were set up in village.

DECEMBER 17, 1944. Moved from the village. Enemy is getting too close. Could no longer support the Infantry from this position.

DECEMBER 18, 1944. Traveled up to front lines with the Infantry all day looking for a position to set up in. Snipers were around all the time. I was in one tank attack. Drove all night and ended up in a trap. We were in a valley and all around us were Germans. Some of the men tried to escape after we had surrendered, but later on were caught.

DECEMBER 19, 1944. Captured about 1030. We were searched and marched five miles to Blahof, approximately 7 1/2 Km. We spent the night trying to sleep and keep from freezing on that cold ground, without blankets and overcoats. Four of us men were together. Two had overcoats. Laid the two overcoats we had on the ground. All four of us huddled together on them. We took off our field jackets and used them to cover up with. This lasted only for a couple of hours. When captured we were all gathered together in a group. We were marched single file in front of Germans and were then searched for everything. The Germans, who searched us, were young

Harold M. Babler

guys about fifteen years old. They took everything from money to mens wedding bands. I shoved my watch up to my elbow and was, one out of a hundred of the lucky guys who was able to keep it. After being marched to Blahof, we were searched again. We were driven into a building and sat around there until about 1800. Then they drove us to a stonewall enclosure, where we stayed for the night. Some German gave a short talk and it was interpreted by one of our men. He told us that if anyone tried to escape all the men would be shot and a bunch of other crap not worth mentioning.



DECEMBER 20, 1944. We marched approximately thirty-five to forty miles through the ruins of Prüm to Gerolstein. Arrived there about 2230. Was so hungry that we ate snow all the way. We ran across a sugar beet patch and I was lucky enough to get one. I had no knife to peel it so ate dirt and all. Still had no chow of any kind. Had to sneak around to a faucet. Only a couple at a time could go to get water. Was up all night again.

DECEMBER 21, 1944. We laid around until 1400. They gave us each one-fourth loaf of bread and one-eighth can of bully beef. We were marched to a railroad station, that is, what was left of it, and loaded in boxcars. Sixty men to a car three-fourths as large as our boxcars in the

U.S. There were no stoves in them but they had a layer of straw on the bottom a few inches thick, which made it easier sitting. Was on the train till X-mas Day.

DECEMBER 22, 1944. Still had no food. The car wasn't opened even to let the men go to the latrine.

DECEMBER 23, 1944. Brought us a drink they called coffee, which I couldn't drink. Had just enough to warm me up a bit. They let us out of the cars today for about ten minutes. There was a bombing raid on the tracks, where we were sitting by the R.A.F. One car had four men killed and eleven injured. Nearly all the cars including the one I was in were shaken so that all the glass from the two small windows was broken. This took place about 1930. Rest of the night everyone shook every time the air raid siren sounded.

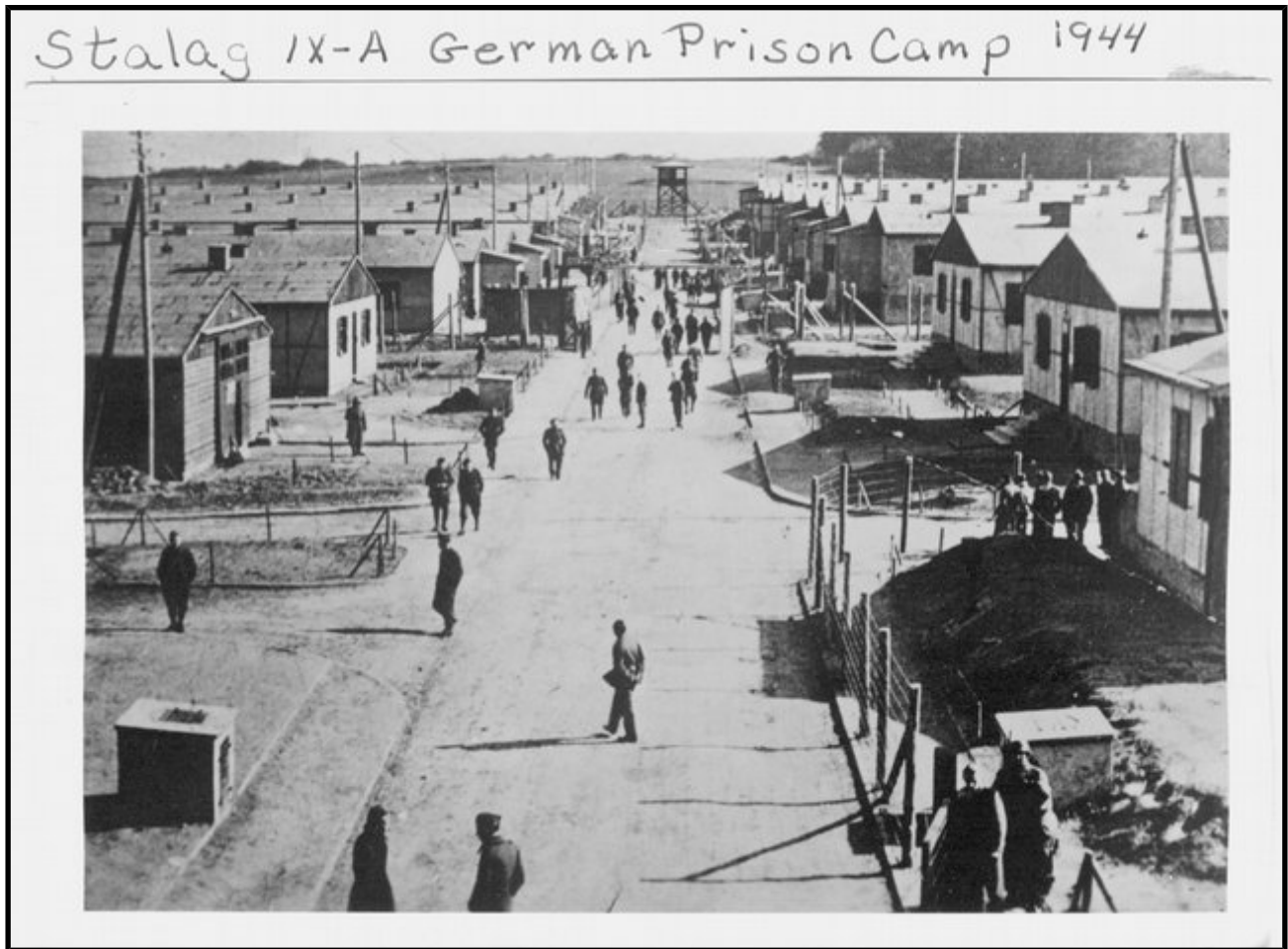
DECEMBER 24, 1944. Still sitting on the tracks at Lindberg. They finally let us out for about ten minutes again. Then they brought us water and one-fourth loaf of bread each with margarine and molasses. We were all settled down for the night, when the train took off.

DECEMBER 25, 1944. We arrived in Bad Orb, Germany about noon Christmas Day. We got off the train and marched about three miles up a mountain to prison camp, Stalag IX-B, right on top of the mountain. They gave us something they called soup, which was nothing but carrots boiled in water with no taste whatsoever. It did however help to warm us up with the aid of the coffee they gave us later.

DECEMBER 26, 1944. Layed around in new home all day with one cup of coffee for breakfast, one and one-half cup of soup for dinner, one cup of tea and one-sixth loaf of bread for supper.

DECEMBER 27, 1944. I was de-loused and also registered. Was given a Prisoner of War dog tag.

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DECEMBER 28, 1944. Did nothing but lay around and think.

DECEMBER 29, 1944. After sleeping four days without blankets in a cold barracks they finally issued us each one blanket. They gave us tin cans to eat from, but some of the men had to eat from their steel helmets. The first day there my buddy and I had to use our helmet liner with the sweat band still in or we wouldn't have eaten. We would get forty sticks of wood a day for the barracks. Most everyone used some of this wood to whittle out a wooden spoon, which we used all during the life of prisoners. The rest of December we layed around.

1945

JANUARY 1, 1945. Held church services in the barracks. They gave us blanks to fill out, which were supposed to be Red Cross blanks. Played

cards and slept. The next few days we did nothing nor heard nothing.

JANUARY 5, 1945. We heard our first bit of news, which was from a German radio and therefore mostly propaganda.

JANUARY 6, 1945. Wrote first letter home. Whether it got there or not time will only tell.

JANUARY 7, 1945. Nothing new except Russian Christmas.

JANUARY 8, 1945. We had Russian, French, and Polish prisoners in camp.

JANUARY 9, 1945. Wrote a card home. I got the G.I.'s. Very sick. Tried to get out of bed and I blacked out.

JANUARY 10, 1945. Still slightly sick. All officers moved out except a couple of doctors and two Chaplains. The Chaplains had a hard time

Harold M. Babler

convincing the German authorities to let them stay. They had to promise and sign that they wouldn't associate or answer any questions that weren't of religious dealings. They could not express their opinion to the men.

JANUARY 11, 1945.

Still not feeling so hot. Our diet throughout the days was the same. For breakfast we would have about one cup of tea. For dinner we had one and one-half cup of soup (pea, rutabaga, carrot, greens). For supper we had one-sixth loaf of bread with a square of margarine plus one cup of tea. About two nights a week we had marmalade, cheese, liverwurst, bologna, and corned beef. It would amount to about one tablespoonful, just enough for a taste.

Our routine throughout the week was nearly the same. We would get up at 0700 and have tea. During the morning there was nothing to do except sleep or try to get in a card game. The only cards around were the ones that some men happened to have along. The Jerries gave us nothing. We would fall out for twenty minutes and air out our barracks. The beds were full of lice and bed bugs, but the only thing you could do is scratch them and try to kill them.

JANUARY 12, 1945. Just to get around the Geneva Convention and to show the Red Cross representative when he came around, they had us fill out clothing forms. They took our picture to put in our records.

JANUARY 14, 1945. Church services were held. They wouldn't give the Chaplains a

building for a chapel so services were held in our barracks.

JANUARY 15, 1945. An accordion was acquired and one guy came around to each barracks giving a concert to boost the morale.



JANUARY 16, 1945.

Wrote another card home. Started to copy receipts. All everyone thought of was food so they held cooking classes and receipt classes etc. Had song get together at night to try and get everyone's mind off other things.

JANUARY 18, 1945.

All Jews were separated from us and put in another barracks. Heard news of Patton trapping one million Germans.

JANUARY 19, 1945.

Nothing new the next couple days except Bible Class.

JANUARY 21, 1945.

Held church services.

JANUARY 22, 1945. Chaplain brought us a new song he wrote up.

“We are a bunch of Yanky Soldiers
living deep in Germany.

We are eating soup and black bread
and a beverage they call tea.

We will always keep on singing
until Patton sets us free.

And we can ramble home.”

CHORUS:

“Come and get us Georgy Patton,
Come and get us Georgy Patton,
Come and get us Georgy Patton,
So we can ramble home.”

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JANUARY 24, 1945. Red Cross representative came looking around. Made them move Non-Coms so we got news of moving out at 1800.

JANUARY 25, 1945. Fell out at 0745. Stood around until 0900 and then marched to a building where we got one-half loaf of bread and one-third can of meat for the whole trip. Walked down three-mile mountain to town of Bad Orb. Here we got on a train at noon. We were put in boxcars again. Forty-six men to a car with one bale of straw for the floor. We moved about two miles and sat there until about 1800. Everyone was sweating out another bombing. We moved however all night and got off the train in the morning at Ziegenhain, Germany.

JANUARY 26, 1945. Got off train at 0800. There was a blizzard. Marched three km. to Stalag 1X-A. We stood around one hour and finally they decided to put us in big tents. We stood around there freezing until 1800 with one cup of tea between that time. Went to barracks and went to bed. No food as they claimed the one-half loaf of bread and one-third can of meat was for two days.

JANUARY 28, 1945. Got one cigarette for six men from Russians. The twenty-nine got one cigarette for three men from the Poles. The bed I was in broke down. We were in third deck up. They put two hundred and seventy men in our barracks the size the U.S. would put fifty men in. Russians sixty miles from Berlin.

JANUARY 30, 1945. Made out change of address cards for the Red Cross. Weather turned very nice and things started melting outside.

FEBRUARY 1, 1945. Had Bible Class. Chow at this camp was somewhat the same. Greens for Monday, carrots Tuesday, greens Wednesday, barley Thursday, rutabagas Friday, greens Saturday, and pea soup Sunday. Recreation Sgt. was appointed to build up morale of boys and it helped. He found talent amongst the gang of every kind.

FEBRUARY 2, 1945. Talk on Germany by a P.W. Each man got one-half cigarette. To let you

know the value of cig. etc., cigarettes sold for two hundred Francs or four dollars. Cigars sold for two hundred Francs. Men were trading one-half of their bread ration for a cigarette. Watches were sold for one hundred and two hundred dollars and were in turn traded for cigarettes, about five packages.

FEBRUARY 3, 1945. Heard of Big Three Convention. Was issued soap like sand. Received soap and a piece of rag for a towel.

FEBRUARY 4, 1945. Talk on G.I. Bill of Rights.

FEBRUARY 5, 1945. Phonograph machine. First music we heard since we left England. Wrote two letters and a card home.

FEBRUARY 6, 1945. Got a shave.

FEBRUARY 7, 1945. Lecture on criminal case by lawyer from New York. Lecture also on photography. Had prayer service, which was held every night. Bible Class was three days a week.

FEBRUARY 8, 1945. Held a quiz contest. Also lecture on radio and electricity. Got Red Cross package from French supply. Four men to a box. The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag was given every morning when Jerry wasn't around. Contents of the Red Cross package were prunes or raisins, coffee, butter, milk, crax, cheese, pepper and salt, salmon or sardines, liver spread, corn beef, jelly, soap, and candy. Gunter, a prisoner of war from Ala. got hold of a guitar and entertained us.

FEBRUARY 11, 1945. Lecture on photography and paper publishing. Got myself a haircut. Used scissors like nail scissor and comb to cut hair. Lecture on Archery.

FEBRUARY 15, 1945. Washed clothes in cold water. Had no hot water to wash in all during time of prisoner of war. Lecture by Pullman porter and one on oil fields of Pa. Saved solids from noon soup. Mashed them up and used them as a spread. After awhile added water to them and broke up supper bread and made more soup for supper. Anything to get filled up.

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FEBRUARY 16, 1945. Was paid fifteen Marks (equal to seven dollars and fifty cents) for two months wages from Germans. Gave us a shower. British Officers at another camp sent us books and I was elected Librarian.

FEBRUARY 17, 1945. Showed us a German Film. No good.

FEBRUARY 18, 1945. Lecture on Army Personnel by Sgt. Major.

FEBRUARY 20, 1945. Lecture on economics, Russia, and one on candy making by a man who worked for Fanny Farmers and Hershey's.

FEBRUARY 23, 1945. Read "Wild Jo The River". One thousand bombers flew over. Big push on Western Front started.

FEBRUARY 24, 1945. Lecture on "Heinz Case" by lawyer from New York. Inspection by German Colonel. Read Mr. Bowling buys a Newspaper.

FEBRUARY 26, 1945. Lecture on Frozen Foods. Got Red Cross package from French again. Five men to a box.

FEBRUARY 28, 1945. News of Allies being nine miles from Cologne.

MARCH 4, 1945. A Jewish boy talked on his religion at Bible Class. News of thirty-mile front on Rhine.

MARCH 5, 1945. Cut ration to one-half cup of soup and seven men to a loaf of bread. Cut tea to one-half cup. Got Capt. Medical Officer in. He gave us a talk. Read "Two of A Kind" and "This Above All." Had library meeting and lecture on "Rostine Case." News kept very good. Morale up.

MARCH 12, 1945. Put out new books. Men claim to hear artillery. Paid five Marks to Co. Fund. I got matches, one cigarette, and cigarette papers.

MARCH 14, 1945. Sun came out very nice. Everyone was out taking a sunbath. Aired out blankets and mattresses. Burnt paper between cracks in frame of the bed to get the bed bugs

out. Men started getting potatoe peelings and picking dandelion greens to eat. Got regular amount of tea back again.

MARCH 18, 1945. News of Cologne fallen. Rained. Red Cross Representative around. News of new ten-ton bomb being used. Continual roar all day and night long.

MARCH 19, 1945. Funeral of one American and some British. Men were dying from pneumonia and malnutrition. The British just came the 7th from Eastern front. Were marching fifty days.

MARCH 21, 1945. Four Madison boys got together and shot the breeze. Camp was strafed by a P-47. Killed eleven French and wounded thirty-one. Bullets went through our barracks, but luckily no one was hit. Next day Ziegenhain was strafed.

MARCH 23, 1945. Was deloused. P-47's again attacked Ziegenhain. Was paid seven and one-half Marks. News of Remagen bridgehead.

MARCH 24, 1945. News of many German troops slaughtered on the West of the Rhine. Five German planes on airfield by camp. Ziegenhain and Tresa again were strafed and bombed. Men forced to go on detail to clean up tracks in town that our bombers blew up. Washed clothes again.

MARCH 25, 1945. Services by new British Chaplain. Palm Sunday services.

MARCH 26, 1945. More men on detail. News of Patton breaking thirty miles from bridgehead. Twelve miles from Bad Orb and fifty miles from us. Bypassed Frankfurt.

MARCH 28, 1945. News of Allies thirty miles from us. Bad news of moving out. We were going to evacuate the Stalag at 0800 in the morning. Got one package of tobacco, one package of cigarette papers, and one box of matches. Had general services by British Chaplain. Fell outside for count. Planes came over and confidence man brought out panels and we layed them out between some men so Germans couldn't see us. A P-38 came down and we think it picked it up.

Harold M. Babler

Got Red Cross boxes with ten men to one box. Asked men who wanted to walk and who wanted to go on the train. I was going with the walking group as there was a chance of escaping this way at night. Also I figured everyone would be walking by the time it was over with anyhow, if I knew the Jerries.

MARCH 29, 1945. This is a day we will never forget. The one thing we had been sweating out was going to happen. At 0800 we were supposed to evacuate the Stalag. Most of the other nationalities left earlier. They gave us tea in the morning and fell us out at 0700 in the so-called athletic field. Each barracks fell out in their respective groups. The past few days the barracks leaders and the Captain had been completing plans for just this day, hoping would not see it, but they were prepared and we used the plans to the highest. The Capt. was Capt. Morgan, who joined us shortly after we arrived in Stalag IX-A. His plans were to stall time as every hour now meant as good as a year, as our troops were only about twenty miles off at the most. Men now started falling on their faces like flies. With everyone that fell, four or five men would pick him up and carry him off to the side and pretend to take care of him. This kept up until nearly everyone was either pretending sick or caring for someone. Only about four hundred men had moved out at this time. The rest were scrambling and moving around making things confusing for the Jerries, as they were trying to count us. We carried the men, who were pretending to be sick, into the barracks again and placed them on bunks. We covered them up with blankets, as they were supposed to have cramps. We had now stalled off one hour. The four hundred men, who had already moved out, came back. Later in the day the rest of the nationalities came back. The situation, as we could understand it, was that Patton was pulling a pincer coming up around the south and cutting us off. Some men hid under the barracks floors and in ash cans etc. They were going to stay there until everyone evacuated camp and then come out and go to meet our troops. One Negro tried to escape the

night before and was shot. We knew every minute counted and the longer we stayed in the Stalag the quicker we would be liberated by our troops. Later on in the afternoon twenty volunteers were called for to make the march. That would keep the rest from going. In about fifteen minutes they asked for thirty- one more volunteers making it fifty-one from a barracks, or about three hundred men of the one thousand two hundred. Thinking that they would keep this up all day until everyone was out and (knowing the Germans) my buddy, Floyd Holcombe, Windy and I signed up. Shortly after we found out that it was a sacrifice for the men who signed up to keep the rest of the men in the Stalag where they might be liberated. At this time it took deep concentration on our part. A question had been brought up just like that, that needed days to think out and we had a minute. Not knowing what to do we signed, thinking we had a fifty-fifty chance either way. Figuring it out to the best of our ability we decided to split up, which wasn't easy to do. Windy managed to change around, which left Floyd and I going and Windy staying. This would give us a chance either way to notify the others folks of the situation of each, if one was liberated before the other. At this time the first twenty men were called out for chow and were to be ready to move immediately after. In about fifteen minutes they came back with the news that everyone was staying. The "Commandant" or Camp Commander had left and the liaison Jerry, a warrant officer took charge of the camp. He turned himself in to the Capt. and then he became commander. We were ninety per cent liberated waiting only for our troops to come in with food etc.

MARCH 30, 1945. Still on German rations. A Red Cross was painted on the French Hospital for protection. Small arms fire was commencing to be heard in that vicinity about 1100. Ziegenhain had the white flags waving from every window and Piper Cubs were flying around. We were officially liberated about 1200 by the 6th Armored and the 35th Division. A jeep came through camp and G.I.'s were being carried

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around by all nationalities. A very happy moment for everyone that cannot be expressed in words or in writing. You really have to live through it to believe it. This was a real Good Friday. We had services later in the day and also prayer service. Our prayers of 102 days of prisoners had been answered.

MARCH 31, 1945. Went on M.P. duty. Windy was on and got me on. It was a good deal with plenty to eat. I got my wish of guarding German prisoners. Found French packages in town that were four to five years old and the Germans held them from them.



APRIL 1, 1945. Had one-half of an Easter egg and first white bread. Searched prisoners. Lived in rooms of German officers. We had German prisoners waiting on us.

APRIL 5, 1945. Went patrolling the town. I had dinner at a Russian home. Milked a cow and brought milk and eggs back to men. Got Red Cross packages. Two men to a box.

APRIL 9, 1945. Heard we were leaving so (made a) big supper with all the rations we had on hand. We had mashed potatoes, corn beef, whole kernel corn, lettuce w/bacon grease, chicken and veg. salad, butter, white bread, jam, honey, wine, and a chocolate drink. Had a white sheet on the table with an imitation Christmas tree in the center and two candles burning with the headlights turned out. I gave a prayer and we ate.



APRIL 10, 1945. Moved out by truck to Giessen. Flew in C-47's to Le Havre, France (3 hrs.). Got doughnuts and coffee from the Red Cross. Got in trucks and went to Camp Lucky Strike, about thirty-five miles. We slept in perambulator tents. Had doughnuts at the Red Cross Hut again. Also slept on cots with four blankets.

APRIL 11, 1945. Made French toast. Drew PX rations and new clothes. Had Service Record made out. Met some of the old boys from Bad Orb.

Harold M. Babler

APRIL 13, 1945. Had a shot. Drew more clothes. Was paid one thousand Francs equal to twenty dollars. Pres. Roosevelt died.

APRIL 14, 1945. Got up at 0200. Marched to a formation and got on trucks. Drove to Le Havre and boarded the U.S.S. Richardson.

APRIL 15, 1945. Arrived and anchored in England. Windy and I enjoyed the sunshine on the deck. We were anchored at South Hampton, England. Last night escort ship fired five depth charges at a submarine pick up. Had first taste of ice cream.

APRIL 16, 1945. Pulled anchor about 0730 and docked at South Hampton. Loaded on Air Corps men and many stretcher cases and other hospital cases. We left the harbor about 1900. On our way to U.S.

APRIL 17, 1945. Laid on deck in the sun.

APRIL 16, 1945. The weather was foggy. We were de-loused. Had a turkey dinner.

APRIL 19, 1945. Nice day. Weighed 129# the 18th. Weighed 132# the 19th. Weighed 134 1/2# the 23rd. Weighed 135# the 24th.

APRIL 27, 1945. Arrived about 2400 in New York Harbor, Staten Island, Pier 15. De-embarked at 0700.

APRIL 28, 1945. Had coffee and doughnuts from the Red Cross. Photographers were taking pictures and interviewing the men. Had big dinner w/ice cream, milk, and cake of all kinds. Left the harbor on train and went to Camp Kilmore, New Jersey. Arrived there about noon. Had medical exam and lecture by NYPE (New York Port of Embarkation) Commanding General. Gave us good news of sixty-day furloughs. Gave us seventy-five dollars partial payment. Treatment very good.

APRIL 29, 1945. Left Camp Kilmore, New Jersey at 0800. Arrived by Pullman at Ft. Sheridan, Ill, at 1700 the 30th of April.

APRIL 30, 1945. Had roll call and a physical exam. Went to barracks.



Harold M. Babler

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WESTERN UNION

1204

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

8 16AM
56 GOV'T 11 EXTRA
JAN 23 '45
DUPLICATE OF TELEGRAM PHONED FROM MADISON SPECIAL CASE HANDLING OPM
WDC WASHINGTON D C 7 09PM JAN 22

MRS ROSE K BABLER
BOX 237
BELLEVILLE WIS

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRETS THAT YOUR SON TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE HAROLD M BABLER HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION SINCE TWENTY ONE DECEMBER IN GERMANY IF FURTHER DETAILS OR OTHER INFORMATION ARE RECEIVED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED.

ULIO
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Official notification of a soldier's status usually came in a telegram from the War Department.

Families could only wait and worry, hoping that the next telegram would bring better news.

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4 15PM
56 GOV'T
MARCH 16 '45
W U X WASHINGTON D C 4 24PM MARCH 16

MRS ROSE K BABLER
BOX 237 BELLEVILLE WIS

REPORT JUST RECEIVED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS BEARS THAT YOUR SON TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE HAROLD M BABLER IS A PRISONER OF WAR OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT. LETTER OF INFORMATION FOLLOWS FROM PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL.

J A ULIO
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Not all War Department telegrams brought bad news.

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NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

8 47AM
46 GOV'T
APR 26 '45
WASHINGTON D C APR 25 11 36PM

MRS ROSE K BABLER
BOX 237 BELLEVILLE WIS

THE CHIEF OF STAFF DESIRES ME TO INFORM YOU YOUR SON TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE HAROLD M BABLER HAS RETURNED TO MILITARY CONTROL AND IS BEING RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES WITHIN THE NEAR FUTURE AND WILL BE GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU UPON ARRIVAL.

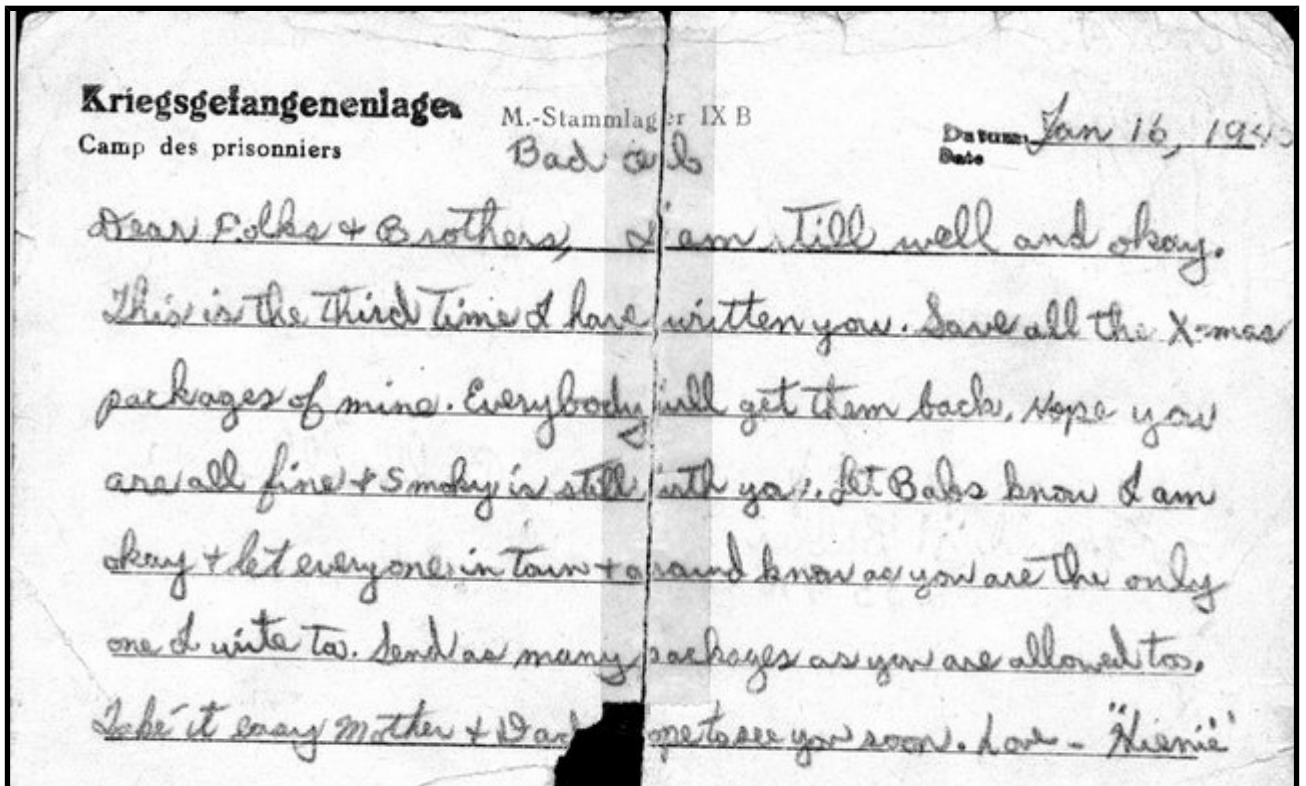
J A ULIO
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Harold M. Babler



A postcard from the prisoner of war camp in Bad Orb, Germany.



Harold M. Babler

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION HONORABLE DISCHARGE

19 25 5 330

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL Babler Harold M		2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 36 810 950	3. GRADE Sgt	4. ARM OR SERVICE FA	5. COMPONENT AUS
6. ORGANIZATION Hq Co Army Ground Forces		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 19 Dec 45	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION Sep Cen Camp Atterbury Ind		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES Belleville Dane Wisconsin		10. DATE OF BIRTH 28 Aug 24	11. PLACE OF BIRTH Belleville Wisc		
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT See #9		13. COLOR EYES Grey	14. COLOR HAIR Brown	15. HEIGHT 5'6	17. NO. DEPEND. 0
18. RACE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> WHITE	19. MARITAL STATUS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SINGLE	20. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES		21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. Dropper IV (Laborer)	

MILITARY HISTORY

22. DATE OF INDUCTION 12 Mar 43	23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT 19 Mar 43	24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE Milwaukee Wisc	25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE See #9
26. REGISTERED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES	27. LOCAL S.R. BOARD NO. #4	28. COUNTY AND STATE Dane Wisc	29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE See #9
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. Information Specialist 1274		31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (i. e., Infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) M-1 SS;	

32. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS
Ardennes; Rhineland; Central Europe;

33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS
American Theater Ribbon; EAME Theater Ribbon w/3 Bronze Stars; Good Cond Ribbon; Victory Medal World War II;

34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION
None

35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES				36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S. AND RETURN		
SMALLPOX Feb 44	TYPHOID Feb 44	TETANUS Jan 44	OTHER (specify) Typ Oct 44	DATE OF DEPARTURE 10 Nov 44	DESTINATION ETO	DATE OF ARRIVAL 17 Nov 44
37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE			38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD Sgt	Not Avail	USA	28 Apr 45
CONTINENTAL SERVICE		FOREIGN SERVICE				
YEARS 2	MONTHS 3	DAYS 12	YEARS 0	MONTHS 5	DAYS 19	

39. PRIOR SERVICE
None

40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION
AR 615-365 Conv Of Govt & WD Cir 339 Dtd Nov 45

41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED
None

42. EDUCATION (Years)		
GRAMMAR 8	HIGH SCHOOL 4	COLLEGE 0


PAY DATA

43. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES			44. MUSTERING OUT PAY		45. SOLDIER DEPOSITS	46. TRAVEL PAY	47. TOTAL AMOUNT, NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER	
YEARS 2	MONTHS 9	DAYS 8	TOTAL \$ 300	THIS PAYMENT \$ 100	None	\$ 17.40	142.38	B B CALLAWAY LT COL

INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

48. KIND OF INSURANCE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Nat. Serv. <input type="checkbox"/> U.S. Govt. <input type="checkbox"/> None	49. HOW PAID <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Allotment <input type="checkbox"/> Direct to V.A.	50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance 31 Dec 45	51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50) 31 Jan 46	52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$ 6.50	53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Re-enlist <input type="checkbox"/> Reserve <input type="checkbox"/> Other
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54.  RIGHT THUMB PRINT

55. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives)
**ERC from 12 Mar 43 thru 18 Mar 43
No time lost under AW 107
ASR Score (2 September 45) 47
Lapel Button Issued**

56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED
Harold M Babler

57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization signature)
L W LIST 2nd Lt Inf W List

Harris F. Babler



“You are still on call with the old village linotype, I see, and doing a good job. My copies of *The Messenger* have been pretty slow in reaching me for some reason or other lately. It might be due to a minor change in address. For the next month or so I will get my mail under the 401st Base Squadron instead of the 397th. At Seattle things are made up according to squadrons so my mail has been traveling a few extra thousand miles before reaching me. Has the old town changed back to normal again after

the holidays? Personally I am glad they are over because that means (I hope) that I can be home for the next series in 1944.

“As in every other overseas station the day didn’t mean much except a turkey dinner. I’d rather have wild duck or pheasant if I could do the hunting myself. I want you to put a little note in the paper thanking everyone for the Christmas cards I received.”

Harris F. Babler

--*Monticello Messenger*, Feb 10, 1943

Harris F. Babler

...On one of my trips I got to see Fritz (Haldiman) and Erv (Spring). That was back in May and since they have moved, I haven't seen them.

The time I went down, I took along a small supply of "tornado juice" and we had a good meeting.

--Monticello Drizzle

To Resume Position

A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Capt. Babler was employed as a federal cheese grader at the time he entered service, a position that he will resume.

--Monticello Messenger, Feb 21, 1946

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Aleutian Veteran Home

Capt. Harris F. Babler, a veteran of nearly four years of service, returned home Saturday evening after receiving his honorable discharge that day at Camp McCoy. Enlisting in the Army Air Forces in April 1942, Capt. Babler was connected with the air transport service. He was sent to the Aleutians in January 1943, and arrived back in the U. S. in June 1944. During June he was united in marriage to Miss Bonnie Bechtolt, Browntown, and returned to the Aleutians in July to serve until that fall. He has been stationed in the eastern part of the United States for a number of months and had been at Camp Kilmer, N. J., when sent to McCoy for his discharge.



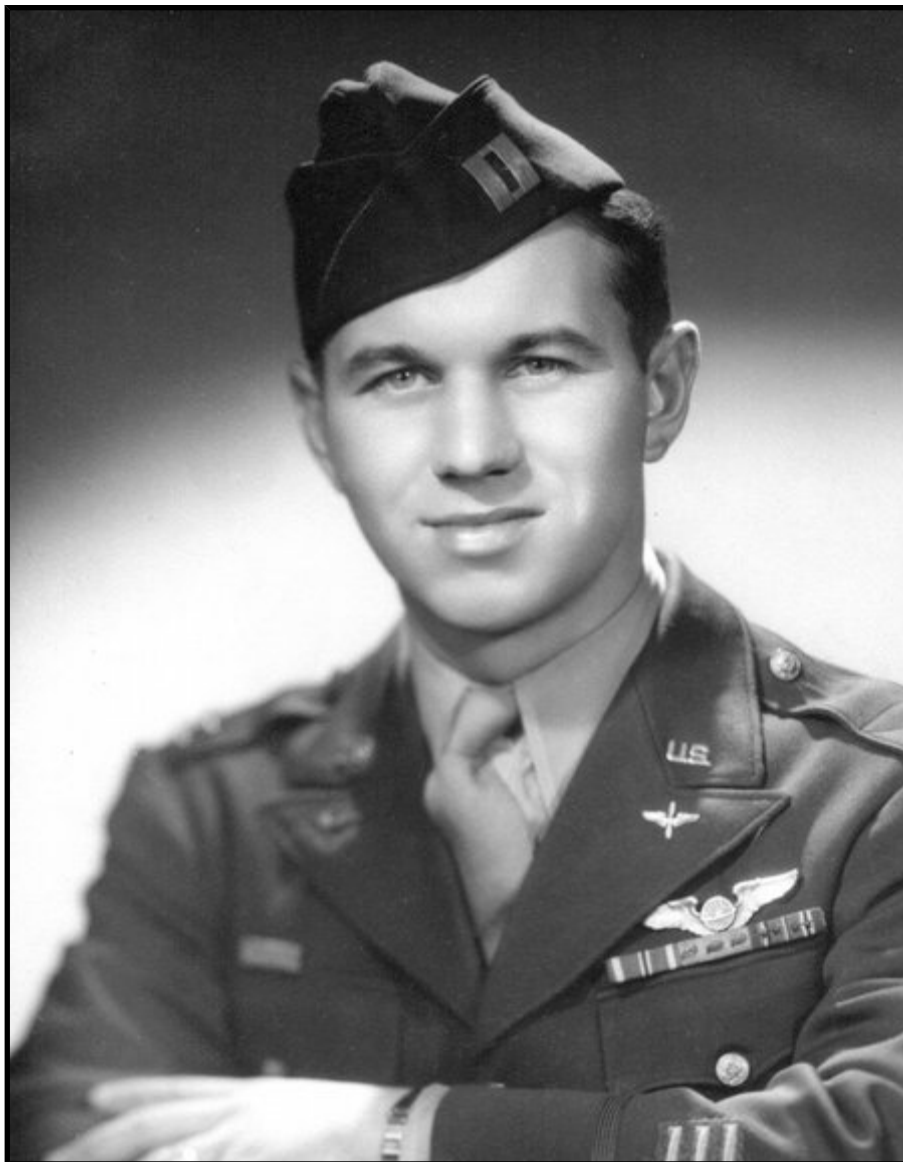
Here On Visit

Capt. and Mrs. Harris F. Babler arrived here Sunday evening from Fort Worth, Texas, for a week's visit at the home of the gentleman's father, Henry E. Babler and with relatives at Browntown. Capt. Babler is leaving next week for assignment at Wilmington, Del., where he will be stationed with the Air Transport Command of the U. S. Army. Mrs. Babler expects to join him later.

...It took Hoppe Babler only about 48 hours to travel the distance of nearly 4,000 miles from his base in the Aleutian Islands to Milwaukee. He had reservations aboard a transport plane. Hoppe, who is looking hale and hearty, hadn't been home for more than two years.

--Monticello Drizzle

Leon Babler



Former Local Man Receives Air Medal

Lieut. Leon Babler Nears End of 25 Missions Against Enemy

The Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster in recognition of action in flights over enemy territory have been awarded to Lieut. Leon H. Babler, former Monticello boy, who has been serving as navigator on a Flying Fortress based in England.

Writing to his uncle, Sheriff R.H. Schoonover, Monroe, Lieut. Babler said he had nearly completed 25 missions and would soon be ready for "a rest home." Six of their original crew, formed in July 1943, in Walla Walla, Wash., still remains together. The copilot is now

on combat duty with a P-47 outfit, the bombardier, wounded in action, was left at the old base, and several gunners are now hospitalized and recovering from wounds. Lieut. Babler emphasized the value of experience in their sweeps over the continent, in his letter to Uncle "Pat."

Lieut. Babler is son of Mrs. Florence Babler, formerly of this village, but now a resident of Madison, and has two brothers in the service. Carl is in ASTP training in Madison, and Arthur, oldest of the three brothers, is with the Coast Guard at Atlantic City, N. J.

—Monticello Messenger, March 9, 1944

Leon Babler

Wins Wings

Leon Babler Graduates As Navigator

Leon H. Babler, formerly of Monticello, son of Mrs. Florence Babler, Madison, received his wings as a navigator in the U.S. Army Air Forces at graduation exercises held Saturday, July 10 at Mather Field, Mills, Calif, according to an announcement received here this week.

Lieut. Babler was a star athlete while attending the Monticello High School and was a member of the championship basketball team of 1938-39, which won the title at the Brodhead district tournament.

He graduated from the local high school in 1939 and attended the University of Wisconsin for three years, entering the air forces last summer.

Lieut. Babler has a younger brother, Carl, who is also a member of the Army Air Forces.

—*Monticello Messenger*, July 15, 1943.

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HOME ON LEAVE

Lieut. Leon H. Babler, who graduated as a navigator in the Army air forces at ceremonies held Saturday, July 10, at Mather Field, Sacramento, Calif., is enjoying a leave at the home of his mother, Mrs. Florence Babler, Madison. He called on friends here Thursday.

—*Monticello Messenger*, July 22, 1943.

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Three Sons Serve

Former Local Boys Now At Scattered Points

The three sons of Mrs. Florence Babler, Madison, formerly of Monticello, who during their prep school days here battled under the colors of the Monticello High School in local athletic events, are now wearing the uniforms of Uncle Sam and are on widely separated fronts.

Arthur, oldest of the three brothers, is located in an Army camp in the state of New York. He was the last of the three boys to enter the Army.

Leon, who graduated as a Second Lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, some months ago, is a bombardier and is stationed at a replacement center in England.

The youngest son, Carl, who completed his high school career at West High School in Madison after attending prep school here two years, is also in the Army Air Forces and has been stationed at several points in the United States but is now back in Madison taking a special course of training.

Mrs. Babler's son-in-law is also in the Army and is stationed in California.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Nov. 18, 1943

Alfred Baehler

From Sgt. "Al" Baehler, writing from Somewhere in Sicily:

"Dear Roz: Received a copy of *The Monticello Drizzle* and was both very much pleased and surprised. Even though I have been gone from Monticello for a long time, I still have a warm spot in my heart for the place where I spent so many happy days of my youth. Reading about all the fellows in the service who were just kids when I left Monticello makes me feel like an old-timer.

Like "Doc" Youn-green, I was also on a boat Christmas Eve. In fact, that was my first night on the ocean. Spent 27 days on the boat—which is a long time for a fellow who is used to having both feet on the ground. After 3 weeks in a replacement camp in Italy, I was assigned to the 34th Air Depot Group here in Sicily and at present am working in the Requisition Department of Air Corps Supply.

We live in a nice apartment house here. We have very good food and plenty of it.

This is a very rocky island; in fact, it seems to be mostly mountains. Everything is nice and green and the countryside is really beautiful. There are lots of carts and donkeys on the streets. The milkman takes his cow, or goat, right with him when he delivers milk.

Seeing Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty's name in *The Drizzle* reminds me that he was out to our house in Rapid City several times while he was stationed at the Air Base there. Both my wife and I enjoyed his visits very much. Thanks again for *The Drizzle*."



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Sgt. "Al" Baehler, who since his graduation from Monticello high and Madison College about sixteen years ago, had been a resident of Rapid City (S.D.) recently tried his luck fishing in the Mediterranean sea, but reports that the results were most unsatisfactory and that he had much better luck pulling 'em out of the old mill pond back home in Monticello.

•

Sgt. "Al" Baehler, who has been hospitalized because of illness in both South Carolina and Texas following his return from Italy, is now enjoying a furlough in his home city of Rapid City, S. D.

"Al" graduated from M.H.S. along about 1926. He reports back to Texas for further hospitalization at the end of his furlough.

—*Monticello Drizzle* excerpts

Wallace P. Barlow



Lt. Barlow Named Co-Pilot of Plane of Secretary of Navy Navy Flier Begins Duties As Pilot Aboard Huge Private Plane

Lt. (j.g.) Wallace P. Barlow, of the Naval Air Transport Service, recently received the appointment of co-pilot of the personal plane of Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, according to word received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barlow, Monticello.

The plane, a C54 Douglas four-motored Sky-master, is used by the Secretary of the Navy and his aides in visiting the various naval bases and theaters of war. The plane is equipped with kitchen, sleeping and living quarters.

Lt. Barlow, in his three years with the Naval Air corps, spent two years as a flying instructor, and recently has been with the Naval Air Transport Service, Atlantic area. His headquarters are in Washington, D. C.

Lt. Barlow is a graduate of the Monticello high school and attended Carroll College, Waukesha, and the University of Wisconsin. He enlisted in the naval air corps while attending the U. W., entering service in February 1942.

—*Monticello Messenger, Feb. 15, 1945*

Lieut. Barlow Home From World Tours Local Pilot for Secretary Of Navy Saw Ruins Of Berlin

Back from Germany, where he was stationed during the Potsdam conference, Lieut. Wallace P. Barlow, Monticello's globe circling pilot, arrived in town Tuesday afternoon from Washington, D. C. to spend a short leave at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barlow, and with relatives in New Glarus.

For the past seven months Lieut. Barlow has been co-pilot of the huge air transport plane used exclusively by Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal and his staff. During this time the local flier has been to practically all parts of the globe.

Among Lieut. Barlow's most recent trips was the flight to Berlin, where Secretary Forrestal attended the Potsdam conference. During his stay there "Wally" had occasion to visit several parts of Germany in the Berlin area and states that the damage to Berlin and other German cities upon which the Allies concentrated their

attacks is tremendous and that during the conference he stayed in one of the very few houses in that section of Berlin that was not extensively damaged.

"The nearer you get to the center of the German capital, the greater the damage," Barlow reports, "and most of the city is a heap of rubble, the result of continuous bombing attacks by American and British airmen, coupled with heavy bombardment by the Russians. Huge shells of buildings burned out by bombs and



LIEUT. WALLACE P. BARLOW

Wallace P. Barlow

artillery are stark reminders of the siege of Berlin, once the proud capital of the Nazis.

Lieut. Barlow carries souvenir currency from more than a dozen countries he has visited during the past seven months of flying for the naval secretary.

He has been issued a transfer from his duties the past number of months and is to report for further duty at a naval reserve air base in Kansas, where he expects to resume the instructional work he carried on before becoming co-pilot of the big navy plane.

Lieut. Barlow drove from Washington to Monticello and was accompanied on the trip by his mother-in-law, Mrs. W. L. Zweifel, New Glarus. Mrs. Barlow and infant son flew from Washington and arrived here last evening only a few hours after the take-off at a Washington airport.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Aug 23, 1945

Souvenir

“Wally” Barlow Sends Prop from Plane

A propeller from a U. S. Navy fighting plane piloted by Lieut. (j. g.) Wallace P. Barlow, at Hutchinson, Kans., was sent to his father, J. W. Barlow, cashier of the Bank of Monticello, as a souvenir recently.

The prop, measuring about seven feet, was damaged to such an extent by flying obstacles that it is no longer of use. It is on display at the Lynn hardware and furniture store.

Also shown are photos of navy planes, one of which shows “Wally” at the controls of a scout plane.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Feb 17, 1944

Surprise Visit

Ensign, Mrs. W. Barlow Arrive Here Tuesday

Ensign and Mrs. Wallace P. Barlow executed what turned out to be a complete and equally happy surprise for their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.

W. Barlow, of this village, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Zweifel, New Glarus, as well as their many friends in the two villages, when they arrived here from New Orleans, La., late Tuesday afternoon without previously announcing their intended visit.

Ensign Barlow had written his parents only a few days before, saying that the chance of any leave from duty was out of the question.

Next Monday Ensign Barlow, a member of the U. S. Naval Reserve Air Corps, is to report at Hutchinson, Kan, as a flight instructor. He has been in the service a little over a year.

The base at Hutchinson was just recently completed.

—*Monticello Messenger*, April 15, 1943.



Clarence W. Blumer



LEAVES FOR OVERSEAS

Corp. Clarence W. Blumer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blumer, Mt. Pleasant Township, has departed for service overseas, according to word received by his parents.

His new address is:

Corp. Clarence W. Blumer, 36014534

Bty. A, 122 F. A. Bn.6

APO 33, Los Angeles, Cal.

Corp. Blumer had been stationed in Washington for a number of months.

—Monticello Messenger, April 8, 1943

Corp. Clarence Blumer, who is stationed on the Island of Kauai, also called the Garden Island and which is situated in the Hawaiian Islands, rounds out three years of service in the armed forces this month, a distinction which is shared by Sgt. Melvin Marty and Emil Weigert, both now in England. For excitement on the Garden Island, Corp. Blumer says he goes to shows and does a lot of swimming. "This place isn't as nice as it is painted," he writes, "and as for women, I'll take those back in the good old U.S.A."

—Monticello Drizzle, March 11, 1944.



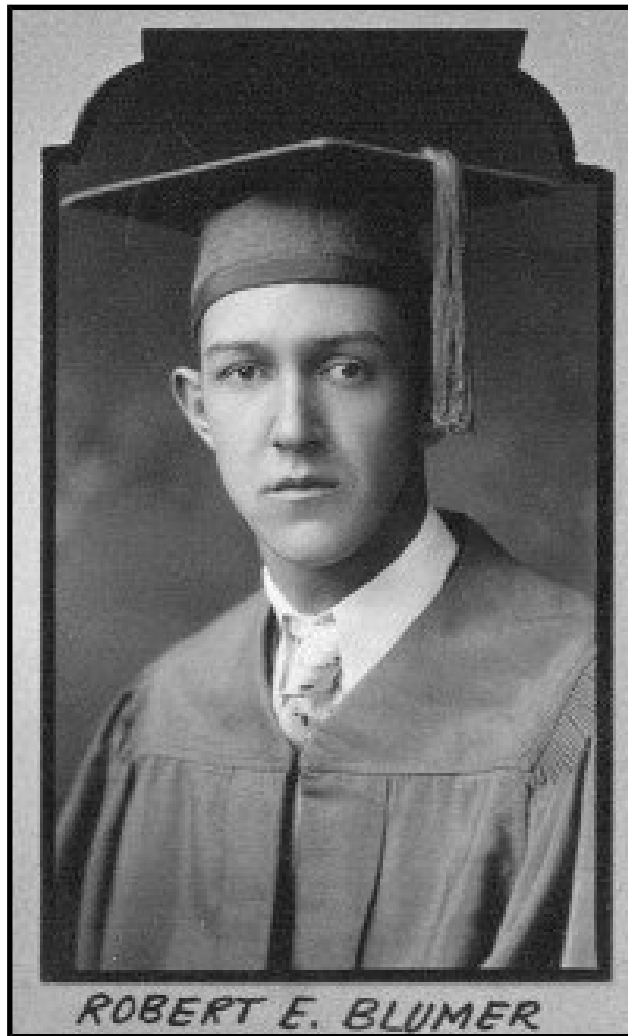
“IF THIS KEEPS UP, I’LL SOON BE A WALKING JUNK YARD”—

So says S/Sgt. “Bob” Blumer, the well known Sage of the Siegfried Line, in commenting on the fact that he has now been wounded twice and that, altho he submitted to operations both times, the surgeons did not remove the metal fragments. “Bob” was wounded in action “Somewhere in France” on Sept. 8th when he was struck in the right shoulder by German mortar fire, causing him to be hospitalized for several weeks. His second “taste” of enemy fury came during action in Luxembourg Jan. 22 when a piece of exploding Razzi shrapnel tore into his leg. Latest word from “Bob” is that, although his leg is still quite sore, he is able to be up and around. Before I leave him with the wishes of all of us for a very speedy recovery, here’s a few pregnant observations from the Sage of the Siegfried Line: “I’ve been overseas for 35 months now, and if I don’t get back to the States pretty soon, I’ll have to take out citizenship papers over here somewhere.” . “Imagine things must be getting pretty tough in the ol’ U. S. A. Some of the folks better take it a little easy cracking open their eggs for breakfast ‘cause they’re liable to get “shell shock.” “Am writing this letter by electric light. Sure seems strange to be without a flickering candle or complete darkness.”

—Monticello Drizzle

S/Sgt. “Bob” Blumer, the “Sage of the Siegfried Line,” is back in action again with the 11th Inf., 5th Div., 3rd Army, after a month’s hospitalization due to leg wounds. He had previously been wounded in the shoulder Sept. 8. “Bob” sent along these pithy remarks on his way to the front: “If I should get wounded again, I’ll be so full of holes, I ought to make a good flour sifter in some bakery.” . “This last time, I was hit twice in the left leg. Had to crawl back 600 yards along a road, which was under German artillery fire. It was plenty cold, too, but believe me, I sure sweat plenty.” “I’ve been in city fighting, street-by-street, house-to-house, have blown in every wall in houses, and tossed grenades into cellars. And it’s sure hell, too!

—Monticello Drizzle



“THE GOOD LORD SURE WAS GOOD TO ME”—

So writes S/Sgt. “Bob” Blumer, the Sage of the Siegfried Line, in describing a narrow escape he had from death Somewhere in Germany recently. It was at night and “Bob” had left his slit trench to go to an aid station. He was gone only a short time. When “The Sage” returned, he found his trench had been blown up, the result of a direct hit by a German artillery shell.



“The Good Lord sure was good to me,” declares, “Bob” “Because if I had been in the trench, I’d have been a gone goose and I wouldn’t be writing this letter.”

The Sage continues:

“It’s 5:30 in the morning as I write this and still dark so I am using a candle for light. Just a short distance away, the mortars are popping to beat hell. Nearly every time they boom, the candle goes out.

“The war news is good, but still the end doesn’t seem very close to us fellows who have to climb these German hills, clear out wooded lots and take all the other risks of battle every day. In fact, there are always new faces in every squad and platoon every few days, it seems. “If you could see these giant armadas of heavy bombers roaring overhead about three times a day, you’d know why gas rationing is so necessary back in the states. But still some of these damned German dummies don’t seem to realize how hopelessly they’re licked. Talked to a Heinie we captured yesterday—and a captain at that—and he still believes they’ll win the war.”

“Did I ever tell you about the time we captured a bunch of Ratzis and then one of ‘em bumped off one of our Lieutenants. Believe me, I really riddled that dirty bastard!”

“I’ve had only \$24 since July 1st so I’ll have beaucoup dough to send home.”

“How’s “Friskie Frankie” Clark, the farmer, these days? Still on the beam? And “Chip” Babler? Still living west of town, I suppose, where he can gaze across Lake Staedtler and watch every time one of “Dude” Elmer’s hens shapes another 7¢ egg. Suppose Jack Zweifel’s still around there. Tell him I said hello. Imagine Harry Walters about ready to open the swimming pool. I’ll never forget the day I dedicated that ‘baby’. It was plenty chilly. Is Barney Karlen still down at the lumberyards? Say, he ought to be over here. This German super-highway is really a lulu, Ros. Barney could lay a sandbag on the throttle and just

let ‘er roll. Too bad Whitey Hill couldn’t have stuck around a while longer. He didn’t get to see much and he should have been here for the big wind-up. But Whitey’s young yet and he’ll probably get into the next one. See where “Boobie” Kissling stopped some lead, too. That should make us fraternity brothers.”

“I’m sending some fancy German medals to Wendell Barlow for him to keep for me. Took the one with the blue ribbon and iron cross off a Nazi battalion commander. He was sore as hell about it, but I couldn’t help that any. After all he still had his life so what the hell was he bellyaching about?”

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Straight from the Siegfried line area come these “Bob Blumerisms,” right from the Honorable Bob himself: “Well, I’ve been awarded the Purple Heart because of my wounded shoulder and you can bet it didn’t come through a bean-shooter.” “A fellow may not have believed much in religion before the war, but believe me, he learns how to pray in a foxhole.”

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“I don’t know why the Germans keep on fighting because they haven’t any more chance of winning this war than a snowball has of freezing in hell.” “I’ve seen Gen. DeGaulle and heard him speak and he’s quite a guy. The French are strong for him.” “Say, there’s a drink over here called ‘Calvados.’ Well, some chap from a tank outfit put some of it in the radiator of his tank, and then tested it, and it showed good for 35 below zero. It’s liquid TNT, alright. The Yanks drink the bloody stuff, too. I’ve had some myself, and boy, it’s wicked, and how!”

**‘Fighting Bob’ Gets Army Discharge on
July 2 with 114 Pts.**

**Sgt. Robert Blumer, Twice Injured, was
Member Of 3rd Army**

Staff Sergeant Robert E. “Bob” Blumer, the old “Battling Badger” with three years and nine months of service and many unforgettable



moments behind him, is home, discharged from the Army with 114 points to become the first Monticello man to be awarded a discharge under the point system.

It was a cold, dreary morning in November, 1941—Nov. 7 to be exact—that Bob left Monroe with several other Monticello men, and during all the long months stretching into nearly four years, Bob never had a furlough home.

Fighting every inch of the way with the 5th Division, 11th Infantry of General George S. Patton's famous Third American Army, Bob won speedy advancement from Private to his Staff Sergeant's rating.

Sergt. Bob fought his way through five battles—Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, the Rhineland and Central Europe—became wounded twice and received the Purple Heart, Oak Leaf Cluster, Good Conduct Medal, and the American Defense Service Ribbon.

Through all of the terrible battles Bob was wounded twice. His first and most severe wound was received Sept. 8 of last year during the battle of the Moselle Valley, when he was struck in the chest. Bob was hospitalized 30 days by this wound and was shoved back into the fighting. In the battle of Luxembourg on Jan. 22 of this year, the "Fighting Badger" again felt the searing pain of steel as he was struck in the right leg by German fire. Bob says "It was tough going back into action after my second wound."

The road, which Bob took from Normandy, where he landed July 9, 1944, and went into action the following day, was a long, hard and often disappointing one. He came to the end of the long grind many hundreds of miles away in Czechoslovakia when the surrender terms were accepted by the Germans, May 7.

Five months after he entered service, Bob was shipped to Iceland, where he was stationed for 18 1/2 months. He was then transferred to Northern Ireland, where he remained for nine months and was cited for outstanding spirit and achievement. Then came

England, where he remained for three months, after which the nightmare began in France.

Recalling the many incidents which occurred in Europe, Bob says that the battle for Metz, in France, a city tremendously heavily fortified by the Germans, was about the hardest, most nerve wracking of the many engagements in which the 11th Infantry participated while blazing their history-making trail across France, Luxembourg and Germany.

Bob received his honorable discharge at Ft. Sheridan, Ill., Monday, July 2, and arrived in Monticello Tuesday evening, very happy to be back in the old hometown once again after his many bitter battle experiences. Bob left his company in Germany on the night of May 30 and arrived in Boston June 20.

—*Monticello Messenger* July 5, 1945

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**"THE SAGE LAYS ASIDE HIS BATTLE
TOGS—**

Back from the European battle fronts where he participated in some of the toughest and bloodiest campaigns on that war-shattered continent, S/Sgt. Robert E. (Bob) Blumer, variously known as the Idol of Iceland, the Bard of Northern Ireland, and the Sage of the Siegfried Line, has lost no time in laying aside his battle togs and donning civvies. With 114 points to his credit, "Bob" is the first Monticello veteran to be released from the service under the army point system.

Inducted into the service Nov. 6, 1941, "Bob", whose rich humor and crisp observations have been an outstanding feature of the Drizzle since its inauguration two years ago this month, had never been home on a furlough in his 44 months of service which took him into 12 different countries—Nova Scotia, Iceland, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. He was in Iceland over 18 months, spent nine months in Ireland, and three months in England.

"The Sage" landed in France with his outfit—Co. F, 11th Inf., 5th Div., belonging to



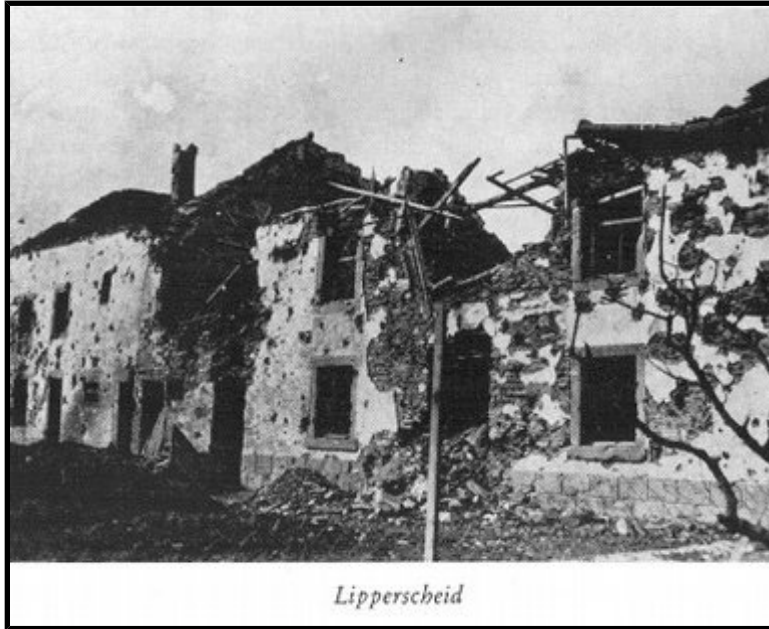
Gen. George S. Patton's famous 3rd Army—on July 9, 1944. Then he began a veritable nightmare of hell and horror, which saw "Bob" participating in the battles of Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, the Rhineland, and Central Europe. During the progress of the fighting, he rose from the rank of Private to Staff Sergeant.

Twice wounded in action, "Bob" was awarded the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster in recognition of these injuries. He also received the Good Conduct Medal, American Defense Service Ribbon, and Silver Star, the latter symbolic of his five battle campaigns.

"The Sage" first fell victim of enemy fire in the furious battle of the Moselle Valley. "Bob's" outfit reached the west bank of the Moselle river Sept. 8 while other advance units of the 5th Division were making desperate efforts to offset a crossing in assault boats. The Nazis were pouring in a murderous barrage of mortar, artillery, and machine gun fire. Yank light and heavy guns were pounding enemy lines even more savagely. The entire countryside for miles around shook under the impact. It was hell on earth—a thundering and flaming Hades of agony and death. Men were falling on every side. "Bob" had been in the battle only 15 minutes when he was struck in the right chest by shrapnel. Evacuated by truck, he narrowly escaped further injury or possible death when a Nazi sniper opened fire on the vehicle from a hidden spot as it moved slowly along a muddy road winding through a timber. After 68 hours of continuous and terrific fighting, the Yanks

succeeded in securing their bridgehead across the Moselle. Casualties were extremely heavy.

After 30 days in an Army hospital in France, "Bob" was sent back to his outfit. The coming months were to be months of extreme hardships, of long and sleepless nights in foxholes out in the bitter cold and snow, of bursting bombs and



exploding shells. Losses in "Bob's" squad through death or wounds occurred frequently. On two or three occasions enemy fire reduced its personnel to only two men beside himself.

"Bob" had many close calls during these months, and

then on the cold, bleak day of Jan. 22, 1945, he was wounded a second time. This was at Lipperscheid in Luxembourg. The roar of battle was terrific, the air reverberating with the deadly pyrotechnics of modern warfare. The Staff Sergeant and his men were charging down a hill, attacking enemy lines 600 yards away. Suddenly "Bob" fell to the ground, his left thigh throbbing with pain. He had been struck by a piece of mortar shrapnel. He tried to rise, but found it impossible to continue. The pain was almost unbearable. It was bitter cold and the ground was covered with snow. "Bob" began to crawl back to an aid station behind the lines on his stomach. Even had he been able to use his left leg, he would not have dared to raise on his hands and knees because then he would have been a perfect target for enemy snipers. The road was under constant fire from German heavy guns. Shells were exploding all around him. It seemed as though his time might be "up" at any second. A piece of flying shrapnel nicked "Bob" in the left knee, slowing his progress even more.



Sweating despite the bitter cold, he finally reached safety, however.

“We called that hill at Lipperscheid “Purple Heart Hill,” explains Bob, “Because every member of my squad was wounded there that day.”

After recovering from his wounds, “Bob” was sent back into action a third time. Again and again he flirted with death. Once he left his foxhole to go to a nearby aid station, returning in a few minutes to find it had been blown to bits by a direct hit from Ratzl artillery fire. There was also the time when enemy shells were landing around “Bob” with uncomfortable regularity. “You’d better come over here with me, buddy,” a newsreel cameraman, up front to film this particular attack, yelled to the Monticelloan from the security of a knoll he was nestled behind, “it’s safer.” Bob chose to remain and sweat it out, however just a few minutes later, a German shell landed on the knoll, blasting the cameraman to his death.

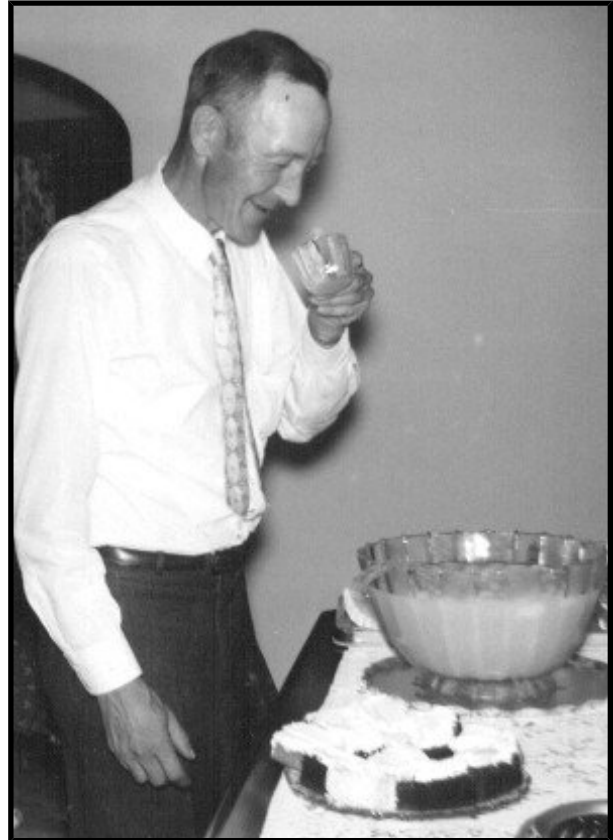
Now came the bloody, stubborn battle for Metz, which had been heavily fortified by the Ratzis, followed by the assault against the Siegfried Line, and then the perilous street-by-street, house-to-house fighting in Germany where death seemed to be lurking around every corner. “Bob’s” outfit swept clear across Germany with the rest of Patton’s famous 3rd Army, ending its triumphant march in western Czechoslovakia.

“Bob,” who lost 40 pounds during his Army career, left his company at Nachschuffling, Germany, on the night of May 30, finally arriving in Boston June 26 aboard the U.S.S. Gen. Richardson. From there he entrained for Fort Sheridan, Ill., where he received his honorable discharge July 2. “Bob” pulled into the old hometown the next evening, just as happy to get back to Monticello, as his friends were to see him again after his long absence.

—*Monticello Drizzle*, July 12, 1945

ROBERT BLUMER

Funeral services were held Friday, Oct. 17, for Robert E. Blumer, 67, Monroe, former Monticello resident. He died Tuesday, Oct. 14, in the V.A. Hospital, Madison. He had been in failing health for the past year, and had entered the hospital a week ago.



He was born in Monticello on Oct. 2, 1913, the son of Dr. Edward and Wilma Zwickey Blumer. He was a 1932 graduate of Monticello High School.

On Nov. 6, 1941, he entered the military service at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and was discharged on July 2, 1945. He was a Staff Sergeant with Co. F., 11th Infantry, serving overseas from April 7, 1942 to June 27, 1945. He served in the battles of Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe.

His military decorations included the Purple Heart Medal, Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster, Good Conduct Ribbon, American Defense Service Ribbon, European African Campaign Medal, Middle Eastern Theatre Ribbon and a Silver Battle Star, six Overseas Service Bars, Combat

Robert E. Blumer



Infantry Badge and Expert Infantry Badge. He was wounded in action in France, Sept. 8, 1944, and was again wounded in Luxembourg on Jan. 22, 1945.

Following his discharge he had resided mainly in the Monroe and Monticello areas and was employed as a laborer in the construction trade. For the past five years he had resided at the home of Allen J. Schroeder in Monroe.

He was the last of his family. His only survivors are cousins.

Preceding him in death were his father in 1930, his mother in 1955, and a brother, Paul.

Services were held in the Zwingli Church Memorial Lounge, Monticello. The Rev. Charles G. Workman officiated, and burial was in Highland Cemetery, Monticello.

Pallbearers were Leon Holcomb, Emil Leutenegger, Allen J. Schroeder, and Wilbur E. Deininger, all of Monroe, and Thomas Brusveen and Clarence Blumer, Monticello.

—Monticello Messenger, Oct. 1980

Herman Blum



Christmas in the Bulge Local veterans recall holiday on battle lines 53 years ago

Just another day

“Every day was the same. It was foggy, and you were there, or it cleared, and you were there. We had no place to go but that hill.” That hill’s where Herman Blum, a 19-year-old green replacement from a farm north of Monroe, was literally holed up with an ever-dwindling number of comrades in the 101st Airborne Division. Surrounded and pummeled by German tanks, artillery and infantry, the 101st defended the city of Bastogne and its critical road junctions.

When the Germans demanded the 101st surrender Dec. 22, the division’s commander, Gen. A. C. McAuliffe, gave his famous reply: “Nuts.” The 101st’s heroic stand at Bastogne is one of the main reasons the German counteroffensive failed.

“We were too young and dumb to be afraid,” Blum said. “We were in one big circle, just my company, about 180 men. We could see the Germans every day. We were completely surrounded. We couldn’t get anything in or out...”

“As far as I know, when we left that hill, we had 50 men left.”

A lucky break kept Blum from being one of the many casualties.

“Our position was overrun. The tanks were over our (fox) holes,” Blum recalled. “That’s about as far as they got. I don’t know why, but they turned around.”

“When we were overrun, I was back at the ammunitions dump, a couple of hundred yards back. We were coming back up the hill and could see them coming over the hill.”

Armed only with rifles, Blum and four comrades tried to take cover. The German tanks fired on them with cannon and machine guns for about a half hour. Shrapnel wounded one of Blum’s mates, but the wounded soldier survived.

Trapped without rations, Blum’s company foraged for food. They found a cow and a calf on a farm.

“I was about the only guy in my group who could milk,” he said with a chuckle. “They butchered the calf, but I wouldn’t let ‘em touch my cow.”

Of Christmas Eve and Christmas 1944, Blum said: “All I know is that we got fed. I can’t remember what, but it was good. We hadn’t eaten in days, so anything tasted good.”

“It was just another day, just another day like yesterday. You sit in the snow for a week or so, and Christmas isn’t much fun.”

“Most of it you forget, and the other part you try to forget.”

A General Motors retiree living in Edgerton, Blum said: “I’m not a happy Christmas person. It’s just another day. It comes and goes.”

—Clipping from the Janesville Gazette, article by Mike DuPre.

Dr. Otto S. Blum



**The Blum Family
Grant (11 yrs.), Dr. Otto (37 yrs.), Elsie (36 yrs.)
Rolfe Memorial Clinic,
Waverly, Iowa. Spring 1943.**

In March 1943, Dr. Otto Blum enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He received basic training at Bremerton, Washington and completed Flight Surgeon training at Pensacola Naval Air Station, Florida in August 1943.

In November 1943 he was assigned to the South Pacific where he served both in New Guinea and in the invasion of Luzon, Philippines. He returned to the U.S. in May 1945 and was assigned to Ft. Lauderdale Naval Air Station, Florida.

In February of 1946, he was mustered out of service with the rank of Lt. Commander and returned to Waverly, Iowa where he rejoined the staff of Rolfe Memorial Clinic.

—Information provided by Grant Blum

From Lt. “Ott” Blum, now a Naval Flight Surgeon somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: “The Drizzle has been coming through fine. You have no idea with how much pleasure I await its arrival. My brother, Al, wrote that he had seen a copy and thought it was the best paper of its kind he had ever seen, and that you are to be most highly commended. I fully agree.

When I arrived at this place about 7 weeks ago, it was then an area well up front. That is no longer true, thanks to subsequent landings. I think my outfit is due to move up again. Half way sorry to leave. I have not run into as nice a place anywhere out here.

The Navy has designated me a Flight Surgeon. I’ve done some flying on rescue missions—where Navy seaplanes try to bring back fliers, usually of the Army—who have been shot down into the sea.

It surely makes me proud to learn what fine jobs so many of the Monticello youngsters are doing. Many of them I remember as kids, but now they’ve got what it takes.”



Dr. Otto S. Blum



From Lt. "Ott" Blum, M.C. USNR, writing from the Southwest Pacific:

"Dear Roz,

I hope the Drizzle is still going strong. I want to be sure you have my correct address, which is exactly as it appears on this letter. Before I left the U.S. I thought the Drizzle was a wonderful periodical. Now it means ever so much more. While I censor this letter myself, still I am not at liberty to reveal where we are. I left the States about a month ago on a transport and landed a few days ago without being attacked by any planes or subs. It was plenty hot most of the way and is very hot here. The scenery is beautiful and utterly tropical. There are coconut and banana groves and dense, exceedingly green jungles over every foot of ground right to the tops of the mountains, but there are few conveniences as we have them at home. There is lots of activity here and we see large numbers of all kinds of ships. My outfit is expected to move up soon, but I don't know just when or where. Best wishes to Yolanda and Rosanda, the same to you, with congratulations for the highly appreciated thing you are doing. I wonder if Les has had any leave and has been back. I hope so because he surely deserves it. Sincerely,

Ott."

Blum, with the Medical Corps of the U.S. Navy, is ill with malaria. Apparently "Doc" became sick with the disease in New Guinea where he had been stationed for some time. Details regarding the seriousness of his illness are lacking, but it is known that plans had been made to fly "Doc" to Australia for treatment at a rest camp at Sidney or Melbourne.



Lt. Otto Blum, M.D. (center) with two unidentified Doctors. New Guinea, 1944

Dr. Otto Schindler Blum

Born in Monticello November 6, 1905 to Edward and Anna Blum.

He graduated from high school in 1922 and the U. W. Medical School in 1929.

1930 – 1938. In partnership with his boyhood friend Dr. Les Weissmiller, he set up medical practice to cover both Albany and Monticello.

1950 – 1955. He served on the staff of the Monroe, Wisconsin Clinic.

—Information provided by Grant Blum

Thomas Brusveen



Pfc. 'Tom' Brusveen Discharged; Starts Work in Shop Here

Veteran of European War Leaves Service in Texas Tuesday P.M.

The Pfc. has been dropped from the name of Thomas Brusveen, local tonsorial artist, who now enjoys the rank of a civilian after serving in the U. S. Army for over three years.

"Tommy" arrived in town late last week Wednesday night, having received his discharge from service Tuesday afternoon at Camp Fannin, Texas. A veteran of more than a year's service overseas, "Tommy" entered service July 4, 1942,

and was sent to England in January 1944. He landed on the beaches of Normandy June 7, 1944, the day after the invasion of France. Pfc. Brusveen's company, part of the 12th Army Group, took part in five battles—Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Ruhr, and Central Germany.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Oct 4 1945



**Tommy Brusveen in his chemical
suit and gas mask.**

Thomas Brusveen

Pfc. Thos. Brusveen Home On Furlough Former Local Barber Has Close Call as House Is Shelled

Landing at Newport News, Va., Wednesday, July 4th, the third anniversary of his entry into the army, Pfc. Thomas Brusveen arrived at Camp Grant, Ill., Friday morning and is now spending a 31-day furlough with his wife in Monticello and with relatives and friends at various points.

Landing on the beaches of Normandy June 7, 1944, the day after the invasion of France began, Pfc.

Brusveen's company, part of the 12th Army Group, participated in five battles—Normandy, Northern France, the Ardennes, Ruhr, and Central Germany. The company to which Pfc. Brusveen was attached was credited as being the first American soldiers to enter Paris.

Under the command of General Bradley, Pfc. Tommy wound up his European war experiences at Wiesbaden, Germany.

While danger was ever present from the time the soldiers first set foot on the Normandy beach until the close of hostilities in Germany, Tommy's narrowest escape from death occurred one night when he and a group of soldiers were stationed in a building across the river from Dusseldorf, Germany. A direct shell hit from a heavy German cannon wrecked the building, killing two men and injuring several more as brick, plaster and other debris were heaped upon the men as they lay in their sleeping bags. Pfc.

Brusveen came to under an uncomfortably deep pile of bricks, unhurt except for bruises.

During his months of service in Europe, Pfc. Brusveen found time now and then to pursue his favorite hobby—snapping pictures and developing the films—and he has a large volume of interesting snap shots of the countries through which he passed. A former tonsorial artist in Monticello before entering service, Tommy also spent considerable time keeping his buddies in trim over there.



Pfc. Brusveen entered service July 4, 1942, and was shipped to England in January 1944, where he was stationed until his arrival in France.

—*Monticello Messenger*, July 12, 1945

Sends Clock Home Pvt. Thomas Brusveen Sends Souvenir

Pvt. Thomas Brusveen has sent his wife a clock from Mors, Germany; given to him by Mrs. Gilbert Strickler's brother (New Glarus), at whose home Brusveen has been a dinner guest several

times.

He also sent her pictures of Mrs. Strickler's brother and his family.

He is now stationed at Wiesbaden, Germany, still in the tonsorial business and busy with his hobby of photography.

—*Monticello Messenger*, June 7, 1945

Gerald Burns

RECOLLECTIONS OF GERALD BURNS EARLY LIFE & EXPERIENCES OF WORLD WAR II

I was born on September 18, 1923, the fifth of eight children composing the family of Mabel & William F. Burns. Families of that size are a rarity today, but during that period large families were common place due to both economic (more hands to accomplish the manual labor requirements of that period), religious, societal, and other demands. Remember there were no birth control programs, no family planning clinics, no feminine rights organizations, and no TV. It was a period of day-by-day struggle and sacrifice, but also a time of close family ties and strong community pride and accomplishment. The Model-T Ford and bicycles were the principal means of travel, and vacations consisted of visiting other family, or clan members, usually within 50 miles of home. I have vivid memories of The Great Depression of 1928-32, frost-bitten ears and toes walking to school, the early death of my mother due to pneumonia in 1934, the desertion of the family by my alcoholic father shortly thereafter, and the tremendous courage of my 19 year-old sister, Mildred, in keeping the family together as a functional unit until we could reach our majority, or seek shelter with other clan members.



In 1941 I graduated from High School in Sparta, Wisconsin, worked that summer in a drug store, saved \$180 and that fall enrolled at the University of Wisconsin. On a Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1942, while working on a makeup project at the Chemistry Lab, the radio news reported the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and the beginning of World War II. Pandemonium ensued, with everyone reassessing their values and goals, and trying to decide what course of action to follow. I vividly remember one of my close college friends, Gimmie Takiaso, a Japanese Exchange Student, being brutally beaten by a frustrated crowd of young male students, followed by his internment in a Concentration Camp as a Prisoner of War. While waiting for the Draft Board to decide on my future induction into the service (I think my draft number was 238), I concluded the best course of action was to remain in school for the current semester. I did sign up for the Army Air Cadets, but as many young men had the same dream of going to Pilot School, it became apparent that my military career was on hold. The summer of 1942 I secured a job as a Heavy Equipment Operator (Bulldozer & Road Grader Apprentice) at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, and when no call-up materialized I re-entered the University that Fall. In October I was informed that all Cadets were required to perform three months of basic training before assignment to an Air Force Training School. I accordingly enlisted and was assigned to Camp Callon at La Jolla, California, a Coast Artillery training facility. Thus began my training as a doughboy. The Training Cadre, mostly old-line Regular Army, hated me, as they were aware of my special status as an Officer-in-Training, so

Gerald Burns

took delight in assigning me to such undesirable jobs as cleaning latrines, working in the kitchen peeling potatoes, washing dishes, serving food, etc., night guard duty, and working as a Hospital Orderly. I vividly remember serving on special alert one night to repel a suspected Japanese invasion with a total allotment of three 30-caliber bullets. Needless to say, the message came through loud and clear that our country was ill prepared to fight a war. When I finished my three months of basic training, several of the cadres congratulated me, and stated they would be happy to serve under my future command as an officer. Thus began my schooling as an Air Force Cadet.

My next assignment, in Feb. 1943, was to SAC (Special Air Cadet) Training Base in San Antonio, Texas. All cadets were put through a rugged, and prolonged, training program of intellectual testing, physical stamina measurements, and physiological motor testing. As I had a marginal 20/20 eye test, and as Pilot School was over subscribed, I made the decision to volunteer for Navigational Training. Ellington Field, south of Houston, and Hondo Field, Tx. were my stations from June-September, 1943 where my skills in dynamic weather prognostication, celestial navigation studies, map reading & drawing, medical technician, machine gun specialist, emergency crew replacement skills, etc, were field tested and certified. I was commissioned as a Flying Officer in November 1943, and assigned to Tonopah, Nevada to join the newly formed, 4-engine B-24 Aircraft (Liberator) crew of Pilot Lt. Thomas Harris. Other officers on the crew were Pat Ryan, Co-Pilot, and David Rodabough, Bombardier. Harris & Ryan were from Kansas, and Rodabough from Indiana. The enlisted crew was composed of Crew Chief Bob McNally (Illinois); Radio/Gunner Jim Kendall (Michigan), Ass't Crew Chief/Gunner Lyle Westlund (Indiana), Ball Turret Gunner Jim Gillum (Missouri), Tail Gunner Robert Bissell (Wisconsin), and Waist Gunner Clyde Simmons (Virginia). Following six-weeks of rigorous training we left from Fairfield-Susan Field, north of San Francisco for overseas assignment with the 13th Army Air Force during January 1944. Our crew was flying one of the first "Silvered" B-24-J's (no camouflage paint) to be assigned to the Pacific War Theatre. In defiance of Orders, we flew under the Golden Gate Bridge on our way to Hawaii. This nighttime flight of over 1200 miles was my first test in using Celestial Navigation (three-star fixes using a hand-held Sexton) to plot our flight course. Stormy conditions, and very cloudy skies prevented locating any known key First Magnitude stars, so I was more than a little disturbed when my rough three star fix calculations showed our plane 60-90 miles behind course. I had to presume that we had unexpectedly encountered much stronger winds aloft than had been predicted, so we continued on my calculated course, and with the help of a weak Hawaiian radio signal, finally reached Hickam Field off-schedule by 40 minutes, and slightly North of target. Needless to say, I was more than somewhat shaken, but confident the Celestial Navigation and logical common-sense reconnaissance mapping could guide our plane to any determined destination. This challenge was again tested a few days later when our trips second leg was announced as Johnson Atoll, 800 miles SW of Hawaii's Oahu Island. Eddie Richenbacher, later to become famous for leading B-25's on the first Tokyo raid, had ditched his plane in the ocean, with a seven man crew, in this same area five days earlier and we were asked to search for possible survivors. Our attempt was unsuccessful, but seven days later a ship recovered him, and four survivors, floating in a rubber raft. We arrived without incident at our target, and within 24 hours we were off again, this time to Christmas Island, 1400 SE. Once again, - no navigational problems!! We then headed 1700 miles SW to Nanumea in the Tuvalu Islands, and finally 1300 miles SW to Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. Our arrival in a new, and "Silvered" B-24, created much fanfare, and within hours the Commanding General of the 13th Air Force confiscated this plane as his own. On his first missions with this plane, the Japanese fighter interceptors, inferred correctly that it was crewed by high ranking officers, so concentrated all their action against it. Though badly shot-up this eye-catching plane made it safely back to base.

Gerald Burns

Within hours it was re-assigned again to our crew. After flying a few shakedown missions off Henderson Field, we were transferred to Munda Field, again in the Solomon Islands, where we logged our first combat missions against the powerful Japanese SW Pacific Military Base and Airfield of Rabaul (New Britain Island) and other installations in SE New Guinea. In March 1944 our 372nd Squadron, 307th Bomb Group, 13th Air Force was relocated to Los Negros, in the Admiralty Islands, and within weeks our noses were bloodied on several tough missions against the Japanese stronghold of Truk Island (see attached Presidential Citation #78), and that was followed by difficult, and costly missions against Yap and Palau Air & Naval bases. Although we lost several planes from our Group due to air-to-air combat, the most needless losses were due to mid-air collisions caused by severe weather or by equipment failure and accidents. However, our losses would have been higher had it not been for unique planning and execution. On several of the known difficult missions, the Navigator was briefed on where sea planes, and or, submarines would be safely positioned (usually 50-100 miles) from our target area so that crippled B-24's could be ditched in the ocean and the crew rescued. On one of the missions to Truk a PBV amphibious plane picked up survivors from three ditched planes, and was so overloaded it could not take off and had to taxi many miles on the ocean before being able to off-load onto another ship. On a later Truk raid, a survivor parachuting into the ocean within the Truk lagoon miraculously saw a submarine's periscope, grabbed onto it, was pulled on the water away from danger whereupon the submarine surfaced and took him aboard. We thankfully avoided partaking of these unique, and creative, rescue services!! Our Shady Lady, though occasionally wounded, always brought us safely home to the Admiralty Islands.

In mid-1944 we leap-frogged, first to Wadke Island, just off the central coast of New Guinea, and then to Noemfoor Island, off its west end. Both locations had been Japanese Airfields, so were modified for our use. The Wadke airfield went from end to end of the Island, with a hump in the middle, and the only good feature was that the Army 32nd Division (Wis. Unit) held the Beachhead on the mainland, so we were not harassed by any Japanese forces. From Wadke Is., missions were flown against Palau, Biak, the Moluccas, and a variety of coastal ships. On one, lone-plane-mission, our attempt to sink a medium-sized cargo ship was frustrated by a faulty bomb-release switch, and we were unable to drop our 500 lb. bomb. After lining up the target, the Bombardier hand-signaled me, and I in turn gave the thumbs-up sign to the Crew Chief standing in the bomb bay, who then with a screwdriver released the bomb, which miraculously blew up the ship. We received another Citation for this mission. Our greatest Test-By-Fire awaited us on our next move to Noemfoor Island in late August 1944 where missions against the Japanese oil center of Balikpapan-Borneo (2500 + miles round-trip) came close to ending the charmed life of Shady Lady. The first of our missions, on October 12th we led our Group over the Balikpapan refinery complex from an altitude of 20,000'. Both enemy aircraft and ground anti-aircraft fire were heavy, but our bomb load was on-target, which created a hellish conflagration of fire and smoke. When turning our Group from the target we lost an engine to ground AA fire, and had to drop out of formation. A Zero Kamikaze then attempted to ram us, unsuccessfully, but did shoot out another of our engines (we lost #2 & #4) and explode a 20mm shell in the cockpit. Harris was badly wounded, and Co-pilot Ryan, was dazed and momentarily blinded. After I cleaned and dressed both arm and leg wounds of shrapnel damage with sulfa powder, and gave Harris a shot of morphine, he and Ryan re-established control of the plane. As they couldn't maintain altitude the order was given to jettison everything possible. The top and belly turrets were chopped out, machine guns, ammunition, tools, baggage, parachutes, and everything possible was discarded, and preparations made for a water landing. Fortunately, at 1500' the aircraft was again stabilized. The closest point to safety was mapped as Morati Island in the Hallmaheras, where American troops had successfully invaded three days earlier. After hours of

Gerald Burns

uncertainty our objective was sighted. We were then immediately fired on by the Navy armada as an unknown intruder. After firing emergency flares, they allowed us to enter the invasion zone, and our shot-up plane then safely made an emergency landing on an abandoned Japanese airstrip. Harris, our pilot, was hospitalized for six weeks. The rest of the crew was transported back to Noemfoor and within days we were used as substitutes for other short-handed crews. Within two weeks the Group moved to Moratis Island, and shortly thereafter I was assigned to a new, modern Radar Search B-24. On October 24th this plane was given orders to search for a Japanese Naval Task Force, believed to consist of two huge Battleships, 4-5 Heavy Cruisers, several Destroyers, etc, that had eluded our Navy which was searching for them near Luzon in the Northern Philippines. At 3:00 PM we verified the radar image of this phantom Japanese Fleet in the Sulu Sea, approximately 150 miles West of Leyte Island, which was then the focal point of our initial invasion of the Philippines. A huge armada of 80-100 naval support vessels, and approximately 50,000 troops had been left unprotected by Admiral Halsey, who had dashed North with most of the 7th Fleet to intercept the Japanese Fleet with Aircraft Carriers, which Intelligence reported was heading South from Luzon Island. Only three converted US Aircraft Carriers and a few Cruisers and Destroyers were left to protect the Leyte invasion. The radar plane was returned to Morati where frantic plans were then undertaken to assemble all B-24's, loading them with the heaviest bombs available, to attack this huge naval target. We were the only combat unit within striking distance of this critical menace, and the Leyte invasion was now in jeopardy. I was assigned to the Bowles crew, which was to lead the attack, and when we reached the initial target point, twelve miles away, flying at 8000', the Yamato cleared its 16" guns in preparation for the air attack. One of these large shells went through the tail rudder of the B-24 echeloned on our right. As we approached the target the sky became dark from flak, and our planes were peppered with shrapnel. Bomb coverage was superb, but non-effective due to the heavy armor of the ships. The Yamato received two close bomb misses, and one of the bombs did damage the rudder of a Cruiser limiting its control, and smoke was observed coming from a couple of Destroyers. We lost two B-24's to naval gunfire. In some respects it was a foolhardy mission, but as a direct result of our attack, the Japanese Admiral knew he had been detected, didn't know the location of the American Fleet, and broke off his attempt to wipeout the Leyte invasion force. He hastily retreated back to Brunei Bay in Borneo for re-evaluation.

Two of our original crewmembers, Ryan and Westlund, were killed flying off Morati Island on a make-up crew. A Colonel, who had been training pilots in the States, knew the war was nearing its end, and wanting some combat experience, asked for a transfer to our Group. He was given First Pilot status, and on his first combat sortie, a night mission with a ten-man crew, including our two-crew members; he flew the plane directly into the side of a volcano, 20 miles away. This accident may have been due to enemy action, but more likely pilot inexperience. What a tragic ending for our comrades after sharing with us so many other harrowing combat missions.

After another series of missions to targets in the Philippine Islands, my number came up, and I was flown up to Leyte for recycling back to the USA. After some higher-ranking officers, severely wounded men, and two pregnant WACS had preempted my reservation, the boarding priority finally came up on a cargo C-54 plane, and I departed for the long-dreamed-of-journey back to California, in November 1944.

In retrospect, my "Long Days Journey Into Night" had unbelievably ended after fourteen months of military service, - approximately 51 Combat Missions (counting two ocean shipping searches and three reconnaissance outings), six island airfields, one emergency landing, no war wounds, and a memorable trip to Australia. Some of my most vivid memories:

Gerald Burns

- 1) Whether the precision and accuracy of celestial navigation could be relied upon to guide a plane 1200-1500 miles across the Pacific Ocean.
- 2) In the event of ditching in the Ocean, could one really out-smart sharks by slapping the water and swimming in tight circles?
- 3) Prior to the Balikpapan, Borneo raid was General MacArthur truthful when he stated that for each life lost to enemy action during that mission, we would save 400 fellow American lives before the war's end? (Manky & I visited his Tomb in Norfolk, VA in 1998, and when I asked this question at his gravesite, there was no answer!).
- 4) Would our bomb shelter hewn out of coral rock and covered by trunks of Palm trees, really withstand a hit by aerial bombs from the almost nightly raids by nuisance Japanese bombers?
- 5) During a visit by the Bob Hope Troupe to our Air Base on the Admiralty Islands in May 1944, was the surprise visit to my secluded abode by USO performer Carole Landis, then a famous movie star, caused by an attraction to bare-chested me, or to my chained-up pet monkey, and an exposed bottle of gin? After her short visit this conundrum still haunts me!!

Upon relocation to the USA, all my assigned military equipment (chronometer, sexton, 45 caliber pistol, binoculars, maps, etc) along with my personal diary, letters, souvenirs, etc were confiscated for national security purposes. A promise was made to return all non-critical material within six months. When I made an official request for my effects a year later, and again six months after that, no response was received. When in early 1945 I was asked to join the regular US Air Force, or consider a cash bonus to join the Nationalistic Chinese Air Force, my decision was to re-enroll at the University of Wisconsin in the fall of 1945. I graduated there in 1948 with a degree in Geology, attended graduate school in 1949, whereupon I went to work for Standard Oil of California (now Chevron). Manky and I married in Lima, Peru in 1954, where our daughter Sharron was born in March 1957. Due to a disabling infection of hepatitis, contacted in Cochabamba, Bolivia in late 1958, we returned to California. Our next stop was Jackson, Ms., where we were blessed, Nov 1959, with son Shaun. In conclusion, my life has been one of good fortune, family, luck, and above-all genes.

Raymond Burns

RETURNS FROM HAWAII

Ray Burns, former Monticello boy, who enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Forces more than two years ago, and who was stationed at Hickam Field when Pearl Harbor was bombed, has been transferred to the good old U. S. A., having arrived in California late in December. He is stationed at Santa Ana, Cal., and is taking pilot training.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Jan. 28, 1943

CADET RAY BURNS CALLS FROM NEW MEXICO

Cadet Ray A. Burns former Monticello boy, extended his best wishes to Fred N. Stauffer for Father's day last Sunday in a telephone call from his air base at New Mexico. Owing to the fact that the Stauffer family, with whom he made his home during his numerous visits to Monticello, had not seen Ray nor heard his voice since he enlisted in the Air Corps two years and eight months ago. The phone call came as an exciting, welcome, and very pleasant surprise. He said he was well, and very busy and expects to graduate July 10. He may receive a five-day furlough after graduation, which will not allow for a visit here.

—*Monticello Messenger*, June 24, 1943

PROMOTED TO LIEUTENANT

By graduating as a Bombardier Cadet Ray A. Burns, former Monticello boy, has been promoted to Second Lieut. and has been moved to Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he will spend the next six weeks training as a Navigator, according to word received a few days ago by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stauffer, where he made his home on several occasions before the war.

—*Monticello Messenger*, July 29, 1943

Lt. Ray Burns Home After 62 Missions

Former Local Boy Makes Many Missions Without Suffering a Scratch

M. E. Lynn motored to Monroe last Wednesday evening and was accompanied to Monticello by Lt. and Mrs. Ray Burns, who visited until the following day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stauffer, residing south of town.

Lt. Burns returned to the States April 28 after serving one and a half years overseas with a bomber group. Lt. Burns, a former Monticello boy, completed 62 missions, many very dangerous, and reported that he never received a scratch. His squadron cleared the way for the 7th Army in France.

Lt. Burns was on the high seas for 11 days while enroute home in a

25-ship convoy.

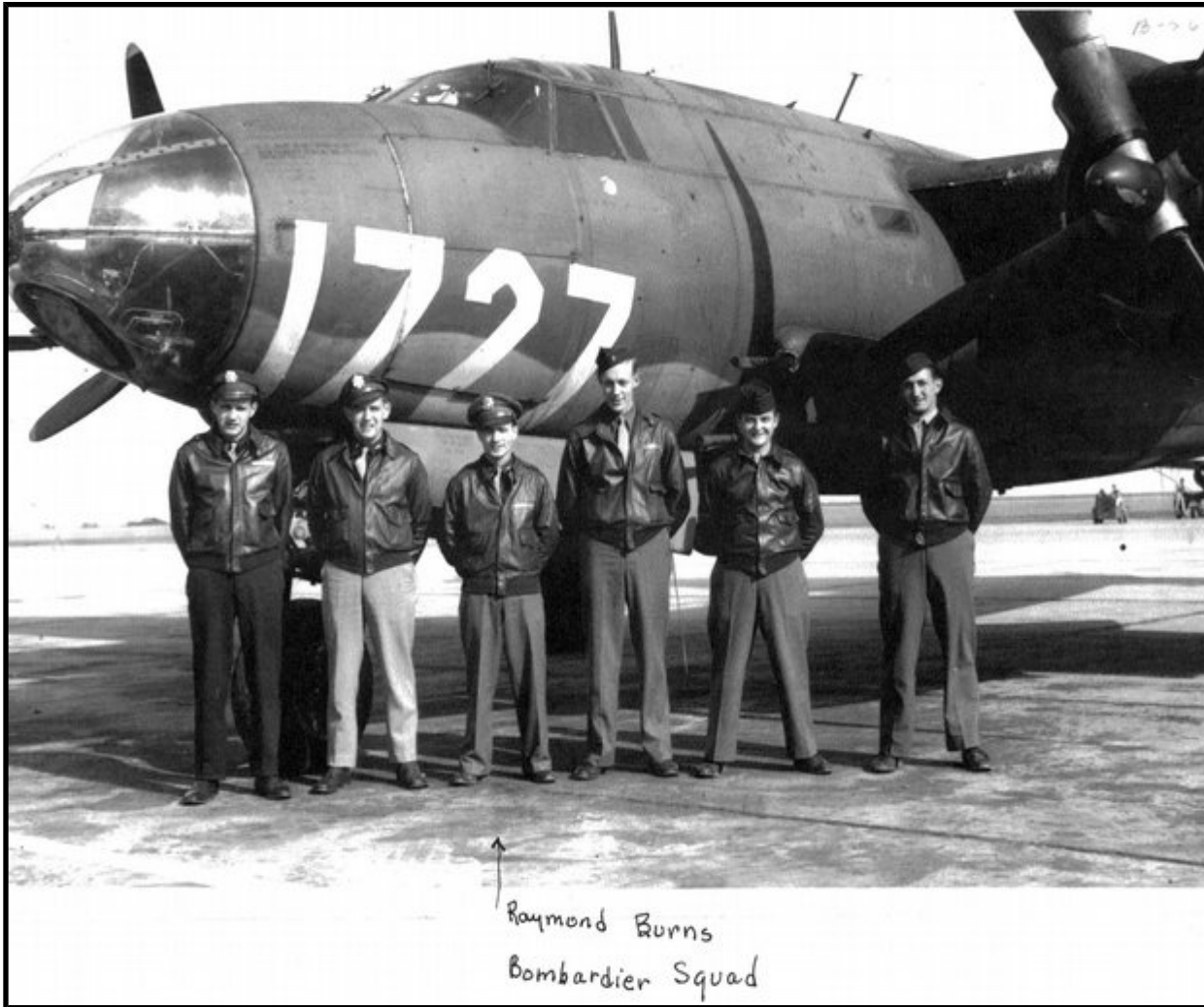
From here Lt. and Mrs. Burns left for a visit in Milwaukee and South Carolina, with the lady's parents, enroute to Miami, Fla., where Lt. Burns will report at a reclassification center at the conclusion of a 21-day leave.

Lt. Burns and Carl Stauffer, now stationed in Colorado, were the first Monticello men to join the armed forces, having entered the Army Air Forces in the fall of 1940. Lt. Burns was sent to Hawaii and was at Hickam Field, near Pearl Harbor, when the Japanese made their sneak attack on that base. He was later returned to the states and received his commission as a Lieutenant shortly before being transferred to the European theater of war.

—*Monticello Messenger*, May 24, 1944



Raymond Burns



EXCERPTS FROM EULOGY OF RAYMOND ARTHUR BURNS

Raymond Arthur Burns was born at Tomah, Wisconsin on October 30, 1916, the third of eight children, to William and Mabel Burns. He died on February 3, 1997 at Harlingen, Texas where he spent the winters. Interment was in the Willamette National Cemetery, Portland, Oregon.

Following the death of his mother in 1934 and subsequent breakup of his family, Raymond joined the U. S. Army in Hawaii. He was at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 when the Japanese attacked and ignited World War II.

Raymond transferred to the Army Air Force, graduated from Bombardier School and was assigned to the 9th Air Force in N. Africa where he flew 58+ missions in B-25 and B-26 Medium Bombers. During the campaign he received many awards and promotions, among them the Distinguished Flying Cross and 4 Air Medals.

During the postwar period this career officer was assigned duties in many diverse bases in California, Texas, N. Dakota, Iceland, Nevada, and Oregon. He achieved the rank of Major and retired with a pension in 1961. In 1962 he began a second career with the Postal Service in Portland, Oregon and retired with a second pension after 18 years. Raymond had several unsuccessful marriages and had no children.

Raymond Burns



Ray Burns, center, relaxing in the Officers Club with some unidentified buddies.



A citation for bravery that Ray won, as an enlisted man, while helping rescue a pilot from a burning plane during the Japanese attack on Hickam Field, Hawaii, December 7, 1941, was just his first. He also won the Air Medal with 4 Oak Leaf Clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the French Croix de Guerre for his participation in air combat missions over Italy and Germany as Bombardier-Navigator on B-25 and B-26 bombers.

Raymond Burns



“I just got back from a week at a rest camp on the Isle of Capri. Boy, is that ever a swell place for a vacation! The hotel I stayed at was really grand. We had our meals behind the hotel in a large, shady garden while an orchestra played. The meals were served in courses and were very good! We had cocktails and dancing every night in the garden, also tennis and badminton courts, ping-pong tables, billiards, several lounges and bars, and a theatre. Also went swimming, but stepped on a sea animal resembling a porcupine and was pulling quills out of my foot for two hours. There are some large summer villas there, including Benito’s. One old lady now living in Switzerland left her place open for visitors. She has a swell art and book collection. Refreshments were also served so I hung around there for two days.

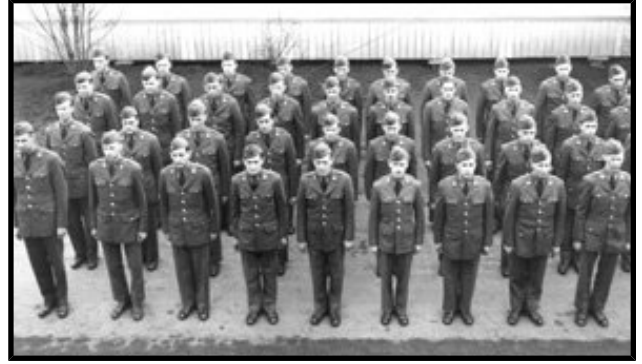
On the way over I piloted the plane almost all the way to Naples for a little practice. On the way back, I had to stay four days in Naples before I got a hop back.

My brother, Gerald, is now in the Admiralty Islands in the Southwest Pacific and Irene’s husband has arrived in England. About the only secret weapon that can save Germany now is a long pole with a white flag attached. We really mean business now. But, gee, we are finally getting some beer and ice cream and I don’t wanna go home yet.

As always, Ray.”

--Monticello Drizzle excerpt

Camp Grant, Illinois



**Third Platoon, Co. A,
26th Military Replacement Training Battalion
Camp Grant, Illinois**



Camp Grant, Illinois



“Bo” Woelffer demonstrating proper positioning of the gas mask carrier.



“Bo” wearing the gas mask.



Heavy tent pitching on a sloppy day in March 1942. Camp Grant’s North drill field.

Sgts. Anderson and Dillon confer with Capt. Dressner, (foreground).

Progress, at last. Recruits learn about teamwork under the direction of a training Sergeant.



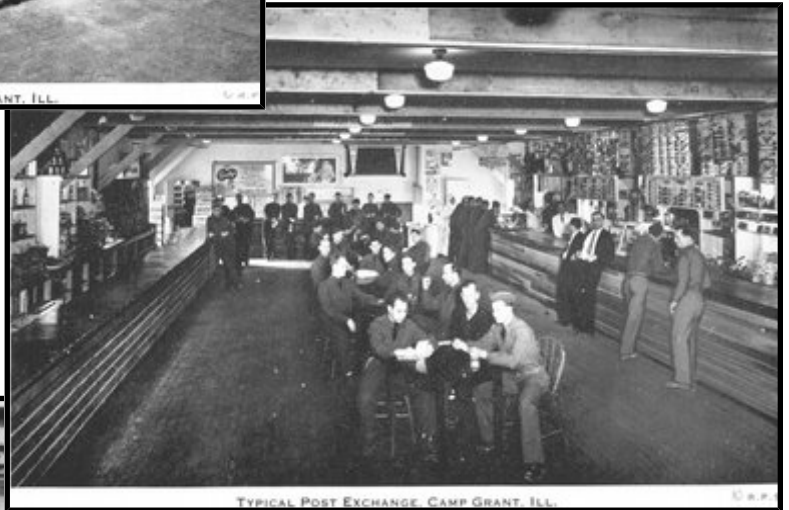
Camp Grant, Illinois



RECRUIT RECEPTION CENTER, CAMP GRANT, ILL.

The reformation of a civilian's life began here, at a basic training center. In a few short weeks a civilian was molded into a soldier. Camp Grant specialized in providing basic military training for persons going into medical specialties.

The early Post Exchange. It was austere but provided the necessities of life for the soldiers. It sold toiletries, cigarettes, snacks, and provided a place to relax with a soda. Just be in by bed check.



TYPICAL POST EXCHANGE, CAMP GRANT, ILL.



"BLUM" SERVED CAFETERIA STYLE, CAMP GRANT, ILL.

Platoons were fed as a group, a few platoons at a time. All platoon members had to finish and be back in formation at a prescribed time. No after dinner nap, cigarettes, or conversation over coffee.

Red "butt cans" for cigarette butts hang on posts. Clothes, with their hangers spaced exactly two fingers apart, hang in ordered ranks along the wall and laundry bags are tied to the end of each bunk. Bunks were usually made up in a "dust cover" (shown in photo) but were given a "white collar" for inspections; blankets were always tight enough to bounce a quarter.



BARRACKS LIVING QUARTERS, CAMP GRANT, ILL.

Camp Grant, Illinois



Basic military training. Even tough men like “Bo” Woelffer (right) were tired at the end of the day.

Some of our Monticello inductees received their first training at Camp Grant, Illinois.



Leonard L. Cisewski

Leonard L. Cisewski entered the U.S. Navy July 5, 1945 and served through August 10, 1948.

While in the Navy he was assigned to the V-5 flying program at Pensacola Naval Air Station, Florida, flying the Curtiss SNC-1, "Falcon" scout trainer, pictured here.



Leonard L. Cisewski



Albert H. Deppeler

Albert Deppeler is Discharged April 11

Local Man Had Attended Reading University In England

Sgt. Albert Deppeler, a veteran of three and one-half years of service with the U. S. Army, and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Deppeler, Mt. Pleasant Township, arrived at his home Thursday, April 11, after receiving an honorable discharge at Camp McCoy, Wis.

Sgt. Deppeler, a veteran of the war in Europe, entered service in December 1942, and was stationed at various army bases in this country until November 1944, at which time he was sent to England. For a number of months he was a member of an army band, and then took ASTP training for 10 months, later joining the infantry.

He participated in the battle of Northern France with the 66th Division. He was elevated to the rank of Sergeant in February 1945.

During his stay in Europe he had the pleasure of visiting in Switzerland on two occasions and spent some time with relatives at Tegerfelden, north of Zurich. He was stationed in France, Germany and Austria, and attended the Reading University Agricultural School in Reading, England, for a number of months.

A graduate of the Monticello high school with high scholastic honors, Sgt Deppeler attended Platteville State Teachers College for one year before entering service.

—*Monticello Messenger, April 18, 1946*



Local Graduate Now Studying in England

Sgt. Albert Deppeler At Reading University In Army Program

With the United States Forces in Great Britain— Sergeant Albert H. Deppeler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Deppeler, Monticello, a veteran of the Northern France Campaign as an Assistant Squad Leader with the 66th Infantry Division, is now enrolled in courses in agriculture and animal husbandry at Reading University, England.

This course is made possible as a part of the Army Education program being conducted in Europe through the Information and Education Division,

TSFET, headed by Brig. Gen. Paul W. Thompson. Similar courses are offered soldier students at the Sorbonne, University of Paris, the Cite Universitaire at Dijon and numerous other universities open to allotted quotas of army personnel. The students pursue their studies as much like civilian students as possible.

Overseas since October 1944, Sgt. Deppeler

Albert H. Deppeler

has been awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge. He is a graduate of the Monticello high school and is a former student at Platteville State Teachers College.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Nov. 22, 1945

Red Cross Group in Receipt of Letters From Area Soldiers

Pvt.'s Deppeler, Schuerch, Kissling Send Letters Of Thanks

Three men of the Monticello vicinity who are serving in the nation's armed forces have recently written the local Red Cross gift committee and thanking committee members for gifts, which have been sent to the boys. They are Pvts. Albert Deppeler, Erwin Kissling, Jr., and Harry Schuerch.

Their communications read as follows:

Friday, June 18, 1943.

Monticello Red Cross:

"Thank you very much for the appropriate gift. It proves the old adage that "all good things return." Less than a month before I received your gift I paid my contribution to become a member of the American Red Cross and now, thanks to you, I am a member of the Red Cross and it didn't cost me anything.

"I have moved again since I wrote to Mr. Hughes of my experience in Fort Riley. Just two weeks ago today I was notified that I was to be a selectee of the Army Special Training Program. The following Sunday I left for the Colorado State College, where I spent one week being classified and undergoing a rugged physical test.

"Monday they transferred a large group of us to this school, the Colorado School of Mines. We are to take a three-month course in engineering, and if we can pass the tests at the end of that period we will be able to continue going to school at government expense. However, we are under army training and get

military training just as if we were in regular army camp.

"I live in a fraternity house and have a room with another soldier.

"The town I live in is Golden, Colo. It is located in the Rocky Mountains, about 15 miles west of Denver. There are mountains all around us, which gives the officers a good terrain on which to keep us physically fit. They really keep us in shape, too.

"The army officers haven't told us why we are getting this training, but we imagine they have good reasons.

"Thanks again for your gift."

Sincerely yours,

Albert Deppeler

My address is:

Pvt. Albert Deppeler,
A. S. T. Unit Platoon 3, Barracks 3,
Colo School of Mines,
Golden, Colo.

—*Monticello Messenger*

Pvt. "Al" Deppeler, recently transferred to Camp Rucker, Ala., from the Colorado School of Mines at Golden, Colo., reports that he's now in the 66th Infantry Division, better known as the Panther Division, and he appraises it as a plenty rugged outfit. Says "Al:" "There are a couple of thousand A. S. T. P. men here and last week over a thousand air cadets came in. Some of these boys had up to 30 hours flying time to their credit. Almost all of us in the outfit now are between 19 and 22 so the officers really pour on the physical work. Have had lots of hand to hand combat classes. Looks like "Boob" and I are in the same thing."

--*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*

Lloyd Deppeler

Lt. Lloyd Deppeler Home From Europe Son of Mt. Pleasant Twp. Couple Served With Gen. Patton

Second Lieutenant Lloyd Deppeler arrived here the first of the week to spend a leave at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Deppeler, residing about a mile and a half south of Monticello.

Lt. Deppeler was a member of the 5th Division of Gen. Patton's Third Army and took part in numerous battles before being selected to attend Officers Candidate School last winter.

Lieut. Deppeler entered army service Nov. 7, 1941, with "Fighting Bob" Blumer, Delbert Moritz and Harris Wittenwyler, all of Monticello, and left for service overseas in March of the next year. He was first stationed in Iceland, and then was transferred to Northern Ireland after 18 months in Iceland. Later he was transferred to England for a short time before entering the fighting in France.

Lt. Deppeler was connected with a communications unit while serving with Patton's Army.

—*Monticello Messenger, July 16, 1945*

A few Drizzles ago, I suggested that all of

you send me a war souvenir for public display here at home. Well, "Bob" Blumer and Lloyd Deppeler, those two doughty Sergeants, have taken to the idea with a vengeance. Already one package has arrived from them and it includes a large Nazi flag, German officers' belts, caps, canteen, German pipe, and jewelry box. And another parcel is now on the way. The display, in the south front window of Bill Blum's Merchandise Mart, has created much interest and comment. Tommy Brusveen is also sending The Drizzler a souvenir, and if the rest of you boys and girls will fall in line, the Drizzle will have a display that's really a dandy.



When S/Sgt. Lloyd Deppeler, Monticello boy with Co. F, 11th Inf., 5th Div., crossed the Sauer River, he was paddling in the leading assault boat.

The Ratzis, who were strongly entrenched in pillboxes on the other side, opened up with strong machine-gun fire.

One bullet ripped through "Dep's" overcoat and field jacket at the forearm, while others dented his cartridge belt and then zoomed off to become ricochets. Miraculously, he was unscathed. Whew!

The Drizzler has just learned that S/Sgt. Lloyd Deppeler was hospitalized for several

Lloyd Deppeler



days early in March after a piece of shrapnel struck him right above the eye during action in Germany. Lack of space in the April Drizzle crowded out many interesting items, among them the fact that “Dep” has been attending Officers’ Training School and was scheduled to finish May 19, barring unforeseen developments.

•

Lloyd Deppeler, who participated in some of the major battles of the European war with the 11th Infantry of the 5th Division, is home on leave. Lloyd saw over three years of service overseas, approximately 18 months of which were spent in Iceland

--Monticello Drizzle excerpts

Paul Derendinger

Yes, a gold star shines on Monticello, a gold star symbolic of the courage and gallantry of a quiet, likeable, fun-loving country boy, Pvt. Paul Derendinger, who is the first soldier from the Monticello area to make the supreme sacrifice for his country in World War II. Serving as an ambulance driver with the 21st General Hospital, Paul met death in an accident in Italy Aug. 19. Details are not known. Paul had been in the army since December, 1941, and since November, 1942, when he was transferred to England, he had seen service there in North Africa, Sicily, and more recent in Italy.

Excerpts from a letter written to Paul's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derendinger, by his commanding officer, Colonel Lee D. Cady, show the high regard in which he was held by his army associates. Writes Colonel Cady, in part:

"I am personally touched by the entire circumstances surrounding the loss of your son. I saw him within less than five minutes, and know everything possible was done for him, which could be done. It is to me, to this organization and to the United States Army, a loss, which cannot be measured in words.

"I had many opportunities to personally observe your son, whose particular type of duty brought him into daily contact with many of the officers of this organization. He was an outstanding soldier, imbued with a fine spirit of responsibility, a credit to this organization, and to the Army of the United States.

All who knew him, officers, nurses, and enlisted men alike, speak highly of him. He was the type of

soldier who, given an assignment, carried it through with the utmost cheerfulness and co-operation. I was proud to have him as a member of this unit.

"I can think of no more appropriate way to close this letter than by quoting the words of one of my enlisted men, Private Bob Glessing, your son's best friend in the unit: "I knew Paul about two and a half years. He was the kind of man I should always want as a friend; always dependable and willing to do for others whatever he could do. He would go out of his way to do a favor for someone. He was always cheerful and honest about everything. I am



going to miss him."

"I think Private Glessing expresses my sentiments and those of every officer and enlisted man in this organization. Your son was the kind of man I should always want to command."

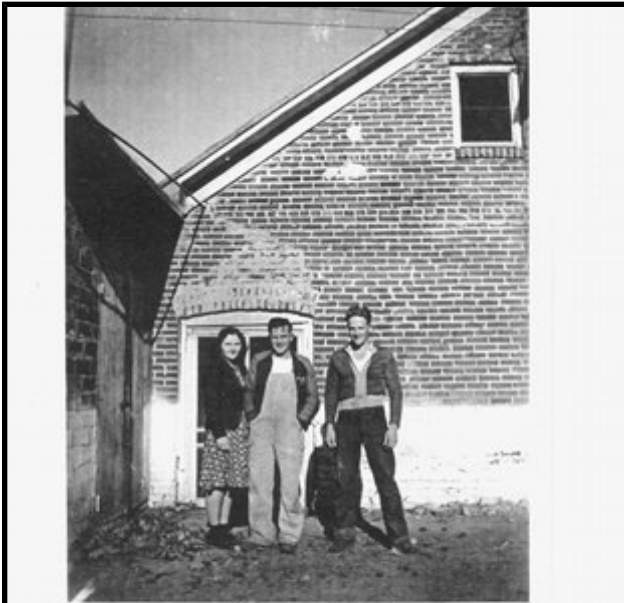
The Drizzler never had the pleasure of knowing Paul intimately, but from the many fine things that have been said about him, I know that he must have been a grand boy. Like so many other gallant American young men in this vast, global conflict, he gave his life to give us the priceless liberties of democracy. Yes, Paul has left us, but he has left behind the sweet and unforgettable memories of a loyal and loving son, a fine citizen, and a brave and fearless soldier.

—Monticello Drizzle excerpt

Paul Derendinger

DIES IN ITALY—First gold star on Monticello's Honor Roll marks the name of Paul Derendinger, 25-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derendinger, who live four miles north-east of Monticello in Exeter. He lost his life serving in Italy Aug. 19 with a general hospital unit. Born in Adams Township, he attended Dividing Ridge rural school, and was employed by Werner Adler in a cheese factory before entering service Dec. 2, 1941.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Aug. 1944



Leona and Werner Adler and Paul Derendinger at The Hay Hollow Cheese Factory in York Township. Paul worked for them for three years (1939-41) before he went into The Army.



At Bou Hanifia, Algeria



Pvt. Paul C. Derendinger

Derendinger Memorial

MONTICELLO—A memorial in honor of Pvt. Paul Derendinger, 25, who was killed in action in Italy, Aug. 17, will be held at Monticello Zwingli Evangelical and Reformed Church at 4 p. m. Sunday.

Prof. Alvin Grether, of the Mission house, Plymouth, and an uncle of Pvt. Derendinger, will deliver the memorial address.

Pvt. Derendinger, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derendinger, residing north of Monticello, entered army service in December 1941, and saw action as a member of a hospital unit in Algeria, Sicily, and Italy. He had served overseas since before the invasion of North Africa by Allied forces.

— *Obit clippings* Dec. 2, 1948, Provided by Calvin Derendinger

Paul Derendinger



Return Body of Pvt. Derendinger

MONTICELLO, Wis.—The body of Pvt. Paul Derendinger, 25, who died Aug. 19, 1944, of injuries in an accident while serving with a medical unit of the Army in Italy, is enroute to this country for reburial. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs Charles Derendinger, Route 1, Belleville.

Services will be held at the Highland Cemetery. The Voegeli Funeral Home, Monticello, is in charge of funeral arrangements.



Carl J. Dick

Sgt. Carl J. Dick Has Army Discharge

Local Medical Unit Soldier Arrives Home After 38 Months Service

Honorably discharged and back in civilian attire after serving in the U. S. Army for 38 months is Sergeant Carl J. Dick, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dick, of this village, who arrived here Thanksgiving night after receiving his discharge at Ft. Sheridan earlier that day.

Sergt. Dick, a member of the 348th Station Hospital Division, spent two years in hospitals in England, France, and Germany. He entered service in the summer of 1942 and was sent to England late in the fall of 1943, where he began work with a medical unit. Early last spring he was transferred to an American hospital in France and later to Germany.

About two months ago, Sergt. Dick had the pleasure of taking a sojourn through Switzerland and had an opportunity to visit his mother's birthplace. He also visited with Mr. and Mrs. Christ Bernet and son, Werner, who formerly resided at the Silver cheese factory, Mt. Pleasant Township. The Bernet's returned to Switzerland in the summer of 1938 following their son's graduation from the Monticello high school.

Sergt. Dick is a partner in the trucking firm of Haddinger & Dick, local trucking and moving magnates.

Carl arrived in Boston the week before last after a lengthy voyage across the Atlantic.

— *Monticello Messenger*, Nov 29, 1945

Sgt. Carl Dick Visits Mother's Birthplace While on Swiss Tour **Local Man Gets Thrill Out Of Furlough Trip to Switzerland**

The Messenger has been favored with an intensely interesting letter from Carl J. Dick, which he wrote his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dick, well known Monticello residents, following a furlough trip to Switzerland. Sgt. Dick is a member of a medical unit and was stationed in England for quite some time before being transferred to the fighting zone. He has most recently been stationed in Germany.

His letter reads as follows:

"Well the headlines for the week are—I'm coming home soon. Just how soon is still a guess, but I know for sure it'll be less than 60 days from now.

A Beautiful Country

"Switzerland is truly a beautiful little country and the Swiss are justly proud of it. The tour setup by the government is well planned and operates

smoothly, but our activities on the tour are restricted by the time limit and also the limit on the amount of money one is allowed to take into Switzerland. On the day our group returned from Belgium my friend and I were notified that our furlough to Switzerland had been approved and to take it we must be ready by 10 a. m. the following day. This caught me in a bad way—most of my clothes were dirty and to make matters worse the officer in charge of our office piled work galore on me, as a result I worked the entire day and all night.

"The trip to and from Switzerland in itself was a pleasure. We traveled from here to Paris on a plane and from Paris by rail. By staying in Paris overnight



Carl Dick (L) and Urho Hill (R)

Carl J. Dick

we got to see a little of the French capital, which is a beautiful city. In fact the only part of France that looks that nice is Mulhouse, which is an assembly area for U.S. personnel on furlough to Switzerland. Here we were processed, that is, given a choice of tours, change our money and orders prepared for entrance into Switzerland.

Met Christ Bernet

"If I could have given the name of a blood relative, I could have stayed there for my entire visit. We entered Switzerland through Basel and reached Lucerne by noon. From there we went into the Alps to a resort town, Engelberg, and stayed three days, leaving on the morning of the fourth day. Our tour itinerary called for an overnight stop at Gstaad. To get there we traveled through Interlaken. I remembered that Christ Bernet (he formerly made cheese at the Silver factory, east of Monticello) had mentioned this place as the spot where he intended to locate. At Interlaken I stopped to inquire at the station for Christ Bernet. Incidentally, the Swiss are all hospitable and very friendly. They are pleased when they can be of help to anyone. The stationmaster got out all his books and found a Christ Bernet, residing in a little town joining Interlaken. Again I hopped the train (the trains are all electric and have anything but for cleanliness, smoothness and efficiency I've ever seen). As I got on I asked the conductor if the train stopped where I was supposed to get out. He assured me that it did and while I was talking with him I told him I was going to look up a friend, Christ Bernet. "Christ Bernet," he repeated. This fellow looked familiar, I hazarded a guess. "You aren't Werner Bernet, are you?" "I sure am," he answered. "Who are you?" I told him, and he says, "Well I'll be darned, but you won't find Dad there, he's at Frutigen. So he hurriedly wrote his address, fixed my fare and arranged with a conductor friend on the train for Frutigen, then in the station, to look after me. "How you fixed for money?" I confessed not too good, so he whips out a bill and says, "Dad will fix you up for more if you need it." His friend conductor took good care of me and arranged for an escort to Christ's door.

"Needless to say, they were surprised and I got a big reception, and stayed the remainder of my time in Switzerland with them.

"Christ and family are in excellent health. He's got a nice little business, a cafe, or tavern to you. Their daughter, Gertrude, is married and has a cute little baby girl.

"The night of my arrival at the Bernet home, I expressed my intention of visiting my mother's home town and Christ offered to accompany me. So the next morning we went by train through Spiez and Thoune, to Burgestein, Wattenwil. From here we had to walk up that beautiful valley into one of the prettiest little country towns I've ever seen—Wattenwil. The factory, church and school are still there and in operation just as they were when you were a little girl, mother. The cheese maker, a swell fellow, showed us all around, gave us cheese, and told us where to find people I inquired about.

"We saw Alfred Bahler, who is operating their home farm directly back of the factory. Some of the names of people I came in contact with are Krebs, an 82-year-old man who says he remembers the Messerli family well, Schenk, Zimmerman, an elderly lady named Bahler, not Jake's and Alfred's mother, their mother is not living any more. There are no Hauries living there now, and I couldn't see the Yaussies, but some are still there.

"The village of Wattenwil is located in a very fertile valley and the main street is on the incline of a hill which is topped by the church, a large old structure still in good repair. The old school, still being used as an elementary school, is across the road from the church, and down the hill about one or two blocks is the factory on the same side as the church. From the hill in back of the factory one can easily see the Stockhorn and Niesan Alps in the background and to the left Eiger, Munich and Jungfrau.

"Sunday Werner came home and we spent the day sightseeing. In the morning we walked up Kanderstate, partway into the Alps. Nestled among huge rocks or boulders is a beautiful little lake with the bluest water I've ever seen. In the afternoon Werner took me to the top of the Neisen. We rode by cable car clear to the top—almost a perpendicular ascent. From this Alp one can see for miles in every direction. We could even see the outline of the city of Bern. The village of Wimmes, which I've often heard you speak of, is below this point. Words can't describe the beauty of this little country.

"Monday, Christ took me as far as Bern, where we spent a delightful afternoon. At 5:20 p.m. I left to meet the group at Solothurn. However, through a miscalculation, I arrived at Solothurn a day late and had to hurry on to Basel and just caught them in the nick of time before leaving Switzerland.

—*Monticello Messenger*

Roy Dickson

Dickson attends first WW II Navy reunion after 42 years

By Marty Rufener

It had been 42 years since Roy Dickson had seen the men that for two years he had shared quarters with on a United States Navy ship in the South Pacific during World War II. A few weeks ago he became reacquainted with some of those men who had served together on the USS LST (Landing Ship Tanks) 623.

“It was one of the most wonderful times of my life. I’ll always remember it,” the Monticello man said of the reunion in St. Louis, Mo. “They had other reunions, but no one knew my address.”

A Monroe native and retired painting contractor, Dickson explained, “For 20 years I’ve been wondering if there would be a reunion. Finally this time they put a notice about it in the American Legion magazine. I wrote right away to say I was coming and the guy who placed the ad wrote personally to everyone to let them know I would be there.”

Dickson admitted he remembered “absolutely no one just by looking at them, they’ve all changed so.” One guy told me, “You must be Roy Dickson, you’re the only one here I don’t know.”

Even though four decades had passed since they last visited, it took only a matter of minutes to become reacquainted and start recalling the memories from the war.

“The most fun was listening to them telling



stories,” said Dickson’s wife Anne. “There were some I’ve never heard before.”

Dickson was 33-years-old, married and had three children when he was drafted into the service. “Most of the other guys on the ship were in their early 20s,” he recalled. “But now they’re all over 60, and sure have changed.”

On the ship Dickson served as a gunner and at various times was a cook, baker and ship’s painter. The craft was involved in five invasions of the Philippines, including the first against those islands.

The 623 carried tanks and equipment and hauled troops often numbering over 1,000 men to various South Pacific destinations. “Our ship was 328 feet long and 54 feet wide, with a regular crew of 123 men and 24 officers. We were like a family,” Dickson remembers.

The ship was on its way to China with a troop of marines when the war ended. Dickson was discharged from the service on his birthday, Nov. 24, 1945.

Twenty-two shipmates and their wives were at the reunion with the next one planned in two years in Indianapolis, which Dickson says, “I wouldn’t miss for the world.” He’s attempting to have a later reunion in Wisconsin, but wherever it is, one thing is certain, Roy Dickson plans to be there.

Roy Dickson

Landing Craft Need New kind Of Seamanship

By ELTON C. FAY



WASHINGTON (AP). — This war has bred a new kind of seamanship that specializes in running pell-mell through predawn blackness and deliberately piling onto a beach. It's the seamanship of the amphibious forces.

The ship is as new as the tactics. She didn't behave like any other on her run across the ocean. She didn't bury her nose in a heavy sea, but went slapping and banging over the tops of the waves with nasty little lurches and skids, living up to the name the sailors give her, "The Floating Bedpan."

She's a landing craft, perhaps a big LST—"Landing Ship, Tank"—perhaps a somewhat smaller LCI—"Landing Craft, Infantry." Whatever type, she is a specialized product of today's war of machines, movement and sea-borne invasion.

Soldier-Seamen

Her officers and crew must have the seaman's lore, the warship sailor's technique—and then know something about how a land battle is fought because it's their mission to get the soldiers and marines there to start it.

They must have the knack of hitting the beach at precisely the right minute—not too early and run into their own barrage, not late and give the enemy a chance to come above ground.

They are taught a thousand things about their ship, its fittings, machinery, and maintenance—much of it not quite like any other craft. The enlisted men and officers learn as individuals in shore schools or training cruises. Then, they train as a unit.



Roy served from Jan. 1943
to Nov. 1945, discharged
at Great Lakes, Ill on his
birthday, Nov. 24, 1945

Randal J. Elmer



Atty. Randal J. Elmer, the local wizard of the checkerboards, who had been connected with the legal department of the Milwaukee OPA office for 10 months, is now head of the law enforcement branch of the Omaha (Neb.) OPA district. It will be recalled that "Ran" was a member of the Radio School faculty at Truax Field in Madison for many months following his honorable discharge from the Navy some time before.

Harold W. Feldt



Harold W. Feldt

288

9301



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that

HAROLD W FELDT

36 846 426

PFC

D TRP 8TH CAV

Army of the United States

is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.

This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at

SEPARATION CENTER
FORT SHERIDAN ILL

Date

24 NOVEMBER 1946

OFFICE OF REGISTER OF DEEDS } 88
DANE COUNTY, WISCONSIN

Received for Record

A. D. 1946 at 9⁰⁰ o'clock ^{AM}

and recorded in vol. 35

of Discharges on page 288

J. A. Carroll Register

J. A. Carroll

J A CARROLL
MAJ CAV

Harold W. Feldt

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION 260 HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL FELDT HAROLD W		2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 36 846 426		3. GRADE PFC		4. ARM OR SERVICE CAV		5. COMPONENT AUS	
6. ORGANIZATION D TRP 8TH CAV		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 24 NOV 46		8. PLACE OF SEPARATION SEPARATION CENTER FORT SHERIDAN ILLINOIS					
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES 711 16TH AVE MONROE WISCONSIN				10. DATE OF BIRTH 20 MAY 26		11. PLACE OF BIRTH MONTICELLO WISC			
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT SEE 9				13. COLOR EYES BROWN		14. COLOR HAIR DARK		15. HEIGHT 5-8	
16. RACE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> WHITE		17. MARITAL STATUS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SINGLE		18. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES		19. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. FARMER GENERAL 3-06, 10			

MILITARY HISTORY

22. DATE OF INDUCTION 25 SEP 44		23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT 25 SEP 44		24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 25 SEP 44		25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE FT SHERIDAN ILLINOIS											
26. REGISTERED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES		27. LOCAL S.S. BOARD NO. 4		28. COUNTY AND STATE MADISON WISC		29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE SEE 9											
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. TRUCK DRIVER LIGHT 345				31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (I.E., Infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) COMB INF BADGE SS/W M 1 RIFLE													
32. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES LIBERATION																	
33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS ASIATIC PACIFIC THEATER RIBBON W/1 BRONZE BATTLE STAR PHILIPPINE LIBERATION RIBBON W/1 BRONZE BATTLE STAR VICTORY MEDAL GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL ARMY OF OCCUPATION MEDAL JAPAN																	
34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION NONE																	
35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES				36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S. AND RETURN													
SMALLPOX JUL 46		TYPHOID JUL 46		TETANUS JUL 46		OTHER (specify) FLU MAR 46		DATE OF DEPARTURE 20 FEB 45		DESTINATION PTO		DATE OF ARRIVAL 28 FEB 45					
37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE				38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD													
CONTINENTAL SERVICE		FOREIGN SERVICE		YEARS		MONTHS		DAYS		YEARS		MONTHS		DAYS			
0 7 0		1 7 0		0		7		0		0		7		0			
39. PRIOR SERVICE NONE				40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION CONVN OF GOVT AR 615-365 RR 1-1 DEMOBILIZATION TWX WCI 23610 29 JUN 46													
41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED NONE										42. EDUCATION (Years)		Graduate		High School		College	
										8		0		0			


PAY DATA VO 6891

43. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES			44. MUSTERING OUT PAY		45. SOLDIER DEPOSITS		46. TRAVEL PAY		47. TOTAL AMOUNT, NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER		
YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	TOTAL	THIS PAYMENT							
2	2	0	\$ 300	\$ 100	NONE	\$ 7.05	339.70	J B NICHOLSON	1ST LT		

INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT: IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

48. KIND OF INSURANCE		49. HOW PAID		50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance		51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50)		52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH		53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO		
Nat. Gov.	U.S. Gov.	None	Allotment	Direct to V. A.						Continue	Continue Only	Discontinue
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>			<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		NOV 46	DEC 46	\$ 6.40			<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		

<p>54.</p>  <p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">RIGHT THUMB PRINT</p>	<p>55. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">LAPEL BUTTON ISSUED 3 OVERSEAS SERVICE BARS ON TERMINAL LEAVE FROM 7 OCT 56 TO 24 NOV 46 ASR SCORE 2 SEP 45 22 RECOMMENDED FOR FURTHER MILITARY TRAINING</p>
56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED <i>Harold W. Feldt</i>	
57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature) R L STEWART WO JG USA <i>R L Stewart</i>	

Charlotte B. Felts



Army of the United States

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

This is to certify that

CHARLOTTE B. FELTS, W 704 139, Second Lieutenant
Station Hospital, Chanute Field, Illinois

*honorably served in active Federal Service
in the Army of the United States from*

2 June 1942 to 10 November 1942

Given at Department of the Army, Washington, D. C.

on the 8th *day of* March 1948

Filed for record on the 23rd
day of March..... A.D. 1948 at
10:00 o'clock A.M., and record-
ed in Soldier's Discharge

Record 7... page 227
Ray C. Long Recorder
Deputy

A. Heuser

Charlotte B. Felts

MILITARY RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL Felts Charlotte B			2. ARMY SERIAL NUMBER N 704 139	3. AUS. GRADE 2nd Lt	4. ARM OR SERVICE ANC	5. COMPONENT Res
6. ORGANIZATION Station Hospital			7. DATE OF RELIEF FROM ACTIVE DUTY 10 Nov 42	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION Chanute Field Rantoul Illinois		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES Shannon Illinois				10. DATE OF BIRTH 11 Sep 19	11. PLACE OF BIRTH Davis Illinois	
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT See #9				13. COLOR EYES Blue	14. COLOR HAIR Brown	15. HEIGHT 5' 2"
				16. WEIGHT 119 lbs.	17. NO. OF DEPENDENTS None	
18. RACE WHITE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NEGRO <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (specify) <input type="checkbox"/>		19. MARITAL STATUS SINGLE <input type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OTHER (specify) <input type="checkbox"/>		20. U.S. CITIZEN YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>		21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. Nurse 74.201

MILITARY HISTORY

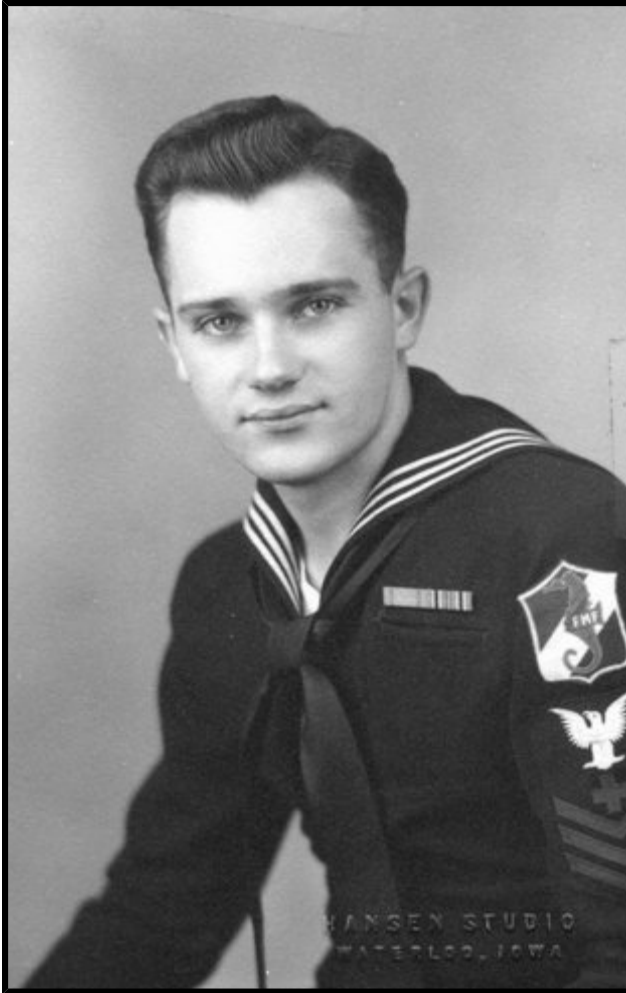
SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	22. REGISTERED YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Not	23. LOCAL S. S. BOARD NUMBER Applicable	24. COUNTY AND STATE	25. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 1819 Hawthorne Avenue Waterloo Iowa		
26. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY 2 Jun 42		27. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. Nurse General 3449				
28. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS None						
29. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS World War II Victory Medal						
30. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION None						
31. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED None				32. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND RETURN		
				DATE OF DEPARTURE	DESTINATION	DATE OF ARRIVAL
				None		
33. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION Unsuitability for the military service Par 17b (1) (b) AR 40-20 WD 15 Aug 42						
34. CURRENT TOUR OF ACTIVE DUTY				35. EDUCATION (years)		
CONTINENTAL SERVICE		FOREIGN SERVICE		GRAMMAR SCHOOL	HIGH SCHOOL	COLLEGE
YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	
0	5	9	None	None	None	See 43

INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.						
36. KIND OF INSURANCE Nat. Serv. <input type="checkbox"/> U.S. Govt. <input type="checkbox"/> None <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	37. HOW PAID Allotment <input type="checkbox"/> Direct to V.A. <input type="checkbox"/>	38. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance	39. Date of Next Premium Due (000 month after 38)	40. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH	41. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO Continue <input type="checkbox"/> Continue only <input type="checkbox"/> Discontinue <input type="checkbox"/>	
Not Available				\$	\$	

44.	RIGHT THUMB PRINT	43. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives) On terminal leave 6 to 10 November 1942 (35) Graduate Deaconess School of Nursing Freeport Illinois 16 September 1941
44. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER BEING SEPARATED <i>Charlotte B. Felts</i>		45. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type Name, grade and organization - signature)

Leo Felts



From Leo Felts, with the U. S. Marines and believed to be stationed in Cuba:

“I certainly want to thank you for sending me a copy of *The Monticello Drizzle*, I really can’t tell you how much it was appreciated. I surely agree with Leon Babler when he said it was the best piece of “literature” he has read since being in the service. Many times I have wondered where the boys that I used to run around with and knew in Monticello were stationed. My problem was surely solved today, thanks to you and the rest of your staff who put out this fine paper.

When I enlisted in the Navy I wanted to become a gunner’s mate but they said no and sent me to the Navy’s Medical School. Now I am serving with the Marines. The reason for this is that the Marine Corps has no Medical Corps and so it has to be furnished through the

Navy. Please give my regards, and the best of luck to the rest of the boys in service from that vicinity. My mind wanders back to Monticello a lot, and your paper really brought great joy to my heart. Thank you again.

Sincerely, Leo.”

•

From Leo Felts down in Cuba: “Received the second copy of the *Drizzle* on the 2nd. Boy! Was I happy to see it in the mail! I sure hope they keep coming. I’m expecting a transfer soon and I sure hope it is sea duty—which I think it will be. I have always wanted to go to sea, but so far haven’t been that lucky. The customs down here are a little hard to get used to. All girls have to be chaperoned, and you can’t even kiss them until you have become engaged. That isn’t the biggest difficulty, though. Trying to find one that can speak English is the greatest problem. Please give my regards to all the boys.”

•

Leo Felts is still at the ‘old stand’ down around Havana, Cuba, where the past couple of months have found him doing a lot of patrol duty. He writes: “The *Drizzle* has been coming through every month and they are truly enjoyed. Reading it really makes one realize how Monticello is represented to the far corners of the earth and what a fine job the whole gang is doing in this war.”

•

Leo Felts, Ph/M. 1/C, who returned to the states in February after 19 enjoyable months at a Marine base in Cuba, is highly pleased with his new assignment at the Navy Diesel School, Fairbanks-Morse plant, Beloit. “I never expected a deal like this,” says Leo. “Only the doctor and myself in the medical department. I live in my own apartment and have every night and weekend off. Outside of my uniform, I feel like a civilian and what a feeling it is!”

—Monticello Drizzle excerpts

Leonard Felts



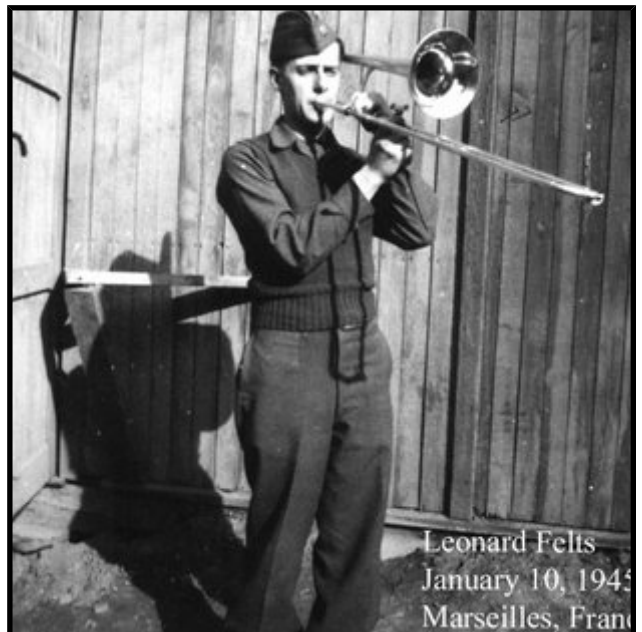
Leonard Felts
Sept 1945
Marseilles
France

Pfc. Leonard Felts, 424 A. S. F. Bd., 360th Eng. Reg., APO 350, %PM, NYC, writes the Drizzler a letter on Ratzi stationery, says he's never been lucky enough to meet any of the boys from home, but that he's often seen their names in Red Cross Register books in England. "Len" also states that he's had some narrow escapes that he'll never forget.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpt*

Leonard is still in France with a military band playing concerts and also broadcasting over the radio.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpt*



Leonard Felts
January 10, 1945
Marseilles, France



John E. Frehner



—SPEAKING OF MIRACLES—

Whenever there is a discussion of miracles, one automatically thinks of the narrow escape from death experienced by Pfc. Johnny Frehner, now returned to civilian life, who was critically wounded in a battle against the Germans near Frankfurt March 24.

The day was cold and clear. The advance of Johnny's company had been held up by four nests of German machine guns ambushed along the edge of a timber across an open field. It was the nest on the corner of the timber that was causing the most trouble and so a platoon of men, including Johnny, was ordered to knock it out.

Crawling along on their stomachs, the whole platoon moved forward until the Yanks reached a point only about 60 yards away from the corner nest, the position of which was betrayed by

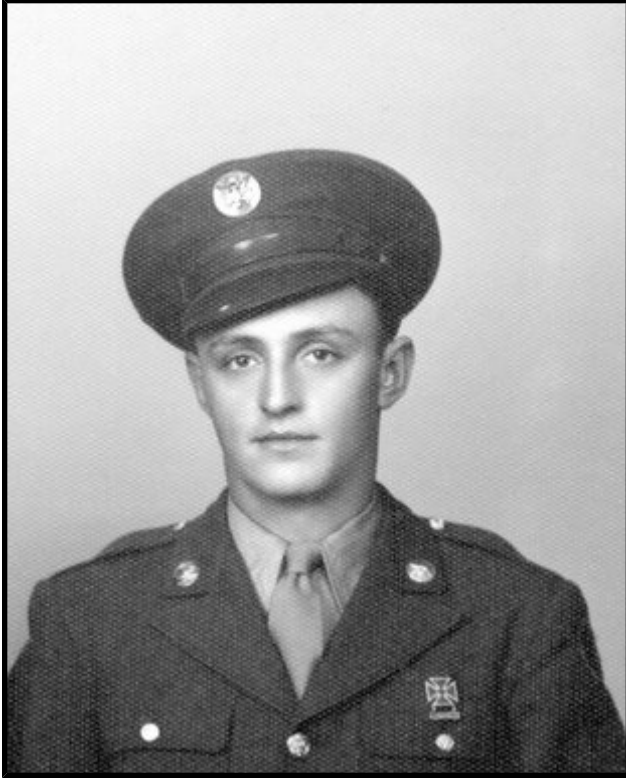
the Ratzi gunners who, for some strange reason, were shooting some tracer bullets. The air was filled with the chatter of machine guns and rifle retorts as the platoon moved forward with its members pausing every now and then to fire at the enemy position. The Germans were also hurling mortar and artillery shells into the area.

Johnny had crawled just a short distance farther when he felt a sharp, stinging sensation in his left shoulder, a sensation that flashed diagonally down across his body. He had been hit by a 31-caliber German machine gun bullet that entered the tip of the shoulder, narrowly missed the heart as it passed between that vital organ and the spine, nicked his right lung and collapsed the lower section of it, and then passed out just above the hip.

Speaking of miracles!

—Monticello Drizzle, Nov. 30, 1945

John E. Frehner



Loveland Home is Scene of Gathering

Honor Pvt. John Frehner, Anniversaries of Two Other Relatives

The farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loveland, Washington Township, was the scene of an enjoyable family picnic dinner Sunday honoring Pvt. John Frehner, Monroe, and Mrs. Albert Weissmiller, Monroe, and Ralph Zimmerman, the latter two having observed their birthday anniversaries.

Pvt. Frehner recently returned from the European theater of war after having been wounded soon after entering the fighting. He is now enjoying a furlough home.

Present at the gathering were Pvt. and Mrs. Frehner and son, Jimmy, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Weissmiller and Miss Helen Schuler, Monroe, Mrs. Mildred Erickson and family, Argyle, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Zimmerman, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Amos Zimmerman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Zimmerman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Marty and family, Gretchen Erickson and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loveland.

—Monticello Messenger, Aug. 2, 1945

Pfc. Johnny Frehner, assigned to the 357th Inf., 90th Div., of Patton's 3rd Army, is gradually recovering in a hospital in England from a serious shoulder wound received in action in Germany March 24, just two days short of six months from the day he was inducted into the services on Sept. 26. Johnny received his basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas, and then left New York City for the European war theatre Feb. 18th. Here's wishing you a very speedy recovery, Johnny!

—Monticello Drizzle

•

Pfc. Johnny Frehner, who was sent to Texas for hospitalization shortly after reaching the United States from Europe, is home on furlough until July 22. He expects to be placed on limited service.

—Monticello Drizzle

Karl Freitag



Husband Wounded by Germans, Mrs. Freitag Gets Purple Heart

Monticello—(Times Special Service)— Mrs. Karl Freitag has received the Purple Heart award recently presented to her husband, S/Sgt. Karl Freitag, who was wounded in action in Germany.

Sergeant Freitag is a member of General George S. Patton's Third Army and is convalescing at a hospital in France. He expects to be back in action soon.

—*Monroe Evening Times*

S/Sgt. Karl Freitag Home On Furlough

Local Soldier, Veteran of Crack 35th Division, Home from War

Arriving in Monticello early Tuesday morning, Staff Sergeant Karl Freitag, veteran of many months of bitter fighting in Belgium and Germany, is enjoying a well-earned 35-day rest leave at the home of his father, J. M. Freitag, residing just northeast of the village. His wife and son also make their home with his father.

His homecoming was a memorable occasion inasmuch as he made the acquaintance of his young son, Terry, who was born just a short time after he left for service overseas last winter. Sgt.

Freitag was wounded in action in Germany and spent several weeks in a hospital. He is the wearer of the Purple Heart plus other citations for his action with the crack 35th Division.

Sgt. Freitag was among members of the 35th Division, which was selected to act as a special honor guard to welcome President Truman upon his arrival in Belgium to attend the Potsdam conference.

—*Monticello Messenger, Sept.
6, 1945*

In Honor Guard Sgt. Karl Freitag Helps Guard President

Staff Sergeant Karl Freitag, son of J. M. Freitag, Monticello, was among Yank troops of the 35th Division, which guarded President Truman upon his arrival in Belgium, according to a Chicago Tribune press service release.

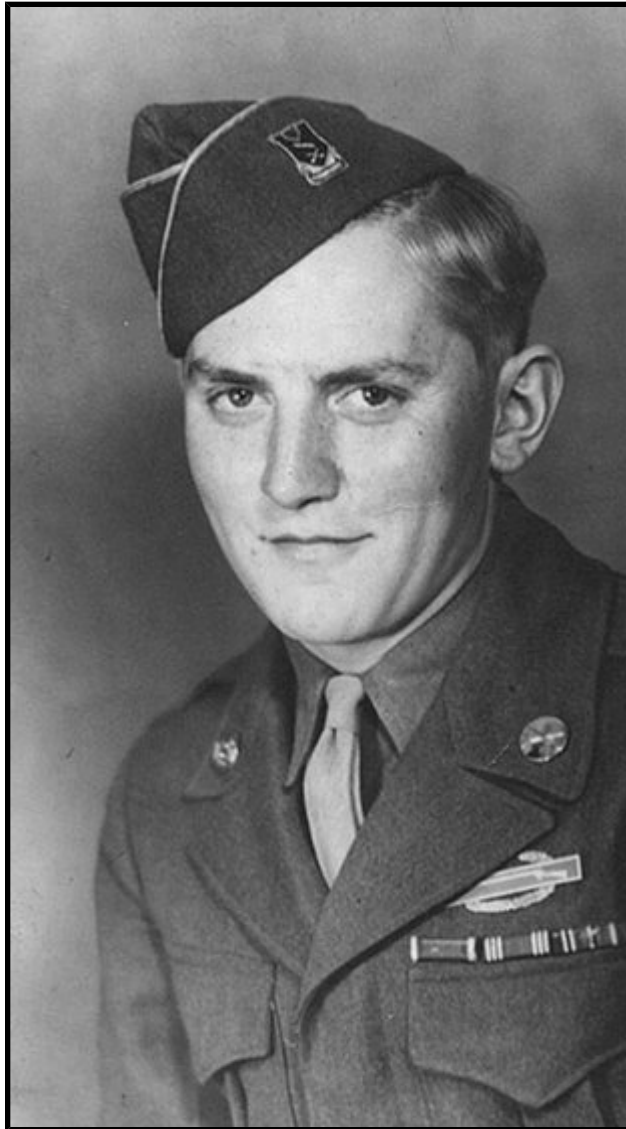
The release reads as follows:

Brussels, Belgium, July 16—In the honor guard for President Truman at the airport here yesterday were 400 crack infantrymen of the 35th Division.

President Truman and his staff were enroute to Potsdam, Germany, to attend the Big Three meeting.

Sgt. Freitag was wounded in action last winter while fighting against the Germans.

—*Monticello Messenger, July 19, 1945*



Karl Freitag



SSgt. Freitag, Lt. Milbrandt Released Veterans Return To Homes After Honorable Discharge

The latest Monticello service man to receive an honorable discharge is Karl Freitag, son of J. M. Freitag, Monticello, who was separated from the U. S. Army at Camp McCoy, Wis., on Wednesday of last week.

Karl spent about a year and a half in the Army, having entered service in June 1944. He received his basic training at Camp Blanding, Fla., and was sent to Europe last fall, arriving at Marseilles, France, Dec. 8. He lost no time in arriving at the front lines and participated in three battles--the Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe.

Elevated to the rank of Staff Sergeant while at the front lines, Sgt. Freitag was wounded at the Rohr River crossing during the battle of the Rhineland early in March. He spent a number of weeks in an American hospital in Belgium, returning to action at the time the Central Europe clean up got under way.

Sgt. Freitag, a member of the crack 35th Division of the 137th Infantry, was among those 35th Division men chosen to act as an honor guard to President Truman when the chief executive arrived in Berlin for the Potsdam conference.

Sgt. Freitag arrived home in September and reported to Camp McCoy, where he had since been stationed.

In addition to his three battle stars, Sgt. Freitag also received the Purple Heart award.

—*Monticello Messenger, Dec. 13, 1945*

Pvt. Karl Freitag is receiving his preliminary infantry training at Camp Blanding, Fla., which isn't just the nicest camp in the country and is known chiefly for its sand and snakes. The closest town from camp is Jacksonville, which is 40 miles away. He says he is getting the roughest kind of training imaginable. States Karl: "They really give us a workout on bayonet charging here. We have to run like mad and scream and yell at the top of our voice. The screaming and yelling, of course, is to scare the enemy."

•

S/Sgt Karl Freitag, Co. L, 137th Inf., 35th Div., who was wounded in action on the western front during the final days of February, is in an American hospital in Belgium where he may be obliged to remain for another several weeks. He says the wound, which is in the shoulder, is not serious and nothing to worry about. When Karl entered the hospital, it was the first time in three months that he had slept in a bed, between sheets, and it was really quite a treat. Incidentally, the staff sergeant recently became the father of a husky baby boy, born to Mrs. Freitag in St. Clare hospital, Monroe.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*

Leo J. Gempler



Leo J. Gempler



for nearly four years overseas. He was with the Third Army, fighting alongside of several men from Monticello and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Gempler will make their home in Monticello.

—Monticello Messenger, July 26, 1945

Anna Luethy, Leo Gempler are Wed

Groom Discharged After Serving Nearly 4 Years Overseas

Miss Anna B. Luethy, daughter of Walter Luethy, Monticello, and Leo Gempler, son of Mrs. Minnie Gempler, Blanchardville, were the principals in a pretty double ring ceremony at the rectory of the Immaculate Conception Church in Blanchardville, Monday.

Mrs. Robert Doyle, sister of the bride, Monticello, and August Gempler, brother of the groom, attended the couple.

Mrs. Gempler graduated from the New Glarus High School and has been at home with her father. The groom was recently awarded an honorable discharge from the Army after serving



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that

LEO J GEMPLER

36227820 T SGT CO "F" 11th INF

Army of the United States

is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.

This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at SEPARATION CENTER
Ft Sheridan, Illinois

Date 1 July 1945

REGISTER'S OFFICE }
Lyon County, Wisconsin }

Received for Record the 7 day of
July A. D. 1945, at 12:00
o'clock A.M., and Recorded in Vol. 2 of
Discharge on page 508
Shirley C. Strutt Registrar


P. F. HURLEY
MAJOR INF

Leo J. Gempler

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL GEMPLER LEO J		2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 36 227 820	3. GRADE T SGT	4. ARM OR SERVICE INF	5. COMPONENT AUS
6. ORGANIZATION CO #11th INF		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 1 Jul 45	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION SEPARATION CENTER Ft Sheridan Ill		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES Blanchardville Wis		10. DATE OF BIRTH 28 Feb 19	11. PLACE OF BIRTH Barnum Wis		
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT See 9		13. COLOR EYES Brown	14. COLOR HAIR Brown	15. HEIGHT 5-10	16. WEIGHT 138 lbs.
17. NO. DEPEND.	18. RACE WHITE		19. MARITAL STATUS SINGLE		20. U.S. CITIZEN YES
	21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. Farm Hand Dairy		22. DATE OF INDUCTION 6 Nov 41		

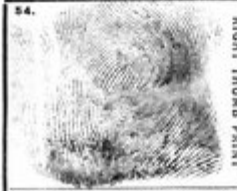
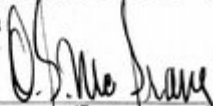
MILITARY HISTORY

22. DATE OF INDUCTION 6 Nov 41		23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT 6 Nov 41		24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 6 Nov 41		25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE Ft Sheridan Ill	
26. REGISTERED YES		27. LOCAL S.S. BOARD NO. # 1		28. COUNTY AND STATE Iowa Co Wis		29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE See 9	
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. Platoon Sergeant 812				31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (i.e., infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) Combat Infantryman Badge Expert Rifle*			
32. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS Normandy Northern France Ardennes Rhineland Central Europe							
33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS Purple Heart Medal GO# 39 HQ 35th Evac Hosp 10 Feb 45 Good Conduct Ribbon American Defense Service Ribbon European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon With 1 Silver Battle Star 6 Overseas **							
34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION Germany 10 Feb 45							
35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES				36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S. AND RETURN			
SMALLPOX Imm	TYPHOID St	TETANUS St	OTHER (specify)	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DESTINATION	DATE OF ARRIVAL	
Mar 44	Mar 44	Feb 43		7 Apr 42	ETO	18 Apr 42	
37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE				38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD			
CONTINENTAL SERVICE		FOREIGN SERVICE		T SGT			
YEARS 0	MONTHS 5	DAYS 5	YEARS 3				
39. PRIOR SERVICE None							
40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION CONV OF GOVT RR 1-1 (Demobilization) AR 615-365 15 Dec 1944							
41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED None						42. EDUCATION (Years)	
						Grammar 8	High School 0

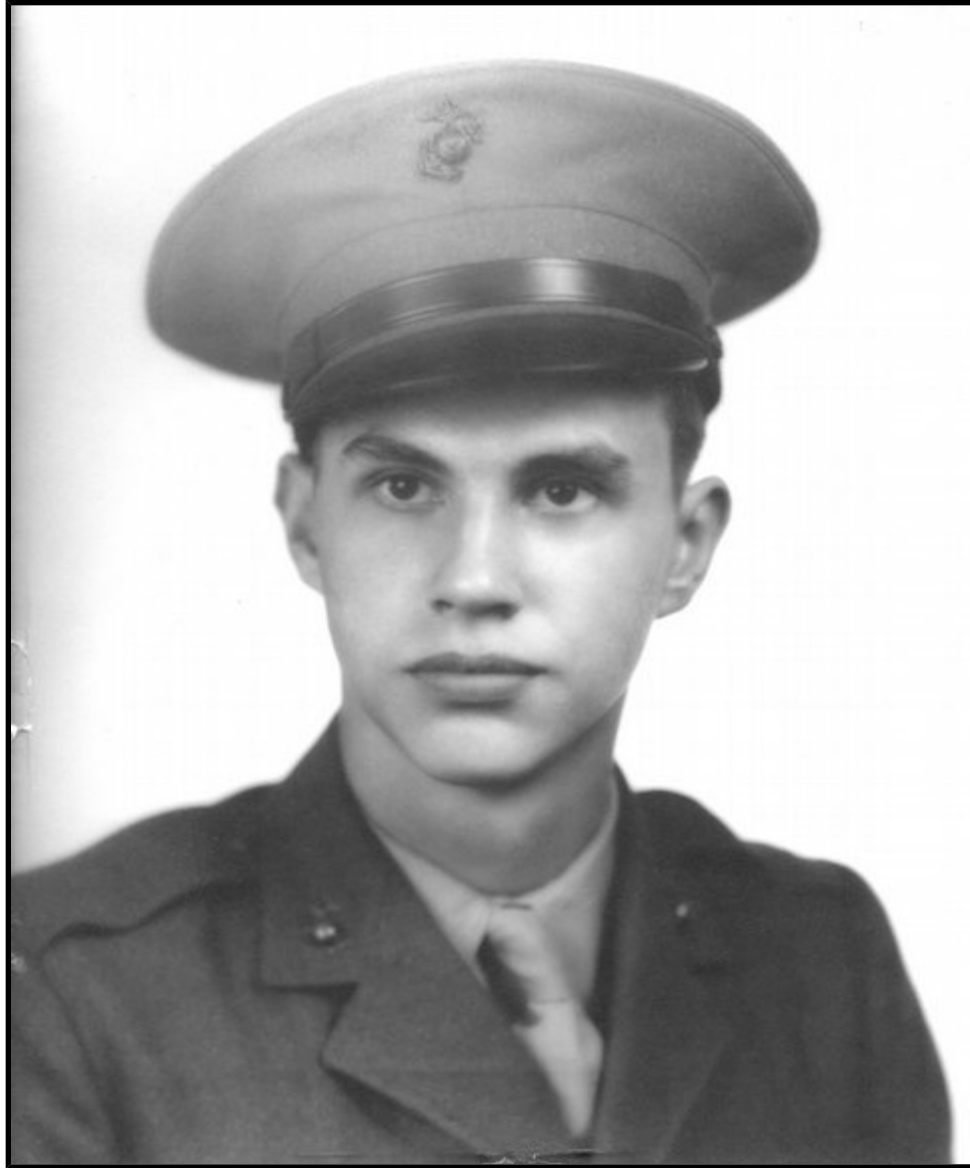
PAY DATA

43. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES			44. MUSTERING OUT PAY		45. SOLDIER DEPOSITS	46. TRAVEL PAY	47. TOTAL AMOUNT, NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER
YEARS 3	MONTHS 7	DAYS 26	TOTAL \$ 300	THIS PAYMENT \$ 100	200.00	\$ 9.40	LELAND E RICE CAPT FD
INSURANCE NOTICE							412.46

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS DIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.								
48. KIND OF INSURANCE X	U.S. Govt.	None	49. HOW PAID X	Direct to V.A.	50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance Jun 45	51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50) Jul 45	52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$ 3.30	53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO X
							Continue	
							Continue Only	
							Discontinue	

 RIGHT THUMB PRINT	54. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives)	
	Lapel Button Issued * M1 Aug 43 Sharpshooter Bar 18 Dec 41 ** Service Bars 	
56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED Leo J. Gempler		57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature) O G MCGRANE WOJG USA

Robert W. Getman




Robert Getman enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps, at the age of 17, on July 14, 1943 and went through boot camp at the Marine Corp Recruit Depot in San Diego, California. After boot camp he attended Aircraft Radio School in Jacksonville, Florida.

Upon completion of technical school he was transferred to the South Pacific island of Bougainville, Solomon Islands, where he was assigned to the 1st Marine Air Wing, Transport Squadron 153. He spent a year and a half flying as a Radioman aboard Marine aircraft flying to most of the islands in the Southwest Pacific war area and North to the Philippine Islands, after they were secured.

After the war, his unit was sent to China for 6 months, and then was returned to the States. He was discharged at Great Lakes Naval Training Station on 13 April 1946.

Robert W. Getman



United States Marine Corps

*Certificate of
Honorable and Satisfactory Service
in World War II*

This is to Certify that

Robert Waldo Getman

540246

has satisfactorily completed active service and is this date

DISCHARGED

Entered the United States Marine Corps

14 July, 1943

Began Active Service

17 August, 1943

Upon relief from Active Duty held Rank of

Corporal

given at GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS

dated 13 APRIL, 1946



SECOND LIEUTENANT

Rank



Robert W. Getman

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the AIR MEDAL to

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS ROBERT W. GETMAN,
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS RESERVE,

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For meritorious achievement in aerial flight while serving as an Aircrewman in Marine Transport Squadron ONE HUNDRED FIFTY-THREE in action against enemy Japanese forces in the Southwest Pacific War Area, from 25 September 1944, to 21 February 1945. Participating in numerous missions in a combat area during this period, Private First Class Getman contributed materially to the success of his plane. His courage and devotion to duty in the face of grave hazards were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

For the President,

Francis P. Matthews

Secretary of the Navy.

Joseph Gmur

Joe Gmur, Former Local Barber, Now Works on Marines

Word Comes to Messenger From Wilbert Marty In England

Joe Gmur thought he was “getting away from it all” for awhile when he turned the key to his barber shop door here early in October to enter the U. S. Marines, but instead he is now turning out more haircuts every day at the marine air base at Miramar, Cal., than he ever dreamed of.

The Messenger was favored with letters from four former Monticello boys now in service, during the past few days. They are Pfc.

Joe Gmur, Pfc. Armin Loeffel, San Francisco, Cal., Lieut. Harris F. Babler, with the Army Air Force in the Aleutian sector, and from Sgt. Wilbert Marty, in England.

They read in part as follows:

“Thought it was about time to write and thank you for sending the Messenger. I also want to thank the friends who sent cards and letters.

“I am now working at the P.X. barber shop. I work seven hours a day, except on Saturdays, it lasts three hours. There are 27 barbers here and we cut between 700 and 800 heads of hair a day.

“Now that I'm at the P.X. I have shore liberty every night, which is OK with me. I go to San Diego quite a lot, but have never run across



anyone from Monticello. It sure would be swell to see some of the boys.

“Well, Clarence, time is getting short, so this will have to do for now.

Sincerely,

Joe.”

—*Monticello Messenger*, Feb. 10, 1944

“Joe’s Joint”

Joe Gmur Now Trims Marines on Okinawa

A Marine Corps
Combat Correspondent
Dispatch:

OKINAWA—

Delayed. — Marine Corporal Joe Gmur, who used to run a barber shop in Monticello, and turn out some of the best haircuts, shaves and shampoo’s in town, is

working out here at present.

As a Marine Corporal, he set up “Joe’s Joint —Specializing in Tonsorial and First Aid”—on Okinawa, to take care of Leathernecks of the Second Marine Air Wing.

Going price for haircuts is one Ye, fifty Sen of invasion money— or fifteen cents, American.

Gmur, 31, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gehrig, New Glarus.

His wife, Florence, lives in Monticello. He joined the Marines in Milwaukee in September 1943.

This is his first combat operation.

—*Monticello Messenger*, May 31, 1945

Joseph Gmur

Sgt. Joe Gmur Home From Okinawa, Lt. Steinmann Released

Local Barber Witnessed Severe Typhoons on Pacific Island

Sgt. Joe Gmur, former Monticello tonsorial artist and until recently proprietor of "Joe's Clip Joint" on Okinawa, is back home after serving about nine months in the Pacific theater of operations with the U.S. Marines.

Joe arrived in town late last Wednesday night, having hitch-hiked most of the day home from California. Joe states that service men are arriving on the west coast in large numbers after a tour of duty in the Pacific and upon arriving were left without transportation home. Sgt. Gmur is now enjoying a month's furlough and will report to Cherry Point S.C. for his discharge at the end of that time.

Sgt Gmur, who much prefers Monticello to sloshing around in the mud in Okinawa, was caught in both of the typhoons that visited Okinawa. He said that the first one to visit the island at the time the Americans were about to enter Tokyo after the Japs said "Uncle" was just a breeze compared to the one which followed some weeks later and caused huge loss to installations on the island and to American ships in the area. Wreckage was strewn all over the place and the servicemen sought refuge in the innumerable caves and tombs built into the hills by the Okinawans. The terrific rain and windstorm continued unabated for three days and nights and a number of service personnel were killed.

Sgt. Gmur, whose brother, Bob, was a prisoner of the Germans for many months entered service with the Marines early in October, 1943, and was stationed in California for about a year and a half before being transferred to Okinawa.

—Monticello Messenger, Jan. 31, 1946

Gmur Marine Veteran

Sgt. Joe Gmur is a veteran of the Okinawa operation and served overseas for nine months. A barber by trade, Joe followed his vocation while in service with the Marine air corps and his headquarters in Okinawa, known as "Joe's Clip Joint" achieved fame throughout many of the Pacific islands. Sgt. Gmur was caught in both of the severe typhoons that visited Okinawa while he was stationed on the island.

Sgt. Gmur entered service with the Marines early in October 1943, and was stationed in California for about a year and a half before being transferred overseas last spring. He returned to the States in January and was discharged on Wednesday of last week at the Marine base at Cherry Point, S. C.

Joe has again put out his shingle and is open for business in the Monticello hotel barbershop; his old stand before entering service.

—Monticello Messenger, March 14, 1946



ANNOUNCEMENT

I wish to announce to my friends and the public in general that I am again operating a barber shop at the old stand in Monticello.

I will make every effort to render efficient, courteous service and will do the utmost to justify a resumption of the generous support which I enjoyed before closing my shop two and one half years ago.

JOE GMUR

Fred G. Haldiman



Service Record

Fred Haldiman served from March 6, 1942 to March 17, 1945. His first assignment was to Co. C, 71st Infantry, at Ft. Lewis, Wash. for basic training. He left for the Alaskan theater, arriving in Seward, Alaska, Aug. 3, 1942. There he was assigned to the Anti-tank Co., 159th Inf. Promotion to Sgt. came in Dec. 1943. At the completion of his tour, he shipped out of Attu, Aleutian Islands, arriving in Seattle, WA, Aug. 20, 1944. His final assignment was to Co. D, 205th Inf., Camp Swift, Texas.

Back in Monticello after many long, dreary months in some of the remotest parts of the Aleutian Islands, those two scintillatin', devastatin' sergeants of the United States Army—Erv Spring and Fritz Haldiman—have been chanting “Happy Days Are Here Again” almost ever since they landed in the old hometown Sept. 3. The boys are really “in the pink” and little wonder why the “Yaps” scrambled out of the Aleutians in such a heckuva hurry when the

two burly sergeants from Monticello strutted onto the scene, bulging their muscles.

Much of their time was spent on the outer reaches of the Aleutians. Army legend has it that there's a girl behind every tree, but first of all, you have to find a tree. As Erv puts it, there's absolutely nothing there—no trees, no girls, no nothing!

If this land of “Nothing But Nothing” is not a heavenly haven for Rollicking Romeos, then surely it is a poker player's paradise. The Drizzler had read news stories of wild poker games with as high as \$100,000 changing hands in a single night. “Is it so?” I asked the honorable Erv, and right here let me insert a little background information by stating that Erv is a polished product of that very distinguished Monticello citizen, H. Jeremiah Elmer, the well known local authority on soda crackers and sardines, whose amazing versatility now extends all the way from promoting jass tournaments to giving away brides at elaborate wedding

Fred G. Haldiman

ceremonies.

Well, anyway, Erv says it's absolutely the McCoy, adding that he and Fritz had witnessed a number of games with a total of 100 grand stacked before the six players. The local boys confined their activity to spectator roles, but they report that every payday was really "hay day" in the Aleutians where poker became the national pastime. Once a doughboy with a lucky streak swept through his company and then took other company and battalion "champs" through the cleaners, he was really a DOUGHboy! A buddy of Erv's and Fritz's sent \$30,000 of his winnings home and on the boat on the way back, one of their acquaintances won three pots inside of five minutes, each "Take" running better than a thousand dollars. This same chap stepped ashore in the states with a cool 50 grand tucked in his belongings. Yes, the boys from the Aleutians play poker high, wide, and GRANDsome!

Oh, that's right, Erv once saw a fellow win a pot of \$1,000 on a pair of eights! What a soft touch a timid, "fraidy cat" like that guy would be for some of Monticello's wild and wooly penny ante athletes!

Erv and Fritz are due to report at Camp Swift, Texas, next Wednesday where they will be with the Anti-Tank Co., of the 159th Infantry, until they receive their reassignments which are expected shortly.

—Monticello Drizzle, Sept. 1944



On parade at Fort Lewis, Washington, 1942.



The squad before a 28-mile hike.



Fritz training with a Browning automatic rifle.



Running the obstacle course.



**Fritz Haldiman's first military payday.
A Private's monthly wage was \$21.00.**

Fred G. Haldiman



The Gang. Fritz Haldiman is second from left.

Fred G. Haldiman Home from Service

Honorable Discharge Given Local Man After 3 Years Service

Off with the khaki and on with the blue denims was experienced the first of the week by Sgt. Fred G. Haldiman, Monticello, veteran of more than two years of service in the Aleutians, who arrived home Saturday night from Camp Swift, Texas, with an honorable discharge from the Army.

Sgt. Haldiman will assist his father, Fred Haldiman, Sr., with the operation of their farm, just east of the village.

Sgt. Haldiman entered service with the Army March 6, 1942, and a number of months later was enroute to the Aleutian Islands theater of war, where he spent the next two years of his life living in tents and shoveling his way through huge drifts of snow from his tent to the mess hall.

He was returned to the States last summer and has been stationed at various camps in this country since that time.

In the three years since his induction, Sgt. Haldiman was home on furlough only once—last summer after his return from the Aleutians.

—Monticello Messenger, March 22, 1945



Retreat ceremony.



Before going on guard duty.

Fred G. Haldiman



Alaskan Command Patch



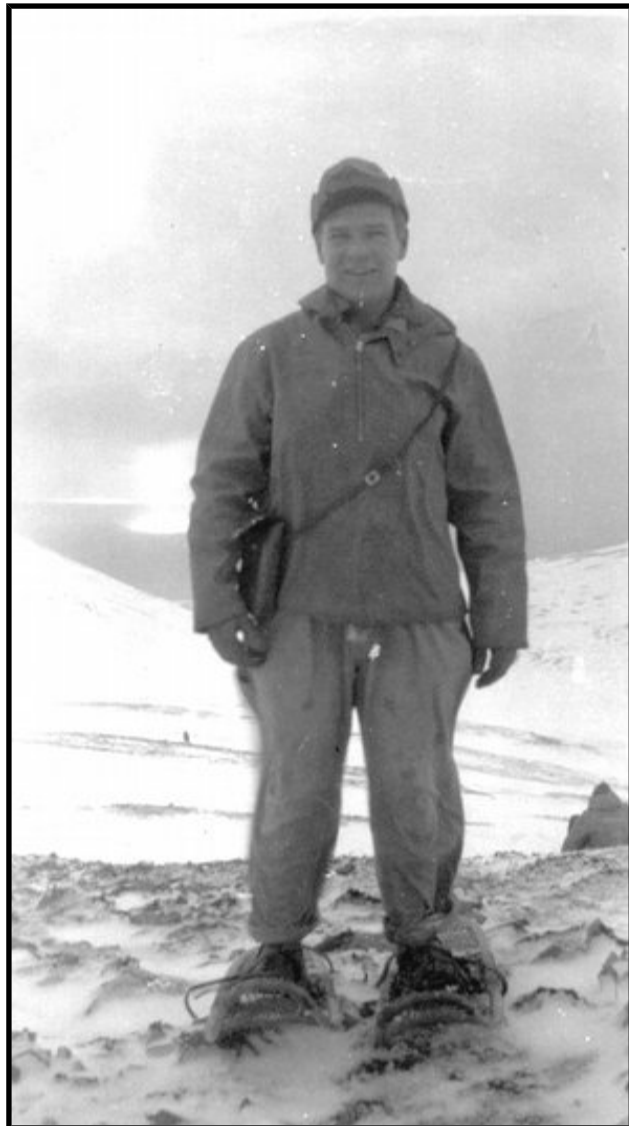
44th Division Patch



Home, Sweet Home!



Gesundheit! Entertaining friends at home.



Sgt. Fritz Haldiman in Alaska's "Land of the Midnight Sun." January 1944.

Fred G. Haldiman



Gun emplacement.



Sgt. Haldiman, January 1944.



Fritz Haldiman and jeep in front of his barracks.

Fred G. Haldiman



In Alaska.



Sgt. Haldiman and his wife.

Urho G. Hill



Sgt. U. G. Hill Pens Letter From Texas

**Former High School B. B. Coach Here
Tells of Army Life**

News from down Texas way is brought to us this week by way of a letter, which O. D. Curtis recently received, from Sergt. U. G. (Whitey) Hill, former basketball and baseball coach at the Monticello High School. In his letter Sergt. Hill tells of some of the experiences he is having at his base at Fort Sam Houston, and his letter reads in part as follows:

Thursday morning.

Dear O. D. and Boys:

“How are all the nickel nursers coming along with their bitterly contested game of peg pushing?”

“We just finished a new set of problems and believe me, I can feel them. That is, I have a

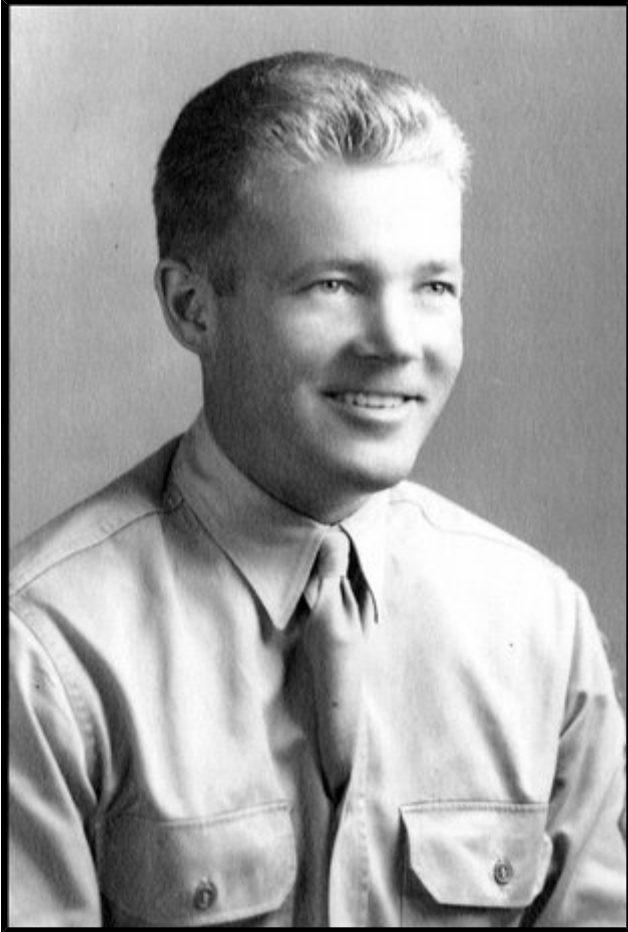
number of insect bites as a result of spending about three weeks sleeping in the woods while running the problems. The problems would not be so bad if the wood ticks and chiggers weren't there as a welcoming committee. Some of the boys are really covered with bites. About bedtime you really have to scratch them as they really itch. You should hear everyone shout when word comes that the problems are over.

“How's the food situation back home? It's getting harder and harder to get any steaks and believe it or not, French-fried potatoes are also hard to get. We've been having several meatless days but we can get chicken in those days and we've located a nice chicken shack.

“Am going to try out the pool in front of our barracks this evening. It's been open quite a while but I haven't had the time yet to try it out. I'll bet the pool at home will get a work out. How about the floods this spring? Did they get beyond control?”



Urho G. Hill



newspaper. I looked over his shoulder and recognized the print, I thought. I went up to the driver and found a man reading the Sparta paper and naturally he was from Sparta. I didn't know the lad but it was funny to recognize the print on a newspaper.

"Thanks for the newspapers, Walters. They really make the rounds with the Wisconsin boys." -- Hill.

—*Monticello Messenger*

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U. G. Hill Receives Army Commission

**Former Athletic Coach is among
Graduates at Fort Benning**

Second Lieut. Urho G. Hill arrived in town Sunday for a brief visit with friends here before continuing on to his home in Sparta, following graduation exercises held Friday at Fort Benning, Ga., during which Hill received his commission following successful completion of the Officer Candidate course.

Lieut. Hill was coach of Monticello athletic teams for six years prior to his induction into the army June 22, 1942. He served with the 95th Division before going to Officer Candidate School four months ago. He held the rank of Staff Sergt, before being commissioned.

Lieut. Hill is a graduate of the Sparta high school and Platteville State Teachers College.

Always a wizard at peg pushing in cribbage games here, Lieut. Hill was guest of honor at a cribbage session such as transpired here back in the good old days, at the Casino Monday night. Before the games, the participants fortified themselves with generous helpings of the kind of cooking which has made Karl's Lunch famous hereabouts. Karl's served approximately 16 cribbage sharks that evening.

—*Monticello Messenger, Feb. 17, 1944*

"You should see the pets the boys are picking up. One company has a small fawn. They keep it on a leash behind the barracks. Our company has two young foxes we picked up on the last problem, cute as the dickens but I wonder how we are going to keep them alive. No skunks around the camp, however.

"The weather was against us this last trip out. The first rain for quite a while—and we ran into a whole inch of it Friday night. Everything was soaked, but that wasn't enough, it had to rain again Saturday night, and still not being satisfied, they gave us a downpour again Monday night, never during the day, but after you get to sleep. After each rain it really got hot during the day. Not so good for the rifles either, as they have really required lots of work in order to meet inspection requirements.

"Had a funny incident the other day. I was standing about 10 feet behind a jeep and the driver, with his back turned to me, was reading a



Lt. Hill, Injured in Action, Visits Here

Former Local Coach Has View Of Old Team in Brodhead Meet

Saturday was a glorious homecoming day for Second Lieutenant Urho G. Hill, wounded in action in France in November and now stationed in O'Reilly hospital, Springfield, Mo., as he saw the Monticello High School basketball team win the championship of the Brodhead Class C District tournament that night.

Lt. Hill, former Monticello High School faculty member and basketball and baseball coach, has a deep interest in the squad members, having first helped them along to a good start in basketball at the time they were still in the grades. Only Willie Elmer, Paul Schulz and Paul Achtemeier played for the former local cage mentor when they were freshmen, but his enthusiasm over their success in this and past years remains high.

Lt. Hill was wounded in action in the front lines near Nancy, France, Nov. 24. He was operated upon and flown from Toulle, near Nancy, to an American hospital in England, where he remained for a number of weeks. On Feb. 4 he landed on U. S. soil after a 20-day trip on the water, which he said, "Was plenty long, sailing isn't for me!"

Lt. Hill saw action on the front lines in France for two weeks before he was struck in the thigh of the left leg by a piece of shrapnel, the missile severing the nerve which controls the leg

muscles. Army doctors are confident that 90 per cent recovery will be achieved.

Lt. Hill entered the army in June 1942, and was sent overseas shortly after receiving his commission at Ft. Benning, Ga., last summer.

Lt. Hill is enjoying a 28-day leave from the hospital and left Wednesday evening for his home in Sparta to spend most of the remainder of his leave with his parents.

—*Monticello Messenger, March 1, 1945*



Hill kept daily diary—During his Atlantic crossing, Whitey kept a graphic day-by-day account of his impressions and experiences. It is a most delightful diary and *The Drizzler* is very sorry lack of space prevents "publication" of more than the following very interesting excerpts: "The ship is a stark white."

"We are lit up like a Christmas tree at night, making no pretense of blacking out. There are two huge red crosses on either side of the ship with spotlights playing on them all night. We trust to God that the Germans live up to the rules of the Geneva conference. "Practically everyone seasick.

"A plane—sea patrol—flew over us this morning and a huge convoy passed between us and the snow-capped mountains of Ireland.

"Was playing pinochle with three other officers in our mess hall last night and at 7 o'clock they held protestant services in our gambling den so we just folded up our deck and



became pious for 45 minutes, after which we continued the game.

We're becoming slowly civilized. First it was ice cream, then napkins, and now we've been exposed to cokes. They bring in fruit, such as apples and oranges, or something to drink twice a day and then before we hit the hay.

Six days at sea. Gradually the metamorphosis to life as it is in the U.S.A. takes shape. Why? Because they gave us fresh milk for breakfast. You don't realize how much you miss the little things you had back in the states 'til you're away from them for a while and then they're brought to your attention.

"Sad, sad day. Just learned we only made 171 miles from noon yesterday to this noon.

"The days are beginning to drag.

"Weather is blustery and cold after some nice, sunny days.

"Less than 300 miles to go and one can feel the increasing tension among the men as we near our trip's end. Some of the lads really will be happy to see the states again as it's been two or three years for many of them.

"Land! Lights along the shore! Right now we're going up toward (deleted) and one can see the lights on both sides. It's 21 miles or so up the river to where we debark tomorrow morning. Right now everyone is up on deck looking over the rail at the wonderful sight—land, the U.S.A."

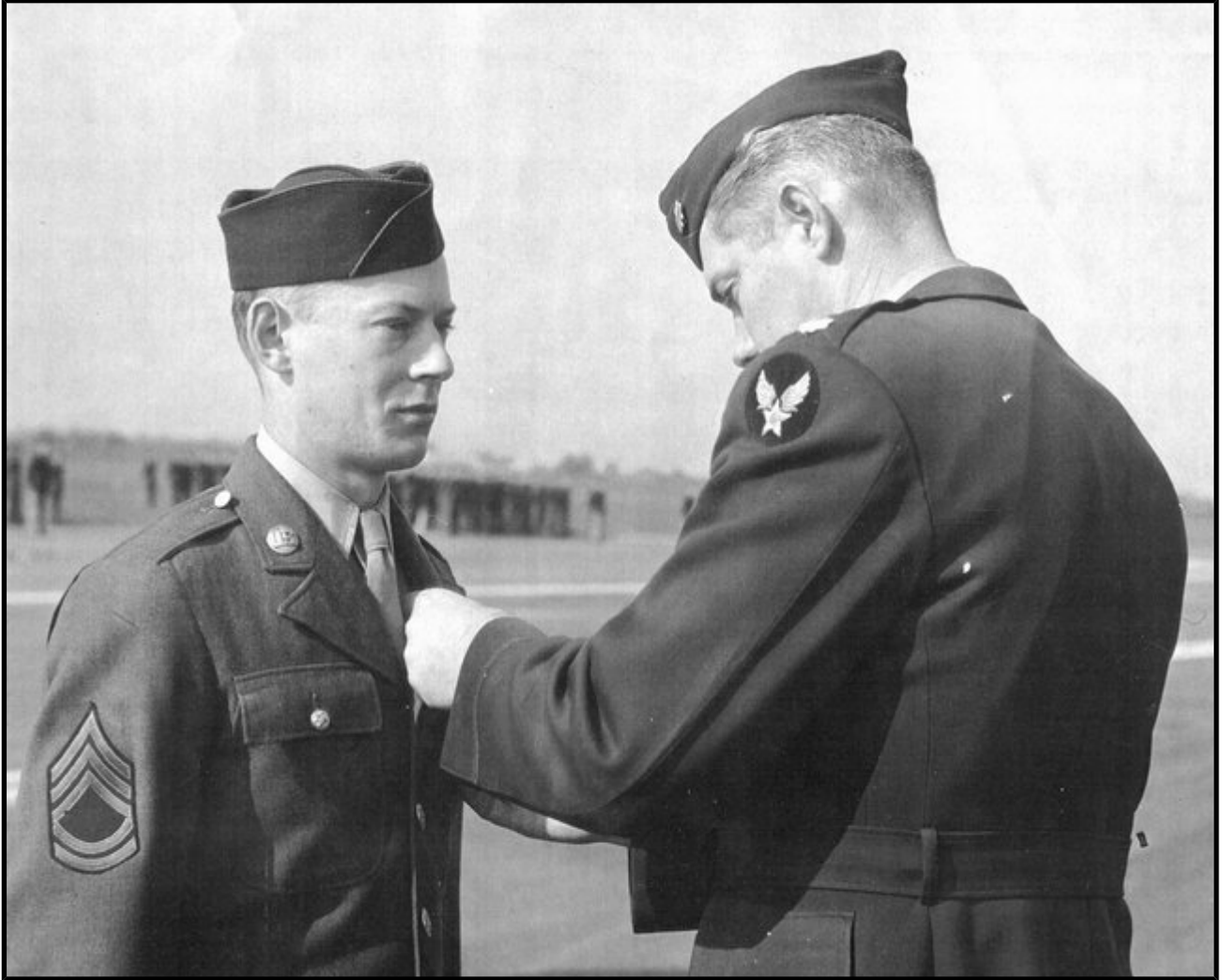
—*Monticello Drizzle excerpt*

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Lt. "Whitey" Hill, the ol' "Spoofers from Sparta," is now enrolled in the University of Wisconsin summer school at Madison, taking courses in preparation for a degree in chemical engineering.

—*Monticello Messenger*

Kenneth C. Holcomb



Presentation of the Purple Heart Medal, May 1945

552 AAF Base Unit, 2nd Ferrying Division, ATC
New Castle AAF, Wilmington, Delaware

‘Ken’ Holcomb, Once German PW, Home

Liberator Gunner Receives Honorable Discharge At Truax Field

TSgt. Kenneth Holcomb, who escaped a more horrible experience than any of us could imagine when he outwitted the Nazis after falling into their hands when he was forced to parachute from a U.S. Liberator bomber over German occupied Europe, is again a civilian, having been honorably discharged at Truax Field, Madison, Friday, Oct. 26.

Sgt. Holcomb, son of Clarence Holcomb, Washington Township, was reported as missing in action over Germany on July 20, 1944, by the war department. He had completed his 19th mission as a waist gunner, radio technician and operator. His plane was forced to drop from the formation while on a raid over Frankfurt, Germany. Sgt. Holcomb escaped the horror of German prison camps a number of weeks later and shortly after returned to the United States for a furlough.

Recently he had been attached to the Trans-Atlantic Air Transport Command.

Kenneth C. Holcomb



Sgt. Holcomb entered service with the Army Air Forces in February 1943, and was sent to England in May 1944, to serve with the Eighth Air Force. He graduated from the Monroe High School in 1941.

For his exploits in the war to defeat the Nazis, Sgt. Holcomb earned the ETO ribbon with three Battle Stars, Purple Heart, and the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters.

—*Monticello Messenger, Nov. 1, 1945*

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S/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb, waist gunner on a B-24 Liberator Bomber, was reported missing in action over Germany since July 20th.

—*Monticello Drizzle, Aug. 19, 1944*

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On the 20th of July, 1944, around 10:15 A.M., B-24 Bomber, tail number 42-95117, was hit by German FLAK and crashed near Heusden, Belgium, while returning from an operation to Eisenbach, Germany.

The crewmembers were:

1st Lt. James L. Monahan, Pilot
2nd Lt. Gordon W. Morehead, Co-pilot
2nd Lt. Warren D. Johnston, Navigator
2nd Lt. William G. Baer, Bombardier
S/Sgt Cobern V. Peterson, Flt Engineer
S/Sgt Kenneth C. Holcomb, Radio Operator
Sgt Cecil D. Spence, Gunner
Sgt. Dennis E. Medley, Gunner
Sgt. Kenneth S. Kenyon, Gunner
Sgt. Earle C. Knee, Gunner

•

By this time all of you have undoubtedly read the gratifying news in The Messenger that S/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb, waist gunner, radio operator, and technician on a B-24 Liberator bomber, who had been missing in action over Germany since July 20th, is “safe and well.” Those three words constituted the text of a cablegram Kenny sent to his wife, the former Alice Schenk. His whereabouts are not definitely known.

—*Monticello Drizzle, Sept. 23, 1944*

NO, THIS ISN'T A FAIRY TALE! —

But you'll probably think I've ripped a few pages from one when you read about the thrilling, spine-tingling experiences which were jammed into the forty-six days that elapsed from the time T/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb was forced to parachute from a B-24 Liberator Bomber at an altitude of 9,000 feet until the night he and other prisoners of war escaped from a derailed German prison train bound for Ratziland. In fact, some of Kenny's adventures are so exciting that they'll probably raise your hair straight up on end even if you're in the habit of plastering it down with “staycomb” every morning, noon, and night.

For instance, Kenny, now home on furlough until late this month and looking like the proverbial million dollars despite the rapid-fire series of nerve-gnawing experiences which constantly plagued him, was befriended by the Belgian underground, fell into the hands of the Razi Gestapo, and was twice threatened with death by the German vermin.

Kenny was the waist gunner, radio operator, and technician of the B-24 Liberator Bomber, a ship with a slightly larger wingspread than the famed Flying Fortress. It was July 20th on the crew's 19th mission over Europe—this, their 12th raid over Germany, while all of the others were over France—when the big plane developed engine trouble just as they were going into their target. Consequently, the crew's pilot had to turn the ship around and head back into Belgium, releasing the bombs along the way to lighten the load.

The plane was at 21,000 feet then, and when the engine trouble was becoming dangerously worse and they were losing altitude at the rate of 500 feet a minute, the time came when they were forced to abandon ship. This was the very first time any of the crewmembers had ever attempted a parachute jump. Their training did not include any practice leaps. Imagine the flurry of thoughts that must have stormed their



Kenneth C. Holcomb

minds as they prepared to take this first and fateful jump! Below them was nothing but an enormous mass of white clouds blocking the earth from their vision. One of the crew members, his parachute now all adjusted for the jump, stepped bravely to the opening, looked at the yawning ocean of air beneath him, then lost his nerve temporarily and backed away to permit another buddy to take the lead.

Then, one by one—Kenny at 9,000 feet—the fliers stepped into the vast, floorless expanse below.

Instructions to airmen in the fighting zones are to fall as far as possible before pulling the rip chords to their chutes because the large, white “umbrellas” provide a perfect target for enemy fire. Kenny must have descended a good 5,000 feet before he jerked open his parachute and he drifted down into a Belgian wheat field, about 40 miles east of Brussels, at 11:30 that morning. Some Belgians, working in a nearby field, saw him land and two of them who happened to be members of the Belgian underground, immediately came to his aid. “Are you English?” was the first question they asked Kenny, who had with him as part of his regulation equipment a little pamphlet with handy emergency phrases in Flemish, French, Dutch, and German. By consulting this booklet, Kenny was able to ask them if they could help him and the Belgians replied eagerly in the affirmative.

Then the two men sneaked Kenny three miles

away to a little peasant house, occupied by another member of the underground, his wife, and three children. They were kind and extremely solicitous about Kenny’s welfare, anxious to help him in every possible way. Here he was given civilian clothes. He was also fitted with wooden shoes, undoubtedly to make more complete his appearance as a regular Belgian native.

Fear that the German Gestapo may have heard of the landing of the Yank airmen in the vicinity and that they might come to search the little cottage for them, led the underground representatives to take Kenny to a nearby woods to sleep for the night. At 1 a.m., he was awakened by the Belgians and you can imagine what a thrill it must have been for Kenny to see one of his crew members—Staff Sgt. Spence of Detroit, Mich., the top turret gunner. Sgt. Spence had landed several miles



away from Kenny, but the Belgian underground had located him and brought him to join his buddy.

A plan was formulated to get Kenny and Sgt. Spence into neutral Switzerland with the aid of the underground. From that night on, the two airmen made their way cautiously—by day and by night—from house to house and from field to field, usually following a path in a field away from the road where they felt more secure from prowling Gestapo agents and moving only when they were certain they would run no unnecessary risks of capture. Often they rode bicycles that

Kenneth C. Holcomb



were placed at strategic points for them by the underground, which apparently passes word along the way to other members of the organization. The efficiency of these brave Belgian patriots in giving Kenny and his buddy assistance right when they needed it the most was utterly amazing.

By Aug. 11th, the airmen had traveled 40 miles from East Belgium to Brussels, slow progress to be sure, because they always had to keep well under cover and some times were forced to remain in one locality because the risks of moving on appeared too great. The underground directed them to a house in Brussels where they had plenty to eat, fine sleeping quarters, and even a radio for their entertainment.

What a splendid piece of luck, Kenny and Sgt. Spence thought.

On Aug. 18th, after they had been at the residence for a week, the gentleman of the house asked them to get into a car. Things were really looking up for them now because their host told them that the automobile was to take them to neutral Switzerland. With him now was an RAF flier, who also had been directed to the house by the Belgian underground.

As the car rolled away, the three fliers were almost overwhelmed with joy. Tiny little Switzerland loomed in their thoughts as a heavenly paradise. Once there, they would be safe and secure from the terrors of the Gestapo, which they had so luckily eluded up to now. The fliers talked but little as the machine raced along the streets of Brussels, but the expressions of happiness on their faces told a story of joyfulness that would have filled volumes.

Suddenly the automobile swung up to the curb in front of a five-story brick building surrounded by a high iron fence. At the gate stood a haughty, erect German soldier, an ominous automatic revolver at his side.

Kenny and his two buddies, now torn by a rush of conflicting emotions, immediately became suspicious.

The fliers were ordered out of the car and ushered up three flights of stairs into a small office where they were greeted by a paunchy, spectacled German officer. As the Allied airmen glanced about the little room, the cruelty of Ratzki trickery hit them a hard, sickening blow.

“I looked at Spence and our RAF buddy and they were both as white as sheets,” relates Kenny. “And I must have looked the same way because we were all plenty scared and don’t think we weren’t!”

There, on the walls of the little office, were large portraits of two of the filthiest Ratzkis—Hitler and Goering.

This was Luftwaffe Headquarters!

Here the fliers were searched and relieved of all their money, rings and watches. Kenny, however, was a little too slick for the slickers. Anticipating this eventuality, he had previously tied his wristwatch and two rings around his left upper arm with a string, and although he was searched twice more later on, the Germaniacs never discovered his hidden jewelry.

Then came the interrogation. The Ratzkis wanted to know the identity of the Belgian patriots who had helped them. Kenny and his two buddies refused to tell.

“They shoved us around quite a bit,” said the Monticello youth, “But we never suffered any bodily harm.”

When these tactics failed to get the airmen to talk, the German officer slyly reminded them that, since they were wearing civilian clothes, they were to be treated as spies and not as prisoners of war.

“And you know what that means,” he exclaimed, with painful politeness, referring, of course, to death before a firing squad.

When the fliers still declined to divulge this information, they were taken to a criminal prison in Brussels “to think it over.” Most of the inmates were Belgian civilians or German army deserters. In here the airmen were separated and locked in different cells—Kenny with two



Kenneth C. Holcomb

Belgians and a German soldier. He was kept shut in for 24 hours a day and only once a week was he allowed 10 or 15 minutes outside in a small pen in the sunshine—if there was any.

Kenny's meals consisted of a cup of what was supposed to be coffee for breakfast; a bowl of thin, watery soup at noon; a dab of margarine and a large hunk of black, moldy bread—so hard you could have almost pounded nails with it—at 3 p.m., and another cup of coffee and another bowl of soup for supper.

“It tasted pretty good, though,” says Kenny, “because we were always so hungry.”

Apparently the Ratzis could not afford to give their prisoners such “fancy” meals every day of the week because they did not serve any supper at all on Saturdays, Sundays, or Wednesdays.

Quite a contrast to the tender treatment these German murderers receive in American prison camps!

Kenny and the other prisoners were strictly forbidden to talk. Neither did they dare look out of windows. Guards were stationed along the corridors on all floors and they kept shouting instructions or inquiries at each other in that haughty, arrogant German bellow until, in the otherwise deadly quiet behind the dingy prison walls, it nearly drove the prisoners crazy.

Once more Kenny was ushered before a high Razi official and questioned. Again he was threatened with death when he remained silent. The local youth later learned that any prisoner refusing to divulge information after a third interrogation was placed in solitary confinement. An American fighter pilot had spent 31 days in a dark, lonely cell by the time the British army was approaching Brussels early in September.

By then the Germans were getting uneasy and began to evacuate troops, prisoners, and all their belongings for transportation into Germany. On Sept. 3rd, they loaded Kenny and the rest of the prisoners, numbering well over 1,000—but of which there were only 41 Allied airmen while the remainder were mostly Belgian civilians—into a 50-car prison and troop train which for

two days they tried frantically to get out of the city and headed for Ratziland, but they were thwarted by the Belgian underground which dynamited railroad tracks and bridges. At the end of the second day, the Germans derailed four cars—one of them in which Kenny was riding—trying to switch them onto another track. They uncoupled these cars from the rest of the train and left them there.

Events were happening rapidly now. The British were close to the city limits of Brussels now and advancing steadily. The rumble of their tanks and the boom booming of their artillery could be heard in the distance. The church bells of Brussels already were tolling in celebration of the liberation of the city. The Germans became panicky, and as darkness settled over the railroad yards, which were situated in the northeast section of the city, they began to pull out. The prisoners, however, were not certain but that some of the Ratzis had remained to give battle for that sector of Brussels. Around midnight, after a French terrorist, condemned to death by the Ratzis, had picked the lock of the lone prison coach of the four cars, the prisoners began to leave in twos and threes. They struck out at different intervals and in different directions to make detection less likely. As they stole stealthily along in the darkness, gunfire could now be heard in the streets above the railroad yards.

After remaining in hiding until morning, the escaped Allied airmen were happy to discover that the Germans apparently had withdrawn from the city except for isolated units which still battled on against hopeless odds. Then they went into the city, walking along the streets in pairs and trios. Real peace of mind was not yet for Kenny and his little group because, as they approached a street corner, they were suddenly confronted by the rifles of Belgian police, who evidently suspected them of being Germans. After each of the airmen was frisked separately to see if they had guns in their possession they were taken to the city police headquarters. Here they definitely identified themselves as

Kenneth C. Holcomb



Americans. The Belgian police officers were very apologetic and then proceeded to treat the Yanks like kings, giving them beer, wine, cognac, and all kinds of food.

Kenny and his buddies immediately contacted the United States Civil Affairs Officer. Then they registered at the Hotel Metropol, one of the finest hotels in Brussels and here all they had to do was to sign their names and they received all the food and anything else they desired. Here, too, Kenny and Spence met three of their crewmembers, who had been hiding out ever since parachuting to earth July 20th. Imagine what a joy it must have been for all of them to see one another again! Through the Belgian underground, the fliers learned that one of their crewmembers apparently plunged to his death when his chute failed to open, while one of them was captured by the Germans. From this same source, they also learned that their pilot and bombardier had fallen into the hands of the Ratzis and were locked up in the very same criminal prison as Kenny and Spence. In fact, Kenny caught a glimpse of one of them once, but of course, he didn't dare to make his presence known. Unfortunately, the pilot and bombardier were taken to Germany by the Ratzis the week before, a fate which Kenny and Spence were extremely lucky to escape.

Before leaving Brussels, Kenny and his buddies got word to the Belgian underground of the presence of the German Gestapo agent in their organization. They have since learned that the Belgian patriots took very good care of him—which is just a nice way of saying they gave him a generous dose of lead in the head.

From Brussels, the fliers went by truck to Paris, then the next day by air transport to London where they reported to United States Army Air Force Headquarters for interrogation, physical check-ups, re-issuing of supplies, and completion of records. They left England Oct. 3rd by transport plane, landed in New York City the next day and on the Sunday morning of Oct. 8th, Kenny arrived in Monticello, supremely happy to see "Home Sweet Home" again after

two months of hectic and harrowing experiences that would do credit to the best of the movie thrillers.

The Monticello youth is the holder of the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters and the Purple Heart which was awarded to him because his left hand was lacerated in pulling the rip chord of his parachute when he leaped from the big Liberator Bomber which, incidentally, the crew members called "Evasive Action." He has two battle stars on his European Theatre of Operations ribbon, one for flights over Germany and the other for missions over France.

Kenny, who will not be 21 years old until Dec. 18th, is married to the former Alice Schenk of Monticello. He is the son of Clarence Holcomb and a grandson of the late Ernest Holcomb. On Nov. 2nd, he is scheduled to report at the Miami Beach (Fla.) Air Force Center for reclassification and reassignment.

—Monticello Drizzle



Record setting flight, August 1945

The aircrew, pictured at Orly Field, Paris, France after the record-breaking flight by Crescent Caravan C-54 from Wilmington, Del. to Paris, via Gander, Newfoundland was, back row l-r, 1st Lt. Joe Gaynor, Navigator; Major William Lively, Pilot; Unknown member, Co-pilot and front row l-r, S/Sgt Leonard Czartosewski, Engineer; M/Sgt (name unknown), Load Master; T/Sgt Kenneth Holcomb, Radio Operator. Total clock time was twenty hours and thirty minutes and total flying time was seventeen hours and thirty minutes.

TOPEKA ARMY AIR FIELD
Topeka, Kansas

70.5 #639 (163-1)

2 May 1944

SUBJECT: Movement Orders, Heavy Bombardment Crew Number FN-333-AA 116,
To Overseas Destination.

O:	P	1ST LT (1024)	JAMES L. MONAHAN	01265625
	CP	2ND LT (1024)	GORDON W. MOREHEAD	0704968
	N	2ND LT (1034)	WARREN D. JOHNSTON	0703265
	B	2ND LT (1035)	WILLIAM G. BAER	0703416
	E	S sgt (748)	Coburn V. Peterson	37342053
	R	S sgt (757)	Kenneth C. Holcomb	16115164
	AG	Sgt (612)	Kenneth S. Kenyon	19094031
	CG	Sgt (748)	Dennie E. Medley	35651982
	CG	Sgt (748)	Earle C. Kree	32817431
	CG	Sgt (748)	Cecil D. Spence	36565502

1. You are assigned to shipment FN-333-AA as Crew No. FN-333-AA 116, and to B-24 airplane number 42-50386, on aircraft project number 92665R. You are equipped, in accordance with the provisions of subject movement orders, for the relief of personnel from attached, unassigned, 272nd AAF Base Unit (SB), this station, and WP via military aircraft and/or rail to Grenier Field, Manchester, New Hampshire, or such other Air Port of Embarkation as the CG, ATC, may direct, thence to the overseas destination of Shipment FN-333-AA. Upon arrival at the Air Port of Embarkation, control of personnel is relinquished to the CG, ATC.

3. This is a PERMANENT change of station. You will not be accompanied by dependents; neither will you be joined by dependents enroute to, nor at, the Air Port of Embarkation. You will not discuss this movement except as may be necessary in the transaction of official business.

4. You will use APO 18056-AA (followed by the numeral ending of your Shipment Crew Number referred to in par. 1, above), c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y. Upon arrival at final overseas destination you will use the mailing address of the troops at that place. Advise your friends and relatives of your permanent APO by forwarding a completed V-Mail or AGO Form 971; also notify the Postal Officer of the Theatre by forwarding a completed AGO Form 204.

5. a. In lieu of subsistence a flat per diem of seven dollars (\$7.00) is authorized for officers and Flight officers for travel and for periods of temporary duty enroute to final destination, when necessary, in accordance with existing law and regulations. Payment of mileage is not authorized. Per diem will be suspended for such times as the individual is billeted and subsisted, as outlined in W. T. Manual #43-2-42, dated 30 September 1942.

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

Kenneth C. Holcomb

S E C R E T

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES STRATEGIC AIR FORCES IN EUROPE
Office of the Commanding General

: : : : : : : : :
: S E C R E T :
: Auth: CG USSTAF :
: Date: 17 Sep 44 :
: Initials: :
: : : : : : : : :

SUBJECT: Orders.

17 September 1944.

TO : All concerned.

1. PAC Ltr 383.6 (5 July 44) OB-S-4-11, TAG Washington, 11 July 44 Subject: "Military Personnel Escaped from Enemy Territory" the following personnel having escaped from enemy territory are trfd in gr to Casual Pool, 70th Air Force Repl Dep and WP fr present sta in the U.K. to AAF Sta 594, reporting upon arrival to Capt Sallyards to await water transportation to the Zone of Interior. Upon arrival at the Port of Debarkation, reporting immediately to the AC of S., A-2, Hq, First Air Force, Mitchell Field, New York, N.Y. for further disposition. Effective upon departure from the U.K. they are reld fr asgmt and dy in the European Theater of Operations. (PCS).

1ST LT LOUIS H. ABRONOWITZ, 0614034 AC	418th Bomb Sq
1ST LT CHARLES W. BLIGHT, 0672929 AC	451st "
1ST LT GEORGE E. BONITZ, 0694318 AC	351st "
1ST LT ENVER C. CURY, 0670027 AC	615th "
1ST LT WILLIAM J. DONOVAN, 0614469 AC	855th "
1ST LT DALE G. DURKES, 0669258 AC	572d "
1ST LT DONALD E. EBERHARDT, 0756518 AC	392d Ftr Sq
1ST LT JOSEPH P. GONET, 0792252 AC	450th Bomb Sq
1ST LT LEON G. HANISCH, 0666661 AC	572d "
1ST LT MELVIN O. HANSON, 0702915 AC	562d "
1ST LT PAUL HERRING, 0789909 AC	339th "
1ST LT WILLIAM N. HOWARD, 0700466 AC	436th Ftr Sq
1ST LT JOHN T. HURLEY, 0820501 AC	357th "
1ST LT HAROLD M. KENNEY, 0810514 AC	363th "
1ST LT HERTRAM D. KNAPP, 0746661 AC	859th Bomb Sq
1ST LT HAROLD C. KORNEIAN, 0682341 AC	579th "
1ST LT JAMES G. LEVEY, 0674588 AC	614th "
1ST LT BRUCE D. MacDONALD, 0806715 AC	701st "
1ST LT ROBERT C. McLAUGHLIN, 0795801 AC	788th "
1ST LT GEORGE C. MONG, 0818190 AC	709th "
1ST LT EDWARD E. MOGER, 0752071 AC	322d "
1ST LT ARTHUR W. OWEN, Jr., 0730592 AC	380th Ftr Sq
1ST LT ROLAND E. PETERSON, 0751426 AC	509th "
1ST LT KENNETH PRATT, 0738024 AC	36th Bomb Sq
1ST LT MERLE C. RAINEY, 0804037 AC	375th Ftr Sq
1ST LT ANDREW ROZMETINSKY, 0743099 AC	334th Bomb Sq
1ST LT WILLIAM G. RYCKMAN, 0800150 AC	406th "
1ST LT SAMUEL G. SCHLEICHKORN, 0680310 AC	703d "
1ST LT WINANS C. SHADDIX, 0747903 AC	349th "
1ST LT ELIOT H. SHAPLEIGH, 0694191, AC	335th Ftr Sq
1ST LT WALLACE E. SHYMANSKI, 0813793 AC	569th Bomb Sq
1ST LT EARL O. SMITH, JR., 0440894 AC	79th Ftr Sq
1ST LT HOWARD J. SNYDER, 0742461 AC	369th Bomb Sq
1ST LT JOSEPH G. SULLIVAN, 0751484 AC	364th Ftr Sq

-1-

S E C R E T

Kenneth C. Holcomb

2D LT JOHNSON W. RULE, 0704133 AC	544th Bomb Sq
2D LT MYRON E. SALIN, 0677579 AC	326th "
2D LT ALFRED E.L. SANDERS, 0610227 AC	632d "
2D LT JOHN R. SEDDON, 0603787 AC	358th "
2D LT HENRY J. SENCER, 0614419 AC	653d "
2D LT J.H. (I.O.) SINGLETON, 0747507 AC	614th "
2D LT GEORGE R. SMITH, 02167425 AC	339th "
2D LT RAY L. STEWART, 0756920 AC	534th "
2D LT GRAHAM L. SWEET, 0819208 AC	524th "
2D LT THOMAS H. WHITOLE, 0768393 AC	570th "
2D LT CLIFFORD O. WILLIAMS, 0756133 AC	343d Ftr Sq
2D LT JOHN B. WOOD, JR, 0814477 AC	847th Bomb Sq
2D LT THOMAS J. ZOEBELIN, 0704117 AC	832d "
2D LT AUGUSTUS DIZERGA, 0614666 AC	381st Ftr Sq
F/O DANIEL G. DIYA, T-61260	380th "
F/O KENNETH V. FRENCH, T-62468	365th Bomb Sq
F/O HOWARD P. MAUPIN, T-122809	360th Ftr Sq
F/O DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, T-123130	632d Bomb Sq
F/O WALTER ONESCHAK, T-123107	582d "
T Sgt Donald C. Adams, 37397901	801st "
T Sgt Wilford R. Baker, 31094850	572d "
T Sgt John Y. Bear, 33237300	700th "
T Sgt Austin W. Bradshaw, 13030350	449th "
T Sgt George H. Coon, 32550339	497th "
T Sgt Dirvin D. Deihl, 37312094	406th "
T Sgt Richard T. Ehnis, 34543961	334th "
T Sgt Ernest W. Furfaro, 12180570	563d "
T Sgt George Goeetz, 35305187	339th "
T Sgt Joseph F. Hancy, 13135989	653d "
T Sgt Chester B. Hincowicz, 13116005	702d "
T Sgt Kenneth C. Holcomb, 16115164	752d "
T Sgt Troy Hollar, 14053397	547th "
T Sgt Byron M. Houser, 33366957	578th "
T Sgt Dale S. Loucks, 19144167	406th "
T Sgt Raymond Koch, 11102957	748th "
T Sgt Edward Lynch, 11091639	855th "
T Sgt Gerald K. Miller, 37657645	755th "
T Sgt Fred C. Moyer, 15324600	326th "
T Sgt James R. Murray, 32393817	547th "
T Sgt Cobern V. Peterson, 37342053	752d "
T Sgt Robert M. Popek, 32276096	572d "
T Sgt Edward L. Price, 39547218	547th "
T Sgt Joseph A. Rhodes, 11083942	366th "
T Sgt John R. Searcy, Jr., 16136982	567th "
T Sgt Joseph W. Skarda, 30445382	601st "
T Sgt Harold P. Smith, 35651772	560th "
T Sgt Alexander S. Swider, 33081688	548th "
T Sgt Eugene Zoldy, 11065576	603d "
S Sgt Willard J. Adams, 39198309	835th "
S Sgt Erville E. Allen, 19102628	853d "
S Sgt James R. Anslow, 15354506	788th "
S Sgt Melvin L. Bachman, 36058330	573d "

Kenneth C. Holcomb

S E C R E T

(Secret Ltr Order, Hq US Strategic Air Forces in Europe, 17 Sep 44, cont'd).

Sgt Martin J. Tourbier, 36291700	647th Bomb Sq
Sgt Eddie L. Wackowski, 35570304	676th "
Sgt Richard C. Warfel, 35026036	332nd "
Sgt Lonnie K. White, 10074251	452nd "
Sgt Oscar E. Young, 39052035	596th "

2. The above named personnel, having returned from a "Missing in Action" status will not have in their possession complete records as required by Section II, par 15 a Ltr WD AGO 370.5 (10 Aug 44) OB-S-SPMOT-M dated 16 August 1944, subject: "Procedure for Return of Individuals".

3. Travel by rail, surface vessel, belligerent vessel, and/or air in rail or commercial acft is atzd. O are atzd per diem of seven dollars (\$7.00) while travelling on official business and while absent fr perm sta in accordance with existing law and regulations. At such time as messing facilities are available and Govt qrs or billets are provided this per diem alws will be suspended. If travel is performed by air EM are atzd per diem of seven dollars (\$7.00) in accordance with existing law and regulations. If travel is performed by commercial acft, a maximum baggage alws of sixty-five (65) pounds is atzd.

4. TCNT TDN 60-136 P 431-02, 03, 04, 07, 08 A 212/50425.

5. The above named personnel are familiar with Security Memorandum, Hq European T of Opns, US Army, dated 10 May 1944.

6. Notify correspondents and publishers to discontinue mailing letters and publications until further advised as to new address. WD AGO Form 971-1, 9 Oct 1943. V-mail notice to correspondents and publishers may be used for this purpose.

7. Attention is invited to Sec II, Cir 145, WD 1943, regarding preparation and distribution of extract copies of this order.

By command of Lieutenant General SPAATZ:

R. E. Fecteau
R. E. FECTEAU,
Capt, AGD,
Asst Adj General.

DISTRIBUTION:

10 cys ea O above (Attn: Capt Edwards, P/W & X, D of Int)
10 cys ea EM above " " " " "
1 cy Con Files
1 cy 201 files ea O above
2 cys CG, AAF (Attn: D of P)
2 cys CG, European T of Opns, US Army (Attn: O Div)
2 cys CG, European T of Opns, US Army (Attn: Enl Div)
2 cys TAG
1 cy D of P
1 cy D of Int

- 6 -
S E C R E T

John B. Hoskins



Captain John B. Hoskins

John B. Hoskins



Corporal John B. Hoskins

A nice letter from Frances Voegeli Hoskins brings the very welcome news that her husband, Lt. Jack Hoskins, who has been ill for some months, is now much improved. Fran has “a ton of praise” for the Drizzle, and says that Jack, who is a Dodgeville product, also reads every word of it.

The Hoskins are still in Atlanta, Ga.

From Frances Voegeli Hoskins, who with her husband, Lt. Jack Hoskins, is now living at West Palm Beach, Fla.

“Got your welcome Drizzle the other day and it was sure good.

They insist on trying to make Florida crackers out of us, don't they? Only now we, too, think it is beautiful. Our trip down was all down the east coast and this side of Florida is truly beautiful. Palm Beach is just across the bridge so between the two towns we have everything.

Camp Murphy is 28 miles from here so we are doubly grateful for our car. Jack drives out every morning and back every night.

It surely seems grand having him up and at it again. He feels perfect and looks better than ever. He's on six months limited service, after which he will have to be reclassified.

Guess I'll have to close for now, Roz. Just wanted to tell you that we appreciate The Drizzle so much.

Regards to everyone back home in Monticello.

As ever,

Fran and Jack.

•

A few welcome lines from Frances (Voegeli) Hoskins, who says that she and her husband, Lt. Jack, have now been back in Red Bank (N. J.) for two months. They were delighted to return there because they have so many old friends living in that community.

•

Lt. Jack Hoskins (Fran Voegeli's husband), Rumson, N. J., has been promoted to Captain.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*

Owen Keener



Florence H. Silver Weds Owen Keener Ceremony Uniting Young Couple Takes Place in Monroe Monday

In a double ring ceremony performed at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon in the Immanuel Evangelical Church, Monroe, Miss Florence Harriet Silver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Silver, Mt. Pleasant Township, became the bride of Pvt. Owen Keener, formerly of Monticello.

Rev. Alvin C. Rabehl, Church Pastor, read the words uniting the couple. There were no attendants.

Mrs. Keener attended the Silver District rural school and graduated from the Monticello High School. The groom was employed on farms in the Monticello region before entering the Army in November 1941. Pvt. Keener returned to the United States a number of months ago from Iceland, where he had been stationed for nearly a year with American forces. He is now stationed at Clinton, Iowa, where he received treatment for a knee injury in a hospital there.

—*Monticello Messenger*, May 20, 1943.

Kissling, Erwin, Jr.

Sgt. Erwin Kissling, Jr. Now in Hospital

A war department telegram received here last Thursday afternoon conveyed information that Sgt. Erwin Kissling, Jr., had been injured in action in Germany Feb.9. Sgt. Kissling, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Kissling, Sr., of this village, has since written his parents that he is now in a hospital near Paris, France.

Sgt. Kissling entered the Army in the spring of 1943, leaving the University of Wisconsin, where he was a sophomore student and a member of the football team the previous fall. He had been an outstanding athlete while attending the Monticello High School, graduating with the class of 1941.

Sgt. Kissling, who was elevated to his present rank from Private, was sent overseas last summer. He is a member of an Infantry Division.

—Monticello Messenger, March 1, 1945



VISITS GRANDMOTHER IN SWITZERLAND

Sgt. Erwin Kissling, son of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Kissling, Sr., of this village, a member of an Army quartermaster unit and stationed near Paris, France, had the pleasure to visit Switzerland last week and spent a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. Julia Kissling, who resides in Basel and whom he had never seen before. Sgt. Kissling was injured in Belgium and spent some time in American hospitals in France and England.

—Monticello Messenger, Aug 16, 1945



Erwin Kissling Jr., left, in front of the library at Yale College during ASTP training, 1943.

Kissling, Erwin, Jr.



Sgt. Erwin Kissling Receives Discharge Local Man Returns Home After Year and Half Overseas Service

Landing on the East coast Saturday, March 16, the third anniversary of his entry into the Army, Sgt. Erwin Kissling, son of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Kissling, Sr., Monticello, received his honorable discharge at Camp McCoy last Thursday, March 21.

Sgt. Kissling, who was a sophomore at the University of Wisconsin at the time he entered service, studied at Yale University for some months in the Army Specialized Training Program, leaving for service in France a year and a half ago. He received a shrapnel wound during the terrific fighting on the German border and was hospitalized for a number of weeks.

Last fall he became a member of the Siene Comets, one of the outstanding Army football teams stationed in the European theater of operations. Kissling played the left halfback position and the team appeared in many major cities throughout France, Germany and other European countries meeting other topnotch service elevens in exhibition games.

While in France Kissling had the pleasure of making a trip to Switzerland, home of his parents where he visited his grandmother and other relatives living in Basel.

The Purple Heart, two battle stars and numerous other citations were awarded to Sgt. Kissling in recognition of his war activities.

—*Monticello Messenger, March 28, 1946*

Dear Mrs. Lynn:

“I received the gift from the Red Cross and I was very gratified in receiving it. Those are the kind of things that make a soldier really feel fine, and know the people back home haven't forgotten them.

“Today I went to a picnic given by a church and had a fine time. About every Sunday and Thursday night there is something like that given to the soldiers of this post, and you can really say yes about the slogan, “southern hospitality”. In closing I'd like to thank the people who made this gift presentable and have them know it was deeply appreciated.

As always,
“Booby” Kissling

—*Monticello Messenger column*

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“Boob” Kissling, the former Yale Yodeler, spent four days in Philadelphia recently during the transportation tie-up. Detailed with soldiers from Camp Pickett. No wonder the strike ended in such a hurry.

—*Monticello Drizzle, August 1944*

•

“Boob” Kissling was recently awarded the combat infantryman's badge. He's back in the thick of it around Aachen again after his second trip to a rest camp behind the lines.

•

Sgt. “Boob” Kissling is slowly recovering from a siege of trench foot in a hospital near Paris where he has been confined since around Feb. 9. Until then, the former favorite of Yale's sorority row had seen considerable action with the 309th Infantry of the 78th (Lightning) Division battling in the Aachen sector of Germany.

Edwin Klassy

Local Boy Receives Commission in Navy Ensign Edwin Klassy Here On Leave Following Graduation

Ensign Edwin Klassy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Klassy, Washington Township, who received his commission at graduation exercises held on Wednesday of last week at the United States Midshipmen's School at New York City, arrived here Friday to enjoy a leave of approximately three weeks. Ensign Klassy has been ordered to report for duty at Columbus, Ohio, March 15.

Local Graduate

Ensign Klassy attended the Monticello High School. Following his graduation from the local institution of learning, he entered the University of Wisconsin, graduating from the College of Agriculture. For the past three years he had been an agricultural instructor in the high school at Colby, Wis. During the summer of 1942 he enlisted in the Naval Reserve and was called for active duty late in October.

—*Monticello Messenger, Feb. 18, 1943*

COMMISSIONED ENSIGN

At graduating exercises held yesterday (Wednesday) at the United States Naval Reserve Midshipmen's Schools New York City, Edwin Klassy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Klassy, Washington Township, was commis-

sioned an Ensign. He expects to arrive home this weekend for a short visit. He will be transferred to Columbus, Ohio, March 15.

—*Monticello Messenger, Feb. 18, 1943*

Lieut. Edwin Klassy Here After Sea Duty Ship Escapes Damage by Bombs In Many Jap Air Raids

Reporting in at Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8, where his ship the U. S. S. Williamson, a destroyer, had been taken for decommissioning, Lieut. Edwin Klassy arrived here Saturday evening to spend a leave at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Klassy, Washington Township.

Lieut. Klassy enlisted in the Navy May 15, 1942, and entered active service later in the fall of the same year. He spent the past 30 months on Pacific waters, battling the Japs and taking part in bombardment of islands before invasions by the American troops. The first nine months of

sea duty for the crew of the Williamson were spent off the West coast doing guard duty for plane carriers.

Later the crew participated in escort duty in the South Pacific. The ship also worked with tanker groups and kept fueling the famous Task Force 58. The destroyer then assisted in the Hollandia operation and became a part of the bombardment group, which took part in the Saipan, Guam, Iwo and Okinawa invasions.



Edwin Klassy

Fight Off Air Raids

Dame Fortunate rode with the crew of the U. S. S. Williamson, Lieut. Klassy recounted, as the gallant ship was never hit and no one aboard was ever injured although the crew went through 51 air raids from April 1st to April 16th at Okinawa. The destroyer was off Okinawa for eight days participating in the softening-up process before the actual invasion operation began.

Lieut. Klassy's duties aboard the destroyer covered a wide variety of work. He served as assistant gunnery officer, then recognition officer, gunnery officer and most recently executive officer.

He wears the American Theater Ribbon, Pacific-Asiatic Ribbon with three stars for the Marianna's, Iwo Jima and Okinawa invasions, and the Victory Medal.

A graduate of the Monticello High School and the University of Wisconsin, Lieut. Klassy was Smith-Hughes agricultural Instructor in the schools at Colby at the time he entered service.

He expects to be stationed in the States upon expiration of his leave.

His mother, Mrs. Herman Klassy, and Steve Boyum motored to Evansville Saturday evening to meet him.

—*Monticello Messenger*, Nov. 15, 1945

Edwin H. Klassy

Edwin H. Klassy, 67, 419 13th Ave., New Glarus, former Ag instructor at New Glarus High School, died unexpectedly shortly after 8 p.m. Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1982, in his home from an apparent heart attack.

He was born May 21, 1915, in Washington Township, Green County, the son of Herman F. and Bertha Zentner Klassy. He graduated from Monticello High School in 1932 and from the UW-Madison in 1938 with a B.A. degree in agriculture education. He received his Master's Degree in the agricultural field at

the university in 1961.

His marriage to the former Rosemarie Rolph took place March 31, 1951, in Zwingli Church, Monticello. He taught at Colby, Wis., from 1938 until entering military service.

A World War II veteran of the U.S. Navy, he entered service May 15, 1942, in New York City, N. Y., and was discharged April 22, 1946, at Great Lakes, Ill., as a Lieutenant. He served overseas for 21 months, seeing action in the Marianas, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. He received the American Theater Ribbon, Pacific Asiatic Ribbon with three Stars and the Victory Medal.

Following his discharge, he was Ag instructor at New Glarus High School from 1947 until retiring in 1964 and had since resided in New Glarus.

His wife, Rosemarie, survives.

Preceding him in death were his father in 1966, his mother in 1974 and a sister, Mrs. Margaret Boyum, in 1977.

Mr. Klassy was a member of Swiss United Church of Christ, New Glarus, Stuessy-Kuenzi American Legion Post 141 and the VFW Post at New Glarus. He was active with the Little Sugar Watershed group for 10 years and was a Future Farmers of America leader at New Glarus, having received numerous awards for FFA work. In 1962, he received the Outstanding Senior Conservation Farmer Award from the Monroe Jaycees.

Funeral services will be held at 11 am. Friday, Nov. 12, in Swiss United Church of Christ, New Glarus, the Rev. Linus Wierwill officiating.

Burial will be in Highland Cemetery, Monticello.

Visitation will be Thursday, Nov. 11, after 5 p.m., in the Zwingli Church Memorial Lounge, Monticello, and after 10 a.m. on Friday at the church sanctuary in New Glarus.

—*Monticello Messenger*

Roger Klassy



Join Air Corps Roger Klassy and Royal Voegeli Enter Service

Two Monticello boys—Royal Voegeli and Roger Klassy—departed Monday afternoon for bases in Minnesota to take preliminary training in the Naval Air Corps, both having enlisted a number of months ago.

Voegeli is stationed at St. Peter, Minn., while Klassy is at Winona, Minn. Both are graduates of the Monticello High School, having received their diplomas in 1943. Both took an active part in school affairs and were members of the basketball team and the school band.

They enrolled at the University of Wisconsin last fall and completed the first semester of study before withdrawing to enter the service.

Voegeli is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Voegeli, northwest of Monticello, while Klassy is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Klassy, of this village.

—Monticello Messenger

Roger Klassy Sees Wreck Of Fast Train

Local Sailor Helps Injured Passengers in California Train Disaster

Roger Klassy, S2/C, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Klassy, of this village, witnessed a none-too-thrilling spectacle last week while enroute to Alameda, Calif., for additional training after completing an extensive training period at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn., as a Navy V-12 student, when the train in which he and other Navy men were riding came to a stop about 100 feet from the wrecked Southern Pacific Challenger that jumped the track and plunged into a gully near Colfax, Calif., last week Wednesday, killing nine and injuring 83 persons.

Passengers in Klassy's train were called upon to assist in extricating the dead and injured from the masses of twisted steel. In writing home to his parents, Roger said the accident was an experience that he wouldn't care ever again to see. He said the suffering of some of the many injured passengers was intense and that the most frequent plea of the injured people was for the aid of doctors.

Madame Fortune apparently entered the picture in the case of Seaman Klassy, who was riding on the train. The rear section of the flyer was detached as the train approached the mountains and the cars were pulled across the Rockies as two trains. The front train was wrecked while the local man rode safely in the second section.

—Monticello Messenger

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Roger Klassy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Klassy, Monticello, arrived home last week from Iowa, where he had been stationed with the Navy Air Corps for the past number of months. Roger has been given a discharge.

—Monticello Messenger, Sept. 27, 1945

Roger Klassy



Roger Klassy

Donald J. Knobel

S/Sgt. Don Knobel To Get Discharge

Local Man Arrives Home Saturday After Duty In Philippines

S/Sgt. Donald Knobel arrived here early Saturday morning to spend a short time with his family and friends and departed Monday evening for Fort Sheridan, Ill., to receive an honorable discharge later this week.

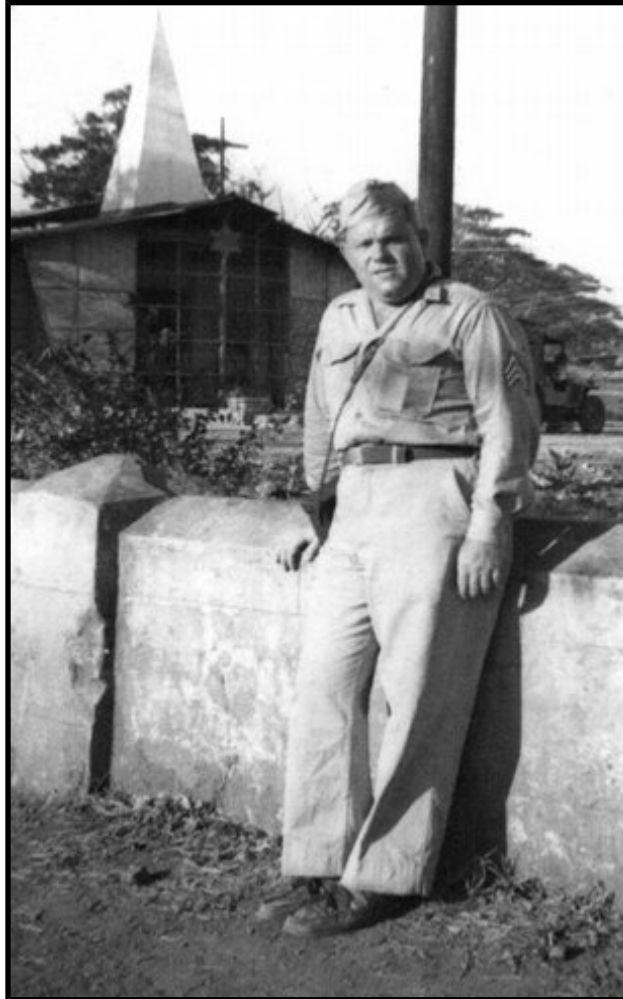
Sgt. Knobel, who entered service with the U. S. Army in the spring of 1945, has spent the past year in Manila, on the Philippine Islands. He was sent overseas just as the war with Japan came to a successful conclusion last year.

Sgt. Knobel received his early Army training at various bases in this country and was connected with a quartermaster unit in the Philippines.

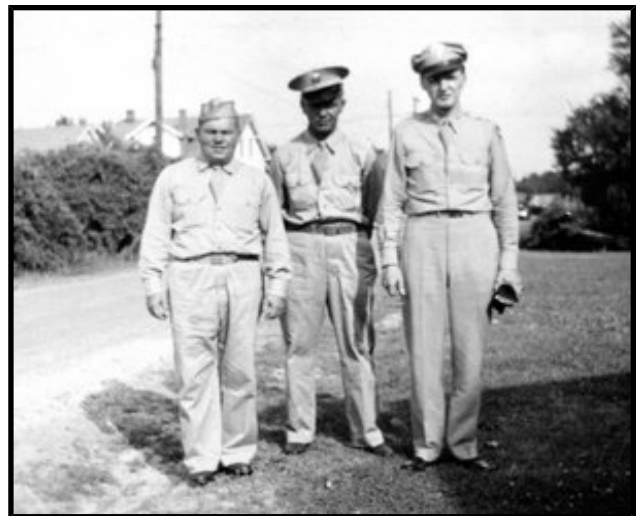
He states that much of Manila was the object of severe destruction in the battle for the Philippines and is still in much the same condition as it was when the last shell burst was heard.

Sgt. Knobel was a member of the Arn & Zweifel Cold Storage aggregation (better known as the Sugar Valley Kids) before entering service.

—Monticello Messenger, Sept. 26, 1946



Donald J. Knobel was inducted into the Army at Ft. Sheridan, Ill, March 5th, 1945 and was shipped to Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia, for basic training. Following basic training he was sent to Camp Lee, Virginia. In August 1945 he received orders sending him overseas to Manila, Philippines where he was a Supply Sgt. attached to an Army printing plant. His ship was enroute when the war with Japan was concluded. He returned to the U.S. for discharge in Sept. 1946.



Don, Bill and Harris

Donald J. Knobel

Supply Personnel

Front Row from L to R:

Cpl EUGENE L. BRICKMAN

Supply Clerk

Tec 5 SAM A. SPEDALE

Supply Procurement Clerk

Sgt ARTHUR E. HARRELL

Supply Procurement Clerk

S/Sgt DONALD J. KNOBEL

Chief Clerk, Supply Branch

Back Row from L to R:

Cpl CHARLES E. HENDRICKSON

Supply Procurement Clerk

Pfc WILLIAM R. SCHMIDT

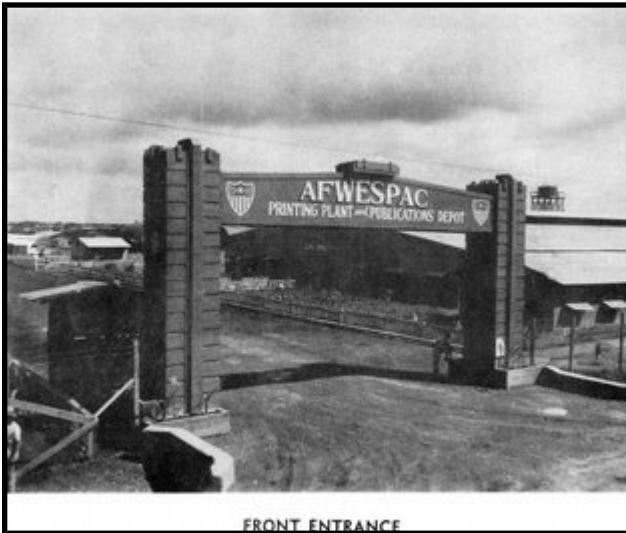
Stock Clerk



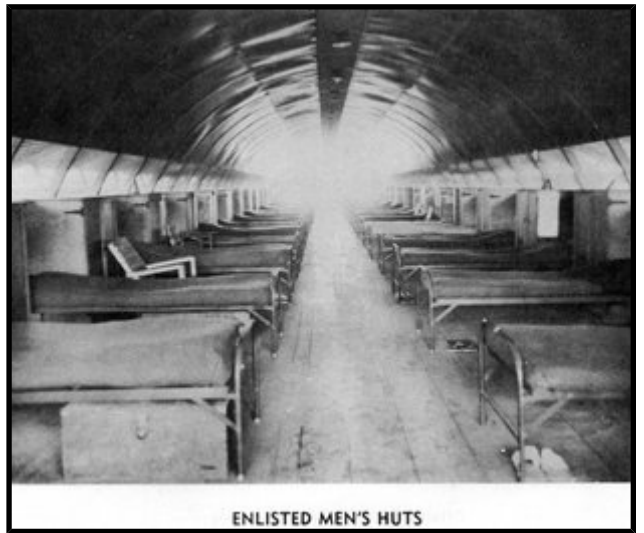
Donald J. Knobel



RECREATION HALL



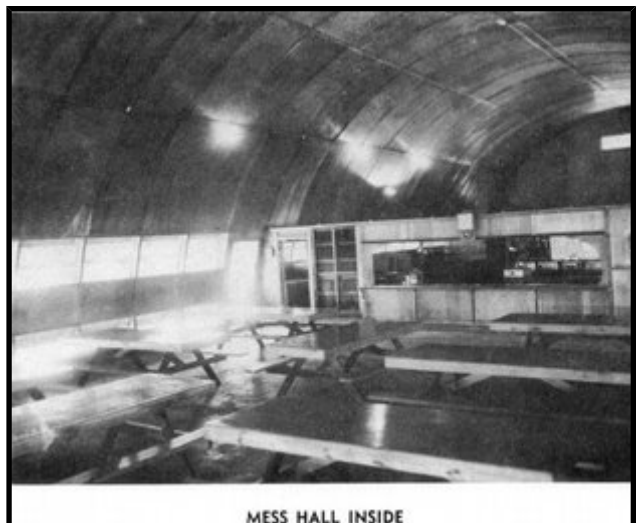
FRONT ENTRANCE



ENLISTED MEN'S HUTS



COMPANY STREET—RIGHT SIDE



MESS HALL INSIDE

Donald J. Knobel



SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

SAVE THIS FORM. IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED IF LOST

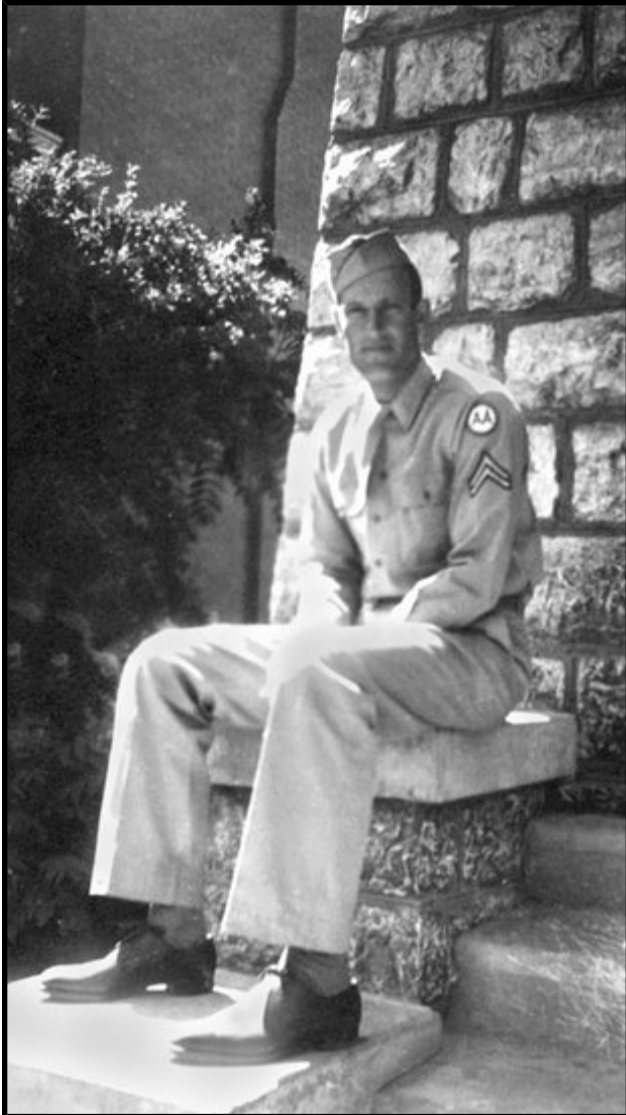
This record of job assignments and special training received in the Army is furnished to the soldier when he leaves the service. In its preparation, information is taken from available Army records and supplemented by personal interview. The information about civilian education and work experience is based on the individual's own statements. The veteran may present this document to former employers, prospective employers, representatives of schools or colleges, or use it in any other way that may prove beneficial to him.

1. LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL				MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL ASSIGNMENTS		
Knobel, Donald, J.				10. MONTHS	11. GRADE	12. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY
2. ARMY SERIAL No.	3. GRADE	4. SOCIAL SECURITY No.		2	Pvt.	Inf. Basic (521)
36-999-097	S/Sgt.	398-05-6243		4	Pvt.	Q.M.C. Basic (521)
5. PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS (Street, City, County, State)				3	Cpl	Stock Clerk (835)
Green Co. Monticello, Wisc.				8	S/Sgt	Supply Nco (821)
6. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE	7. DATE OF SEPARATION	8. DATE OF BIRTH				
7 Mar 45	10 Nov 46	10 Feb 17				
9. PLACE OF SEPARATION						
SEPERATION CENTER FT. SHERIDAN, ILLINOIS						

SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATIONS

13. TITLE—DESCRIPTION—RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION
Supply NCO
Was assigned in this capacity to the armed forces western pacific printing plant & publications Depot. Manila, Luzon, P.I. Was responsible for the Procurement of all paper, ink, Machinery, type -slug material and repair parts for unit. Kept all records of transactions.

James B. Knoblauch



From Jim Knoblauch, Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.: “I am stationed here as an instructor in physical hardening—teaching all types of physical conditioning. Helen and I went to San Diego last Saturday and met Edwin Klassy. Sure seemed good to meet and talk with somebody from home. Helen is now working at a rationing board office—in charge of shoes, boots, and stoves—at Mission Beach. Thanks again for sending me *The Drizzle* and hope that you can continue sending it.”

Cpl. Jim and Helen Knoblauch are here from Camp Shelby, Miss., to remain until Mar. 1st,

spending part of their time with Waukesha relatives. The former scoring ace of Barney’s Barging Bearcats, isn’t too keen about Camp Shelby where he now belongs to the 72nd Chemical Mortar Bn. of the 2nd Army, having been transferred from the 560th Anti-Aircraft Bn. Nov. 30.

Sgt. Jim Knoblauch, who was recently stationed temporarily at Fort Lewis after leaving Camp Shelby, Miss., has now arrived in Honolulu and it may be that he has moved on from there into the Far Pacific by this time.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*



James B. Knoblauch



S/Sgt. James (Jim) Knoblauch received his discharge last Tuesday at Camp McCoy after serving for 32 months, nine months of which were spent in the Hawaiian Islands, where he was with a chemical mortar battalion. Before his transfer overseas, he was a physical education instructor with an anti-aircraft division.

Before entering service he was high school basketball coach at Cambridge and Rice Lake.

His wife motored to McCoy to meet him upon his discharge and they spent the remainder of the week visiting relatives in Milwaukee, Waukesha and Monticello. On Sunday they left for Cambridge, where Mr. Knoblauch has a teaching position.

—*Monticello Messenger*, March 7, 1946

Joseph R. Legler



Two Local Vets Are Home On Discharge

Sgts. Legler and Murphy Back In Civilian Clothes After 42 Months

During the past week residents of Monticello greeted two more returning servicemen when Sgt. Joseph R. Legler and Sgt. Warren Murphy arrived home to join other Monticello men who are again numbered among the civilians after serving in the nation's armed forces.

Sgt. Murphy and Sgt. Legler both entered service with the Army April 26, 1942. The former served in Army kitchens in various bases in this country and spent the major portion of his Army life at Camp Barkley, Texas. More recently he was stationed in California and received his honorable discharge at Camp Beale, arriving in Monticello, Thursday.

Sgt. Legler, after spending a number of months with a chemical unit in the United States, was transferred to England where he remained until receiving the orders that led to his honorable discharge from service at Camp McCoy, Wis., last week. He arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Legler, Fri-

day evening.

While in England Sgt. Legler was transferred to the Air Service Command, and while serving at a large Air Service Command Depot was awarded the Good Conduct Medal for exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity.

Sgt. Legler was united in marriage in 1944 while in England and a short time ago they welcomed a son. Mrs. Legler and son expect to be permitted to come here sometime after the first of the year.

—Monticello Messenger, Oct. 18, 1945

Mrs. Joseph Legler, Son Arrive Friday

First War Bride Arrives Here After Long Trip From England

Tired from the rigors of their long trip but happy to reach their destination after a 16-day trip, Mrs. Joseph Legler, Monticello's first war bride, and her son, David, arrived here Friday night.

Mrs. Legler and son left their home in Manchester, England March 16, and sailed to the United States on the U. S. liner, S. S. Washington reaching New York City Tuesday, March 26. They came west from New York on a special bride's train and were met in Madison by Mr. Legler, Friday night.

The former Lillie Tidswell, she met her husband while he was serving in England with the Army Air Forces. They were married in the summer of 1944. Their son, who stood the trip well, was nine months old Monday.

Thus far Mrs. Legler has been impressed most by the amount of food that is available in this particular section of the country. In her native country strict rationing is still in effect with meat set at a pound per person per week, one egg per week and two ounces of butter or other fats.

At the present time Mr. and Mrs. Legler and son are making their home with the gentleman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Legler, South Main street residents.

—Monticello Messenger, April 4, 1946

Emil Leutenegger



Mr. and Mrs. Emil Leutenegger, of this village, are in receipt of a letter from their son, Emil, who is serving in North Africa with the U. S. Army. His letter reads as follows:

North Africa,
Dec. 31, 1942.

Hello Folks,

I was sure glad to receive that carton of cigarettes. I don't know what to write, but will say that we are in good health and are having a fair time although we can't understand French,

but we get along quite well.

I wish I could find a girl that can talk Swiss—then I'd get along alright. I haven't found one yet, but am still looking.

Mickey and myself were in town last night but there is nothing to do but drink beer. And the beer we have at home is a lot better.

Well, I think I'll close for now.

Love,

Emil

--*Monticello Messenger*, January 28, 1943

Emil Leutenegger

Emil Leutenegger, veteran of three months action in the Tunisian campaign in North Africa as a member of a combat unit, is hospitalized due to an injured back. His brother, Joe, Marine Corps member, is in the SW Pacific.

--Monticello Drizzle

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Corp. Emil Leutenegger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Leutenegger, of this village, who has seen plenty of action in the North African campaign, has written his parents telling of his pleasure at the close of the bitter fight.

His letter reads as follows:

North Africa
May 22, 1943

Dear Mom,

“I thought I had better write you again and let you know that I am all right. Well, anyway, I'm glad the African campaign is over. I was at the front for three months but am finally back.

“I'm in a hospital at the present time but I'll be out before long. I came down sick a few days ago but am feeling pretty good now.

“I hope everything is all right with you.”

Love,

Emil

His address is as follows:

Corp. Emil Leutenegger
Can. Co., 60th Inf.
APO 9, New York, N. Y.

--Monticello Messenger, July 8, 1943

Joseph Leutenegger

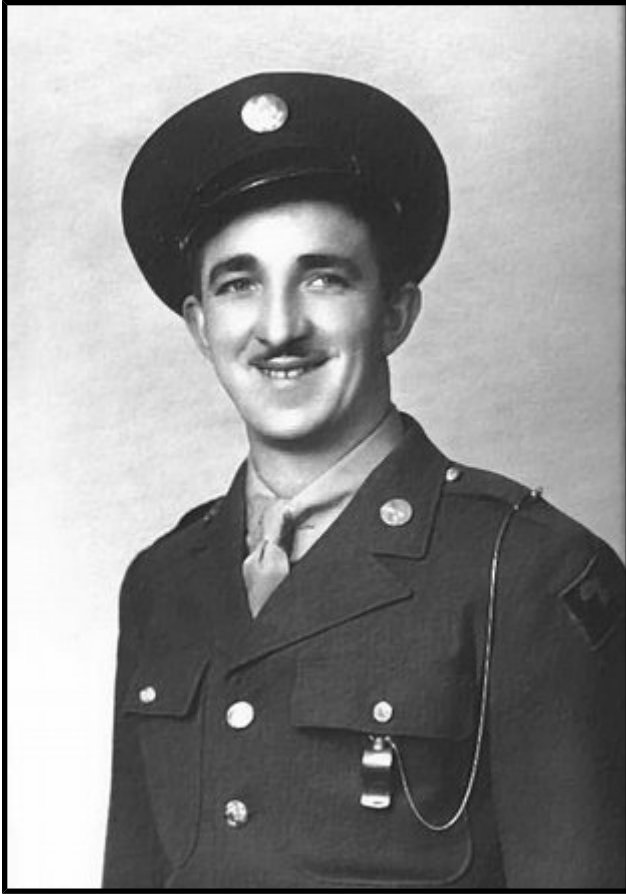


ARRIVES OVERSEAS

Pvt. Joseph Leutenegger, a member of the U. S. Marines and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Leutenegger, of this village, has arrived safely at an undisclosed overseas station, according to word received by his parents from the government. His new address is: Pvt. Joseph Leutenegger, Co. B, 12th Replacement Bn, Base Def., USMC, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Cal. Another son, Emil, is stationed in North Africa with the U. S. Army.

--Monticello Messenger, April 22, 1943.

Armin Loeffel



**Pfc. Armin Loeffel, MP,
'Gets His Man'
Former Local Man Applies
New Methods to Lure
Soldier Home**

That Pfc. Armin Loeffel, former Monticello boy, is a sociable sort of a gent is disclosed in an article appearing in his camp newspaper recently, describing an incident, which took place when Loeffel, a Military Police, went after his man—and got him.

It all sounds very simple, at least it was in this case. The article reads as follows:

Oh to be an MP! But it's not so easy as it sounds. To perform your duty properly, you have to have an appetite for good cake and coffee, and you've simply got to play a good game of rummy.

To stimulate himself in the chase for malefactors, Sherlock Holmes used to pump his veins full of cocaine, and tweedle on the violin. But

Pfc. Armin Loeffel has a simpler and more wholesome system.

Sent to take an AWOL at his home the other day, Loeffel found that the man was out. But he was expected back soon. The quick-thinking Loeffel then turned on the affability and soon ingratiated himself with (of all things!) the man's mother-in-law. Shortly after inviting him in the lady asked, "Care for some cake?"

"Don't mind if I do," the Pfc. answered modestly.

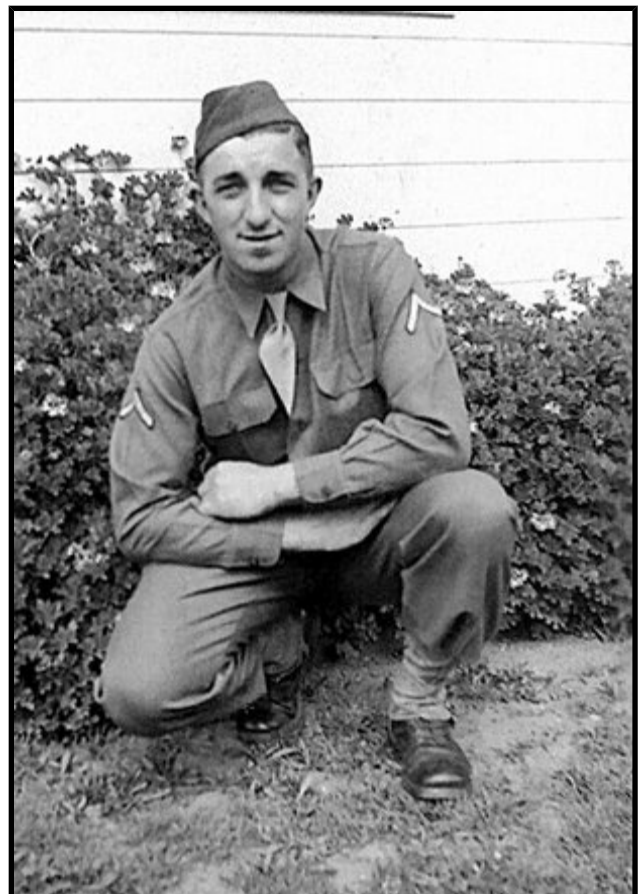
"And of course some coffee to go with it?"

"Why, yes, thanks," replied Loeffel.

Soon the lady asked Loeffel if he cared to try a hand at rummy. He did.

The payoff came when the AWOL walked in and found M.P. playing cards with his mother-in-law.

—*Monticello Messenger, April 27, 1944*



Armin Loeffel

Manila Calling Pfc. Armin F. Loeffel Writes Messenger

From far off Manila in the Philippine Islands comes word from Pfc. Armin Loeffel, former Monticello man, who is serving with an engineering unit.

In Europe when the clean up was conducted against the Nazis, Pfc. Loeffel was then sent to the South Pacific area. His letter in part, reads as follows:

I got the Messenger yesterday and was mighty glad to get it, as I always am. I broke a finger the other day playing baseball, but it is pretty good again now.

Well, we finally moved out of the mountains and are now 15 miles east of Manila. We were with the 86th Division but now are with Base X. We are building an arena. It consists of a race-track, ball diamond, boxing ring, tennis and volleyball court. So I guess we will be kept busy for a while.

"The weather here is very hot but I like it quite well."

—*Monticello Messenger, Dec. 13, 1945*

"I thought I would write and tell you my change in address. I am about the same as usual and working with the state and city police in downtown San Francisco. I like it very well. As there is nothing I know to write about, I will close.

Armin Loeffel."

Armin's new address is as follows: Pfc. Armin F. Loeffel, ASN 36258685, S.C.U. 4903 Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

—*Monticello Messenger*

Red Cross Receives News from Soldiers Servicemen Acknowledge Gifts Received from Local Chapter

The gift committee of the Monticello Red Cross Chapter, which has taken an important role in providing men from this vicinity with

various gifts upon their entry into military service, is in receipt of several interesting letters in which the boys acknowledge the arrival of the gifts. They are as follows:

Co. D. Det., 771 M. P. Bn. Atascadero, Cal.

Dear Friends:

Well, just a line or two to tell you I received your gift. And I want to thank you a million. It sure was swell. And it comes in handy.

There isn't much I can tell you. It's the same thing over and over. But the army life isn't bad. To me it is a vacation. I have to admit I have a pretty easy job, but very tiresome. I am guarding railroad tunnels. I guard six hours out of 12. I have been doing this ever since Nov. 13. We are stationed in town in a schoolhouse. The town is located halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, on Highway 101. We stay at the tunnels for two weeks, and then come into town for a week. The weather has been swell.

Armin F. Loeffel

—*Monticello Messenger*

Corp. Loeffel Discharged

Pfc. Armin Loeffel, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Loeffel, of this village, arrived home Friday morning from Camp McCoy, where he received his honorable discharge the day before, after serving in the Army Engineer Corps for three and one half years.

A veteran of both the European and South Pacific fronts, Corp. Loeffel entered service Sept. 3, 1942. He received his initial training in Texas and was sent to Europe to work with a bridge building unit, the 1267th Engineering Battalion, where he remained until the end of the war in Europe last May. He was sent directly to the South Pacific and was stationed at Manila, Philippine Islands, until receiving orders to embark for home.

A brother, Eddie, serving with the U.S. Marines, was discharged a short time ago after being wounded in action on Saipan and again on Iwo Jima.

—*Monticello Messenger, Feb. 7, 1946*

Edward A. Loeffel

“SCARED IS NO NAME FOR IT, BOY!” —

In those words, big, broad shouldered Pfc. Eddie Loeffel, the smiling, 205-pound Marine from Monticello, describes his reactions on that unforgettable first night of the battle for Saipan in the Pacific.

Losses in Eddie's platoon had been heavy during that opening day of grueling fighting. After the Marines had scored a sizeable advance, the Japs struck back at them with a severe counter-attack. As dusk was settling over the island, only 18 men remained in Eddie's platoon of some 40 Marines, the others having been either killed or wounded. By this time the Japs had withdrawn temporarily. Now the Marines began to dig in for the night. Eddie, who is a Browning Automatic Rifleman, and his assistant, were in a foxhole together serving as added protection for three other Marines manning a machine gun in another foxhole just a few feet away. As an added precaution against the possibility of renewed enemy fire during the night, the five Marines had dragged a big log in front of their foxholes.

Soon darkness settled over the island. In a short while, enemy grenades began to burst about the area, indicating that the Japs had left

their temporary hideouts and had crept back close to the Yank lines. The Marines began tossing grenades now, too. They held their rifle fire, however, because the spurt of flame, which accompanies each discharge, is certain to betray positions. It is impossible to tell just where grenades are hurled from because they explode in every direction, providing no such telltale clue.

Late that night, Eddie's attention was attracted by the dim outline of a soldier coming down the road barely 20 yards away. At first he thought it might be a Marine. Just then, however, the "mystery man" veered off the road and headed directly for Eddie's "dug-out." Here he began to crouch as he stole toward the foxhole, and for the first time, it became evident he was armed with a rifle because the bayonet could be seen gleaming in the dim moon-



light.

Eddie was now convinced it was a Jap, but he hesitated to fire for fear of divulging their position to the enemy. By this time, however, the intruder was only a few yards away.

"Halt!" cried Eddie. There was no response—no password.

In a flash, Eddie beat the Jap to the trigger. His Browning chattered its message of death and the Nip lunged forward, lifeless, his right arm

Edward A. Loeffel



dangling into the Monticello Marine's foxhole.

"Scared is no name for it, boy!" chuckled Eddie in relating this thrilling experience to the Drizzler. "No kidding. We were shaking like leaves on a tree."

Now, of course—as Eddie had feared—the location of the foxhole had been revealed to the enemy. Soon a Jap machine gun, which had been set up across the road hardly 50 yards away since darkness had closed in over the island, began to open fire. For fully half an hour, Eddie, with his Browning Automatic, and the Marine machine-gunners in the adjacent foxhole, dueled with the Japs. Finally the enemy fire died down.

Daylight arrived a few hours later.

The big log, which Eddie and his buddies had dragged along the outer edge of their foxholes, was peppered with bullet holes. Unquestionably it was all that had saved their lives.

Cautiously, Eddie and the other Marines approached the enemy machine gun nest. There, strewn about the machine gun, were four dead Japs.

For this action, the local Marine and his four buddies received a letter of commendation "for bravery and coolness under fire."

"We sure got a big laugh when we read about being brave and cool under fire," grinned Eddie with that broad, infectious grin of his, "Especially when we remembered how darned scared all of us were."

Later in the Saipan campaign, on July 4, 1944, Eddie was wounded in the back at the left shoulder. He was laying on his stomach on a hillside, firing at some Japs screened by brush on the crest, when an enemy bullet tore a hole two inches deep, two inches wide, and five inches long in his shoulder. Miraculously, it did not penetrate farther into his body, but ricocheted off the shoulder bone. He was also wounded on D-Day at bloody Iwo Jima when a piece of shrapnel penetrated his right hip and came out in the middle of the leg. He was later awarded the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster for these wounds.

Eddie, who has three battle stars—for the Rio Namur, Saipan, and Iwo Jima campaigns—is now at Camp Perry, Va., where he is awaiting reassignment following a month's furlough at home. He reported there July 1st. If the usual procedure is followed, there is a good possibility that Eddie will be assigned to duty somewhere in the states for a period of six months before he is considered for further service in the Pacific.

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Pfc. Eddie Loeffel, who has been having a hard time keeping his girlish figure down somewhere near the 200-pound mark, has a distinction owned by few, if any, of his old Monticello high school pals. For the second time while traveling from island to island in the Southwest Pacific, his boat has been sunk by enemy action, but fortunately no lives were lost on either occasion. The second sinking occurred last month. And, ladies and gentlemen, take it from Eddie, a December "dunking" in the icy waters of the vast Pacific Ocean isn't exactly what might be called fun. In the first sinking, Eddie lost his money and everything else because he had them locked in his locker. That made the "Big Boy" just a little bit peeved and he vowed, right then and there, that this was the last time the sharks were going to have a chance to play poker with Eddie Loeffel's lettuce leaves. Since then he's been carrying his currency buttoned in his uniform pockets. And so the last time Eddie took "the plunge," his dough didn't desert him.

—*Monticello Drizzle excerpts*

Series A.

United States Marine Corps

FIDELI CERTA MERGES
 From the

United States Marine Corps

A442525
 168222

REGISTER OF DEEDS OFFICE }
 GREEN COUNTY, WISCONSIN } ss
 Received for record 10/16/45. Fee of \$1.00.
 A. 1945 et. l. 30. 9 o'clock P. M. and recorded
 in Volume 3 of SD. 94 Pages 520
 Grace M. Thayer
 Register of Deeds

Deputy

This is to certify that

EDWARD ALBERT LOEFFEL a PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
 is Honorably Discharged from the MD, U.S.N.D.R.C.
 CAMP PEAR, VIRGINIA and from the United States Marine Corps
 RESERVE this 9th day of NOVEMBER, 1945
 This certificate is awarded as a Testimonial of Fidelity and
 Obedience.

Edwin F. Peters
 EDWIN F. PETERS
 Lieutenant Commander, U.S. Naval Reserve

Edward A. Loeffel

Enlisted at Milwaukee, Wisconsin on the 18th day of
September, 1943 to serve Natl. Emerg. years
Born April 29, 1924 at Green County, Wisconsin
When enlisted was 71 inches high, with Brown eyes, Brown hair,
complexion: ruddy citizenship: U.S.
Previous service: None

Rank and type of warrant at time of discharge: Private First Class (line)
Weapons qualification: Rifle Sharp-shooter, November 18, 1943

Special military qualifications: None

Service (sea and foreign): Pacific Area from February 1, 1944, to May 17,
1945.

Wounds received in service: Wounded in action, July 3, 1944, on Saipan.
Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Participated in action against the
enemy Japanese at Saipan, Marianas Islands, from June 15, 1944, to
July 3, 1944; Participated in the battle of Kwajalein Atoll, Marshall
Islands, from February 1, 1944, to February 2, 1944; Iwo Jima,
Volcano Islands, from February 19, 1945, to February 19, 1945.

Remarks: Awarded the Purple Heart Medal; Awarded the Gold Star in
lieu of second Purple Heart for wounds received in action against
the enemy Japanese at Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands, on February 19,
1945.

Character of service excellent. EDWIN F. PETERS
Serial number 880727 Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.R.



Is physically qualified for discharge. Requires neither treatment nor hospitalization.

I certify that this is the actual print of the right index finger of the man herein mentioned.

Raymond C. Davis Comdr, U. S. N.R.
and Medical Officer.

Monthly rate of pay when discharged \$54.00

I hereby certify that the within named man has been furnished travel allowance at the rate of
.05 cents per mile from Williamsburg, Virginia to Monroe, Wisconsin
and paid \$ 72.15 in full to date of discharge.

(Signature of man.)

Edwin F. Peters, U. S. N.R.
EDWIN F. PETERS, Lt. Comdr, Commanding Officer.