



THE LIBERATOR™

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14th Armored Division Association*

SUMMER 2009

Message from the President...

HOPING FOR A GOOD ATTENDANCE AT GREEN BAY



RUSSELL BARTON
President, 14th AD Association

I am so sorry to hear that this year's gathering in La Crosse had to be canceled because so few were able to attend. It was so enjoyable for so many years to meet there in the spring but we are all getting older and time changes everything. We can no longer do many of those things that we enjoyed for so many years.

I do hope our reunion in Green Bay will be well attended. It is a great place and Harold Kiehne has put in so much work into planning for this event. So please come and enjoy it. Each year is important and makes a big difference in our lives. I keep hoping I can be there for at least a few hours and visit with my old comrades and friends.

I am holding my own fairly well. I am still at Hillside Manor, walk with my walker, and go home one day a week with my wife and other family members. I pray to be able to be home more of the time soon.

It is nice to see and be outside, to see the flowers bloom as the weather warms. I have a bird feeder outside my window and I enjoy watching the birds. We have a variety of entertainment here and get to go on a bus ride now and then. I get good care but still it's not home. I certainly appreciate company and mail, and would love to

have more of each.

I have a copy of *The Liberator* beside my bed and I look at it often and remember the good old days and the many friends of years gone by.

Please plan to be in Green Bay and help keep the 14th Armored Division Association going. I am sure you will enjoy it.

Thank you Harold Kiehne and all your helpers for all your hard work in preparing for the reunion. I only wish I could be there to help you.

God bless you all,
Russ Barton

INTERESTING PROGRAM SET FOR 45TH ANNUAL REUNION

By Harold Kiehne
Reunion Committee Chairman

Here we go... The 45th annual reunion of the 14th Armored Division Association. We've had one every year since 1965 and we don't want to call it quits. What a wonderful organization, and now the younger generations are joining us to help keep things going.

Thanks are due to Edith and Russ Barton, and their son David. Their encouragement has been a big help in preparing for the 2009 reunion. Also, our sincere thanks to Charlotte Froelich and her daughter for their help in making necessary arrangements.

The "Fantastic Mystical" affair will

be one of great interest but not too hard on us old folks. Especially since I think I have put it together.

Be sure to sign up for the first

event on Thursday, the boat trip and lunch, because we have to meet our obligation of 100 or more for this event. The boat is just three blocks from the hotel and is an easy stroll. But we will have transportation—like a few wheelchairs, etc.—for those who require help. We may need a volunteer, like Herb Newsome, to



Harold Kiehne

(Continued on page 3)

45th NATIONAL REUNION
Green Bay, Wisconsin • September 9-13, 2009

**FROM THE LADIES
AUXILIARY PRESIDENT**



GAYLE SIEWERT

Greetings to all from Minnesota!

What a great summer we are having, but it is going by fast. Hope you are all enjoying it as well.

Plans for Green Bay are going along fine. It sounds like it will be a great time. Just think, it will be our 45th reunion and only just a couple of weeks away, so please make your plans to attend, as it will be an exciting weekend, especially with the Packers on Sunday.

We are looking for help with any donations to our hospitality room. We will be looking for raffle prizes, food, pop, and other various items. The hotel said it would be no problem to bring items in.

Thanks to all that have sent in donations to *The Liberator* postage fund, it has been a great help. Verlyn does a wonderful job; many thanks to him!!!

This year's raffle money will go to the Clement J. Zablocki VA Medical Center in Milwaukee. The wish list is a big one, so I hope everyone can help with a couple of items; don't forget the donations to the raffle.

Best wishes to all that have birthdays or anniversaries, my sympathies to all that have lost loved ones.

Take care and hope to see you all in Green Bay.

Gayle Siewert
Auxiliary President

Honorary National President
MAJOR GEN. A.C. SMITH, USA-Deceased

Honorary National President
LT. COL. ANDREW W. WINIARCZYK, USA-Deceased

★★★ LIBERATOR ★★★

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Check One of the following: New Member Renewal Life Membership \$30.00

Name _____

Address _____

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Husband's Name _____ Tel. No. _____

Please make checks payable to: National Women's Auxiliary
of the 14th Armored Division Ass'n.

UPDATE ON 45TH REUNION AT GREEN BAY

(Continued from page 1)

oversee part of it and point us in the right direction.

Then, of course, we will have the Early Bird Dinner on Thursday evening. Nothing too strenuous (or loud) planned but we think you will have a very good time with entertainment and old and new friends.

On Friday, after the free breakfast at the hotel, it's off to the Green Bay Packers' Stadium and Hall of Fame. This should be a most interesting experience for everyone, whether or not you are a Packers fan. The tour will include lunch and shopping.

Back at the hotel, we will enjoy a Friday evening "Tailgate Party" which will give you all an opportunity to visit

in an informal setting. When in Rome, you do as the Romans, and when in Green Bay, you do as the Packers fans. It should be noted that there will be a Packers game in Green Bay on the Sunday evening after our reunion officially ends, but the tailgate party in the parking lot at the stadium starts earlier that day, about 9 or 10 a.m. Some of you might want to stick around just to watch this football mania event.

Saturday will be busy. After the free breakfast at the hotel, the memorial service and business meetings will be held. And, of course, our banquet will be on Saturday evening. We anticipate a delicious meal and some enjoyable entertainment.

Again on Sunday morning, there will be a free breakfast served for all hotel guests. Then, following breakfast, Chaplain Burgess will conduct a

brief church service, at 9 a.m. or earlier, for all in attendance. Many find this an appropriate way to end the reunion and bid farewell to old comrades and friends before starting their journey home.

Check the registration schedule printed in this issue of *The Liberator*, as well as announcements to be posted at the hotel for exact time schedules. Slight time changes are always a possibility.

Let us remind you one more time that the Green Bay locality and adjoining areas afford outstanding vacation-land opportunities and you may want to consider extending your stay in the region for a while after the reunion ends.

See you all in Green Bay!

Southeastern States Chapter, 14th ADA Reunion, 2009

The Southeastern States Chapter, 14th ADA held its 23rd annual reunion at Orlando, Florida, January 29-February 1, 2009. The Reunion registered 32 attendees, of which 11 were 14th veterans: Morris Berman, Joe Cotten, Fred Harshberger, Harry Kemp, Bob McClarren, Tom McCoy, Dudley Partrick, Fred Shattuck, Phil Snoberger, and Bob Straba.

For 22 years the affair had been held at Jacksonville Beach, Florida, but at last year's reunion the group decided to move to the Central Florida resort area where rates were more competitive and transportation was more favorable. The choice of the Hampton Inn South of Universal Studios confirmed the wisdom of the decision. The price was unbeatable, the buffet breakfast was great, and the service was unsurpassed. (The staff had a little

presentation for us – a gathering with a short speech and a 14th AD decorated cake.) Appreciating our good fortune, we voted to return to the Hampton for the 2010 Reunion.

The evening meals were off-site and planned, but informal and sociable – Tony Roma's, the Sleuth Mystery Dinner Theater, the Pirates Dinner Adventure, and the Taverna (belly dancers and lots of "oompah").

The annual meeting began with the traditional memorial service for the deceased members. Trumpet "Taps" was blown by Dr. Jack Harvey (Fred Harshberger's son-in-law), followed by comments by Chairman Snoberger.

The business session followed. The treasurer reported unofficially, since some Reunion accounts were still open. The balance was approximately \$1200. Implementing a decision to re-

turn to the Hampton Inn in 2010, the group agreed to reduce the number of days of the Reunion from 4 to 3, hold the affair in mid-week (Tue.-Thur.), and eliminate pre-planned meal functions. (Restaurant selections will be made and group sittings arranged after arrival at the reunion.) In the absence of an eligible and willing candidate for President, the matter was tabled, and Bob McClarren and Phil Snoberger were elected Co-Chairmen, with the assistance of Chapter members who will be given specific assignments.

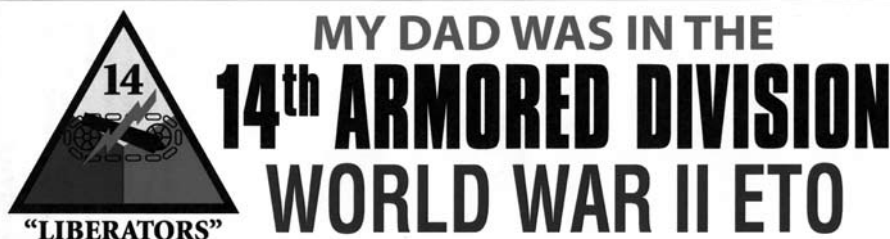
Special thanks were given to Barton Knapp for his continuing assistance with the Chapter's banking activities, which remain in the Jacksonville area; to Dr. Harvey for his great Taps trumpeting, and to Mrs. Janet (Phil) Snoberger, again the "hostess with the mostess" in the hospitality parlor.

NEW BUMPER STICKERS TO BE AVAILABLE

Joe Fitts informs that he is having some new bumper stickers printed

that will soon be available to those interested in displaying their pride in the 14th Armored Division. The stickers will be approximately 3" x 9"

in size and in full color. The sample shown here is for display by children of 14th AD veterans, but Joe is also having stickers printed for Liberator vets to display. The bumper stickers are priced at \$3.00 each with profits going to the Western States Chapter of the Association. Those interested can



NEW MEMBERS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Rebecca Dalessandro* 125th A
 Robert D. Kroupa** 125th A
 Mark Hudelston*** CCR

Charles C. Vredenburg, Jr.** 501st A

Gerald Walter Vredenburg** 501st A

Michael Flanagan** 62nd

Barbara Flanagan** 62nd
 Mark Hudelson (Kelly) CCR
 Peggy Grove**

Craig Kroupa**

Karen Mahan

William Z.F. Walker 47th Recon

* Wife of Member **Son or Daughter of Member

REINSTATED MEMBERS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Timothy O'Keefe**
 John Niemec
 Harry White

NEW LIFE MEMBERS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

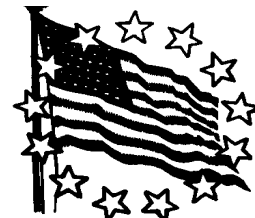
Bob Picaro
 Charles Vredenburg
 Gerald Vredenburg

DONATIONS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Ray Huning	Mark Hudelson	James Dodson
Marjorie Van Someren	Martin Evans	Herman Fiedler
Bob McKenne	Elvin Middleton	Mike Auer
John Hennen	Herman Fiedler	William Walker
Michael Flanagan	Mike Auer	Karen Mahan
Barbara Flanagan	William Walker	John Weney
Italia Valente	Norene Johnson	

SPECIAL DONATIONS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Tom Smith	Ralph Cardinal	Joseph Fiske
Stan Grobeln	Werner Wirth	Bernard Rudd
Barbara Nash	Glenn Anderson	David Dobles
Charles Deboer	(in memory of	Ralph Drafall
Verlyn Hofer	Forrest Petty)	Selwyn Bloome
Frank Fulmer	Joseph Fiske	Karl Pauzar
Bernita Fulmer	Bernard Rudd	Jack Dewitt
Robert Buntin	David Robles	
Roger Austin	Ralph Drafall	



TAPS

Beatrice English, 94th E
 (Wife of Kenneth)
 Ambrose Bennett, 19th B
 John Kraker, 94th A
 Erwin Crossman, 94th C
 Alice Sargent, 47th D
 (Wife of Tony)
 Robert Smith, 19th A
 Martha Berkey, 69th C
 (Wife of Richard)
 Forrest Pelly, 94th A
 Vern Leggett, 636th
 Ermal Hull, (Wife of Oscar)
 Raymond Franklin, 48th C
 Jack Simonaen, 47th HQ
 James Shiels, 19th AIB C
 William J. Parent, 47th HQ, Tank Bn.

NOTE: Information regarding the death of 14th AD comrades should be directed to Gus Hinrich, National Secretary, for listing in the "Taps" column.



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Thanks for Donations

Our sincere thanks to all who have and continue to make donations to the Liberator/Postage Fund. Without this support, it would be most difficult to continue this publication.

Gus Hinrich & Verlyn Hofer

Attention: Would-Be Authors

It has been brought to our attention that anyone interested in publishing a non-fiction book about land warfare in the 20th Century may want to contact the Aberjona Press which specializes in this type of publication.

tor.d.net. Recently published by Aberjona Press is the book "Seven Days in January" by Wolf Zoepf, which is the German perspective of the battle for northern Alsace.



THE CHAPLAIN'S COMMENTS

John A. Burgess

THE LORD IS THERE



These are tough times for many all over the world. Tornadoes and floods have destroyed many homes and businesses. There have been financial losses as pensions and retirement funds have been decreased. As members of the 14th are growing older, they are experiencing physical and financial difficulties. During difficult times when prayer asking for relief doesn't seem to be answered one may wonder where God is. The Bible addresses God by many different names that present a number of characteristics and truths about God. One of these names is Jehovah Shammah. (Ezek 48:35) This title translated means The LORD IS THERE. This name proclaimed by the prophet Ezekiel simply means GOD IS PRESENT. This name commands all who trust to be assured that they are always in God's presence, not only in good times, not now and then, but always, constantly. This title gives a wonderful truth that strengthens a believer's life. This truth that I learned during my childhood strengthened me during the days of combat. Even when we are in difficult times and God doesn't seem to answer our cry for relief, God is there watching over the Believer.

In the Old Testament the life of Joseph reveals he experienced years of severe difficulties. He was hated by his brothers who sold him into slavery. In Egypt he was a slave in the house of Pharaoh and was unjustly imprisoned for several years. He requested of two prisoners who were released to help him be freed. They neglected for a while to speak on his behalf. After his release from prison, he eventually became the

second in command in Egypt. This position made it possible for Joseph to save, during a famine, his father and the family that would become the nation of Israel. Joseph recognized that God used the adversity in his life to prepare the way to save Israel. (Gen. 50:20) To his brothers he said, "You meant evil against me but God meant it for good in order to bring it about as it is this day to save many people." We need to learn from Joseph's life how God uses adversity in our lives to create good.

Paul, the apostle, had a similar experience. Prayer was offered several times to remove physical pain. He was unhappy that his prayers were not answered with the removal of the discomfort. Finally God told him that his pain would not be eliminated but God would allow the painful condition to remain and fulfill His purpose.

Historical events of missionaries illustrate God's activity in their lives. The life of faith lived by Hudson Taylor clearly illustrates the presence of God. On his way to China a strong current caused the ship to drift toward sunken reefs. There was no breeze to turn the ship. The captain despaired thinking nothing could be done to save them. Taylor said, "We haven't prayed yet. Go to our cabins and pray." When Taylor felt that God was going to answer, he came on deck and told the First Officer to set the sails. Disbelieving he did. A strong breeze came upon the sails and they continued to the destination.

Even though times when prayers are not answered and we wonder where God is, we can be assured when problems increase and

we question if we will survive that God will come even in ways least expected. God says: "I will not forget you. See, I have inscribed you on the palms of My hands." (Is 49:15,16) Everything that God allows in your life is prompted by His love for you, even hard times. It is amazing how God weaves a tapestry of events and people to bring us along in the Christian faith.

The Bible proclaims that God lives in the believer. "Do you not know that you are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwells in you?" (1 Cor. 3:16) This is additional truth to support the reality of the constant presence of the Lord.

There are hundreds of Divine promises recorded in the Bible. Many of them reflect upon moments of adversity. The following provides assurance and encouragement. (Isaiah 41:10) "Fear not for I am with you; Be not dismayed' for I am your God. I will strengthen you. Yes, I will help you. I will uphold you with My righteous right hand."

Chaplain John A. Burgess

One of my goals as Chaplain is to contact the widows and families of 14th members who die. Therefore, I would appreciate having each one of you inform me when you know of a death. I would also like to hear of any who are in the hospital, nursing home or confined to their own homes. Some of you are already doing this and I wish to thank you. I can be reached at the following:

MAIL:

TEL:

EMAIL:

or

WESTERN STATES CHAPTER REUNION

Western States Chapter met again at the Casa Serrano Restaurant in Mohave Valley, Arizona, on April 7 & 8, 2009. We stayed in Laughlin, NV, 13 miles away.

There were 26 persons present and 10 were 14TH ARMORED VETS. One new to the group, Don Runciman, came down from Des Moines, WA, near Tacoma.



Pictured above from Tanks are: Front row l-r: Don Runciman-48 Sv., Teresa Gail McAfee, Shirley Todd, Joanne Smith Mello, Mary Ann Cotten, and Annette Clark. Back Row l-r: Mike McAfee, Darrel Todd 48C, Bruce Mello, R.D., Joe Cotten 47D, Don Clark 48 Hq (birthday boy).



Those from Infantry & Ordinance: Front row l-r: Victor Lagunas Sr. 136A, Susan Woods, Scott Wheeler 62A, Doris Hinrich, Robert Bleakley 68B. Back row l-r: Gilbert Lagunas, Victor Lagunas Jr., Gus Hinrich 62A, Joe Fitts 136C.



Artillery unit represented by the Fulmer Family - Front row l-r: Renee Fulmer, Bernita Fulmer, Suan Fulmer. Rear behind the better halves: Darrel Fulmer, Patriarch Frank Fulmer 500B, Kent Fulmer.

Several more had registered but had to cancel for various reasons. They were Richard Horton & Barbara, Jake & Loretta Rodriguez and their daughter Linda and husband Morty, Mrs. Castro Jackson & daughter Linda & friend Alvin Long.

Donations were received from many and much appreciated.

As ever, Joe Fitts

47th TANK TRACKS

We were privileged to again attend the Southeast Reunion of the Association in Florida this year. The reunion had been held in the Jacksonville area for many years, but was moved to the Orlando area for the late January '09 reunion. It was held at an upscale hotel (good rates) in the midst of the entertainment district of Orlando with easy access to all major activities. Phil Snoberger and wife, Janet, did an excellent job of arranging and mapping out a fine program of events for all to attend. Included were three very interesting and entertaining dinner shows (live performances) which were enjoyed by all. A very nice hospitality room provided by the hotel was available throughout, and an extended (hot) breakfast served daily. There were about 30 persons in attendance at the reunion, although some regulars were not present and, of course, were sorely missed. Notably, the Cecil Veale family and Marshall Whiteside, among others could not attend this year, but hopefully will be there next year.

It is my understanding that the reunion will be held in the same place next year, but a few days earlier in late January 2010. Check *The Liberator* for specific dates and other details. It was also agreed that two persons (Phil Snoberger and Robert McClarren) will share top billing and responsibilities for the next reunion. All agreed this is a good arrangement and may extend the life of the SE Chapter.

It was another fine gathering of the Western States Reunion in Bullhead City, AZ, in early April '09. This was again very capably set up and handled by Joe Fitts, with much help from Joanne Mello and her husband, Bruce. The program involved two sit-down meals (Tuesday and Wednesday) at an upscale restaurant in Bullhead City, with hotel reservations (great rates) at the nearby Edgewater in Laughlin, NV. There was time before and after each meal for casual visiting, rehashing old times, and generally enjoying the usual camaraderie. Also, there was a group breakfast on Thursday morning at the Edgewater. It was a good reunion with near 30 people present. There were two couples from the old 47th (Joe and Mary Ann Cotten and Don and Annette Clark). The other regular 47th members (Richard and Barbara Horton) could not make it this year, but hopefully will be there next year.

Gus Hinrich made a nice pitch for the National Reunion to be held in Green Bay, in September '09. He explained some problems at the management level in getting the details worked out because of illnesses and extreme weather conditions. He assured all that the reunion is now on track and the details will be in the next *Liberator*. I certainly urge all who can travel to attend that reunion in a great setting. Things are obviously winding down for the Association and we all need to lend maximum support to keep things going as long as possible. See you in Green Bay.

Joe Cotten

Great Changes Noted During Trip to Alsace 64 Years After War

by Robert R. McClarren, D-25th

For 64 years a lot of my mental baggage had been memories of the months of 1944-1945 when the 14th Armored Division was in Alsace, France. As time passed the desire to return to the place of memories was unrelieved and the probability grew slimmer.

Adding to the press was the desire to share my father's memories. A World War I veteran of the 37th (Buckeye/Ohio) Infantry Division, he and I were in the same places in the two different wars. On a drizzly night on a long, blacked-out, and tedious night march of CCA's approach to its first combat (Gertwiller), I relieved my tank driver. Rolling down the wet main street of a village, I responded prematurely to the directional flashlight signal of an MP. As a result, I skidded into a shuttered automobile showroom. That place was Rambervillers, and my dad's diary has a Rambervillers entry!

Why didn't I go on one of the 14th Alsace tours in the 80's and 90's? After decades of fruitlessly searching for a 14th Armored Division Association, I finally found it in 1999. But it was a few years too late.

A few years ago, younger members of my family included me in their trip to France, with the prospect of finally getting to Alsace. Unfortunately, the pleasures of the Euro Disney theme park were too great; I only got about 30 miles east of Paris and some 200 miles short of my goal.

A younger cousin, Carol Lynn, a traveler, learning of my unfulfilled wish, said, "I'll take you." So, she did; we went to Alsace in October, after last year's 14th ADA Reunion in Kalamazoo.

Our trip was a non-group tour, arranged by an agency that gave the basics - air transportation, arrival and departure orienters and agents, house-keeping accommodations during our stay, and a rental car. As for the rest, we were on our own. So, Carol Lynn and I flew from Chicago to Paris, where we spent a few days and then flew to Strasbourg.

Exiting the Strasbourg airport terminal building, with difficulty I restrained myself from shouting, "Alsace, Alsace...I'm here at last!!"

Our rental car was waiting, and we were off to our apartment at Beblenheim. That village is about an hour's drive south of Strasbourg, and is on the much publicized Alsatian Wine Route. (CCA's first combat objectives were Barr and Gertwiller. Those towns are north, just up the road from Beblenheim.)

In peacetime the area is most attractive, with the forested Vosges Mountains rising immediately to the west, and the fertile, village-dappled Rhine Plain to the east. The towns, within rifle shot of each other, are neat

and well kept with old style half-timbered buildings. In truth, they may look old, but an official guide in Strasbourg informed us that well over half of the Alsatian villages were destroyed and many others were significantly damaged, but all had been rebuilt or restored to look as they had for many centuries. The curving and twisting roads of WWII days remain. (I've long wondered if the roads originally were laid out by over-wined surveyors.) However, the trees which traditionally lined the roads seemed to have disappeared, and intersections now tend to be roundabouts. Flowers were everywhere - window boxes, roadsides, doorways, parks.

The people were great. They were patient with our language problems (I saw no signs, "English spoken here"), went out of their way to be helpful, and to tell us how glad they were that we were there. We heard, "Thank you! The Amis saved us in WWI, and the Amis saved us in WWII!"

Alsace was a jewel box. On a prior-

itized list for travelers of places to visit after those of the Grand Tour - London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Limerick, etc., Alsace might well be "tops." (Carol Lynn, my son Todd, who joined us there for a few days, greatly enjoyed my country of choice.)

My purpose, however, was not that of the general traveler. After a great marriage, and the participation in pro-



Robert McClarren, left and Rev. Georges Pfalzgraf at the monument located between Hatten and Rittershoffen commemorating the battle that was fought there in January of 1945

ducing a family of which a parent may be proud, my life's greatest memories are those of the old soldier. I was on a pilgrimage. I was seeking to recharge those memories. I expected that there would be some changes to scene and to detail in memory, but I grossly underestimated at what can occur in 64 years.

When we were there in WWII, the Alsations were speaking German; now they speak French (a language in which I am lost). Larger farms, a shift from subsistence, one-horse farming (I wonder if there's a barnyard "honey pot" for home-made fertilizer anywhere), new cash crops (acres and acres of corn) suggest there's little peasantry left, if it still exists at all.

A larger problem was the disparity with what I remembered with certainty over the years and the reality I found was different or nonexistent in 2008. In an extensive search in Rambervillers for the shuttered auto showroom into which I accidentally drove my tank, I

(Continued on page 8)

TRIP TO ALSACE

(Continued from page 7)

couldn't find the place. The orchard on the west edge of Rittershoffen where I spent Christmas, 1944, eluded me; either it has been built over or I remembered it wrongly. The roadside space by the cemetery at Goxwiller where I saw two surrendered German "kid" soldiers in the veterinary corps executed and buried, was much too small a space for all that activity. At Gertwiller the spot where I thought we were when we silenced a German anti-tank gun, now seems to be a roundabout and there are buildings in our would have been field of fire.

For three days in the Rittershoffen fight, my tank was in a small valley on the northwest edge of town and from which ultimately we were evacuated (3 of the 4 men in the crew were wounded); I could not find anything of that site. "Batting" hitless in these five times "at bat" reluctantly persuaded me to quit looking. (I had at least another half

there, I wished to find two graves: those of Larry Kemp, twin brother of surviving fellow member of C-68th AIB, and Lewis ("Red") Crook, D-25th TK, the only battle death from my company. The cemetery staff was most helpful. Immediately we were escorted to Larry's grave, pausing only long enough for our guide to cut a rose from a cemetery planting, and gather up some black dirt. When we got to Larry's marker, he dropped the red rose at the foot of the marker, then smeared the dirt on the tombstone's inscription to make it stand out for readability. (The excess soil was brushed away before photography.)

However, the cemetery could find no record of Lewis Crook in this cemetery or any other American cemetery in Europe. A query to the American Military Cemetery Commission in Washington, D.C. was suggested.

After the grave visit, I was invited to participate in the Retreat ceremony, which I did. (I joined our guide in receiving the lowered colors and folding them in the proper tri-cornered pack.) The experience

was most memorable. Then there was the biggest day, the really high point of the visit to Alsace.

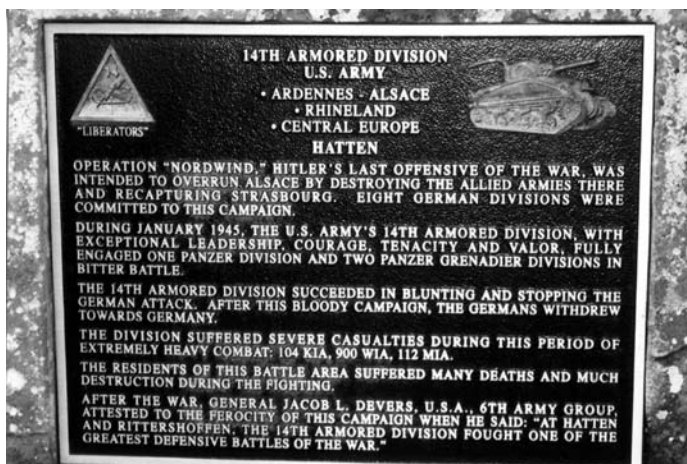
In anticipation of the visit to Alsace, I opened a correspondence with Georges Pfalzgraf, our Honorary Life Member, whom I'd never met, but of whom I had some knowledge, thanks to his communications in *The Liberator*. (Georges, a retired Lutheran minister, lives with his wife and son at Gumbrechtshoffen, about 10 miles northwest of



Bob McClarren and Rev. Pfalzgraf enjoy a short walk in Niedermörschen near the fine restaurant where they enjoyed a meal before more sightseeing.

Hagenau. A youngster during the war, he subsequently entered the ministry, with his last and long pastorate being Rittershoffen. There he built the modern church, which occupies the site of the WWII building with its infamous tower occupied by the German OP during the battle. He generously offered to be our guide, we accepted, and how fortunate we were!

After stopping at his house and meeting him and his wife, Liliane, we were off to visit Rittershoffen and Hatten. Since sightseeing on an empty stomach is most unwise, Georges took us to what must have been a multi-starred Michelin country inn in nearby Niedermörschen. I know not, nor care, what the others had; my meal was exceptional - a Vosges wild boar ragout. Then it was on to Rittershoffen and Hatten. At the military museum at the Maginot bunker on the south side of town the mayor and others awaited us. During the several hours we spent there, I returned the flag of that town which had been given to the 4th ADA during the group's stop there during its mid-'90s tour. (The flag was in the recently dispersed division flag collection, and it seemed appropriate to return it "home.") Then it was on to the churchyard where the boulder-mounted monument to the 14th Armored Division is located. (Adjacent is a large red sandstone monument memorializing the dead of WWI and WWII.) Rittershoffen, a mile to the west was our next destination. Midway between the



This plaque, on display in Hatten, was presented to that city by members of the 14th AD Association who were present for special commemorative events there in 1995, the 50th anniversary of the end of the war.

dozen sites to find on my list.) I guess, as Tom Wolfe titled his book, "You Can't Go Home Again."

In retrospect these disappointments and problems were far overshadowed by the ambiance of Alsace. Then there were two high points.

On one of our days we drove to Epinal (remembered as the end of the "40 and 8" boxcar ride from Marseille to the "front" for many Liberators). In the American Military Cemetery now

TRIP TO ALSACE

(Continued from page 8)



From left to right are Georges Pfalzgraf, Robert McClarren and the mayor of Hatten holding the flag which was earlier presented to the 14th AD Assoc. by the people of Hatten, and then returned to Hatten for permanent display in the museum there.

two towns is another large redstone monument: this one has an M-4 (Sherman) medium tank in bas-relief, and is dedicated to the memory of the Battle of Hatten-Rittershoffen.

At Rittershoffen we were greeted by the senior town official, who escorted us to its interesting museum, opened for our benefit, and spent an hour with us. Close by was the church that Georges built—a striking, modern edifice in which great pride could be taken.

In our tour we interrupted the current pastor and his catechism class. He had spent several years in Chicago and Seattle, and spoke fluent English. Full of questions and expressions of gratitude for the WWII service, he conveyed all this to his students.

But the great day was not over. Back at Georges' Gumbrechtshoffen home, dinner was hosted by Liliane. (She is interesting in her own right. We were greatly interested in her activities promoting peace through cooperation, and involving, as I recall, a bi-national-German and French-group.) We were joined at dinner by their son, Christian, who contributed a youthful tone to our conversation.

Thanks to Georges, I had my BIGGEST day in Alsace.

Recalls Rittershoffen and Steinfeld

by Harry Kemp, 68th AIB

During the night of January 11, 1945 my platoon leader, Lt. Gozlin, C-68 AIB, crawled over to my foxhole in the apple orchard at Rittershoffen and asked me if I had ever fired a Browning Automatic Rifle. I told him yes and he handed me a BAR. He also said that two men in the platoon would be my ammunition bearers. The next morning our mortars dropped smoke (WP) shells on a German machine gun nest and my BAR team charged into the smoke and threw grenades into the nest. When the grenades exploded the machine gun stopped firing. Two German soldiers came out with their hands up shouting "Komerad."

I told the two ammunition bearers to take the prisoners to Lt. Gozlin. I went into the next house. I looked out the back door and saw a German coming toward me. I pointed my BAR toward him and shouted "Halt." He stopped and his hand moved toward a Luger on his gun belt. A burst from my BAR killed him. I took the Luger off his gun belt and put it in my jacket pocket.

I went back to Lt. Gozlin and told him what happened. He told me to take Sgt. Richard Sieders and a squad of men to the house where I killed the German.

When we got there we could see a squad of German soldiers coming

toward us. Sgt. Sieders told us to hold our fire. When they got within 30 yards from us Sieders ordered "Commence Firing." We killed most of them and the rest dropped their weapons shouting "Komerad."

On January 21, 1945, after fighting for what has now been described as the greatest defensive battle in WWII, the 14th Armored Division withdrew from Hatten and Rittershoffen to the banks of the Moder River.

On March 14, 1945, I was one of ten enlisted men from the 14th Armd Div who were commissioned at Hochfelden.

I was transferred from C-68 AIB to B-68 AIB and told to report to Captain M. A. Reed at Kapsweyer, Germany.

Captain Reed told me that my platoon would lead the attack on Steinfeld March 18, 1945. At Kapsweyer, which is only 200 yards from Steinfeld, I met 1st Lt. John Myer, forward observer for the 500th Field Artillery, and he gave me very valuable information which assisted me in preparing for the attack.

At 1200 March 18, 1945, I jumped off with my platoon and we breached the Siegfried Line at Steinfeld. Chapter 11 of the 14th Armd Div History describes our experiences.

About 0400 19 March 1945, I received a code message by radio tell-

ing me that an unidentified explosion would occur near me and the men in my platoon at 0600 that morning.

American combat engineers had wrapped CN2 (putty nitro-glycerin) around the dragons teeth near our position and stuck a fuse in it and blew the dragons teeth to kingdom come. It was the strongest concussion I had every heard. My ear drums rang for 3 days afterwards.

The combat engineers then filled in the hole and installed a steel matted bridge. The 25th Tank Bn and the 62nd Inf Bn crossed the bridge and continued exploiting the breakthrough at Steinfeld.

The men in my platoon and in Lt. Napier's platoon went back to Kapsweyer for food and sleep.

On 20 March 1945, I was wounded by machine gun fire in Steinfeld. I was sent to the 36th Evacuation Hospital and then placed in traction for 3 months at the 442 Army General Hospital in Dijon, France.

In early June of 1945, I was sent by train through Paris to the Army Hospital at Camp Lucky Strike near Cherbourg. I was returned to Oliver General Hospital in Augusta, Georgia by July 15, 1945.

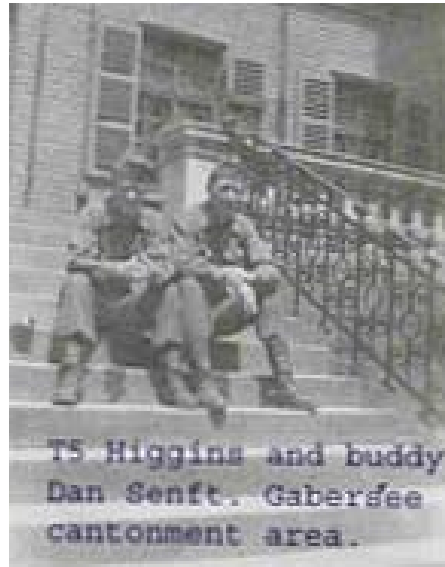
154th Armored Signal Member Recalls Gabersee and End of the War.

By D. L. Higgins, 14th Armored Div Association, Associate Member.

As the war came to an end in the European Theater and the 14th Armored Division had made their final push across the Rhine and rested in their forward area in and around Munich and Nuremberg, some detachments of the 154th Armored Signal Company were garrisoned at a little known place called Gabersee, near Moosburg. Their housing was in a hospital complex or a Krankenhaus as the Germans called the facilities.

My father, Kenneth D. Higgins, a T-5 serving in an element of the 154th Signal Company, was attached to the G-4 of the Division staff along with his signal team providing essential radio and wire links to the Division elements by deploying CGG equipment. They busied themselves building a baseball field and touring some of the well known tourist locations, like one of King Ludwig's castles on an island at Lake Chiemsee, directly East of Munich. The Chiemsee castle is known for being an exact replica of the Versailles in France. The famous lake, Konigsee, which is noted for the multiple horn echoes off of the surrounding mountains were also a place that my dad and his buddies visited. The war was over and relaxation was on the schedule.

The picture from 1945 shows my Dad and a buddy, Dan Senft, relaxing on the south side of their barracks area. This was in the time frame of May to August 1945. He was on a train headed toward Namur, Belgium, the day they dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan in August of 1945 as the war in the Pacific came to an end. He remembers



being assigned to a cigarette camp in Namur while waiting to be returned to the states, camp Lucky Strike. He recalled the loss of two of their brother signal men during the march across France and Germany, Jobson who was killed while operating a switchboard and Stewart who was killed when he stepped on a mine.

In 1977 I had the privilege of being assigned with the 52nd Signal Battalion as a civilian communications specialist at EUCOM Hqs, Patch Barracks. My parents had the opportunity to visit us while my family and I resided in the area around Stuttgart, Germany. While my dad was there we took trips to revisit some of the locations that he remembered. We stayed at the Armed Forces recreation area at Lake Chiemsee which was originally built for Hitler's officers. Using that as a point of departure he revisited

both the Chiemsee castle and his unit's area at Gabersee along with the Dachau prison camp, west of Munich.

The pictures from 1977 reflect those visits. During the visits he quipped that there were many more people there than when he was there the first time! Tourism was a big part of the German scene in 1978 and it remains so today. We also had the chance to take him to Paris and to Switzerland.

Departing the ticket area at the Koenigsee, deep in the Bavarian Alps, and traveling in a boat to the St. Bartholma's chapel that was located on the shore of the lake, the boat pilot stopped and loudly blew his horn. The memories of an earlier trip in 1945 were recalled by the sound of the horn echoing off the surrounding mountains. This brought a tear to my father's eye and of distant thoughts to the days at the end of the war.

My Father retired in 1983 from the small town of Villisca, Iowa where he served as the city manager and the superintendent of the municipal light



NO CUSTOMS AGENTS THEN

Robert Whiting, an elderly gentleman of 83, arrived in Paris by plane. At French Customs, he took a few minutes to locate his passport in his carry-on. "You have been to France before, monsieur?" the customs officer asked sarcastically. Mr. Whiting admitted that he had been to France previously.

"Then you should know enough to have your passport ready."

The American said, "The last time I was here, I didn't have to show it." "Impossible. Americans always have to show your passports on arrival in France!"

The American senior gave the

Frenchman a long hard look. The he quietly explained, "Well, when I came ashore at Omaha Beach on D-Day in 1944 to help liberate this country, I couldn't find a single Frenchman to show a passport to."

You could have heard a pin drop.

GENERAL DEVERS' LETTER TO THE SISTER OF A FALLEN SOLDIER

Respectfully Submitted by
Jim Lankford, National Historian

General Jacob L. Devers' Sixth Army Group suffered more than 145,000 casualties in the advance across France and Germany. Understandably, it was exceedingly difficult for a busy army group commander like Gen. Devers to find the time to write a personal letter to the family of a soldier who fell in battle. Shortly after VE Day, Gen. Devers wrote the following letter to the sister of Private First Class Robert L. Bohnsack, 14th Armored Division. (Although not specifically mentioned in the letter, Pfc. Bohnsack was killed during the costly effort to capture an intact bridge across the Rhine at Germersheim, Germany.) The letter conveys as much as Gen. Devers' sterling character as it says about the circumstances surrounding Pfc. Bohnsack's death.

On behalf of the 14th Armored Division Association, I wish to thank Mr. Richard Robinson for thoughtfully and graciously providing a copy of Gen. Devers' letter. Mr. Robinson is actively conducting research in preparation for writing a much needed biography of Gen. Devers. He wishes to thank the staff and volunteers of the York County Heritage Trust for their continuing efforts to assist him and others who journey there to conduct research using the Trust's extensive collection of Gen. Devers' papers and documents. I join him in this expression of gratitude.

– Jim Lankford

HEADQUARTERS
SIXTH ARMY GROUP
OFFICE OF THE
COMMANDING GENERAL
APO 23

1 June 1945

Dear Mrs. Frey:

Following the arrival a few days ago of your letter of May 1st concerning the death in action of your brother, Pfc Robert L. Bohnsack, ASN 17132890, an inquiry was directed to his former organization, and members of his platoon who were present have supplied the following details.

On the morning of 24 March 1945, the 3rd Platoon of Company C, 19th Armored Infantry Battalion, 14th Armored Division, was assigned the mission of clearing and outpostting a street in Ruhlsheim, Germany (just south of Germersheim). The platoon leader, Lieutenant R.M. Young, Jr., ordered his first rifle squad and machine gun squad to this task, dividing the squads into two groups, of which one, headed by himself, took the right side of the street; while the other, led by the platoon sergeant, T/Sgt Williams, took the left. Your brother was a member of this latter group.

They progressed down the street searching the houses and received in-

termittent direct 88-mm fire while so doing. Inasmuch as their mission was to outpost the end of the street, they continued despite the harassing fire.

As the groups neared the end of the street, a pile of rubble was encountered on the left, and as this was in the platoon sergeant's section, Lieutenant Young ordered him to wait until the right side had been cleared so he could better support him by fire.

When Lieutenant Young's section had been cleared, he came back and ordered the platoon sergeant to go ahead. The platoon sergeant and two men entered a house, and as Pfc Bohnsack started past the rubble toward this house one round of 88-mm landed very close by, killing him and wounding several others.

Your brother was buried on 26 March 1945 in Plot I, Row 9, Grave 1251, in the U.S. Military Cemetery at St. Avold, France.

While I am indeed glad to be of some little help to you and your parents in furnishing these details which you are anxious to know, it is a painful duty for I know how deep your sorrow must be at the loss of a son and brother. May I assure you of my deep sympathy in the grief which is yours.

With kind wishes,

Sincerely,

Jacob L. Devers

General, U.S. Army

This article published in the Stars and Stripes, European Edition 1/19/1944

Wonder what Dr. Overholser would think now?

Sex Will Rear Its Ugly Head Even Higher After the War

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1944 - A period of lax morals and undress exceeding even the riotous living of the "roaring 20s" will follow this war, Dr. Winfred Overholser, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Mental Hospital here, predicted today.

"Loosening of morals started after the last war has continued ever since, and is reaching a new high now as evidenced by the soaring tide of illegitimacy," he said in an interview. "I see no early return to the Victorian era in the U.S.," he said.

He believes that the same reaction

which gave birth to the flapper age and "emancipation of women" can be expected after the current conflict.

It was during and after the last war, the U.P. recalled, that girls began tossing inhibitions out the window and the flapper developed swiftly. Shocked parents heard themselves called old fashioned, home shackles were thrown off, hair bobbed, faces painted, and skirts went above the knees for the first time in history. Cigarette smoking and drinking became commonplace at the same time.

The 'single standard' of morals for

men and women took over, although not openly sanctioned.

Overholser said there is no reason to fear a "wave of sex crimes" due to return of members of the armed forces who suffered shellshock or battle fatigue and who know how to kill. Present promiscuity, he said, was due not so much to "predatory activities" of soldiers and sailors as to the fact so many young girls are unsupervised with parents working.

"When girls are willing, immorality cannot be considered rape," he said.

B-62, GOHEEN, LIVING LIKE AN ANIMAL, and PEACE in the BLACK FOREST

by Joseph D. Horlacher

I first met Ken Goheen at Camp Campbell where I joined the 14th Armored Division (B-62) a few weeks before we went overseas. Ken was very sociable. In one of our conversations he said: "Joe, I'm going over there and get killed. So, I'm going to go over there and do the very best job I can." History proved he meant it. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Many of us expected him to get the Gold Medal. He was not killed. I will mention a couple of his actions here that I saw. I heard other soldiers talk about the many activities of Ken which I did not see.

Our Master Sergeant at Camp Campbell was very cruel. For example, one night when I came back from a pass, the bus was late. When I entered the Orderly Room to check in, he was sitting there and I believe he was intoxicated. He cursed me and then threw a hatchet at me. It lodged in the wall next to my head. There were many bad feelings about him by the troops. I will mention his fate during my discussion of the battle of Gertweiler.

After crossing the ocean we landed at Marseille, France which had already been taken by the Seventh Army of which we would now be a part. In fact, we would be the only armored division in the seventh army for a few months. After disembarking, we marched through the town and another several miles up to our bivouac area. When we were going through town, we passed a sidewalk urinal. It consisted of a stream of water along the inside of the sidewalk and a metal screen in front of it. Both ends of the screen were open. As we walked by, a woman went in and squatted. I realized I had a lot to learn in this new world.

We went into bivouac a few miles inland for about a week or ten days to organize and take care of logistics. Then we went up to Epinal, France to start our combat. We arrived around dusk and started to advance on foot. Word came back that the first enemy casualty lie ahead. He was wearing silk panties

and it seemed he was going back to his outfit after visiting his girlfriend, not knowing we were so close.

We were not many days in combat before we were pinned down by sniper fire from a wooded hillside. Ken Goheen took off by himself into the woods. Not much later he came back with a German pistol in his belt. I don't know what happened to the sniper's rifle, but the sniping stopped.

Thanksgiving was soon on us. On that afternoon, a kitchen truck came up to the front carrying the driver and two Red Cross girls. We were fed a turkey dinner. It was cold and tasteless. Our rations were far better. The girls were passing out cold coffee when there was a rifle shot in the distance. "Let's get out of here," they shouted. They jumped into their truck and took off. Good riddance.

Here is how I remember Gertweiler, one of the worst battles of the war for B Company. We arrived at Gertweiler just before daybreak. We frequently planned our goals to arrive at our target just around daybreak. We dismounted and approached the town by foot, crossing a large field. Mortars were falling on the field around us. I walked through a patch of rutabaga left unpicked from Summer. We had not had our breakfast. I picked a rutabaga, cleaned it as best I could and ate it. Not bad.

We were told that A and C companies would come into town from the right and the left. The group I was with met no resistance as we entered town. There was some brief firing we heard from ahead of us but it did not last long. Then we were advised that A and C companies had been cut off by the enemy before they got into town. We (B company of four platoons) would have to secure the town by ourselves. Headquarters platoon stayed downtown (of course) while the other three platoons went to strategic locations on the outskirts of town. Our second platoon, including Ken Goheen, was stationed at a road crossing with an empty field on

the right (far side of town) and a cemetery on the left of the crossing. A brick or concrete wall separated the cemetery from the fields around it. The town was behind us. I was in the far left corner of the cemetery. Ken and a friend of his, I believe it was Ralph Bellville, were also there.

At around midnight, I heard a muffled explosion near me, then another. I saw no flash. One of my comrades told me they were worthless concussion grenades. The enemy was short of metal and other material to make live grenades. Or perhaps they were made by slave labor. Someone came into the cemetery and told us to withdraw. I hesitated because I felt we could easily defend against anyone coming over the wall. "That's an order" I was told. As I left, I saw Ken and his friend climb over the wall into enemy territory. Machine gun tracer bullets were bouncing off the wall around Ken and his friend but they were not hit. I went down and across the road. Shortly thereafter, Ken and his friend came across the road with a German captain they had captured. It was an amazing feat.

On the village side of the crossroad was a large building that had been a distillery. I and two comrades were ordered to go up to a mezzanine and watch out a window for the enemy on that flank. The window was broken and a bitterly cold wind came in it. One comrade said: "That looks like a haystack down there. Let's jump down. We can guard from there just as well as from here." "You first," said the second comrade. The first one jumped. "How is it?" "Fine, come on down." The second man jumped. Then I heard some laughter and the second comrade said, "You son of a bitch." They called for me to come on down but I was suspicious. Then they told me they had jumped into a pile of manure. I did not jump.

The battle lasted all night and we had a couple of casualties. Early in the morning, (still dark), Ken took off his helmet, pulled his olive drab helmet

(Continued on page 13)

B-62, GOHEEN, LIVING LIKE AN ANIMAL

(Continued from page 12)

liner down over his ears and softly whistling "Ach du lieber Augustine" sauntered back into town. Soon a tank came back. We put our wounded on the tank and went downtown. This was a dangerous mission at night for a tank. I often wondered why the enemy did not attack us while we retreated. When we got back to town, it was getting daylight and there was a lot of activity by the headquarters company firing into windows. They told us the buildings were occupied by the enemy. I asked where Ken was. I was told he had gone to help the other two platoons get their wounded back. Everyone kept track of Ken because of our awe for him.

Our master sergeant who had been so cruel in the U.S. had three German prisoners. "Run, you son of a bitches," he shouted. They did and they were shot in the back. The sergeant jumped into a jeep and said to the driver: "Let's get the hell out of here." He was leaving while we were still fighting. One of his legs was still hanging outside the jeep when a bullet went through his leg, I believe the knee. One of my comrades told me the shot was from one of our men and he knew who did it. He would not tell me who.

Someone yelled, "O.K. You men, line up on both sides of the street and fire over the heads of the men across the street from you into the windows. Keep the enemy pinned down as we walk out of town." We did. I don't know where they got it but three men had a 50 caliber machine gun. One man with gloves held the hot barrel, one man walked alongside with the magazine of ammunition while the third man fired the weapon. It was quite a sight and very effective. There was no firing from the buildings while we walked out of town. As I got a couple of hundred feet out of town, two camera men were cranking the handle of a camera capturing our retreat. I have tried without success to get a copy of this action to show my family and to see what I really looked like in combat.

We all gathered a few hundred feet outside of town. The tank was still firing at buildings. The enemy did not

follow us. We got our sleeping bags from the nearby half-tracks and lay down fully clothed on both sides of the road. Someone must have posted a guard but I do not remember that. We quickly went to sleep. The rain which came during the morning awakened us as it seeped into our sleeping bags. All was quiet in the town. We assembled, got into our half-tracks and drove to St. Pierre, France. We got there in the afternoon and assembled by a large ditch in front of a large field with the town behind the field. Ken and his friend went into town on a scouting mission. While there, they were discovered and Ken had his rifle shot out of his hand. Ken and his friend escaped and Ken brought his gun back with a broken stock.

The next morning, Ken went alone as a scout over the field separating us from the town. On the way, he was shot, I believe in the hip. One of our comrades ran over to the medic and pulled the Red Cross band off his arm. He put the band on his own arm and went out to get Goheen. As they came back, the enemy fired teaser bullets around them but did not hit them. I walked over to Ken after they had put him on some sort of stretcher. "Ken, are you hurting?" I asked him. "No, I'm O.K.," he said, "but Joe, it's you I'm worried about. I'm going home but you have this whole war ahead of you. Joe, take care of yourself." That was Ken. He was really concerned about all of his comrades. I never saw Ken again but I often thought about him. Later, back in the U.S., I tried without success to find him. About this time, the Free French came to life on our right and went into town with several half-tracks. We followed sheepishly as we crossed the field. When we got into town, the enemy had left. So had the French.

LIVING LIKE AN ANIMAL –

Very few houses in Europe had showers at that time. Those that had bathtubs were often deserted and/or without heat. During the cold winter months of 1944-1945, we lived like animals. We often could find a house or barn in which to sleep and we had sleeping bags. In general, we slept in our clothes, never had a chance to wash our socks (where would we dry them?) We pretty much lived outside

in the cold without change of clothes or shower for several months. We did get a shower once when we got head lice from the floor of a house where we slept. They sent up a trailer separated by canvas into three sections. For three or four days, we would go into the rear of the trailer and undress leaving our clothes there. No heat in the trailer. Then the second section for a shower. Then the third section for dry off and dry clothes.

Then we had to douse our scalps with DDT which is now banned.

IT ALL CAME TOGETHER IN THE BLACK FOREST –

In 1972, I went on a 3-week trip to Europe with my wife and three children. One of our last stops was in the Black Forest. It was common in Europe in those days to be seated in a restaurant with strangers at the same table. Perhaps it still is. On a Saturday evening, we were seated at a table in our hotel dining room. A man wearing a German officer's jacket and his wife sat at the same table. His dog, a German Shepherd, lay quietly under the table. We began to discuss the war and discovered we had fought opposite each other during the war. I mentioned we were at the end of our trip. He said, "and how did the Germans treat you while you were here?" "They treated us just great," I said. "I'm so glad," he said as tears rolled down his cheeks. ■

Joe's address is:

ACCORDING TO U.S. CENSUS BUREAU FIGURES:

- 16.1 million U.S. military personnel served in World War II between Dec. 1, 1941, and Dec. 31, 1946.
- The average length of active duty by U.S. Military personnel during WWII was 33 months.
- 73 percent of U.S. military personnel served abroad during the war.
- The average length of time of overseas duty was 16 months.
- Of those who served, 292,000 were killed in battle and other deaths numbered 114,000.
- 671,000 were wounded.
- In the 2000 Census, 5.7 million WWII veterans were identified.

REUNION RESERVATION • 14th ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION

45th Annual Reunion • GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN • Sept. 9-13, 2009

Name (Print) _____ BN. _____ BTRY, CO., TRP. _____

Address _____ Phone _____

Reg. #

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

<u>CIRCLE PRICE OF EVENTS DESIRED</u> (Prices are per person.)	EVENT #1 Wednesday SEPT. 9	EVENT #2 THURSDAY SEPT. 10	EVENT #3 FRIDAY SEPT. 11	EVENT #4 FRIDAY SEPT. 11	EVENT #5 SATURDAY SEPT. 12	EVENT #6 SUNDAY SEPT. 13	MONEY TOTAL PER PERSON
Registration for early arrivals Get ready for Thursday events	SHIP TRIP 11:15 AM WEST DOCK	CASH BAR 5:00 PM EARLY BIRD DINNER 6:00 PM	GREEN BAY PACKERS HALL OF FAME LUNCH TOUR 10:30 A.M.	TAILGATE PARTY HOTEL CASH BAR 4:00-6:00 PM	CASH BAR 5:00 PM BANQUET 6:00 PM	FREE BREAKFAST daily in Atrium near Lobby	
MAN'S FIRST NAME	\$35.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$32.00	CHURCH SERVICE 9:00 AM	\$
LADY'S FIRST NAME	\$35.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$32.00		\$
GUEST NAME	\$35.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$32.00		\$
GUEST NAME	\$35.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$32.00		\$
GUEST NAME	\$35.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$32.00		\$
TOTAL	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$		

CHURCH SERVICE AFTER BREAKFAST

**Mail Reunion Reservation
on or BEFORE Aug. 14 to:**

★ REGISTER NOW ★

LIBERATOR DONATION (Tax Deductible) _____

WEB SITE DONATION _____

ANNUAL DUES: July 1, 2009 to June 30, 2010 - \$10.00 _____

Life Membership - \$50.00 _____

(enclose check for this amount) **GRAND TOTAL** _____

Did you **CIRCLE ALL** the events you desire to attend?

Note: Please wear badge to all events, spot checks will be conducted.

NOTES: Make checks payable to 14th Armored Division Assn.

Please check applicable box ***

- I will be driving to the Reunion
- I will be flying to the Reunion
- Special diet - Mention at Registration Desk of 14th Arm'd Div.
- Need wheelchair for events #1 and #3
- Need wheelchair for entire convention
- I will play golf on Friday (coordinated by Chuck Hurl)

If you have a badge holder,
please bring it and save money
for your association.



Accommodations at the Hotel Sierra & KI Convention Center

333 Main St. • Green Bay, Wisconsin 54301

Phone: 920-432-4555

Reunion - September 9-13, 2009

Complimentary transportation from airport

DIRECTIONS

- **FROM THE WEST:** HWY 29-32 which becomes Shawano Ave. To Broadway Ave., left to Dowsman Ave., right across river about 2 blocks - Sierra/KI Hotel on your left. Go to stop light, make a left and into parking lot.
- **FROM THE SOUTH:** Hwy 41 to Hwy 172, turn right (east) to cross the river to Riverside Dr., 1st street left. After crossing the river to north on Riverside Dr. to Main St., left on Main St., Sierra/KI hotel a couple of blocks. Hotel on your right. Go into parking lot.
- **FROM THE SOUTHEAST:** Hwy 43, go west on Hwy 172 to Riverside, turn right, go north on Riverside Dr. to Main St., left on Main St.. Sierra/KI Hotel a couple of blocks. When you see Hotel Sierra, turn at stop light before Hotel into parking lot.

ELEGANT FACILITY

- Every function of the 14th AD will be on ground level. Close to dining room (Pub/Bar) then the lobby with lots of room.
- Restaurant facility at the Pub/Bar in the general lobby. Excellent lunch menu - be sure and check the lunch menu for one regular menu price and \$1.00 extra to split a lunch sandwich. Believe me, I had the hamburger plate and I had a tough time to devour all of it. I did not have dinner in the evening. It was delicious. Great surroundings and close to hospitality room.

RESERVATIONS

- **Room Reservations received AFTER August 14, 2009 will be subject to availability and higher room rate.**
- To reserve your room, please call 800-4-SIERRA - Fax 920-432-0700.

GROUP NAME: 14th Armored Division Association RES ID 14THARM DATE: 9/9/09 - 9/12/09

Please reserve: _____ Rooms for _____ # of people (Credit Card or Advance Deposit required) (Non-Smoking Property)

Request room with: King Bed _____ 2 Double Beds _____ Rollaway _____ Handicapped _____

Reservations MUST be received by August 14, 2009

Name:		RATES: Single or Double Occupancy	
Address:		Standard Double:	King Suites:
City/State/ZIP:		\$95	\$105
Phone number: ()		Executive Suites:	Economy:
		\$147	\$85
		Plus state & local taxes, currently 11%	
Will arrive:	Day:	Date:	
Will depart:	Day:	Date:	
Type of Payment:	Credit Card	Check	Money Order
Credit card type, number and expiration:			
Signature of card holder:			

Battles Fought by B-62nd Vividly Recalled

by Edward Graves, Jr., Rifle Sergeant, United States Army

Company B of the 62nd AIB, 14th Armored Division

Editor's Note: This is a continuation of the story begun in the last issue of The Liberator.

Hatten and Rittershoffen, January, 1945

We started the middle of January, in heavy snow, and attempted to take Rittershoffen. We attacked Rittershoffen after heavy artillery barrage was laid down. I remember that we were on the west side of town. A Company was east of us and as we attacked the town, we came under very heavy artillery fire. We pulled back and the Krauts had somehow overrun the 42nd Infantry Rainbow Division. Their guns were captured and they used them firing point blank at us with the shells just skipping along the ground. Captain Moore had accidentally shot himself in the foot and had to be replaced. We pulled back to the next town, dug in and formed a line of foxholes to protect the town. We would go back into the town and sleep sometimes during the day, six or seven hours, and then go back to the foxholes at night.

As we drew back, we ran across part of A Company who had been pinned down in a creek. The soldiers had to wade in water up to their chests and break the ice with their helmets to avoid machine gun fire. They came up through our lines as we were pulling back and they were chilled to the bone. Their clothes were wet and they were just about frozen. They suffered more casualties than we did, as we didn't lose very many men in the attack. As I stated, we slept during the day in town, and under the cover of darkness, we would leave the town and go back to our foxholes. We learned to alternate the time of day when we would leave and go back. This went on for right at two weeks.

I remember that Peoples was put in charge of the company. I recall one day sleeping in the basement on potatoes and I can say one thing - regardless of how tired you are, it's very hard to go to sleep on potatoes! I was unable to sleep. While I was in the basement, a runner came down and told me to come upstairs. It seems they had gotten it in their head they were going to put soldiers on two or three tanks and go into Rittershoffen. Baker was the one that put an end to that by stating that if the captain didn't go with us, we weren't

going. They called off the attack.

I recall one instance that I will never forget. They sent me on a patrol and as we went over this hill, a cub airplane serving as an observation plane for the artillery, was flying over us. There was a machine gun at the bottom of the hill that opened fire on the cub. He turned the plane in a dive to the ground and cut the motor off. The machine gun stopped firing because we thought the pilot was dead. Right before the cub hit the ground, the pilot restarted the motor and flew back up and over our machine gun - it was the bravest act I've ever seen. We were observing a road over to the west of us when a jeep came around the corner and another machine gun cut in on it. So he backed up and went back. In a few minutes here came a tank around the corner and the machine gun cut in on it and he did the same thing. In a few minutes we heard a half-track coming with a track off it and it was flopping the ground. As it came around the corner, the machine gun cut in on it and when it did some soldier stood up and grabbed the 50-caliber machine gun and turned it around on the machine gun and fired back. The machine gun quit firing.

Another instance that happened that I will never forget. It was threatening rain and we could hear tiger tanks with flame throwers at the foot of the hill and it was the most scared I've ever been, facing those flame throwers. We looked back to the north and there was heavy lightning and I thought maybe there'd be a heavy rain and they wouldn't be able to get up the hill. In a few minutes we could hear something floating over our heads and they began to land among the tanks and one or two were put on fire. They must have been firing from 10 miles back - they were called 155 long toms. This stopped the counter-attack. I was always thankful for what that artillery did.

While we were occupying these foxholes moving back and forth at night, I got mixed up one night as I was carrying the candy for the squads. I followed the group in front of me to the outpost covering the road. Thinking nothing about it, I proceeded and walked into No Man's Land, coming up on two knocked out tanks and seeing between 50 and 70 dead American soldiers lay-

ing in the snow face down. I recall vividly bending over and touching one of the soldier's faces and realizing that he was dead. He was stiff as a poker when I touched him. When I straightened up, I realized where I was. I turned and went running back up the hill with snow up to my waist.

I kept going and reached the top of the hill and spotted an American tank. I went to it and hollered to the people inside and no one answered. I took the butt of my rifle and pounded the side of the tank and finally heard someone inside kind of grunt and wake up. I explained to them that I was cold and would like to get in the tank with them and get warm and at daylight I would get out and go back to my own lines. They agreed to let me in. I recall getting in the bottom of the tank and it was very cold there, also. In a few minutes artillery shells began to come in as the Krauts had let me through, thinking I was leading a patrol and they called in what they call time-fire which was where an artillery shell would explode about 15 feet above the ground and shower the ground with shrapnel.

At the break of day, I crawled out of the tank and made my way back to my outfit. I recall vividly the day before as we were in our foxhole there was a company from some other division that planned to attack Rittershoffen and I recall the boys gathering around me - about 140 in the company - and I never recall seeing such fear in the boys' faces in my life. I could see how scared they were and I explained to them that there were Krauts out in front of us. If they would use the right military tactics I felt like it would be all right. What actually happened, they moved forward that day and were lined up kind of like hunters going thru the woods. I recall that I had seen the brush piles in front of them and that's where the machine gun nests were located. So they let the scouts come through and shot them in the back, then turned fire on the main body.

As I stated before, there were somewhere between 50 and 70 dead soldiers laying in that snow. The Stars and Stripes reporters came up the front and interviewed me about my ordeal being in No Man's Land. They asked me how it felt. I explained to them how I had gotten separated from my com-

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pany and had gotten behind enemy lines. I told them that there were dead American soldiers. When the article came out in the Stars & Stripes paper, it stated "*How does it feel to be in no man's land?*" I told them the story and they printed it in the paper that "when Edward Graves came upon the dead Kraut soldiers" and they were actually dead American soldiers.

After about 10 days to two weeks of fighting, the high command decided to pull us back. The thing about it is the Germans did the same thing. We both pulled back from each other the same night. The tanks had moved down the road and we were between the tanks and the town when they explained to us that we were pulling out. The message came through on the tank radio that stated "*gather your chicks as a hen will do and follow.*" So we pulled back that night and the Krauts did the same thing. Again we were sent to an assembly area where we were prepared for the next town.

After Hatten and Rittershoffen, we moved forward and occupied a town that I do not recall its name. We came forward to occupy this town that was held by the 101st Airborne. They showed us the area we were to occupy and protect and they only had three soldiers to do that. So we relieved them with 12 men. We dug in foxholes behind the barns and set up machine guns to cover the area. One night I remember as we were in this foxhole, about 2:00 a.m., we spotted some soldiers moving toward our position. I called on the telephone to be sure that they were not our troops as they kept coming toward us. They called back and said they had no patrols in the area that would be coming through our position. In the meantime, they kept getting closer and I called again on the telephone to get assurance that everything was all right. Again they repeated that there were no patrols to come through out positions. The boy occupying the foxhole with me was named Cunningham. It had been raining but had quit. When he pulled the raincoat off the machine gun, I told him to put it back. Again I got on the telephone for further clearance and they assured me once again that there were no patrols coming through our area. In the meantime, He pulled the raincoat off the machine gun and turned it to the left and began firing. When he did, it crimped the belt and machine gun quit

firing and I told him to not fire anymore. The patrol called out to us that they were American soldiers. So the boys on the right of us went forward to meet them and they said there were two boys hurt real bad.

Another instance that happened that night, we had artillery fire come in and hit the barn where our boys were stationed. One boy was hurt real bad and bleeding profusely. The boys came to me and wanted to know what we should do. I quickly ran like a rabbit around the front of the house and when I did, a machine gun cut loose on me and shot the bricks off the house, shattering them everywhere. I told the boys there was no way we could cross the street to the medic because the street was covered with machine gun fire. The soldier's name was Norstead and he bled to death that night. In conclusion, if I'm not mistaken, this town's name was "Bitche." Then we pulled out to leave and go to Steinfield.

Steinfeld Battle, March 1945

Steinfeld was a town located just within the Siegfried Line where France and Germany joined. As we attacked Steinfield, B Company was to move down the road straight into the town of Steinfield; A Company attacked on our left, and C Company on our right. We were backed up by over 70 batteries of artillery, not companies, but batteries. It was the heaviest shelling I have ever seen, as the sky was full of artillery rounds going into the town and along the line. You would think we would have met with a lot of resistance, but we didn't. I never will forget as we came past the pillboxes, we came to one pillbox and the Germans surrendered. As they came out of the pillbox, they were the tallest soldiers I think I have ever seen. But as the last soldier came out, he was carrying a candle on a holder and sat it on the edge of the pillbox. This somehow was a signal to the Germans that we had arrived in the town and that is when they really began to shell us. I remember climbing over some chicken wire and got my shovel hung up in it and the boys had to get me loose from it. We quickly occupied the houses on the left side of the street. C Company occupied the houses on the right side of the street. Then we proceeded to go down the streets clearing the houses in front of us. But when we got down to the fifth pillbox, we ran into heavy machine gun fire and they pulled us back to the second row of houses and that's

where we stayed for over a week. I recall setting up our headquarters up in a 3-story house that had the second and third stories blown away. The next day we went with a patrol down the street clearing houses as we went. We did it by check-point. I recall that our check-point was check-point 2. As we were going down the street, we heard a message over a tank radio that the Krauts were attacking check-point 4 so we hurriedly pulled back to check-point 2 to spend the rest of our time.

We had a little falling out with another rifle squad but decided that we would stay in the main house on the road because we didn't trust them. We had quite a discussion and nearly had trouble over it so I told the boys it would be much safer to stay there than go back because that sergeant was not dependable. Billheimer had been our 1st Sergeant. He was later made a Lieutenant and when they got ready to clear the town, he led the attack with another company. As they advanced down the street, a Kraut fired a bazooka and it hit the tank and landed under Billheimer's feet, exploded and killed him. The good thing about it, we did not exchange fire.

We stayed there about a week and one of the nicest officers in the whole battalion was a Lieutenant Jones, and he was transferred to A Company. I talked to Colonel Myers later and he recalled him very vividly but he had lost contact with him. Colonel Myers was a good officer. He had a terrible habit of taking his right fingers and putting them in his left palm like he was trying to punch through it and we would make fun of the way he would talk. We called him the Old Goat. When he was wounded, a sadness came over the group just as there was when President Roosevelt died. When the president died, there was a sadness that went through our whole company; we stood for a while with our heads down after hearing the news.

The reason we didn't have heavier combat in that town was because Patton had broken through the Siegfried Line up north and was attacking troops in the rear so they had to pull out rapidly. After that, we really began to move across Germany, sometimes moving 20-30 miles a day. The Germans came in droves surrendering. By freeing prisoners the way we did, we obtained the name "The Liberators."

We crossed the Rhine River at

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Mannerheim on pontoon bridges. We took Mannerheim and moved east and took Nuremberg and Munich, where we continued to liberate a large number of prisoners. They gave us no trouble, as they were running from the Russians. One day as we moved up, there were around 100 dead young boys about 12-14 years old. They had come out and charged a bunch of Sheridan tanks and they mowed them down. I know we spent that night in the field with several of the dead.

The next day we took a town that had a large courtyard stabled with horses and a great parade ground that went with it. We had a lot of fun riding the cavalry horses. There was one instance that I will never forget. They had a big charolais bull and we had a lumberjack from the state of Washington that got on the bull in front of the whole company and the bull threw him twice against that hard concrete and it didn't even hurt him. I had gotten a cavalry horse out of the barn and was riding him when I came up on the scene and I will never forget that Baker came running to me saying "*Graves, I want you to ride this bull.*" In the meantime, I could hear the artillery firing, as there was a unit in front of us across the Danube River. I told Baker I wasn't going to get on that bull, and Baker told me, "*Don't you realize that if you get on that bull and he throws you, you may break an arm or leg and get to go to the rear?*" I told the boys to hold that bull's head and I got right on him. I recall that the bull didn't buck like a rodeo bull but did buck so high I would see inside a half-track. The boys really got a kick out of that. They were always kidding me that I was so fast because I spent my time chasing jackrabbits for food and playing with the Indians and that's why I could run like I did.

We pulled out that afternoon to cross the Danube on pontoon bridges and the driver of the machine gun squad was drunk on schnapps and killed Sgt. Wallenweber and a private named Smith when the track turned over. We continued to move 30-40 miles a day down the Autobahn, where we fought our last battle at Landschew which we captured. I recall as we fought in Landschew, we were going down a street and here came a soldier waving to us, he was an Aus-

tralian that had been a prisoner of war for over two years. He insisted on staying with us and I explained to him that we could run into rifle fire at any time and he should go to the rear. He refused to go but after going two or three blocks, an American jeep came down the street, and I waved him down to take the Australian to the rear. He got in the jeep and left. That ended our fighting in Europe and they next sent us to a POW camp near Breghousen where we guarded prisoners of war.

We were housed in a big university building which was real comfortable. They called me in as they discovered I had two years of college and I was going to be an instructor. I recall one thing funny, I came in one day and there were 40 boys around my bunk and they stated they learned I was going to be an instructor and they wanted to be in my class. I was kidding them and told them "*I don't want any of you in my class because I'm moving up in the world and don't want folks to know that I associate with your kind.*" What was so funny, they were drilling the heck out of those soldiers in the hot sun (and it was hot over there) and those boys were willing to do anything to get out of the sun. They insisted on being in my class and I told them not to lie to me about being out in the hot sun drilling and me being in the cool watching them out the window. They insisted on being in my class and I finally gave in but told them, you get in my class and you'll talk back because you know me and I want to be with ones that don't know me so they won't talk back. I said if you will sign your names, I'll get you in my class but you have to keep quiet. You should have seen the list I had. I recall one boy speaking up and saying, "*Graves, we trained you in Tennessee and that's why you're so good so you have to take care of us now.*"

Two nights later, as we were sleeping, about 2 a.m., they woke us up and told us to fall out in the company street. They read the names of the soldiers who would go back to the barracks, get their gear and be back in the street in 10 minutes. My name was one of them and there must have been 70 or 80 of us. They loaded us in trucks and we drove two hours to an area where there were a bunch of tents in place and dismounted. We had been sent to the 45th infantry division, 179th infantry regiment where

we stayed about two weeks. Then they loaded us on trucks and we drove about a day and arrived on the coast of France where we lived in tent city St. Louis.

It was while we were there one afternoon, we saw a large commotion over at another tent city. We went running thinking a big fight and the soldiers met us waving that the war was over.

They had dropped the atomic bomb. About a week later, they sent us across the channel to England. There we stayed for awhile, got passes to go into London to visit. Then the whole 45th Infantry Division was loaded on the Lusitania at South Hampton. It took us seven days to cross the Atlantic to America. Going over it took us 15 days as we traveled in a convoy protected by destroyers. That's when we went through the Straits of Gibraltar and landed at Marseilles. When we landed in America, we disembarked the ship at Ft. Dix, where we were put on a troop train and we traveled two or three days to Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. We were then given a 10-day furlough and allowed to go home.

While I was home, I sent a telegram requesting a 10-day extension. The telegram came back and read "*No extension, furlough granted.*" At the end of my 10 days, on November 13th, I arrived at camp about 4:30 and was met at the door by the CO. He asked me my name and rank and I told him. He left immediately and was gone a few minutes. He returned and told me to report to headquarters to Colonel So & So, that the "old man" wanted to see me. I went to the orderly room, past the captain's desk, past a major's desk, past a lieutenant colonel's office, and then I was waved into another room. There set an older full colonel at a desk looking down. I saluted him and he looked at me and said "*Where in the hell have you been Graves?*" I told him I had a telegram giving me permission. He stated, "*no you didn't*" and I reached in the lapel of my jacket and pulled out the telegram that stated "*No extension, furlough granted.*" He held the telegram and told me to go back to the barracks. In a few minutes, here came the CQ telling me to be at the chapel at the east end of the camp at 12:00 if I wanted a discharge. At about 12:15 that night, I received my Honorable Discharge. That ended my career with the Army on November 13, 1945. ■

The War Told Through the Lens of Combat Engineer

I am the daughter of Roger O. Austin, a Liberator in the 125th Armored Combat Engineers, Company C, who served from May 1943 until May 1946. He will be 90 this May and is a lifetime member of the 14th Armored Division Association.

Like many others, my father rarely spoke of the war or his experiences until fairly recently when he and my mother sat down to write his memoirs. Remarkably, among his gear was his Kodak camera loaded with the recently invented Kodachrome color slide film (sent to him by his mother who dutifully scoured stateside drugstores for replenishment) which allowed him to extensively document his journey during the war. These slides made it back with him and were kept stored in a metal box for the better part of 60 years. They proved to be a tremendous aid in recalling stories and are integral to his about to be published book entitled "One Man's War: Through the Lens of a Combat Engineer." His slide collection (now converted to color photos) totals over 400 and includes images of his training at Ft. Leonard Wood, bridge-building, wintering in the Vosges Mountains, cities in ruins and the liberation of Stalag VIIA among many others.

*I am submitting his chapter on the liberation at Moosburg in the hopes it could be featured in **The Liberator**. His is a fascinating and dramatic recollection of the event and each time he would recite it to me, would become extremely emotional. I believe writing the book was a cathartic experience for him. The book is filled with these recollections. Unfortunately, he now suffers from the advanced stages of Alzheimer's, but we are grateful he was afforded the time to be able to get his memory of the war into print.*

Enclosed please find a check for my dues and some extra for postage. I thoroughly enjoy your publication.

*Sincerely,
Michele A. Zuck*

Liberating Moosburg POW's

The German war machine was kept running off the backs of hundreds of thousands of slave laborers and prisoners of war. The POW's were segregated and in their own camps and appeared to have been treated somewhat more favorably than those in the concentration camps. The POW's were not slated for extermination but were part of the work force in factories and mines that kept the material of war flowing.

As we headed for the Austrian border, intelligence was being gathered concerning the POW camp at Moosburg, Germany on the Isar River. The plan evolved around the quiet surrender of the camp rather than a prolonged and deadly fight which could conceivably mean death to hundreds of prisoners.

We approached from the west and carefully aligned our half-tracks, tanks and other equipment in a semicircle in plain view on the flat land surrounding the camp. We formed up all day and it became a standoff. Neither side fired a shot – we just sized-up each other. There was almost a silence over the scene. It was surreal. Dark fell and we were ordered to stand down and rest, which we gladly did.

Just as dawn was breaking, we heard the familiar order, "Start your engines." This was it. Every vehicle was equipped with a piercing siren. The tanks had flashing revolving red lights on the turrets. It was quite a sight and sound. We were ordered to merely creep at a snail's pace and close in on the camp – and to "Hold your fire!"

With sirens blaring and lights flashing, together with the awesome rumble of our armada, we headed straight to the camp. The outcome was clear. As the dawn broke, we could see the German guards making their escape from the rear of the camp on foot, bicycles and motorcycles. The sight of our units – every tank, half-track, truck and jeep slowly closing in on the camp blasting their sirens – was more than the guards wanted to tackle. They were gone. As the prison-

ers became aware the guards had fled, they first came cautiously, then began a pell-mell rush for the gates. They were free!

We were suddenly overwhelmed by prisoners with outstretched arms, grinning from ear to ear, shouting, shoving, all eager to share their experiences with us. And what experiences there were. There were 110,000 soldiers from every conceivable outfit (including one of our own men who had been captured several days earlier). There were flyboys, infantry, engineers. There were Polish, Dutch, French, English and even some Russians among the troops that had been captured throughout the war.

The one that caught the attention of our squad was an Englishman who slowly made his way to our half-track and calmly asked for a cigarette which we gladly passed along. As he lighted up and inhaled, we awaited his story. He was a survivor of Dunkirk. He had been in France when the Germans surrounded his unit and pushed them to the English Channel. Then the miracle of Dunkirk began to unfold. Thousands of English soldiers were rescued by a flotilla of service and civilian boats. In England, the call had gone out and hundreds of boats made up an incredible armada including motorboats, sailboats, yachts and other private craft of all descriptions, joining with the service ships that plowed through the Channel to save the remnants of the British Army that had been sent to France when Hitler invaded. As our Englishman sat and contentedly smoked the cigarette he had cadged from one of our guys, he relayed his recollection of stoically waiting for a ship at Dunkirk but not being among the 300,000 lucky blokes who were saved by this astonishing feat.

The boats made trip after trip. Dodging the strafing and shelling, they just kept going. The troops awaiting transportation never panicked but merely waited patiently on the French beaches in endless lines as they slowly moved forward.

One by one, small boats built to

LIBERATING MOOSBURG

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carry half a dozen would pile in 20 men, make their way slowly back to England, turn around and repeat this magnificent gesture. Not every one could be saved. It is still an unsolved mystery why Hitler did not order his Panzers to move forward until almost the entire British Army had been evacuated.

Our survivor was among those captured and imprisoned by the Nazis. He existed for five years, building defense lines for the German Army. This poor devil was marched to Russia. As the Eastern Front collapsed, he was marched back to France and put to work building fortifications along the English Channel. When D-Day hit, his group was on the move again – this time the long march to southern Germany. He had literally walked across the continent and back again.

We were enthralled by his story, his guts, his will to live. Now he was free to go home. Our mission was to push on and bring the mess to a close. Leaving our British POW, we went into the camp to help with the search, but there was not a single guard to be found. What we did find were dis-

carded German uniforms. The guards were obviously hoping to blend into the thousands of displaced people who were walking toward their homes.

I would hazard a guess that everyone in our entire Armored Division was stunned and reflective after that emotional experience. It is one I certainly could never forget. Each time I see that Brit's picture, I relive that exciting day.

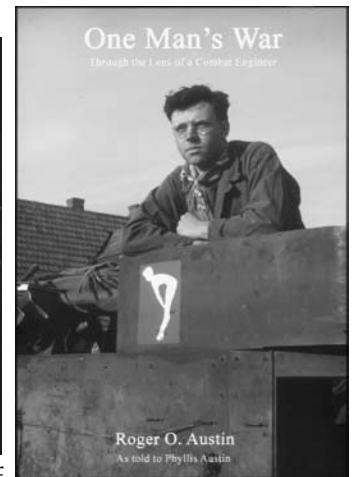
The book itself is 200 pages and features



The 14th Armored Division earned the name of "The Liberators" during our push through Germany. This is a British soldier who was captured at Dunkirk and spent five years as a prisoner doing forced labor. His engineering background spared his life. (Photo by author)

over 100 of his original color photos that help tell the 50 or more personal recollections of his war years. I sincerely hope it is of interest to readers of *The Liberator*. For questions or

The price of the book is \$49.95. Please visit the website: www.onemanswarbook.com - where you can view and order online.



Cover of book on which is pictured the author showing off the "Betty Girl" he had designed and painted on his half-track.

Retired soldier shares story of twin brother

By Teresa Wood, Staff Writer for the Augusta Chronicle

Harry Kemp joined the Army with his twin brother, Larry, at age 19 and went to fight in France during World War II. Together, they helped break the Siegfried Line in Germany. Larry Kemp was killed at age 21 in January 1945 during a tank maneuver.

The last time Harry Kemp saw his twin brother was on a cold January morning in 1945. They didn't speak.

Mr. Kemp covered his sleeping brother with a brown wool, Army-issue blanket and let the exhausted 21-year-old rest atop a table in a house cellar in Rittershoffen, Germany.

Mr. Kemp, ordered to report to the battalion aid station for treatment of a bad case of laryngitis, never dreamed his brother would be killed by a German sniper later that afternoon.

"I didn't want to leave my brother, but I was on the verge of getting pneu-

monia," Mr. Kemp said. "It was more or less an order from my platoon leader."

While Mr. Kemp was recovering in an Army aid station in a French village, a captain informed him of his brother's death.

Mr. Kemp had to go back to the fighting the next day. His brother's body was sent to an American cemetery in France.

Now a retired Martinez school counselor, Mr. Kemp has created a 47-page typewritten account of his experiences during World War II. It is dedicated to his twin brother, Larry Kemp.

"Ever since the war ended ... I felt I should put it down so my children and grandchildren ... can have some knowledge of the war and my experiences in it," Mr. Kemp said.

The twins were 19 years old when

they enlisted in the Army, and 20 when they shipped out from New York Harbor, never having been out of the Southeast and not knowing where they were going.

"When the sun came up, it was right in front of us, so we knew we were heading east to Europe somewhere," said Mr. Kemp, the older twin by 20 minutes.

That somewhere ended up being Marseille, France, where the soldiers spent some time in the French countryside and the Maritime Alps before engaging in their first heavy fighting in Oberotterbach, Germany - a small town near the border of France.

American troops were working to break through the Siegfried Line - a concrete and steel German defense that stretched from Basel, Switzerland,

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STORY OF TWIN BROTHER

(Continued from page 20)

to Aachen, Germany, and prevented tanks from passing through.

During the battle, the Kemp brothers spent five days together in a foxhole, bombarded by German artillery and mortar shells. Their company was in reserve, waiting atop a hill overlooking Oberotterbach until they were needed.

"TO SUM IT UP in one word, it is terrifying," Mr. Kemp said. "It scares you to death to have enemy shells falling in your area and to hear those men who are killed outright and the horribly wounded screaming in agony.

"You just lay flat on the ground and hug mother Earth and get as close as you can for protection," Mr. Kemp said.

Later, during his first close encounter with a German soldier, Mr. Kemp earned a Bronze Star as the platoon's BAR man - the soldier who used a Browning automatic rifle.

A group of German soldiers with machine guns was keeping the Kemps' platoon from advancing past the Siegfried Line. Mr. Kemp and his ammunition bearers were able to take over the house the Germans were using.

A few days later, the weather got colder and Mr. Kemp was sent to the aid station with laryngitis. The station, a French house converted for medical purposes, was where Mr. Kemp learned of his brother's death.

"This was unbelievable to hear these words that my brother had died," Mr. Kemp said, leaning back on his couch and closing his eyes. The twins had been in Europe for less than three months and were barely 21 years old at that time.

The first thoughts coming to his mind were never being able to see his twin again, Mr. Kemp said.

"I wish I had told him many things about how much I loved him and how proud I was of him as a brother and a soldier," Mr. Kemp said.

He later learned his brother had volunteered for a tank mission that was to destroy a church steeple Germans were using to report American troop movement they could see from a distance.

Larry Kemp was walking behind the tank with other infantry personnel when the sniper's bullet instantly killed him.

The twins' mother, alone because their father had died, received an official telegram, but Mr. Kemp later wrote her a letter to let his mom know her only other son had not suffered.

"He did not die in pain or agony," Mr. Kemp said.

But the older twin said he will always regret not being with his brother when he was killed.

MR. KEMP DOES NOT feel guilty because the circumstances were beyond his control, but he said he has often wondered whether he could have prevented his brother's death if they had been together.

Larry Kemp was buried at Epinal American Cemetery in France, a place Harry Kemp was able to return to more than 40 years later. He said his brother is buried with 5,500 other soldiers killed during World War II, their graves marked with white stone monuments.

Two months after Larry Kemp's death, on March 14, 1945, Harry Kemp was commissioned as an officer, one of 10 men who went to bed as honorably discharged enlisted men and woke up the next day as second lieutenants. The Army had to discharge the men before they could be commissioned, so they spent one night as civilians.

"To my knowledge, I was the lowest ranked enlisted man ever commissioned from the battlefield," Mr. Kemp said, smiling at the recollection. "Nobody was more surprised than me."

About a week later, Mr. Kemp led his platoon in a charge in Steinfeld, Germany, during which a bullet shattered two bones in his left leg and landed him in a hospital in Dijon, France. He was still there when Germany surrendered May 8, 1945.

At the end of May, Mr. Kemp had recovered enough to be moved to a United States hospital. He was sent to Oliver General Hospital in Augusta, the closest Army general hospital to his Florida home.

AFTER HIS ARRIVAL, Mr. Kemp made his way on crutches to the hospital telephone center, where Mary Alice Bailey, a long-distance operator, placed his first call home.

"I felt she was the most beautiful girl I had ever met in my life," Mr. Kemp said, a big smile on his face.

He asked her out, but she turned him down the first time before accepting later, and the two ended up dating during the year he recovered at the hospital.

"I came into contact with an awful lot of soldiers, and there was no one I was too impressed with until I met him," Mrs. Kemp said of her husband.

After he had been discharged from the hospital and the Army, Mr. Kemp returned home to earn his bachelor's degree in commerce at Florida Southern College.

"I sent her a telegram telling her I had to be back in Augusta for a check-up, and (asked) can we be married the first of September?" Mr. Kemp said, recalling his marriage proposal.

When she didn't respond for a few days, he began to worry.

But Mr. Kemp finally received a short telegraphed reply.

"September will be fine," was all it said.

The couple was married Sept. 1, 1946, and now has two sons and three grandchildren.

Mr. Kemp earned a master's degree and was a Richmond County school counselor for more than 25 years. He retired in 1984 when he was asked to be a counselor for the Department of Defense, a job he performed until 1988.

Amid fading pictures and memorabilia from his younger days, Mr. Kemp still has the telegram his wife sent him almost 55 years ago.



Harry Kemp receives a Bronze Star from Brig. Gen. Albert C. Smith for his actions on the Siegfried Line as a platoon Browning automatic rifleman in Oberotterbach, Germany.

How The Nazis Killed

By the Editor of Yank, the Army Weekly,
Yank Productions - 1984 - New York

Most GIs were brought up to be suspicious of "atrocities stories." Their suspicions carried over into World War II, and they were, some of them, wary and unbelieving when they heard the first stories of Nazi concentration camps. Until after the invasion of France they weren't very close to the fact of Nazi terror, and the strange names of the camps—Dachau, Lublin, Buchenwald—and the unpronounceable names of the victims made it all a little unreal.

Then American soldiers opened some of these sores of Hitler's Reich. They freed concentration camps and prison camps and found starvation and murder and torture applied as Nazi weapons to American prisoners of war with the same ruthless violence with which they had long been applied to Germany's slave laborers of "lesser races." GIs saw wrecked bodies that once belonged to Americans with names like Jones and Johnston, starved hulks of men with faces like skulls who used to take the New York subway to work in civilian life or plow a field in Missouri or lie on the beach in California.

• • •

Sitting in the parlor of a German home which had been requisitioned as an MP billet, a dozen Yanks who had been released from a German PW cage when the 104th Division overran it told what had happened to them during their captivity.

The dean of the prisoners had spent two years and eight months in a PW camp. He had been captured in August 1942 and had been shot in the ankle and thigh by a German sniper just before he was taken prisoner. Despite his wounds, the Germans made him walk 12 miles to a prison camp without medical attention.

After a week in a French prison, he and 1,500 other Allied prisoners were herded into French 10-and-8 cars and taken to Stalag VIII-B at Lamsdorf in Ober Silesia. The rations for each man on the four days' and four nights' train ride were a loaf of bread, a third of a tin of meat, and a quarter pound of margarine.

"When we got to Lamsdorf," the dean of the prisoners said, "they put us in a compound by ourselves. We couldn't have any contact with the other Allied prisoners. There were 400 men in a hut, and each hut was built to hold only 200. Just to make sure we weren't too comfortable, they tied our hands with binder twine from eight in the morning until eight at night. Later they used handcuffs instead of twine. That went on for a whole year. Sometimes some of the boys managed to slip out of their bonds, but if they were caught they got five days of solitary confinement in a bunker with no food at all."

Despite temperatures that dropped to 10 and 20 below zero, the Germans made no effort to heat the prisoners' barracks. Men had to sleep in their clothes with their overcoats for blankets. Many of them suffered frozen feet and fingers. Later some of these frozen feet and fingers had to be amputated by Allied military doctors in the prison.

"The food at Lamsdorf was terrible," the soldier said. "They gave us a loaf of bread for seven men, and it was usually green with mold. Sometimes we'd get about a quart of watery soup made from the water the Germans boiled their own potatoes in, with a few cabbage leaves thrown in to make it look

like soup. I lost about 50 pounds in two years and five months."

Along with 8,000 other Allied prisoners at Lamsdorf, he was evacuated from the Silesian prison camp on Jan. 23, 1945, because the Russian Army had advanced to within five miles. All the men who were able to walk were forced to do so. A few invalid prisoners went by freight.

"They put me on a train, but some of the others who had frozen feet and hands never made it. Their guards clubbed them with rifles and left them lying there along the roadside in the snow and zero weather when they dropped out because of bad feet. God knows what happened to them."

"The bastards did the same thing to our guys," another GI said. "They beat them with rifle butts when they couldn't walk any further. And if any of the stronger ones tried to help a guy they saw was getting weak, the guards clubbed them too. Besides that, they egged on German kids in the towns we went through to throw stones at us."

Another GI, an infantryman from the 14th Armored Division, was captured at Bitchie on Jan. 2, during the German breakthrough in Belgium and Luxembourg. Along with 200 other Americans he was loaded on a freight train and sent to eastern Germany. They had neither food nor water on the trip, which took four days and five nights. Their overcoats, blankets, field jackets, and shoes were taken away from them, together with their watches and other personal belongings.

"We licked the ice on the hinges of the box car for water," he

(Continued on page 23)

HOW THE NAZIS KILLED

(Continued from page 22)

said. "There were 60 or 70 of us in each car with no blankets or warm clothes or even straw to sleep on. And just to make sure we didn't get any sleep, German guards stopped outside our car several times a night and fired a couple of rounds in on us. They weren't trying to hit us, because they always fired high, but they kept us awake, so we wouldn't have energy to try to escape."

Until now, it had all seemed a little unreal.

A medic, who was one of the 12 ex-prisoners, got in the conversation then. He was a medic of the 101st Airborne Division, and he had been captured at Bastogne on Dec. 19, 1944.

"They not only wouldn't give us medical supplies," he said, "they even took our own away from us.

After they captured us they made us turn over our kits and left us nothing to treat wounded and sick prisoners with.

"They marched us from Bastogne to Coblenz in zero weather and with two and three feet of snow on the ground. I saw guys who dropped out along the road clubbed on their bare tails with the butts of rifles by their guards. At Gerolstein they made 60 of our boys clean out buildings which had just been bombed by our planes and which were still burning. While they were working, the guards kicked them, hit them over the heads with pitchforks, and then turned the fire hose on them, spraying them with water that froze their clothes on them.

"They marched us seven days, then gave us two days' rest and started us off again. Finally they put us in box cars for a five-day ride to Stalag II-A, about 85 miles north

of Berlin. From Dec. 19 until Jan. 3, when we reached Stalag II-A, the total food given each of us 600 prisoners was two cups of ersatz coffee, a sixth of a loaf of bread, and two cups of barley soup. That's all. It wasn't much for a two-week trip, most of it on foot."

After six days at Stalag II-A, his group was put on freight trains for a ride back to another camp.

"They would only give us some straw and two blankets for the sick and wounded prisoners," he said. "That was their bed and bedclothes, even though the temperature often got down around zero. Then they forbade us to use bedpans for patients and ordered that all the patients had to go to the toilet themselves. Some of the guys were just too weak to do it."

"The sonsuvbitches," a listening MP sergeant said.

- Sgt. Ed Cunningham

Gift from a Soldier in Valley Forge A Tribute to ALL Veterans

Close your eyes and picture the soldier as he holds his musket in his bloody hands.

He stands barefoot in the snow, starved from lack of food, wounded from months of battle and emotionally scarred from the eternity away from his family surrounded by nothing but death and the carnage of war.

He stands tough, with fire in his eyes and victory on his breath. He looks at us now in anger and disgust and tells us this:

"I gave you a birthright of freedom born in the Constitution and now your children graduate too illiterate to read it."

"I fought in the snow barefoot to give you the freedom to vote and you stay at home because it rains."

"I left my family destitute to give you the freedom of speech and you remain silent on critical issues, because it might be bad for business."

"I orphaned my children to give you a government to serve you and it has stolen democracy from the people."

"It's the soldier, not the reporter, who gives you the freedom of the press."

"It's the soldier, not the poet, who gives you the freedom of speech."

"It's the soldier, not the campus organizer, who allows you to demonstrate."

"It's the soldier who salutes the flag, serves the flag, whose coffin is draped with the flag that allows the protester to burn the flag!"





MAIL CALL

CLARIFIES REMARKS

Clarification of last paragraph on page 80 of the book, "A Long Way Home," as carried at the top of page 9, in the spring issue of *The Liberator*:

Unknown to the author there were two roads out of Bannstein leading to Barental and it was a mistake to assume that Lt. Col. Trammel was referring to the same road our single file column was marching parallel with. The company commander believes he was on a road to the east towards the Rhine at the time, and my remark, "He must have made it out just ahead of our attempt," gives him concern that it implies he was deserting his troops. This was certainly not the intent of the author, and we all know our leader would never do such a thing. My apologies to our commander for causing him this concern.

("From the Author" found in the preface of "A Long Way Home") "After more than sixty years, the composing of these memories are subject to flaws. The names, the dates, the places, the description of events, the facts themselves, may differ from those of others who were there."

— Bob Buntin

DID YOU KNOW JOSEPH FICARO?

Dear Mr Hofer,

It is an honor to be a newer member of the 14th Armored Division Association. I was directed to the association when I was searching for information on my father's military history. I received a response from Mr. Jim Lankford. After a series of email corre-



Joseph Ficaro

spondences, I received a most inspiring message from Mr. Lankford. I read his last email message to my older sister, and our eyes were filled with tears.

My father, **PFC Joseph Ficaro**, was from Salem, MA and drafted into the US Army in February of 1941. His original unit was the **67th Coast Artillery Regiment**. He was first sent to Paterson, NJ to guard Wrights Aircraft Factory. That is where he met my mother and stayed after the war. He was sent to N. Africa in January of 1943 and came home from Europe in June 1945. He was Honorably Discharged a month later. The only information I have of his military service is from his discharge papers and his campaign badges & Army insignias. He was discharged from the **14th Armored Division, 68th AIB Company C**. His qualifications: Combat Infantry Badge SO#17 HQ. 18th AIB/1945. His Battles and Campaigns are listed: Tunisia, Sicily, Rome-Arno, Southern France and The Rhineland. I believe he joined up with the 14th Armored Division in Marseilles, France in October of 1944. He was 29 years old at that time.

My father passed away 39 years ago when I was 16. His military foot-stone is engraved with the **14th Armored 68th AIB**. I remember him as a fun loving, quiet and gentle man who loved the outdoors. He also had this look that told you he was one tough person and you didn't mess with him. He told me few stories of WWII. What I remember he said, Africa had a lot of flies, the sound of a German 88 shell, watching Monte Cassino being bombed for days, in France when you went into an abandoned house, you threw your helmet on a bed to claim that bed for the night, finding a wine cellar there and the German pillboxes at the Siegfried Line.

My mother, who passed away years ago, also knew very little of my father's military record. I wrote the NPRC only to find out that his records were destroyed in the infamous fire.

I wish I had started this research

many years ago. I'm asking, by way of this letter, if anyone might have known him or if anyone has any good suggestions on how to trace his movements from N. Africa to the Rhineland. I would greatly appreciate it.

Bob Ficaro

STILL ENJOYS THE LIBERATOR

Dear Verlyn,

It's been some time since we were able to attend the reunions but still enjoy so very much "*The Liberator*." Do you have extra copies of the Spring 2009? If so I would like to order 5 extra copies. Please let me know how much I need to send for copies and postage.

I contacted our new member (Jolen Geurian) whos father was in the 125th... same as Jerry. She lives just a short distance from Dallas.

Our best to you and everyone who attends the Green Bay Reunion. Perhaps maybe the next one we can attend.

Jerry is fine... just had his 86th birthday.

Frances Freeman

copies of The Liberator printed are very limited so we cannot always fill requests. We suggest you try having copies made at places like Kinko's or UPS.)

WE ALL FORGET

Gus Hinrich,

Sorry, but I must have let my membership lapse. I have not been able to attend reunions for two years, and forgot to pay for membership. Could I receive Spring and Summer issues of *the Liberator*? Enclosed is fifty dollars for a Life Membership.

Sincerely,

Harry White



MAIL CALL... Continued

APPRECIATES THE LIBERATOR

Dear Gus:

I appreciate *The Liberator* 3 times a year very much; brings back many memories. I intend to write some articles myself.

I am thankful that my son, Paul Wirth, has become a member.

I am sending you a check for whatever may be for your use.

Werner Wirth

Sargeant, "B" Battery 499th

P.S. Won't make next meeting.

A WONDERFUL SELFLESS ACT

Dear Verlyn:

Yesterday I was contacted via the Association website by a young man from The Netherlands named Erik Snijder. He was asking for information about Tech 5 William R. Snyder of D Troop, 94th Cavalry. T/5 Snyder was killed in action on 22 April 1945 in the vicinity of Kemnath, Germany, and is buried in the military cemetery at St. Avold, France. I asked Erik why he was interested in Snyder, and his answer astonished me. Here is what he wrote. (I have taken the liberty of correcting his English a little, although it was quite good in the original.)

I am Erik Snijder from The Netherlands. I am 33 years old and married to Marjan. And I have 2 children, Chris and Isa.

I live in a little village near by Groningen. I adopted 2 years ago a grave at the (military) cemetery Margraten Nederland of a soldier named Walter E. Snyder from Lykens, PA. And now a few months ago I adopted the grave of T/5 William Snyder at St. Avold, Lorraine, France.

I did a lot of research for information about them and I get a lot back. All my life I am interested in WW2, and all the men who fought for our liberty.

I am thankful for what you men did

for us. That is why I adopted 2 graves. It is the only (thing) we can do to pay you back for all your suffering.

Erik

After doing some research on the Internet, I discovered that it is not uncommon for people in The Netherlands and other European countries to "adopt" the graves of fallen American soldiers. These fine men and women regularly visit the graves of the men they have adopted. They place fresh flowers on them, and make sure the graves and headstones are clean, and well tended. This is done on a voluntary basis to honor those who were killed while liberating Europe from the Nazis. In The Netherlands alone, some 18,000 graves of American and Allied soldiers have been adopted in this manner. Our new friends, Erik and Marjan Snijder are doing a wonderful thing, and are by their selfless actions making certain that their two children, Chris and Isa will not forget all those Americans who died in the name of liberty.

With respect,

Jim Lankford

SAYS "DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH"

Dear Gus,

Find enclosed my 2009 dues.

Also find picture of Patton. No - it is not the reported picture of him pissing in the Rhine River. Sorry. It came out of the Patton Museum article. For your info - Obama's grandfather was also with Patton (Sgt) the last month or so. Maybe he (Obama) will speak at the next convention... Maybe my GE stock will come back next month also. Don't hold your breath on either one.

Jack Hennen

P.S. Don't know how you do it - but the caliber of *The Liberator* is fantastic. Doubt if it can be matched by any other WW2 outfit.

KARL PAUZER STILL ACTIVE

Hi Gus,

I thought that you might be interested in enclosed obit. I don't think that Erwin Crossman belonged to the Ass'n and I don't know what unit he was in. He was Post Commander of nearby VFW post until it folded due to lack of members and then was assigned to Post 9550. He was in declining health for some years and died shortly after assignment to us and never attended meetings.

He did tell me that he and another soldier were on the beach with a Lt. who somehow blew up an explosive device killing self and the other soldier. He was wounded and never rejoined unit until we were in Germany. The obit mentioned being in Holland with us but I think he is confused on that.

I am very active despite having open heart surgery, four by-passes, in 2001 and a total knee replacement in 2008. I am very active in VFW, exercising three times a week and volunteering at local hospital.

Sincerely,

Karl Pauzer

EXPERIENCES TO BE INCLUDED AT NATIONAL MUSEUM

Mr. Harry Kemp:

As I promised during our phone call earlier this week, we have selected your experiences in World War II in the 14th Armored Division as a candidate for inclusion in the exhibits being designed for the National Museum. Thank you so much for your interest in the National Museum project and for your service to our country.

Kenneth L. Smith-Christmas

Director of Exhibits and Collections
National Museum of the U.S. Army
6020 Goethals Road, Bldg. T-1812

Ft. Belvoir, VA 22060-6025



MORE MAIL CALL

KEEP UP GOOD WORK

Dear Gus,

Just finished reading the Spring issue of *The Liberator*. As always - a lot of good stuff to learn and relearn about.

Keep up the good work, we all appreciate what you are doing for us.

Joe Fiske, B-19

ENJOYS THE LIBERATOR

Dear Gus,

I was one of Col. Meyers radio operators in his half track in the 62nd HQ department.

Really enjoy *The Liberator* and look forward to getting it.

Enclosed is \$5.00 towards the post-

age fund.

Sincerely,
Dave Dobles

CAN NO LONGER TRAVEL

Dear Gus,

Thank you to all you fellows who keep the reunions and *Liberator* going. I enjoy reading it each time, keeping up with the reunions, since I can no longer attend.

I am a Life member and I am enclosing a check to help with the postage or wherever you need it.

My wife, Doris, and I attended our first reunion in Chicago in 1969 and our last in Albuquerque in 1994. We at-

tended 20 in all, until Doris' health got so that we could no longer travel. She passed away in 2006.

We first heard about the reunion from Pat Defusco, we were both in "A" Company 84th Medics.

Keep up the good work,
Ralph Drafall

SENDS CHECK FOR LIBERATOR

Dear Gus,

Sending check to continue receiving *The Liberator*. Thanks for your continued good service.

Mr. Ralph M. Cardinal

Madison Attorney Jack R. DeWitt recognized for outstanding service to the state's legal system

April 17, 2009 - Madison Attorney Jack R. DeWitt has been recognized by the State Bar of Wisconsin's Senior Lawyers Division for his lifetime of exceptional contributions to the goal of justice for all Wisconsin citizens. He will receive the 2009 Leonard L. Loeb Award from the Bar at the group's annual meeting in Milwaukee next month.

The award acknowledges the work of a senior lawyer whose outstanding leadership has advanced the fundamental goals of our legal system.

DeWitt's selection for the award was supported by retired Wisconsin Supreme Court Justice William G. Callow, who noted that "There are many excellent attorneys in Wisconsin but there are very few great attorneys. Jack DeWitt is not only a great attorney, he is a great citizen." Callow cited DeWitt's leadership in reorganizing Wisconsin's court system as an example of his enduring legacy.

Other colleagues and jurists who also submitted letters of support on his

behalf highlighted some of DeWitt's other contributions. Attorney Stephen A. DiTullio, a partner at DeWitt, Ross & Stevens, recalled that when he joined the firm as a first-year law clerk, DeWitt found the time to mentor him, setting "an outstanding example for younger attorneys starting out their careers." The Hon. Gerald Nichol noted that more than 20 years ago DeWitt was one of the founders of the Dane County Bar Mediation program, "the first of its type in our state and for that matter in the country." Dane County Bar President Teresa Kobelt added that "He has donated countless hours to the furtherance of the legal profession in the Madison area and throughout the state with his various community activities and volunteer work."

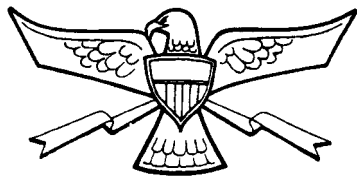
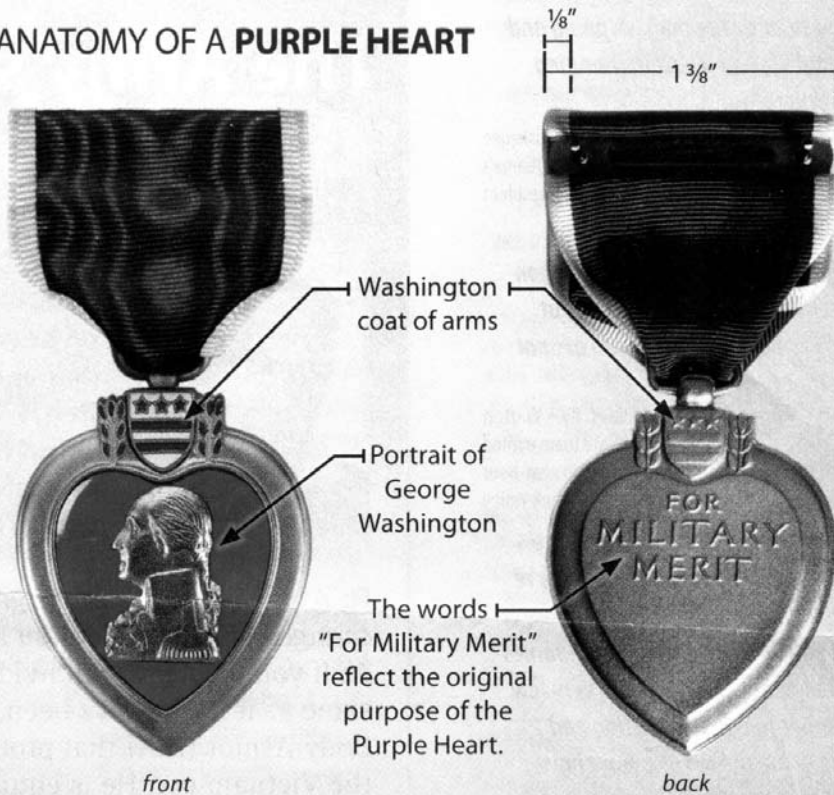
That community and volunteer work includes: serving as Dane County District Attorney; teaching at the University of Wisconsin Law and Business Schools; authoring professional publications for his peers; and charing various state, county and community-

based boards. During his decades in practice, he also served as president of the State Bar and as chair of its Board of governors; president of the Dane County Bar Association; and trustee of the National conference of Bar Foundations.

A WWII infantry officer who won the Distinguished Service Cross, British Military Cross, Silver Star and Purple Heart, DeWitt retired as Brigadier General. He received his LLB in 1942 and B.A. in 1940 from the University of Wisconsin.

Editor's Note: We of the 14th A.D. Assoc. know Jack DeWitt as a great soldier, citizen and friend, in war and peace. Just as he led his men as the company commander of C-19th, so Jack served as a true leader of our association for many years. We congratulate him on receiving this much-deserved recognition from his peers in the legal profession. We regret to report that health issues will prevent Jack from attending the reunion in Green Bay. Thank you, Jack for your many years of dedicated service.

ANATOMY OF A PURPLE HEART



*** God Bless ***
AMERICA
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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Help find a lost buddy & sign him up!

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PLEASE DO NOT Send Money for Dues to the National Secretary

Membership Renewal Notice

MAIL TO:

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 Please enroll my { Daughter _____
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NOTICE

LIBERATOR ISSUE DATES!
MARCH - JULY - NOVEMBER
 Information **MUST** be submitted
SIX WEEKS before issue!

ALL INFORMATION SHOULD BE TYPED.

Send all information to:
VERLYN HOFER



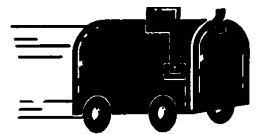
**NEXT DEADLINE IS
 SEPTEMBER 30, 2009**

WHO RECEIVES THE LIBERATOR?

All paid up members and LIFE members of the 14th Armored Division Association, and those who are only one year behind in their payment, receive the LIBERATOR three times a year. In addition, the LIBERATOR is sent to widows of the above members of the 14th Armored Division Association for two years. If they wish to continue receiving the LIBERATOR, they should fill in the membership REGISTRATION form which is always printed on the next to last page of the LIBERATOR, and send it with dues to the National Treasurer.

Remember, the LIBERATOR is not sent to members of the Women's Auxiliary (households would receive two LIBERATORS if we did). Membership in the 14th Armored Division Association is required to receive the LIBERATOR.

WHAT ...YOU'RE MOVING!



PLEASE help us eliminate any unnecessary confusion and possible delays by advising us promptly of any change in your mailing address.

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14th AD CHAPTER ORGANIZERS, UPCOMING REUNIONS

SOUTH EASTERN STATES CHAPTER

BOB McCLARREN and
PHIL SNOBERGER, Co-Chairs HAMPTON INN SOUTH OF

WESTERN STATES CHAPTER

DANIEL (JOE) FITTS and ROBERT K. LONG, Organizers

MID WEST STATES CHAPTER

HAROLD KIEHNE DAYS INN - French Island

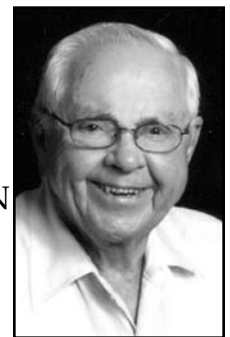
<http://www.14tharmoreddivision.org>

**COMING NATIONAL
REUNIONS**



**James
Craigmile
2010**
Indianapolis, IN
Sept. 8-12

**Note: James
Craigmile is
back on board as our 2010
president. Reunion arrange-
ments will be handled by a
committee.**



**Chuck Hurl
2011**
Indianapolis, IN
Dates pending

**Check out the website:
www.14tharmoreddivision.org**

NOTICE:

LIBERATOR ISSUE DATES!
MARCH - JULY - NOVEMBER
Information **MUST** be submitted
SIX WEEKS before issue!

ALL INFORMATION SHOULD BE TYPED.

Send all information to:
VERLYN HOFER

**NEXT DEADLINE IS
SEPTEMBER 30, 2009**

PLEASE CHECK YOUR ADDRESS
LABEL FOR EXPIRATION DATE

All changes of address should be
sent to Gus Hinrich, Sec./Treas.

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