



THE LIBERATOR™

VOL. 47 NO. 2

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14th Armored Division Association*

FALL-WINTER 2012

Message from our Association President



STAN GOLDMAN

I made these remarks at the close of our banquet in Peoria, Illinois. They are so important to me that I repeat them here as a reminder and for those who were not present.

It was Isaac Asimov who wrote "violence is the first recourse of the incompetent."

I am asking all combat veterans to join me in the battle for peace. We who bear the physical and mental scars of what modern warfare does to an individual have lasting memories. The horrors of seeing our fellow soldiers brutally killed and maimed and sometimes crippled forever are never forgotten.

We must with every means at our disposals inundate our representatives in Washington and the media with the importance of maintaining the peace.

We must remember the lesson of
(Continued on page 3)

Our 48th Annual Reunion - One to Remember!

by Ann & Jess Chelette

Peoria, IL, was the site of the 48th Annual Reunion of the 14th Armored Division Association, Inc. We met at the Four Points by Sheraton hotel and conference center from September 19 - 23, and had a wonderful time each day!

Hotel remodeling of the hotel did not get in our way! Our registration table was near the Arc of Scaffolding, but few even noticed! The elevator was out of commission for two hours Friday, but we were on the Spirit of Peoria paddleboat for our lunch cruise, and didn't notice! And the laborers who passed each day bought 14th AD T-shirts and hats!

What did we do in Peoria? We loved meeting and greeting and helping everyone who arrived - all 74 attendees (slightly more than last year!) who arrived Wednesday through Saturday. Partners (relatives of veterans) unloaded vehicles, parked cars, assisted with registration, moved luggage, and so enjoyed seeing everyone again!

We welcomed back several veterans who had not attended recent reunions - Jerry Fields and his lovely family from Texas and Al and Millie Burmeister from Illinois! So many friends returned from far away! Fred Harshberger with Jack and Terry Harvey, Marilyn Baney, Russ Smith, and Stan Goldman from the east coast, Joe Fitts and Gus & Doris Hinrich from California, and Phil Snoberger from Florida! We missed many, too, and shared communications and stories of past reunions and the grand times we had together!

Our two outings, a bus tour of Peoria and the Spirit of Peoria lunch cruise, were attended by almost 100% of attendees! How wonderful to enjoy the sights and experiences together! Our in-house programs, President Elton Ross' discussion about Website involvements, Jack DeWitt's memorial service, and the Holocaust Museum exhibit about the 14th Armored Division; a display of collections from years ago, including a rare Teenie Weenies children's book, wedding cake bride & groom toppers, and silver baby cups; and teenager sharpshooters from the local high school ROTC program who provided our Color Guard!

Many present complimented our evening dinners, often exclaiming they had not so enjoyed banquet menus before. Our buffet breakfasts were amazing, and the made-to-order omelets, waffles, and hot dishes satisfied even the picky eaters.

Reunion after-dinner entertainment was superb! Thursday evening, a celebrated harpist performed well-known melodies and shared her skills and harp with us all for some time afterwards. Friday's performer was a nationally known and Nashville award winner, who brought her professional program to us in Peoria! Following Saturday's banquet, a troupe of young teens provided a marvelously spirited program honoring our veterans. Several families also enjoyed the evening horse-drawn carriage rides!

We gathered for our annual

(Continued on page 3)

49th NATIONAL REUNION

Place and Date to be announced in Spring issue.

FROM THE LADIES AUXILIARY PRESIDENT



GAYLE SIEWERT

What a wonderful reunion we had in Peoria. Ann, Jess and all the rest of the partners did a wonderful job during the weekend, welcoming everyone at all hours.

Thursday we had a tour of the city which was super. Unfortunately I missed it due to setting up the hospitality room with the help of my sister Gloria. Joe Fitts was right there ready to sell tickets; he was the number one seller. Many, many thanks to Joe for the good job done and to all the rest of you on your sales. With all the sales we made \$700.00, the money going to the Danville VA Center to be used to purchase a TV or a paging system.

Friday we had the paddle wheel riverboat tour on the Illinois River. How exciting; lunch was delicious. Then it was back to the hotel to rest before supper and music at the evening event.

Saturday began with the Memorial Service, remembering the many who left us during the past year, including Charlotte Froelich who was our Auxiliary treasurer. She will be missed by so many. A special thank you to Millie Burmeister for her help with the poppy wreath.

The ladies' meeting was short although there were some changes in the list of officers. I will continue to serve as president while Marilyn Baney will be first vice president, and Mary Hofer will serve as second vice president. No one was named to the office of third vice president. With the death of Charlotte Froelich, Charlene Heise, formerly our assistant treasurer, was named treasurer. We thank her for accepting this position. Other officers remained the same, including the secretary position held by Anne Webster.

(Continued on page 5)

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

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

★★★ LIBERATOR ★★★

Official Publication

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LIST OF OFFICERS

<i>National President</i> STANLEY GOLDMAN	<i>National Secretary</i> ANN CHELETTE	<i>National Judge Advocate</i> JOHN P. MEYER
<i>National Vice Presidents</i> FRED HARSHBERGER	<i>National Treasurer</i> JESS CHELETTE	<i>National Publicity</i> HAROLD KIEHNE
JOHN P. MEYER		<i>National Photographer</i> BILL BREER
<i>Immediate Past President</i> ELTON C. ROSS	<i>National Chaplain</i> JOHN A. BURGESS	<i>Executive Director Emeritus</i> HORST FROELICH 1926-2006
		<i>National Historian Emeritus</i> GEORGE ENGLAND, JR. 1914-2007

LIST OF AUXILIARY OFFICERS

<i>National President</i> GAYLE SIEWERT	<i>National Secretary and Public Relations</i> ANNE WEBSTER	<i>Nomination Committee</i> MERTYCE MEYER
<i>National 1st Vice President</i> MARILYN BANEY	<i>National Treasurer</i> CHARLENE HEISE	EDITH BARTON See Historian info.
<i>National 2nd Vice President</i> MARY HOFER	<i>National Historian</i> EDITH BARTON	ROBERTA BROWN-HENNING

PLEASE FILL IN ALL BLANKS

Enclosed is \$3.00. Please enroll me as a member of the 14th Armored Division Assn., Inc. Auxiliary.

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Husband's Name _____ Tel. No. _____

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

Mail to: Charlene Heise, 3255 E. Normandy Dr., Oak Creek, WI 53154
A stamped self-addressed envelope would be greatly appreciated.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 1)

Vietnam. This stupidity of our involvement in Iraq and Afghanistan grows more apparent with each passing day. Intervening in a foreign country in an effort to bring democratic freedom is doomed to fail. Centuries of tribal conflict and hatred cannot be corrected by outside forces. We are foreigners on their soil and end up hated by all sides.

The thought of our children and grandchildren being asked to do what we did in war is unthinkable.

Those fat cats in Washington do not have a clue about what they are

subjecting our kids to.

Through every means at your disposal, letters to the President and your Representatives, media, facebook, twitter, blogs, shout from the rooftops. Demand that they bring our kids home now.

We live in a dangerous world. We must stay strong and alert.

Through political and economic pressure we can accomplish a great deal in improving circumstances around the world. War should be a last desperate measure.

Stan Goldman
2012-2013 President
14th AD Association

48th Annual Reunion...

(Continued from page 1)

with us. Our Worship Service was a moving time for many. Chaplain John Burgess implored us to 'Picture the Presence of God' in our lives.

And then it was time to move on, to our homes or vacations (John and LaVerne Klobucar headed for Washington DC) or Honor Flights (outgoing President Elton Ross was scheduled to leave the following day!). We'll gather again next September and pray that God's blessings touch each and every one!

Board of Directors Meeting

The annual meeting of the 14th Armored Division Association, Inc. Board of Directors convened on September 20, 2012, at the Four Points by Sheraton Hotel, Peoria IL. In attendance were Elton Ross, Chuck Hurl, Roy Roberts, Bob McClarren, Neil Webster, Joe Fitts, Stan Goldman, Verlyn Hofer, John Burgess, Jerry Fields, Jess Chelette, and Ann Chelette. President Elton Ross opened the meeting and Chaplain John Burgess led with prayer.

The secretary's minutes of the September 2011 reunion in Indianapolis, IN were approved as published in the Liberator. Ann Chelette will circulate a roster among veterans at the Banquet to acquire current phone and email contacts.

All treasury documents were passed to Ann and Jess Chelette between September 2011 and January 2012. Current assets are \$19,355.98. Only \$1262 were collected in dues during the past year because of the large number of Life Members. The tax exempt status of the Association has been temporarily withheld, and action is being taken to correct this situation. Board members expressed great appreciation to all who have generously donated to the 14th Armored Division, and hope such donations will continue.

Future reunions were discussed, with attention given to remaining in the Midwest. Suggested sites included the Holocaust Museum in Terra Haute, IN, and the Chicago area for ease of those flying. The Board approved Ann Chelette providing a reunion survey to all in attendance.

Discussion of the extensive collection of Liberators and 14th AD documents offered to the Association by

Edith Barton continued. Efforts will be made to contact Jim Lankford and governmental sites regarding the best disposition of that historical collection.

President Elton Ross has ably managed website contacts and requests, and will provide a report on this year's website action during his Friday afternoon presentation. He was also able to locate 14th Armored Division after-action reports including the names of our veterans, and has placed copies in the Hospitality Room for viewing. Ross has copies of the 14th AD Constitution and Bylaws available for anyone. He reminded the Board that if ever the decision is made to disband, one additional meeting must take place to dispense assets.

Editor Verlyn Hofer addressed the expense of publishing and mailing the Liberator three times each year, and offered reductions in pages, materials, and mailings. The Board thanked Verlyn for the excellent work he continues to do and discouraged any changes at this time. Ann Chelette will address the issue of households receiving multiple copies because of family memberships. She will also pursue the potential for an online Liberator.

Chaplain John Burgess stated he will be unable to travel to future reunions because of health concerns. He requested that the Worship Service and before-meal invocations continue, and Jess and Ann Chelette assured him that these valuable -- will not cease. Burgess would like to continue receiving notifications of deaths, illnesses, and needs, and will provide The Chaplain's Comments in future Liberators. The Board commended Burgess for his long

and loyal service to the Association.

Discussion regarding election of the Association's next Vice President. Association bylaws limit each president to only one term in a lifetime. Involved and devoted veterans are present and in line for this office, and the Board will take action prior to Saturday morning's General Association Meeting.

The meeting was adjourned per protocol.

NOTE: See back page for information on election of Co-Vice Presidents for 2014.

14th Armored Division is on Facebook!

Great news for Facebook followers! Don McAllister, son of Merlin McAllister, has created a Facebook page for the 14th Armored Division! Don has added information, pictures, and interesting posts. Visit the page every day! Right now you'll find great photos of our Peoria Reunion.

- Search for '**Friends of the 14th Armored Division**' or just type in '**14**' to reach our page!

- Don't forget to '**Like**' the page - the more 'Likes', the more enhanced the page will be!

- '**Friend**' us and post your own messages and pictures!

Please send any information or pictures for our Facebook page to:

Don McAllister, Facebook Manager 712.

Ann Chelette, National Secretary



14th Armored Division TAPS

We have received requests in the past for additional information about those members who have passed away. The information noted below has been provided to us or found in our rosters.

• **Robert Titler, 136 ORD A CO**, died March 16, 2008; a lifelong farmer and employed by Collins Radio and Westside Mutual Ins.; survived by family including daughter Sue Becke, IA 5

• **Cedric E. Arrington, 47 TANK C CO**, died July 2, 2010, in South Boston, VA; retired from J. P. Stevens; member of American Legion; survived by daughter, son Earl D. Arrington, Sr., ph ilie

• **Armand G. Messier, 62 INF HQ CO**, died August 2, 2010, in New Bedford, CT; following retirement from Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. after 35 years, drove school buses for neighboring towns; survived by daughter Jacqueline Benoit and family.

• **John Hunsucker, COMMAND DIV HQ**, died June 4, 2011, in Newton, NC; graduated from Lenoir-Rhyne University, former member of Catawba County School Board, retired after 37 years as owner of John F. Hunsucker Insurance Agency; survived by wife Mary B. Hunsucker, 30 58, tw

• **Lettie Duffett, widow of Willie G. Duffett, 47 TANK D CO**, and member of the 14th Armored Division Assoc., died November 23, 2011, in Lexington, MO; survived by children and grandchildren.

• **Vilo Calkins, 47 TANK, A CO**, died January 4, 2012, in Torrance, CA, at the age of 91; worked in the airline industry for 40 years - 20 years with Boeing and 20 years with Western; life member of 14th AD Assoc., which he joined in 1971; survived by wife Doris, CA (in this notice)

• **Thomas M. Sheeran, 94 CAV-ALRY E TRP**; died April 3, 2012, in Pleasant Ridge, OH; a great sports fan, but cared most about his lifetime stats: married for 63 years, fought for his country for 3 years in WWII (but rarely spoke of fighting), worked for the same employer for 40 years (as a labor attorney for the National Labor Relations Board), raised 6 children, doted on 13 grandchildren, and remained loyal to his city, his schools (his children learned he was a high school valedictorian just a few days before his death), and his many friends for a lifetime; survived by his wife, OH 45

• **Joseph C. Aquilina, 47 TANK MED DET**, died April 6, 2012, in Amherst, NY; owned Aquilina Tire Sales, member of VFW, enjoyed being with family; kept in touch with Med Corps buddy Joseph Kapraun; survived by three children, including new 14th Army, 09 Lt and gr

• **Kenneth J. Walbrink, 14 ARM RECON**; died April 29, 2012, in Jefferson City, MO; retired as Manager of American Olean Tile Co, St Louis; survived by wife, MO 61, mi-lies.

• **Harold Wesley Culver, 136 ORD C CO**, died May 19, 2012, in Erie, PA; retired USPS letter carrier; member of VFW and American Legion; survived by four children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren.

• **Charlotte Froelich, 84**, died July 5, 2012, in Greenfield, WI, following a stroke; was proud to be an American after moving from Germany when she was 22; a charter member of All Saints Lutheran Church; treasurer

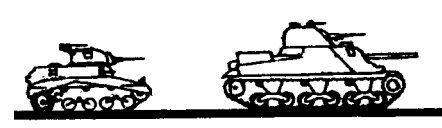
of the 14th Armored Division Assoc. Ladies Auxiliary; widow of Horst G. Froelich, 47 TANK D CO; survived by son, wife, 3: dek, W to reunions for many years; grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

• **Wanda Hudson, wife of Charles N. Hudson, 47 TANK A CO**, died July 17, 2012, in Stockton, MO; worked in the fingerprinting department of the FBI in Washington, D.C. during WWII; active in Girl Scouts, garden clubs, and Ladies Auxiliary of the American Legion; survived by family including one great-grandchild whose father is serving in Afghanistan, and husband of 66 years, Cl th Co 'O Bo ne 41

• **Joseph G. Sica, 25 TANK A CO**, recipient of Purple Heart, died August 14, 2012, in Rochester, NY; retired from Eastman Kodak; survived by wife, Co le, Ro

• **Bernita Fulmer, wife of Franklin Fulmer, 500 ARTY B BTY**, died September 2, 2012, in Sun City, AZ; retired librarian and co-founder of Literacy Volunteers of America - Imperial Valley, where she was a mentor and taught literacy; survived by husband, Lit ly inc D member of the same address.

Please contact Ann Chelette if you have additional information we might share.





THE CHAPLAIN'S COMMENTS

John A. Burgess

LIVING IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD



Every one has a principle which influences how we make daily decisions and major commitments. For some it is the way to make money or have a place of prominence. The Bible addresses God by many different names that present a number of truths about God. The name presented by Ezekiel is Jehovah Shammah (Ezek.48:35) This title proclaimed by the prophet simply means THE LORD IS THERE. This statement gives a wonderful truth that strengthens a believer's life. One of the great privileges we have as we trust in Jesus is to live in the presence of the one who made the universe. What is the major principle which influences your daily decisions and major goals?

Following is the principle that influences my life. Early in my childhood I was taught by my church and my mother that I was always in the presence of God. Day or night, working or playing, whatever I was doing it was in God's presence. As a child I use to practice being in God's presence. At any time during the day or night I would talk with God. There were times when I would take my dog to walk on the river bank and I would use that walk to talk with God. How did this principle affect my life?

If I was always in the presence of God then He obviously was aware

of my every need. As He possessed everything or could create all that He needed I believed He could meet my every need. I could come to God with my needs and seek fulfillment.

This was helpful in combat. I can say that although I was in many dangerous events I actually was never seriously afraid. I could be calm knowing that God would meet my every need. I had confidence that living, wounded or dead my needs would be met. The confidence that I was in God's presence kept me calm, confident that God meet my every need in battle. In God's presence one can be sure that He is a Provider and a Protector.

Even in 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 palm of my hands."

(Is. 49:15,16)

Let me tell you how I practice the presence of God. When I wake in the morning, even before meeting the duties of the day, I commit myself and the day to God. At some time in the day, usually in the morning I read the scripture and pray. Actually because of the work that I do I often spend a considerable portion of the day studying the scripture as I write articles and prepare sermons.

Have you realized how close God is to you if you are a believer? 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) I wish to challenge you to live daily conscious of living in the presence of God.

– Chaplain John 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:

LADIES AUXILIARY

(Continued from page 2)

We will take each year as it comes, looking for ways to help the men of the 14th AD Assoc.

At this writing we have not heard where the reunion will be held next year, but likely somewhere in the Midwest.

After our annual Saturday morning meeting, the noon drawing of the raffle tickets was held. The gifts were very nice, including a table cloth from Germany by M. McAllister. All but

one gift was picked up by the winners. Thanks to all who were involved in this fund-raising effort. The hospital room was stocked with great treats, beverages and help to keep everything stocked. Thank you, thank you!

The banquet Saturday night featured wonderful food. My congratulations to all the new officers for the men and women's groups. The evening's festivities closed with beautiful harp music, greatly enjoyed by all. As is traditional, a church service was conducted by Chaplain Burgess Sunday morning, followed by our goodbyes

until next year.

Once again I would like to thank all the ladies, men, and partners for all their help. A thank you goes to my sister Gloria for her help. My mother, Frances, sends her greetings to all: She is doing well and takes one day at a time. She enjoys receiving mail (address: IN 550 155 and 155) to all who have lost loved ones.

Sincerely,

Gayle Siewert

CONTACT MADE WITH WIDOW OF LT. CHARLES BALDWIN

Thanks to the computer savvy of Jim Lankford and Joanne Mello (whose father served in C-48), the editor of The Liberator was able to make contact with the widow of Lt. Charles Baldwin. The editor, Verlyn Hofer, served in the first platoon of A-62, which Lt. Baldwin commanded.

Those who served under Lt. Baldwin, as well as others of Company A, 62nd AIB, may be interested in the information derived from this contact with his widow. It was confirmed through this exchange of letters that Lt. Baldwin's widow, Elsie, later married Daniel Vesper who adopted the son born to Charles and Elsie Baldwin. As explained by Elsie, "his name is now Barry Vesper." Mrs. Vesper has other living children but Mr. Vesper has passed away.

Mrs. Vesper expressed appreciation of the letter inquiring about Lt. Baldwin and his family. She informed that many years ago, a man who served

under Lt. Baldwin came to see her but apparently she has had no contact with those of his unit since then. Mrs. Vesper explains that she is now 90 years old but her writing indicates that she is of clear mind, in fairly good health and
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Those who served with Lt. Baldwin may also be interested in the account of the military action in which he lost his life. The following appears in the "History of the 62nd AIB."

The seventh of April, the column was led by C Company who attacked and cleared Hunsbach and was then passed by A Company that spearheaded the attack on Gressthal, a village surrounded by high and open ground. Entering Gressthal, A Company dismounted and with the tanks of the 25th Tank Battalion on line across the field, giving supporting fire, the infantry advanced into the town. So intense was

the fire from tanks, that many houses and barns were burning and the consequent heat and smoke were the first half of the period the only detriment to the Americans. With the town cleared, and prisoners on the way back, the company was reorganizing in preparation for further advancement when heavy artillery and mortar concentrations descended upon the town. So much a surprise was the barrage that it caught the men unaware in the streets, as it did Major Richards and Major Higgins and Lt. Baldwin, who were wounded, Lt. Baldwin mortally. The other men were wounded by this action and so frequent were the barrages that the column was forced to remain in Gressthal that night while friendly artillery gave counter-fire and eliminated the hostile elements. This halt also gave the artillery time to soften the defenses of the towns ahead, dejecting the morale of the enemy and easing the path of the Americans.

US VETS WHO SERVED IN FRANCE IN WWII SOUGHT

The French Consulate representative for Volusia and Flagler counties, Florida, is seeking military veterans who were in France during World War II to say "thanks."

Claude Berthoine of Ormond Beach, the consulate representative for Volusia, Flagler and St. Johns counties, said the French government wants to present "Thank You America" citations to World War II veterans who served in France in appreciation for participating in the country's liberation.

We are anxiously trying to locate local World War II veterans to present them with this," Berthoine said. "There are so few of them left."

He explained that to be eligible, a veteran must have served in French territory, French territorial waters or French air-space between June 6, 1944, and May 8, 1945.

To apply, veterans can fill out and submit an application form with copies of documentation, including a DD Form 214 military separation order, and any records mentioning their mission on French soil. The applicant should compose a paragraph explaining the mission.

Arrangements will be made to have a formal presentation from a French Consul representative at the Veterans Affairs Clinic in Daytona Beach. The forms are available from Berthoine by calling 386-871-0908.

Those interested in making application for this award may wish to contact Bob McClarren, a member of the 14th AD Association, who has more specific details concerning the procedure. His cell phone number is

JERRY BARTON DIES

Many members of the 14th AD Association were saddened to learn of the death of Jerry Barton, son of Edith and the late Russell Barton. Jerry passed away on September 5, 2012, at the age of 69. Those who attended the reunion in Green Bay, WI in 2009 when Russ was Association president, may recall that Jerry brought his father to the reunion and visited with many of those in attendance. Edith continues to make her home in Beaver Dam,

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We certainly missed Edith at this year's reunion and wish to express the condolences of the Association's membership in the death of her son. Russ and Edith probably attended more 14th AD Assoc. national reunions than any other couple, plus many gatherings of the Midwest Chapter in La Crosse.

EXPERIENCES OF A COMBAT MEDIC

by Joe Kapraun, 47th Tank, Med. Det.

I am enclosing a copy of the events around Moosburg as I forwarded them to General Clark for his observation. I shall also try to reconstruct the story as we saw it leading up to Hammelburg and related events with Joe Kapraun and Joe Aquilina (not Willie and Joe) of the 47th Tank Battalion Medics. If the Division had a pair of clowns, we must have been it. I am sure each of us had an unbelievable time in his own sector and assignment.

To brief you on background information, when the 47th Tank Bn. crossed the Rhine at Worms, Capt. Eaton asked me to take a medical jeep and Joe Aquilina, and whatever equipment I deemed necessary, and join the point tanks to render immediate on-the-spot aid to the wounded. I was chosen because I was the only Surgical Technician in the Medical Detachment. His instructions were: "You two are resourceful enough to adapt to any situation and make the best of it." We took old fire stations or any substantial building that would provide shelter to the wounded and after we did treat them we radio alerted the Bn Medics of their whereabouts and moved on if necessary. Our back up people supported us beautifully. Phil Lasher would come with his half track or Ken Meadows would brave it with the ambulance. This system I am sure saved lives and alleviated much suffering. I soon learned this meant Doctor, Padre, and mortar barrage dodger.

As we attacked Gemunden, we were well hardened in the trade of dodging those damned 88s, yet doing our job without a whimper. A tank bow gunner killed a sniper in a church tower that was taking pot shots at me. God bless. As we approached the Hammelburg Prison Compound, I tried to pass some tanks and became mired in the muddy wheat field. Who comes to our rescue? A Kraut Sergeant and about six men. The tankers couldn't see out sideways so we were the guests of the Krauts. Joe said, "now what the hell do we do?" I said, "well, I have a grease gun under the radio and we came here to fight." The Sgt. looked at

us dummies for a minute and sized up those tanks and waved his rifle to his squad to retire to the woods.

Some American infantry boys rushed up and pushed us out and I still came in behind the first tank to smash that enclosure down. We got inside only to be overwhelmed by the POWs screaming, yelling, grabbing our hands and I saw one officer crying and kissed the tank. I tried to move into the compound to find the hospital barracks to no avail; there were so many shouting, pushing, happy people.

I just turned around on foot and headed for the L-5 planes that were landing. Their field was a mighty rough gravel road and the pilots did very well. The second plane came in and I saw a couple of our aid men carrying a litter with a patient on it. I ran to help them carry and load this man into the lead plane. There was no hold down straps so I ran and tore off some barbed wire from the fence and secured the litter. I still have some gravel in my eyes, that damned pilot took off so quick he almost hit me with the tail of the plane. He must have trained to take off an Aircraft carrier.

So Lt. Col. John Knight Waters was air-borne at last. Joe and I are still looking forward to receiving a letter of thanks from General Patton for that escapade but General Waters thanked me in three letters so I am grateful for having the privilege of helping.

I walked back and opened a small door in a building for some reason and there were hundreds of watches and other items with hair and blood still on them. It turned my stomach and I slammed the door shut and returned to our jeep. The radio crackled "Move Out, Move Out." We were off to the next Combat Command road block or fire fight. Joe and I would be there to help best no matter what.

The only time I ever saw Joe get nervous was when we were ahead of the bomb line at Munnerstat and the P-47s had to demonstrate the art of laying 500 pound eggs. I saw Joe crawling up a steep bank at 50 miles per hour on his knees. I yelled, "Get

back on that radio, we are going to die honorably." Well, neither of us got a scratch but I wouldn't care for a repeat performance.

We were moving blackout the night before and a jeep rolled over an embankment. The ambulance caught up with us and two of us had to carry the litter on our shoulders and two hand carry and step sideways up that bank to recover the man.

We moved into a town to bivouac and one shell came in and killed Capt. Tharp. He was one of our best liked officers. Next morning we were moving in a beautiful sunlight and a nice looking German girl came down a path with an opened bottle of beer. I took it by the bottom and snapped it in her face. Something told me this broad is out to kill me with poison. Mean, no, just very cautious. After all, my cousin Joe Miller was from Kassel and he probably was fighting us and I did not like it.

I found a chimney in an old house and behold there was smoked ham and bacon. I got one piece and the boys took care of the rest. I really believe that was the best ham in all Europe.

The only other highlight for us was helping remove those yet alive in Dachau. Words cannot describe the sights we saw. Perhaps the closest to death Joe and I were was at Altantheim. A 170 landed about two feet from our aid station and failed to explode. I still have the picture of that shell. We moved our station downtown at once and you guessed it - as we were giving our first patient plasma, here comes another one.

You will never forget the awesome howl of a 170. They were special for sure. It tore the entire top out of that house and the roofing tiles, plaster, and who knows what, arrested the shrapnel in some miraculous way that all we got was pounded like a hail storm but were not hit. I had thrown myself over the litter patient when I heard the incoming mail to protect him if I could. I'll never live to figure

(Continued on page 8)

Experiences of a Combat Medic (Continued from page 7)

out how that plasma bottle was still hanging there and the needle was still in the guy's arm. Mission accomplished, man saved.

Joe and I went out under the protective cover of the world's best mortar crew as they shielded us with smoke to recover men from a knocked out tank. This was a nasty cross fire, we picked up three guys and I tried my best to find S/Sgt. Carlson among the smoke and burning buildings but failed. My heart was heavy for several hours because of losing this fine tank commander.

Heading back to our lines Joe said, "I'd rather be a live coward than a dead hero." May I assure you, Joe really was a hero. The fact that Joe and I were awarded a Silver star for that day's deeds is flattering, but I doubt if we could ever do it again. We just tried to do our duty to the best of our ability, and we refused to let anybody or anything get in our way.

A half track overturned in the dark and, of course, in the rain. The 30 cal. machine gun fell from the mounting pedestal and pinned a soldier's wrist under it, pushing it into the mud. A nervous Lt. yelled that he would pull the half track off with a tank. I replied no, let me remove him my way. He snapped, "who is the ranking man here?" I said, "sir, I am the ranking medic and leave me along." I found a mess-kit spoon and dug and dug till I could pull him free. His arm was swollen up like a horse's

leg but I heard later he did not have a broken arm. That tank pulling sideways would have severed his arm and maybe killed him. We were pretty independent about things like that.

Last but not least, I would fail to tell my story if we left out Hatten. Three of our medics were wounded. The jeeps looked like junk with smashed windshields and they said to me, "Sgt., we just can't go back out there." I said, "that's right, I'm going." Well, I picked up three wounded that the tankers brought back and headed for metropolitan downtown Hatten. As I approached that crossroad and small bridge, something reminded me of that training message. "Never go through an intersection in an artillery barrage." That barrage lasted for hours on end at Hatten. I turned down thru that apple orchard, bounding the hell out of those wounded guys and you ought to have heard them yell and cuss me. Four shells landed on the intersection and they were quiet the rest of the way to the aid station.

The other thing I remember was when we hit Wissembourg. I tore down the Kraut Regimental colors of an outfit and sat down and ate the German fried potatoes that were still warm on their table. Mighty good, Herr mess sgt.

We sawed wood for a poor old lady 80 years old to keep her warm and she cried and prayed for us goot soldaten.

Once again that crackle on the radio, move out, move out. Col. England, I sure would love to read about your experiences. I know you must

have had some very interesting times. Yet you are so humble about it all. Fantastic.

The last yarn I must add to this account is this. The night we tried to drink all that champagne from Bergesgaden I was in charge of the Bn. Aid Station and in comes a big German girl carrying a little boy with a severe cut across his foot from a piece of glass in a brook. I had just enough of that brew to make me very insensitive to other people's pain and suffering, so I told the big girl and Cpl. Cunningham, a big Texan, to hold the boy down on the litter and I'd put him back together. The poor little guy squalled so loud you could have heard him to Berlin while I went about suturing the striated muscles and then closing the wound. We bound him up and packed him good with sulfa drug crystals and gave him a penicillin shot. I said bring him back Monday.

Monday came and Captain Eaton saw the youngster and said "Sgt. who treated this boy?" I said "I did sir." He then said "Good, I was too drunk that night to perform surgery. Good job." The boy turned out fine but he may limp a little. John Cunningham served in Korea and passed away about five years ago.

Col. England, thank you for serving in the 14th Armored, we salute you. ■

Note: Joe Kapraun is deceased but according to available information, M ... at:

HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL-DETACHMENT 47th TANK BATTALION 14th Armored Division / France - Germany

by Joseph C. Aquilina

Editor's Note: Although the following historical account is about one particular medical detachment, it is a recorded tribute to all those combat medics of the 14th Armored Division who served so valiantly. Many of us owe our lives to the quick work of those medics. To the best of our knowledge, Joe Aquilina passed away a number of years ago. He was a member of the 14th AD Assoc. in the early 1990s.

The History of the 47th Tank Battalion would not be complete if the Medical Detachment were not included. It is a small group composed of two officers and eighteen enlisted men. Upon their shoulders rests the burden of safeguarding the health and fighting strength of the 700 men of the Battalion. One who is apt to draw quick conclusions would say that is nigh to an impossible task: but the record of

the past twenty-eight months quickly dispel any misgivings of the sceptical. Records that were established when the troops first came in, tallied through their training, maneuvers, and finally on the payoff line, that is, in combat, offer conclusive proof of the high standards of this organization. All this was accomplished by a mere handful of men, yes, just a small group of plain, ordinary, peaceloving people. It can be
(Continued on page 10)

Tank park lets visitors rumble in armored vehicles

by Jeff Baenen

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Editor's Note: We don't know if any fellows from the 25th, 47th or 48th Tankers want to pay to drive a tank again, but apparently there are others who do.

Kasota, Minn. – For anyone who has ever been stuck in traffic, it's a tempting fantasy: If only you were driving a tank and could roll over everything in your path.

Drivers can visit an out-of-the-way spot in southern Minnesota to turn that vision into metal-crunching reality.

Drive A Tank offers customers the chance to operate surplus military tanks and other armored vehicles around an old limestone quarry and smash junk cars like an action-movie hero.

The ride is loud, grinding, hot and dirty – ideal for satisfying one's inner Rambo.

"It was awesome. I mean, controlling that machine, it's incredible," said Jacob Ostling, 19, of New Canaan, Conn., who was among those taking a turn at the controls on a recent Saturday. He flattened a car in an explosion of glass.

Owner Tony Borglum, a construction and heavy equipment contractor, opened the tank park three years ago after seeing similar attractions during a visit to England. He said he knew it would fit nicely into American culture

– a more visceral version of what millions of guys are doing in video games anyway.

He began buying old Cold War-era surplus and now has 11 armored vehicles available for use on a 20-acre site near this town 50 miles southwest of Minneapolis. Customers spend hours churning up and down a hilly, wooded course, getting a first-hand sense of what armored warfare might be like.

"It's not as glorious as it looks like on television," said Borglum, 25.

But it satisfies the curiosity of those who have watched tanks in war movies.

"It was very realistic," agreed Brad Walker of Amboy, Ind., who took his 21-year-old son, Nick, for an outing before the young man got married. "It kind of gives you an idea exactly how hard that job is."

Nick Walker, who squeezed his 5-foot-11, 230-pound frame into the cramped compartment, added, "It's not a big person's job."

Drivers sit in the small space in front between the tracks and navigate by looking out the hatch.

"It's very noisy. Lot of vibration. Kind of warm but not uncomfortable. Took a little getting used to the maneuverability, but it's just a blast," said Marvin Bourne, 58, of Richmond, VA.

A basic package that includes driving a tank and shooting a machine



From top to bottom, Brad Walker, owner Tony Borglum and Nick Walker maneuver around the course at Drive A Tank.

gun costs \$399, with more expensive options for driving several models and shooting other weapons such as assault rifles. Drivers who want to smash a car pay an additional \$549; for about \$3,500, a customer can drive a tank through a trailer house.

One of the attractions on display is a British Chieftain Mk 11 featured in the 2002 Matthew McConaughey movie *Reign of Fire*.

Another Chieftain - nicknamed Larry, weighing 60 tons and with a top speed of 30 mph – makes short work of any obstacle in its path.

For more information, call 507-931-7385 or visit www.driveatank.com.

Dec. 22, 1944 - Just one example of the heroes we served with. GI REJECTS FURLOUGH TO U.S.

With the 30th Inf. Division - T/ Sgt. Frederick Unger turned down a 30-day furlough in the U.S. the other day to stick with his platoon in combat on the Western Front.

Unger, who has been awarded the DSC, the Silver and Bronze Stars and the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf cluster, was the No. 1 man in his outfit when rest and recuperation furloughs to the States were handed out. In combat six months, he has fought with the 30th through Normandy all the way up to the Siegfried Line.

But when he was offered the

furlough, he declined, saying: "I'm adjusted to combat now, and I don't want to have to readjust myself to it after a furlough at home. When I go home, I want to go home to stay."

Unger, a rifle platoon sergeant from Long Island, won his DSC for ordering the men of his platoon to shelter during an artillery barrage while he stayed out in the open to direct mortar fire. Stunned and shaken by a shell blast nearby, he was taken under protest to the aid station, and insisted on returning to the lines the next day.



An American studies a captured Nebelwerfer, the five-barreled rocket launcher that the Germans used to supplement their conventional artillery. Its projectiles made a horrifying screeching noise that earned them the GI nickname "screeching Meemies."

Medical Detachment...

(Continued from page 8)

more easily explained by breaking the Detachment down to the individuals.

First is the Commanding Officer and the Battalion Surgeon, Captain William R. Eaton, Pittsburg, Pa. His job is big, and varies from operating under shell fire to giving lectures on field sanitation. The health and the well-being of the Battalion, and the training as well as the command of the Detachment, are his responsibility and duty. It is a little more work than the average civilian doctor has, but that's his job, a job well done. This Battalion, by achieving the highest rating for field sanitation in the Division as well as the ETO, has proved his mettle.

Helping Captain Eaton, is 1st Lieutenant Joseph Skeryanc, MAC, of Chicago, Illinois. Many a time he has had to pinch-hit for Captain Eaton. He too has been commended for his outstanding work.

Then come the enlisted men. All technicians, trained to do sundry jobs; they too, like the tankers, had to go through Armored Force basic training prior to being sent to various medical specialist's schools. As extra training they were assigned to Station Hospitals to learn surgery by practice, not by theory. Their training was reflected not only by scoring the highest in the Division medical tests which also included the "musts" of combat soldiers but later on in combat.

This was quick to be proven when this battalion was assigned to support the 45th Infantry Division on the 2nd of December 1944. Aid men were dispatched along with each company. An interesting episode came up while one of the companies was moving up on the line. The column halted; that made Aid men Pfc Joseph A. Tillman of St. Louis, Missouri, and Pfc George W. Lyberis, of Lincoln, Nebraska, feel out of place. It was their job to follow up the pachyderms of steel in their "armored" peep. Just prior to moving up to the line, at the usual briefing, the following terse statement: "We are moving through an area that is being subjected to an intense barrage. Tank drivers button up, and you in the thin-shelled vehicles hit the dust." This was

the indoctrination of these two combat medics. For not only were they hit by artillery but also were strafed and bombed. For three cold days and sleepless nights these two men stayed with their company and were constantly exposed to enemy shells. It was here that they evacuated their first casualties. In this case it was infantrymen, later it was to be tankers.



Joseph C. Aquilina

At the same time, Pfc Donald Edbauer of Buffalo, New York, and Pfc Noah W. Weaver of Plus, West Virginia, were dodging mortar shells that seemed to hound them while they were with Company B of this battalion in action at Gundershoffen and Gumbrechtshoffen. They also were kept busy evacuating infantrymen. On one of the ensuing nights of that battle, Pfc Edbauer was forced to lead the peep on foot through a field of flowery bursts of mortars. Medical support was all he cared about, nor was he undaunted when he felt a peculiar tug on his jacket. Later he happily discovered that the shrapnel just slashed his jacket and that he was unscratched.

December proved a month of jumping from one town to another dispatching aid men to companies that were committed. Technician Fifth Grade Anthony V. Szymanski of Chicago, Illinois, and Technician Fifth Grade Wilbur Schulz of Sharon, Wisconsin, really were out under fire with Company A for two weeks straight, without any relief. So effective was

the aid they brought that Technician Szymanski was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service. This assigning of aid men to different companies led these men to be self-sufficient because they were far removed from a nonexistent aid station. The end of the month came and units of the Detachment were employed in all parts of the Seventh Army front.

On January 9, Company B was dispatched out of Haguenau to engage a superior force of the enemy. It was here that Pfc's Edbauer and Weaver were wounded in action by shrapnel, which also tore up their peep. Technician Fifth Grade Raymond J. Palumbo of Camillus, New York, and Pfc Tillman were sent to replace them in another peep. Their reception was of the first order, for the town was being subjected to shells that ranged from 20mm to 280's. It was a welcome that lasted six days. They came out untouched but the peep was spattered from stem to stern with all kinds of shrapnel.

January 13, 1945, to a 47th man, that date means something. It was more than just a number with a superstitious aspect. It was on that day we were committed as a battalion. Just before dawn the entire unit had moved into Niederbetschdorf, a small Alsatian town. It was a cold and dark morning. What a time and what a place to jump off from! In the darkness vehicles and figures floated around, disappearing into the inky oblivion, meaningless silhouettes in a sea of foreboding silence. The wait for us seemed like an eternity.

Minutes seemed like year, years gone by; the present was a blank; the future was black, the past very vivid.

In the interior of the ambulance the ticking of a watch seemed like impressive and frenzied beating of tomtoms. It was at this point, that an ear-deafening blast and a blinding light of a battery of 105's going off, heralded the start of something that appeared to have no end: the battle for Hatten.

The first rays of dawn started to light up the heavens; there was an eerie tint on the clouds. Did they know what was about to happen? And blush to see such a scene unroll?

The units started to move out. We

(Continued on page 11)

Medical Detachment...

(Continued from page 10)

moved into what was to be our workshop: A large beerhall. In no time at all the aid station was set up and the men were deployed. Captain Eaton, Lt. Skeryanc, Sgt. Frank F. DeStefano of Chicago, Illinois, Technician Third Grade Melvin L. White of Des Moines, Iowa, Technician Fourth Grade Joseph C. Aquilina of Buffalo, New York, Technician Fourth Grade Joseph M. Kapraun of Putnam, Illinois, Pfc John H. Miller of St. Louis, Missouri, and Pfc James Gross of LeRoy, New York, was the line-up to handle the casualties brought in by the aid men.

Just before noon an enemy jet plane came over, bombing and strafing the town. The entire town seemed to be bathed in a sprinkle of steel and lead. The familiar clink of shrapnel could be heard around the area of the aid station. It was not long after the plane came over that casualties started to trickle in. The team was ready to work. In a short time, the patients were patched up, loaded into ambulances and sent on their way. Part of the treatment was some good hot cocoa made by Pfc James Gross, a treatment that brought on statements of approval by both patients and finger-nail-biting first sergeants.

The first day was typical of the seven hectic days and nights to follow. Casualties would come in batches, at

any hour of the twenty-four. In the midst of all this, the enemy had set up a constant artillery barrage; nevertheless, the work of the aid station went on, despite the fact that at any moment an explosive missile of death could have come crashing through.

Our forward aid station was put up in conjunction with the forward C.P. which was in the railroad station just on the outskirts of Hatten. This was the nerve center of all activities, and the Germans threw everything they had at it in an attempt to obliterate it. It was here that our aid men kept a constant vigil for any casualties.

The road to the station was under direct enemy fire, and no vehicle made the trip without ever having to run a gauntlet of falling shells. The "armored" Red Cross peeps came back with shattered windshields. It was while on one of his missions of mercy that T/5 Szymanski stopped a shell fragment. It was his turn to be evacuated. More medics were sent up and they carried on.

January 20, 1945. The order came back to withdraw. The job had been done. The enemy's efforts (as well as Hatten) were reduced to nothing. We drew back to a new position in the midst of a blinding snowstorm.

The new town was Kleingoft. Here we passed five weeks at the task of looking after the troops of the unit. Since any outbreak of contagious disease would have jeopardized the

health of the soldiers, every ailing civilian was treated to the fullest extent possible.

Friedolsheim was the next town we moved to. Here the usual medical attention was given with occasional emergencies such as:

March 5, 1945... A call was received to send as many medics available to treat a group of people injured in an explosion in a demolition area. Five minutes after the call was received the first medics arrived on the scene, which revealed ten prostrate bodies lying on the ground, writhing in agony. Unmindful of the fact that the area was littered with explosives, the medics rushed in and started to administer first aid. The passing of each moment brought more medics to the scene; they immediately pitched in to alleviate the pain and suffering they found. Inside of thirty-five minutes the last wounded man was in an ambulance and on his way to the hospital. This quick action undoubtedly saved lives.

Thus, the history of the Medical Detachment has been unfolded. Tomorrow will bring new horizons... there is more history to be made by the 47th Tank Battalion. Though it be in Alsace, or the land beyond the Rhine, the medics will be there, to give a helping hand.

To be continued in the next issue of the Liberator.



Photo on Left: Taken by Hobert Matthews of Co. B, 62nd AIB soon after the war ended in Europe. The three men were identified as Jimmy, Jessie and Larry. Does anyone from B-62 recognize the GI's or the names. **Middle Photo:** Hobert Matthews apparently took this photo of his buddies waiting to board the ship that was to take them home. Anyone recognize this scene? **Photo on Right:** Just where and when this picture was snapped by Hobert Matthew is not known but it must have been of a tank recovery vehicle. These pictures were furnished by Hobert's son, Eric, whose email address is:

Photos of 14th AD Units in Action



According to the information found on the back of this official 7th Army photo, these are men of Company C, 62n AIB, forming up to attack the German town of Germunden.



And this is what it looked like when men of the Co. C entered Germunden.



Still more rubble in Germunden.



Taken in the area of Hammelburg, Germany, this photo reminds of still another long walk for some G.I.'s. A prisoner of war camp was liberated in this area.

CAMARADERIE LIVES ON

As I came out of the supermarket that sunny day, pushing my cart of groceries towards my car, I saw an old man with the hood of his car up and a lady sitting inside the car, with the door open.

The old man was looking at the engine. I put my groceries away in my car, and continued to watch the old gentleman from about twenty-five away.

I saw a young man in his early twenties with a grocery bag in his arm walking towards the old man. The old gentleman saw him coming too, and took a few steps towards him.

I saw the old gentleman point to his open hood and say something. The young man put his grocery bag into what looked like a brand new Cadillac Escalade. He then turned back to the old man. I heard him yell at the old gentleman saying: 'You shouldn't even

be allowed to drive a car at your age.' And then with a wave of his hand, he got in his car & peeled rubber out of the parking lot.

I saw the old gentleman pull out his handkerchief, and mop his brow as he went back to his car and again looked at the engine.

He then went to his wife and spoke with her; he appeared to tell her it would be okay. I had seen enough, and I approached the old man. He saw me coming and stood straight, and as I got near him I said, "Looks like you're having a problem."

He smiled sheepishly, and quietly nodded his head. I looked under the hood myself, and knew that whatever the problem was, it was beyond me. Looking around, I saw a gas station up the road, and I told the old man that I would be right back. I drove to the station and went inside. I saw three atten-

dants working on cars. I approached one of them, and related the problem the old man had with his car. I offered to pay them if they could follow me back down and help him.

The old man had pushed the heavy car under the shade of a tree and appeared to be comforting his wife. When he saw us he straightened up and thanked me for my help. As the mechanics diagnosed the problem (overheated engine), I spoke with the old gentleman.

When I shook hands with him earlier, he had noticed my Marine Corps ring and had commented about it, telling me that he had been a Marine too. I nodded and asked the usual question, 'What outfit did you serve with?'

He had mentioned that he served with the first Marine Division at Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima and Guadalcanal.

He had hit all the big ones and re-

(Continued on page 27)

Lima tank plant might close if funding cut off

Pentagon pushes again to halt orders as defense-spending fight rages in D.C.

By John Seewer
ASSOCIATED PRESS

LIMA, OHIO - Rows of sand-colored armored vehicles ready for deployment are parked outside the nation's only tank-manufacturing plant. It's where welders and machinists for more than three decades have built the Abrams tank, which former President George W. Bush once called "the most-effective armored vehicle in the history of warfare."

But the Pentagon says it will soon have enough tanks and wants to halt production for several years as it wrestles with deep cuts in military spending over the next decade.

Some Ohio members of Congress are attempting to restore funding for the tanks and other military weapons in a defense-spending bill, a move that the White House is threatening to veto. The White House says adding more money to the budget would trigger deeper cuts because of an agreement made during a failed congressional attempt last year to reduce the deficit.

Caught in the middle are hundreds of workers at the tank plant in Lima who are worried about losing high-paying manufacturing jobs at a time when those positions are scarce.

"It's scary for everybody, but the rumors have flown like that since the day we all hired in," said Paul Matson, a welder who started at the plant in the early 1980s, when it had 3,800 workers and tanks rolled off the assembly lines every day.

Now, about 800 workers refurbish the Abrams tanks with new weapons and sophisticated navigation and communication systems, producing one tank about every two days. The plant also makes the Stryker light-armored vehicle.

The military's plan is to slow production of the M1A2 Abrams until

2014, when it wants to stop ordering them for about three years, until it's ready for the next generation of battle tanks. Army officials told lawmakers this year that they must make tough choices.

It's the second straight year that the military has sought to end funding for the tank.

The Pentagon used the threat that it "can shut you down at any time," said Russ Clewley, president of United Auto Workers Local 2075, which represents production and skilled-trade workers.

Doing that would devastate the plant, its manager said, and might not save much money in the long run.

Halting production for even a couple of years would mean the loss of many skilled-trade workers, who probably would be forced to leave Ohio for work elsewhere, said Keith Deters, plant manager at the Joint Systems Manufacturing Center.

The city of Lima was built around factories that made locomotives, auto engines and auto parts. Not only is the tank plant a source of pride, but it also provides some of the highest-paying jobs in an area hit hard by manufacturing losses felt throughout the Rust Belt.

Rebuilding the tank plant's network of 800 suppliers nationwide would be a challenge too, Deters said.

"It's a much more costly issue than shutting the switch off, preserving the equipment and coming back and trying to hire new people," Deter said. "I don't know how that'd ever work. It'd take years."

General Dynamics Corp.'s land-systems unit, which operates the government-owned plant, estimates that the cost of shutting down the plant and then restarting it would be \$1.6 billion, while keeping it open with minimal production over four years would cost \$1.4 billion.

The army puts the price of pausing production much lower - around \$400 million.

Plant officials have discussed weapons projects with other countries,

but "it's difficult to plan for work we don't have." Deters said.

U.S. Sen. Rob Portman, R-Ohio, made a pitch for the plant when he met with Israeli Defense Minister Ehud Barak in May. The plant already is doing work on an armored personnel carrier for the Israeli military. ■

Another year has passed
And we're all a little older.
Last summer felt hotter
And winter seems much cooler.
I rack my brain for happy thoughts,
To put down on my pad,
But lots of things,
That come to mind
Just make me kind of sad.

There was a time not long ago
When life was quite a blast.
Now I fully understand
About "Living in the Past."
We used to go to friends' homes,
Baseball games and lunches.
Now we go to therapy, to hospitals,
And after-funeral brunches.
We used to have hangovers,
From parties that were gay.
Now we suffer body aches
And sleep the night away.

We used to go out dining,
And couldn't get our fill.
Now we ask for doggie bags,
Come home and take a pill.
We used to travel often
To places near and far.
Now we get backaches
From riding in the car.
Used to go out shopping
For new clothing at the Mall
But now we never bother...
All the sizes are too small.

That, my friend, is how life is,
And now my tale is told.
So, enjoy each day and live it up...
Before you're too damn old!!

*** God Bless ***
AMERICA

Highlights of the Reunion



John and Roberta Burgess have graced the national reunions of the 14th AD Assoc. for many years. Rev. Burgess has served as our chaplain since 2000, his words of wisdom being greatly appreciated by reunion attendees and readers of his column in the Liberator.

Although John has agreed to continue performing the many duties of his office as chaplain of our organization, he has announced that he and Roberta no longer feel they are able to travel to the national reunions. Living in Massachusetts, even traveling by air to reunions has become too arduous for them, explained the Burgesses.

Officers and members of the Association express their most sincere appreciation to John and Roberta for their long and dedicated service to our organization and its members. They truly will be missed at our next reunion, but as John continues as our chaplain, they will be with us in spirit.



A bit delayed, Elton Ross presents a certificate of appreciation to Chuck Hurl for his services as Association president in 2011.



The Chuck Hurl family enjoyed being together at the Saturday banquet.



Elton Ross introducing our new president, Stan Goldman, who then recognized Elton with a certificate of appreciation for his presidential efforts in 2012.



Left: Jess and Ann Chelette were commended by Pres. Stan Goldman as they were sworn in as Association treasurer and secretary, respectively.



Below: These teenage girls were a joy to watch and listen to as they entertained at the Thursday evening dinner.

Highlights of the Reunion



This lady entertained reunion attendees with classic musical numbers.



The honor guard at our memorial service were members of the Peoria Richwoods High School Marine Corps Junior ROTC under the instruction of Warrant Officer T.C. Sparkman.



Boy Scouts from Indiana again paid us a visit.



Above: Sharpshooters from the USMC Jr. ROTC unit put on an air rifle shooting demonstration.



Fred Harsberger with Phil Snoberger whose WWII uniform still fits him.



Left: This lady provided beautiful harp renditions of songs familiar to the older set.



Eating was a good aspect of the city tour.

Highlights of the Reunion



The bus and the driver, as well as our guide, were first class for our Peoria city tour.



Jess Chelette may have been last in line at the noon buffet aboard the riverboat, but there was still plenty of delicious food left for him.



Two ladies braved the cold wind to better view the scenery along the Illinois River.



Twila DeBoer, center, enjoys the leisurely riverboat ride with her daughter, Charlotte Rebelein, and Neil Webster.



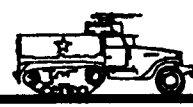
Those of the reunion group who toured the Caterpillar demonstration center were educated in the art of earth moving.



Many attending the reunion enjoyed the luncheon cruise down the Illinois River on the Spirit of Peoria.

A Bit of History We Hope Never Happens Again

These color pictures were taken by a Life photographer between 1939 and 1940 in Berlin and were lost for over 70 years because the American photographer disappeared at the beginning of the war, along with his Roliflex camera. Shown here are the originals (used at that time in the production of magazines). The majority are 6"x9". They were found by a nurse in a Berlin hospital, who kept them put away during all these years. After her death, her daughter returned them to the current editors, who retain the copyrights to Life Magazine, which has not been published since the early '70s. Some of these are so vivid for being over 70 years old, and so large that you almost feel as if you're standing there.



DEFENDING ALSATIAN PLAINS WAS DIFFICULT TASK

Editor's Note: The following information was gleaned from the 62nd AIB history book that was published in Germany soon after World War II. These excerpts are from the second chapter entitled "The Defense of the Alsatian Plains." Some of the history recorded here would also apply to other units of the 14th Armored Division. Regretfully, we do not have the names of those responsible for compiling, writing and publishing this battalion history book, but we thank them for their work.

Leaving Oberseebach, the men had no idea they were to soon participate in one of the most bitter engagements they were to have in Europe. The cold of the night was intense and a few flurries of snow, that because of the strong wind, had no chance of lighting, made one think of white Christmases of other years, but the snow and the cold were not welcome. There were to be no sleigh rides, no warm houses in which to open presents and eat turkey dinners, no gay festivities. The few houses scattered around the frozen lake were military objectives, not warm retreats after an evening spent with friends, as Christmas should be spent. Though it was Christmas Eve the men were too cold and too tired and hungry to care. This was Phillipsburg, and Bannstein, France, 1944.

The entire battalion was on a line of defense, committed to halt and annihilate, if possible, the forces of Von Runstedt's, making the counter-attack in the Bitche sector, that threatened the entire Alsatian sector, and though its strength had been decreased seriously by the losses of men in previous engagements, each company operated with half the company at a time, shifts of twenty-four hours' duration. Headquarters Company, A Company, and B Company had headquarters in Phillipsburg, while C Company operated out of Bannstein. Cold, and on constant vigil in the holes, one was little worse off than when he was in town, the target for incessant artillery, though such was the effectiveness of their concealment, that many positions were not discovered by enemy patrols for over a week. Patrols, however were active on both sides, each force sent daily combat and reconnaissance patrols into enemy territory, but it was seldom that contact was made.

Christmas Day, A Company sent a patrol, led by Sgt. John Barber, into Neuhauften to seek information; the results were unfortunate. Having been fired upon by the enemy from one of many

strong-points, the patrol was forced to retreat, but in doing so, one man was wounded by bazooka fire and was unable to make the escape - the rest of the patrol remained in contact with one another and returned to Captain Iannella with their valuable information on enemy installations. Then Barber, with Robert McDonald and several others, daringly went out again in search of the wounded comrade, whom they had hoped to evacuate to American lines, but in doing so, were again fired upon; Barber, this time being wounded by small arms' fire, but safely returned the men. For this unselfish valor in leadership, he was later awarded the coveted Silver Star.

After Christmas Day, time at Phillipsburg passed for a week without particular incident, replacements had come in for a small number of the men no longer with the battalion, thus partially relieving the strain on one doing more than his share, but other than the loss of the man on patrol and those casualties inflicted by the sporadic artillery barrages in town, there were no battle casualties. Yet men left the battlefield daily - frozen hands and feet.

Bannstein seemed at first to be more a rest camp than anything else. Company maintenance, kitchen, and supply were installed in the town. It was arranged to keep one platoon always in town, eating good food and resting. As the sectors were large, it was possible to contact B Company on the right and the 94th Recon on the left, only by means of visiting patrols. The 94th Recon was to send mounted liaison to C Company each morning to pick up any new information of importance. The first night on outpost, Lt. Kosik commanded both the second and third platoons. The second platoon under T/Sgt William Shott, held the east side of the lake, with their CP in a large hotel.

New Year's eve, the men were on a special alert - there had been enemy forces attacking on the battalion's flanks and one was expected at any time on the battalion itself. Keeping weapons inside clothing to keep them from freezing and thus not functioning, the men in the holes were on double watch, while those in town were ready to go at moment's notice, to aid in the event of an attack. Covered with snow on this moonlight night, the terrain was thought to be in favor of the defense, who could observe without being seen. Yet at three the next morning a signal flare went off in A Company's sector at the barbed wire; the light re-

vealed that an enemy combat patrol, clad in white, had advanced to within fifty yards of A Company without being seen. Firing from the holes at the enemy was spontaneous and friendly artillery was called upon the American positions, the holes having been well roofed with logs in anticipation of such a need for artillery. The investigating patrol was just returning to their holes after inspecting the enemy's route of retreat when terrific enemy artillery barrages were brought to bear on the American positions, but so well were the positions roofed that there were no casualties then, nor during the entire day because of artillery, though barrages were intense and frequent.

Because both right and left flanks of A Company had given ground to the enemy, the order was given at five that afternoon, the first of January, to withdraw; encirclement by the enemy would not have been difficult. Loaded with weapons, ammunition, and rations, the two platoons on the line, the first and the third, made a systematic withdrawal to within a mile of Phillipsburg, where it was to take up secondary defense positions. On the road, however, the column of infantrymen was suddenly bombed and strafed by enemy pursuit planes, but the bombs were wide of the target and the slugs of the machine guns missed the scattering men by mere feet. Such was the value to the enemy in making a breakthrough at that point that even the stripped Luftwaffe was employed as support.

A Company's secondary defense line was on the side of a hill at a road junction, with B Company on the hill at the fork of the roads. Though the lines should have been stronger because of the shortened lines, A Company did not have favorable positions. As the ground was rock and frozen earth, the two platoons had to seek protective cover in an old trench that fortunately enough was found halfway up the steep hill, though only half the trench faced the enemy. The portable radio would not function, so wire was laid to B Company, who in turn had communication with C Company, the A Company CP, and Battalion. In command of the two platoons of A was Lt. Bailey. Without covering of any sort, the men were as well prepared as was possible to stay the bitterly cold night in the snow-filled trench.

Firing from up the road was heard continuously all night, and was recog-

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Defending Alsatian Plains

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nized as both friendly and enemy, but all was quiet - too quiet - in the sector of A and B Companies and the men of A listened for the sounds of approaching footsteps, those of the enemy. Their vigil never relaxed, sleep never came.

Dawn broke, and quite suddenly it was observed that on B Company's hill was a great deal of movement and not long later, Mike Simone passed word that the figures had been discerned as those of the enemy.

The enemy had infiltrated through the lines and were examining the positions of B Company when discovered. Knowing they were surrounded by a numerically superior force, the fifty-some Yanks opened fire upon the unsuspecting enemy. The intense cold made the firing of the weapons difficult. Hand grenades being the chief weapon used by the outpost.

The battle continued until daylight, during which time morale was dangerously low and determination waning. Perhaps it was the rumor that had circulated early in the day that saved the spark of hope of the men; it had been said that a regiment of infantry was to arrive soon and relieve the utterly fatigued men of the battalion, but that was a faint hope and no one depended on it. The will to survive without capture might have been instilled the day before, when the men read of the atrocities committed up North, where the German SS troops had slaughtered over one hundred American prisoners in an open field. Whatever the cause, the men fought desperately, giving no ground and heeding no demands to surrender.

Because the situation had been altered as to have made all former plans worthless, Lt. James Bailey exposed himself in an attempt to find a route of escape for what remained of the two platoons. In doing so, he was wounded by rifle fire, unable to crawl back the several hundred feet to the trench, and remained in the prone position where he had fallen. James Meeks left the trench to aid the wounded officer. As a perfect target, he was shot at by both rifle and machine gun, but he reached Lt. Bailey and evacuated him to the trench without having been hit. No route of escape was found.

Just at the time when ammunition was almost completely gone and defeat seemed imminent, there was a terrific explosion on the hill occupied by the enemy, then another, and finally the violent bursts came in pairs. The Germans began

surrendering in droves as the Americans became more and more astounded at the turn of events. Firing ceased and the two platoons of A Company saw come into view two Sherman tanks. The two 25th Battalion tanks had been pulled out from their column at another point, by request of the Battalion Commander, and rushed to Phillipsburg, where Captain Iannella had ready for the counter-attack, every remaining man of the Company - cooks as well as riflemen. In force, they were not sufficient to long, even fight defensively, the strength of Germans; but having for hours battled in vain the unrelenting forces on the hill, the enemy was not psychologically prepared to combat the new strength. To the weary and amazed, though triumphant Yanks, the Germans laid down their arms.

B Company too, was feeling the weight of the enemy attack. Utilizing every available weapon, Captain Mohr was forced to fall back to new positions in the early morning. But with the aid of the 4.2 mortars, and the arrival of the tanks, their efforts were not in vain - the line had held against numerically superior odds.

The Battalion Assault Guns, rendering deadly fire throughout the night and day, eliminated many a kraut from the attack on the positions of A Company. B Company, 83rd Chemical Mortar Battalion, under the command of first Lt. James Davis, gave support to B Company, with Lt. Lanier acting as forward observer, calling in volley after volley, within fifty yards of his position. The Mortars continued to fire all night and by early morning, were firing at minimum range, and Lt. Davis was forced to use his ammunition carrier as security, to keep infiltrating krauts away from the gun positions.

The Medic's work in the action defies description. Many deeds beyond the call of duty were performed by our Medics.

Service Company, who many think of as a Battalion rear area unit, were bringing ammunition and retrieving vehicles under artillery and small arms fire. Lt. Kolar and S/Sgt. Barret made a suicidal run into Bannstein with a peep load of ammunition, which was successful.

At Bannstein, the mortars of Headquarters Company met plenty of trouble on the night of January first! They too were firing continuously while the enemy was creeping closer and closer. They shortened the range to 200 yards and finally to under 150 yards, firing for eight hours, until their ammunition was exhausted. The pressure became so intense, that the platoon was forced to move to an alternate position. Somehow the drivers managed to snake their half-tracks down

the roads.

On the left flank, the Machine Gun platoon was facing a murderous attack. The presence of the enemy was first noticed when trip flares began to go off. Immediately a fire fight began and all guns were put into action. The enemy threw in rifle grenades and tank fire set a half-track on fire. Dangerous reconnaissance missions were made into the flanks in an attempt to locate the Kraut positions. Sgt. Lavallo, on the extreme left, had to withdraw his section several times in order to keep from being cut off, and on the right flank, S/Sgt. Cleason had to brave many trips to the CP before he could withdraw his men. The process of leap-frogging the guns back had begun and the route was through enemy territory. The fate of the headquarters section is not known for they were surrounded and cut off completely, but it is the fervent hope that as prisoners of war they lived to witness their liberation.

As with A Company, C Company's sector was comparatively quiet for nearly a week, but the attack that affected the whole battalion sector had it's main thrust upon C Company. Then their time was spent in repelling the Germans, attacking the town of Bannstein in droves. The Krauts, yelling and screaming, charged into belching fifties, only to be slaughtered and repelled. These attacks brought only enormous losses to the enemy. The Germans yell, "Surrender, you Yankees." Their yells, when they were hit, quickly changed to "Kamerad" and "Doktor." Eight Germans attempting to capture the company CP, some 300 yards down the railroad tracks from Bannstein itself, moved up under a mortar barrage. They were stopped just short of the railroad tracks. Early in the attack, the house between the railroad tracks and Bannstein which was occupied by the headquarters section machine gun platoon of headquarters company, was overrun by Krauts. It was the only house taken in Bannstein by the Krauts, before orders for withdrawal were issued.

Throughout the night, the company commander devoted most of his time to keeping in contact with his platoons, reassuring the surrounded first platoon CP, with whom he still had radio contact. After 0100, he lost all contact with the second platoon and all further efforts to renew contact were to no avail.

The fight in Bannstein continued, hot and heavy, throughout the remainder of the night. Men had established themselves at windows, behind woodpiles,

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and at all other possible positions, firing with rifles and BARs. They gave the Krauts more than they had bargained for. Drivers, whose primary duty was caring for vehicles, were firing vehicular weapons, distributing ammunition, and felling trees for road blocks further back.

The second platoon had fallen back from their positions by the lake, only to find that the Germans were behind them. The road back to Phillipsburg was cut by the enemy. Apparently, the Germans were heading for Task Force Huddelson. The remnants of C Company and the platoon of engineers, plus part of the machine gunners and the mortar platoon held a strong point to stave off the Bannstein attack. S/Sgt. Flanagan, with part of his squad, worked his way to the Mortar platoon. He reported to the company commander by phone, and was ordered to stay and help the mortar platoon. Lt. Adcox and about ten men reached Barenthal and helped stave off the first attacks on the town, before withdrawing with headquarters of Task Force Huddelson.

The attack repulsed, things remained quiet in C Company's area, with the action consisting mainly of sniper fire by both sides. At noon, just as communications went out between forces in Bannstein and the company CP, the men in Bannstein reported that German tanks were coming down the road into town. These tanks began to knock over Bannstein buildings methodically. As their anti-tank guns had been knocked out early in the attack, the company commander ordered a withdrawal.

The headquarters track was ordered to make a break for the rear. Battalion could not advise any route of withdrawal. Bearing what arms and ammunition were possible to carry, the men scattered and separately, or in pairs, they escaped or became casualties. A number eventually made the way back to American lines from C Company, but those lives lost, were not lost in vain.

Enemy casualties in that engagement ran twenty-three to every one American casualty. Those men who had so recently joined the battalion as reinforcements, and for the most of them, their first combat experience, had become indoctrinated to fire and were veterans. Soon the relief, the regiment that had yet to see its first combat experience, came up the road; to their eyes the scene of dead and wounded and captured men, German that they were, was horrible, but to the men that

reveled in their victory, it was grimly satisfying, and a picture that would long remain fixed in their minds.

But that regiment was destined for more than relief in the sectors of A and B companies - it had to fight desperately to regain the ground which C Company had so valiantly fought to hold. The hearts of the veterans went with that new regiment.

Ingwiller was, in spite of the numerous guard posts, a welcome place to sleep, but two days later the 62nd AIB moved to Kindwiller for reorganization while the third platoon of A Company was committed to move to Zutzendorf to outpost the Combat Command "B" headquarters there and B Company was attached to the 25th Tank Bn. Eight days of this and the men were again rested, prepared for that to follow, though numerically, the companies were far under strength. January the eleventh the 62nd was again committed to combat, to regain part of the ground lost in the terrific German counterattack, and with the exception of the third platoon of A company, the battalion moved forward. Men laughed among themselves and bid farewell to friends they had made among the civilians; the laughter of many was to be their last. In trying to take Hatten and Rittershoffen, two small and seemingly un-important villages of Alsace, the battalion lost the biggest percentage of men that it was to lose at any one time in Europe; the Germans fought as though their prestige were more at stake than strategic positions, and they fought inflexibly.

The battalion assembled in Woerth, moved to Hohwiller the next day. A quick hot noon meal was served, the attack jumped off. In armored style tanks and infantry north of Khulendorf. The attack was begun across an open field in battalion strength. The battalion was in the attack that was to have taken ground West of Hatten and Rittershoffen and suffered severely under the mortar and artillery barrages the Germans had in waiting, and released once the last man was exposed. The day was so bitterly cold that men froze to the ground as they fell, so there were few men to make the escape when orders were given to withdraw; it was here that A Company suffered the loss of the company commander, Captain Iannella, the man who had led the company through so much of it's training and all of it's combat. His loss was deeply felt, and for months was the cause of much speculation; no one knew if he had been taken prisoner, wounded, or killed. It was in this engagement that Co.

A suffered at least 18 KIA, and many others were wounded, disabled by frostbite or taken prisoners.

Men that were there had seen a lot more of this war and had fought some of it's toughest battles, said this rated among the worst. One old-timer, a veteran of many famous battles, breathed an oath, "I wish I were back at Anzio."

A and C Companies, meeting unexpected heavy resistance, were returned and reassembled behind B Company lines. RCN platoon commanded by Lt. Day which was screening the left flank, suffering heavy casualties, were withdrawn. Captain Mohr of B Company was injured and Lt. Peoples took command of the company. Enemy artillery failed to stop the advancing infantry and tanks, which continued to the prescribed line of resistance. Direct fire from captured American antitank gun blanketing mortar fire onto the echeloned lines. From commanding church steeples of neighboring Rittershoffen and Hatten, enemy artillery observers spotted every move that B company made, plotted and called for the heaviest concentrations of artillery at their command to forbid routes of approach. But the company valiantly waded on, punch drunk and reeling, every explosive round drawing blood. The objective, high priority ground was acquired, holes dug deep and filled with straw. B Company, undaunted by the loss of it's commander, revengeful, prepared to stay.

During the evening, battalion and combat commanders critiqued the situation, determined to place the main protective line further back of the advanced positions held by B Company. B Company withdrew to Hohwiller. Lt. Day assumed command of C Company. Capt. Trammel being evacuated for exposure. A and C Companies now reorganized took up new positions. In Hohwiller, B Company licked it's wounds, the next day returned to replace C Company. The line was on the reverse slope of a ridge running between Khulendorf and Rittershoffen to prevent the enemy from flanking the friendly troops fighting in the latter town. The first and second platoons took up this position, tying in with A Company on the left, the 68th battalion on the right.

The machine gun platoon of Headquarters Company maintained strong outposts about Khulendorf, allowing the mortars to move forward to firing positions. Here, in well dug-in gun locations, the mortars threw out many rounds each

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day, repelling enemy counter attacks and placing harassing fire on the enemy held positions. The third platoon of A Company, having just arrived, began that night to dig in on high ground not far from where the company had made the attack; it is now itself A Company, though the day before it had been by official count the smallest of the platoons. Forces were fighting the enemy in the two towns but that ground flanking the towns was still in enemy hands; that particular group of Germans took a heavy toll of the battalion that day. The line was composed of tanks on the back of the hill with infantry a hundred yards to the front, orders being to protect the flanks of the troops in the town.

So frozen was the ground that it took some of the men six and one half hours to break through to the softer ground below, but by dawn every man was concealed from the entrenched enemy two thousand yards to the front. Three days later the line was detected by enemy observation planes, and what was once sporadic harassing fire turned into prodigious shelling eight and ten times each day and night for the next six days.

It was there that Lt. Dean T. Jones took command of A Company. Though long with the battalion he had not been known by many of the men but from the first he made clear his expectations and was well acquainted with his command. As with every new commander he was under the scrutiny of the men. Before leaving that battle area he commanded the respect and cooperation that were to be deciding factors in winning battles to come.

This defense line was held in spite of most bitter opposition, opposing forces being the freakish weather as well as the Germans. One day would be clear, the next the ground covered with snow and the dark colored tanks easily visible to the enemy, and likely the following day would be clear of snow. The seventh day there fell the deepest snow encountered by the battalion in Europe, and rather than disappearing the next day more snow came, until at last there were several layers amounting to over a foot in depth. Temperatures dropped still more, increasing considerably the distress of the men in the holes; their sole consolation was that the Germans were just as uncomfortable in their holes. Having been issued white coats and hoods with fur liners, the Yanks were almost invisible as compared to distinct Germans

clad in blue overcoats, but there was no convincing the Americans that he was any warmer.

As the battalion as a whole had suffered so severely the loss of leaders and men, the Combat Command Surgeon had asked several times for the relief of the outfit, but no other troops were available and the men were forced to struggle through their duties, oblivious of fatigue. They felt that weather conditions surpassed even Phillipsburg in severity hoping against hope, though, they came to believe in rumors, and spirits were exalted when the rumors circulated that by the twentieth, they would be relieved.

January the twentieth did hold a surprise for the men of the battalion, though it was nothing they had even dreamed of. Told they were to withdraw, leaving that hard-earned territory to the enemy without further struggle, the Yanks felt betrayed. Each soldier surveyed the area about him, remembering friends that had fallen and barrages that had been sweated out in sub-zero temperatures, and thinking of the fight that he would sometime again have in taking that ground he was reluctant to leave.

Beginning the withdrawal at three in the morning, even before an enemy barrage had been terminated, the white-clad men leaned into the strong wind and driving snow and plowed in a single line through the deep snow back to the battalion CP at Kuhlendorf. The few men that glanced back saw the brilliant bursts of white phosphorus shells exploding on the very positions they had just vacated. A delay of ten minutes would have caused many men to have been burned critically, perhaps mortally. But without further incident the men arrived in Kuhlendorf, mounted the half-tracks, and withdrew; relieved of combat duty they were on their way to reorganization and a rest behind the lines.

Though towns nearby, such as Saverne, were occasionally shelled by the huge German railroad guns from inside Germany, the little village of Saessolsheim was for the Americans a peaceful haven. Five weeks of the first extended rest were enjoyed there, in spite of schedules for the training of the reinforcements that arrived five days after the battalion.

In this town several men were decorated for valor, the first in "A" Company to have been so rewarded: Kenneth Judd, the Bronze Star for dressing the wounds of a comrade under artillery fire at Wissembourg; John Barber, the Silver Star for the patrol he led at Phillipsburg; James Meeks, awarded the Silver Star for the

courageous evacuation of Lt. Bailey at Phillipsburg. Meeks, with two other men of the Seventh Army, was awarded the British Military Medal. The twenty-sixth of April, Field Marshall Montgomery, as personal representative of His Majesty, the King of England, pinned upon his blouse the coveted award. Capt. Trammel assumed command of C Company and Lt. Day assumed command of B Company.

The five week period of intense training and reorganization at Saessolsheim, was interrupted by the move to Uberach - Niedermodem - Pfaffenhofen section where the battalion temporarily relieved the 68th AIB in the holding of the line of defense. In holding this line the only actual contact with the enemy was encountered on the reconnaissance patrols; on such a patrol the third platoon of A Company lost its leader, Lt. Paul Johnson when he was wounded and evacuated. All nerves were tensed in waiting for the attack, as at any time the all scale offensive to clear Alsace was expected. But on the eleventh of March the battalion moved back to Wickershien, a village where in December they had spent a week preceding the fighting into Germany proper. Finally, word was received there that the attack was on; timing their own movement the men of the 62nd guess not more than two days ahead at any time.



14th A.D. *Lost & Found*

- No forwarding address for the Liberator to these veterans. Can you help locate them?

REUNION ATTENDEES

19th AIB A/B CO.
Tom Boyd

19th AIB A CO.
John Klobucar
Laverne Klobucar
Russ Smith

19th AIB C CO.
Charles DeBoer
Twilah DeBoer
Bruce DeBoer
Kathy DeBoer
Charlotte Rebelein
Verlyn Rebelein
Lawrence Miller

19th AIB HQ CO.
Ginny Proconiar
Daughter of John Donahey

19th INF A CO.
Marilyn Baney
(widow of William Baney)
John Burgess
Roberta Burgess

25th TANK B CO.
Chuck Hurl
Betty url
Cindy Prunty
Bill Prunty
Bob Hurl
Jeanette Vrtis

25th TANK D CO.
Bob McClarren
Carol Lynn Wilson

47th TANK A CO.
Roy Roberts
Christine Roberts
Ann Chelette
Jess Chelette

47th TANK D CO.
Eugene Kral

48th TANK B CO.
Albert Burmeister
Millie Burmeister
Charlotte Coppess
Jay Coppess

48th TANK D CO.
Elton Ross
Marge Ross
Marilyn Smith

62 AIB A CO.
Stanley Goldman

62nd INF A CO.
Gus Hinrich
Doris Hinrich
Verlyn Hofer
Mary Hofer
Neil Webster
Anne Webster

62nd INF B CO.
Jerry Fields
Dixie Fields
Toni Ash
Sherrie Cox
Dixie Morrison

62nd INF C CO.
Gloria Boldt
Daughter of Bill H. Siewert
Gloria Siewert
Daughter of Bill H. Siewert

62nd INF HQ CO.
Fred Harshberger
Terry Harvey
Jack Harvey

Lee Oester
Ann Oester
Mark Oester
Tammy Oester
Nancy Bechen
Phil Bechen

68th INF HQ CO.
Phil Snoberger

94th CAV B TRP
Merlin McAllister
Sylvia McAllister
Don McAllister
Karen McAllister

136th ORD C CO.
Joe Fitts

501st ARTY B BTY
John Meyer
Mertyce Meyer
Chris Olsen

We Thank You, Phil

A special thanks is due Phil Snoberger for his very generous gift to the Liberator / postage fund. This gift, along with many others, helps to ensure the publication of The Liberator for some time.

NEW MEMBERS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

DONATIONS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

John Arena, In memory of Ed Crider
Warren Armbruster
Marilyn Baney
Mary Benincasa
Gloria Boldt, In memory of
Charlotte Froelich
Thomas Boyd
John Burgess
Bennie Cardinale
Andy Clark
Charles DeBoer, In memory of
Jack DeWitt
Joe Fitts
Fred Harshberger
Chuck Hurl
John Klobucar

Eugene Kral
Richard Lighthall
John Meyer, In memory of
Jack DeWitt
Larry Miller
Ginny & James Proconiar
Frances Siewert, In memory of
Charlotte Froelich
Gayle Siewert, In memory of
Charlotte Froelich
Matt Sitnik
Kaleel Skeirik
Phil Snoberger
Jesse Woodlard
Roy Roberts



MAIL CALL

REMINISCES ABOUT DUTIES AS ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

Dear Verlyn,

A last word from the has-been president. It was a privilege to serve as your president the past year. Of course, any president of any organization has challenges; and, we were not an exception.

My first challenge was to get a treasurer appointed by the Board of Directors; who are scattered across the country. Then, I made an executive decision, in the absence of time, that you would approve the appointment.

The second challenge occurred when our historian resigned and placed my name as the contact person to any visitor to our 14tharmoreddivision.org website who desired additional information. I have enjoyed answering their inquiries by doing research in our Division History. Also it is remarkable what you can find by searching the internet. I would then list the procedure to them on how they could access the same information, and, they could search other websites.

The third challenge was no challenge. With the total cooperation of Ann and Jesse Chelette and the partners, I felt that the Peoria Reunion went off extremely well. Many times, at your leisure, you could have your needs taken care of by a partner. They helped with checking in, baggage, parking, tours, etc. The tours went very smoothly and not too long. The availability of the optional tours was a novel idea. And, the evening carriage ride was nice through downtown at a reasonable cost. And, finally, the food arrangement, selection of menu, and preparation was among the best we have had. So hats off to the partners.

And, finally, it was a privilege to spearhead, with the aid of Verlyn as the guiding light, getting the information of our comrade, Jack DeWitt's

death for publication in the Liberator with the total cooperation of Jack's family, his law firm, and their florist. We met all deadlines.

See you next year. The date and place are pending. It no doubt will be in the Midwest, near an accessible airport, making every effort to hold the cost down, but with some nice services thrown in.

Sincerely yours,
Elton C. Ross
Past President

SAND BAG ORDER A MATTER OF EGO

Dear Mrs. Chelette,

Over these many years since 1945 there have been several reports of encounters with General Patton about sand bags, but none ended with removal of the sand bags from the tanks. My "blanked out" mind couldn't recall my encounter with him until I read an article in the Liberator two issues back.

The short article had two brief statements that broke the "blank out." They were... "a disturbance on the upper level..." and "...the next morning we were taking off sand bags!"

We had just come through several days of brief encounters which gave the bags a real test. The torn, hanging bags on the mounting frames on the sides and fronts of the tanks were a real show of their value.

I spent the whole next day with General Patton and his Captain Jeep driver while the rest of the tank crew were cleaning up and preparing for the next day's action. Late in that day Lt. Colonel Lann came along with our inspections and had a private talk with General Patton.

The next morning while removing

sand bags that were still left on, Colonel Lann took me aside for a private explanation of the outcome. It was embarrassing and disappointing.:

1) Patton told Lann that we did well and proved the worth of the sand bags. 2) Lann told me, of course, that he could not break Patton's order of removal of the bags. 3) He said that he knew that I'm a good, but barely 20 year-old, tank commander. To Patton I looked even younger. To much younger according to Patton. 4) Lann also told me that he believed that Patton feared that if he withdrew his order a rumor could start that Patton had been convinced by one of those young, no good, baby-like kids that canceling was the thing to do - and he wouldn't do it because it could damage his status.(ego)

Now, let's all give Patton another "Medal of Honor."

Yours very truly,
Charles N. Hudson
Sgt. 1st Platoon COA, 47 TK
Lake Stockton Healthcare
Assisted Living Facility

Dear Ann,

Enclosed is a memorial donation to the 14th for Jack DeWitt. As a forward observer I shot for his troops on many, many occasions. He was and still is, wherever he may be, an outstanding officer and gentleman. When the war ended in Europe I was transferred with him to 645 TD battalion to go to the far east, but we didn't go. The bomb was dropped and we headed home.

Best to your fine Dad,
John P. Meyer

(Continued next page)



MORE MAIL CALL

Dearest Ann Chelette,

Good day to you. My Dad, George A. Whiten, Sr., led a group of Afro-Americans to have the oil and gas ready for the troops, and be there before the troops arrived. He will be 98 years old, and had shown my twin sister, Sandy, and me a framed picture of his awards. He said the 14th and 47th Divisions were his favorite - Dad was in France and Germany. Just wanted you to know how very proud of my Father we were. He is my 'hero'. My Dad named me and Mother named Sandy.

Respectively,
Patricia A. Whiten Boozer

NOTE: A letter of appreciation and congratulations and a 14th Armored Division pin are being sent by President Elton Ross to Mr. Whiten at his daughter's address.

Dear Ann Chelette,

I am Barbara Summers, wife of Master Sgt. Howard W. Summers, who passed away October 2, 2010, in Tucson, Arizona. He was 91. He was with Company C 48th Tank Battalion and so enjoyed seeing again members of the battalion for the years we could come to the meetings in Laughlin, NV. He kept in touch with Darrell Todd and Bob Long and we were saddened at the deaths of these two friends. I, and his sons Craig and Scott and daughter Pamela, miss him very much, but are very proud of his 30 years' devotion to the military of this great country of ours. I thought any members of C Company would like to know he thought highly of each and every one.

Sincerely,
Barbara J. Summers

To Ann Chelette,

I read the recent 14th AD LIBERATOR with particular interest. Part of Fred Hirsekorn's entry dealt with his and Captain Winiarczyk's experience at the Siegfried line. I was at "the line"

too, but with a different mission. Would it be possible to get an address, email or otherwise, for either or both those Tankers. Thank you.

William W. (Bill) Everling

Reply to Mr. Everling,

I have found some information for you.

Best wishes as you pursue your comrades!

Ann Chelette

Reply from Bill:

Ann,

I called Fred. He's excited as am I. We'll get together soon. Will keep you posted. Thanks for all your did.

Bill

Dear Ms. Chelette:

I am writing to request a correction of the spelling on my name. I truly enjoy receiving the Liberator. My dad served in the 14th Armored Division in Germany during WWII. He and my mother attended several reunions before their health issues prevented them from traveling. Daddy enjoyed reading the Liberator until his death in December 2006.

Jolene Geurian
Life Member

SEEKS INFORMATION FOR CHILDREN

Dear Sir/Madam,

My name is Susan Lueneburg. I

am the daughter of Edwin A. Roland, a member of the 68th Armored Infantry Battalion.

I am writing to you today to ask permission to copy the history of my father's service to our country found on your web site.

My father is 91 years old and has recently undergone a leg amputation and has developed MRSA. The Lord will take him home sooner than later. He is in the hospital "Aurora Bay Care" in Green Bay, WI. He'll be transported to a nursing home in Manitowoc, WI soon. From there we hope to move him to a pleasant hospice location.

I'm very proud of my father's war history and he is too!

I would like to provide a copy of this history for our family to read at this time and until a few weeks after the Lord takes my father to be with him.

It is a privilege to read about something like this and I pray that it will instill a spirit of national pride in the young of our family.

Thank you for your time and the consideration of this request.

Susan Lueneburg

Request Granted

I am sending a copy of your e-mail to our Nat'l Secretary and the editor of our newsletter which is published three times a year. We welcome news of our 14th Armored veterans. Your dad was in the Service Company of the 68th Armored Inf Bn., so as a Cpl. he no doubt had a responsibility to keep his troops supplied with the goods of war.

You have our permission to copy our website to learn more of the 14th Arm'd. Much of it is good news and also you can get an idea of a lot of sacrifices that occurred during our six months of actual fighting. In addition, if you want to learn more about the action of the 68th you can be proud of, put Stalag VIIA into Bing or other searches on your internet and click on a subject by Jim Lankford. You will find where the

Continued on page 26



MAIL CALL . . . Continued

14th Arm'd with the 47th Tk Bn and the 68th AIB liberated 110,000 POWs of which 30,000 were Americans. And, there was the Battle of Hatten-Rittershoffen he no doubt remembers. You may be able to search it.

Elton C. Ross,

TRIBUTE TO DARRELL TODD

Dear Verlyn:

Darrell Todd, Co "C" 48 Tank Bn., will be missed for many reasons. He was the self-assigned historian for our company.

He distributed a list of every tank crew member by tank, and by platoon and kept up a lively correspondence with his comrades, phoning us frequently. Darrell kept our memories, and up to date, and his special concern was for our health and welfare. He kept many obituary notices. His history is very special and according to Shirley, his wife, will probably be kept by his sons since they were so proud of their father and his wartime service.

He had stayed in the reserves, attaining the rank of Major. He was an accurate shooter and received citations for hand gun competition.

All this brings up an important question. Does the 14th Armored Division have a repository for records of its soldiers such as those of Darrell? Verlyn, your copies of "The Liberator" are the best, most cherished records that I know about. Have you made plans for issues to be kept? You are the catalyst and our treasured historian.

Thank you,
Roger James

BOOK PUBLISHED IN GERMAN

Dear Verlyn,

I will be sending you by US Mail some copies from a new book, 'Der Westwall in Der Sudpfalz.' The book

was sent to me by Marianne Lohof, the German widow of Ray Lohof of B-68. She and her husband had followed anything that related to the efforts of the 14th in the fall of 1944 until the end of the war. He was wounded in the fight at Ober Otterbach in December and taken back on a tank from the 25th TB, apparently from Company B according to Bob McClarren. There are a number of pertinent pictures from the action in one of the collection of essays, some of which cover the original building of the Westwall. There is also a copy of a map which Ray Lohof made of the attack on Dec. 18, 1944. My German is a little rusty, but I think I got the above right. The book was published apparently by Bezirks Verband Pfalz, but there are many groups responsible for the publication in 2012 including on the title page "pro Message." I don't know how many Liberators are comfortable reading German, especially with a lot of military jargon, but some may get a lot out of it.

On another matter, I am working on a project involving battlefield killings of prisoners by any and all sides in WWII in the ETO. If any of The Liberator's readers would care to share information with me, you have r

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Any request for confidentiality will be honored.

Thanks in advance,
Tim O'Keefe

REMEMBERS INCIDENTS OF LONG AGO

Dear Verlyn,

Stripping war of any glamour and exposing the sheer physical horror of it, I have a true story to relate. It's 2 a.m. and Julia, a hospice nurse, has made me a cup of hot chocolate and is encouraging me to write of an incident that took place in Hatten, France that last January of the war in Europe.

My memory is a problem - with today, but it's frightening how I can remember long ago details of all my senses - that are now mostly gone due to the aging process.

During my over three years of army training in over 13 camps or schools, I never received any first aid instruction. However, I did when I was a 12-year-old boy Scout in the northern forests of Michigan. Our Boy Scout leader was a veteran of WWI who lost an eye to a German sniper. He taught us first aid and how to survive in the wilderness; how to start a fire without matches; how to snare rabbits and cook them over an open fire with fish we caught.

It's now years later. The 19th AIB, including Company C, is fighting house to house and trading small arms fire, along with the big stuff from our 155 mm a few miles in the rear. A wounded G.I. from some other unit, plus Charles Wiederhorn and I, retreated to the basement of a house where I tried to give some first aid. The small basement was half filled with sugar beets and a trunk of women's clothing, but at the bottom was a quart of American 100 proof brandy. Chuck quickly made a flickering light with an empty tin can filled with a brandy-soaked rag.

I had the G.I. pull down his blood-soaked pants and underwear, and I jabbed his butt with the glass vile of pain killer. I saw the weeping bullet holes in each of his buttocks so I cleaned the wounds with the gauze from his first aid kit and told Chuck to keep our patient quiet - with his rifle butt if need be.

We never learned if the G.I. was evacuated but Chuck named him the G.I. with five ass holes. I'm sorry to say that Chuck was killed the next day by tank fire into the building we were occupying.

Bob Straba



MAIL CALL . . . Continued

RECALLS THOUGHTS OF FOOD

Dear Verlyn Hofer,

Here is a whimsical memory that may come in handy to fill some dead space. Most of the divisions's personnel probably had similar experiences.

I recall that a friendly infantryman gave me a sandwich of roast beef that I presume came from some sacrificed bovine. It was delicious. I was still eating it when I was struck by a mortar fragment. That sandwich may have saved my life. I was holding it in my left hand preparing to take a bite when the shell exploded striking my shoulder instead of my head.

"The Liberator" continues to hold up its journalistic prowess. Congratulations to all persons involved. I look forward to every issue.

Yours truly,
Roger James
515 Bowen Drive
Raymore, MO 64083

ALL THAT CLUCKED NOT SO GOOD EATING

Food provides us the power to keep on going, to stay healthy and somewhat useful. We simply cannot get along without meals carefully planned to please our palates. To state a stupid-

ity, we can't survive without food. You knew that all along, but, sometimes terrible meals are unforgettable. The meal I vividly recall was that bad.

But, when you have eaten k-rations and frozen "C" hash for what seemed for weeks on end the memories of my mother's chicken dinner with dumplings found resonances in my mind like savory mirages. They were such vivid memories that they made my mouth water.

One day, when Company "C" 48th Tank Bn. was enjoying a brief break, what seemed a delectable possibility appeared before us; a fat red hen contentedly clucking and scratching the ground obviously not knowing that she was egging on me and my buddies who harbored similar memories.

As I remember I said, "How can we catch her?" Just then Elmer Burch, bless his memory, picked up a rock and threw it at her head with deadly left arm accuracy. Red hen died instantly. As the old Indian said describing the death of his friend devoured by a grizzly bear, "It was a good death." Red hen didn't know an instant of pain. We plucked her feathers and dressed her and cut her up before realizing that she had to be cooked in a pot which we did not possess nor did we have salt, flour, any carrots, potatoes, or other seasoning. Undeterred, someone con-

tributed his steel helmet for a cooking pot, poured in water and suspended his helmet with enclosed chicken parts over a hot fire. Someone wondered if the paint on the inside of the helmet might poison us but someone else said "Oh, what the heck. Who wants to live forever. We want some real meat."

Our watched pot boiled away for about 45 minutes before the command came: "Prepare to move out." Because war had demands that cannot be denied we poured out the water and distributed wings, drum sticks, thighs and loaded up.

I sneaked a bite. Vulcanized rubber would have tasted better and been more chewable. That hen must have been 100 years old, chicken time, or possible we didn't know the first thing about cooking her. Probably both guesses are correct. I belatedly recalled that Mom cooked a chicken in her covered iron pot for many hours, sometimes overnight. It was so tender by then that the flesh fell off the bone.

Some day when I have more time I hope to write a more appropriate eulogy for that tough red hen whose final sacrifice was in vain. Hash and "K" ration crackers were more appreciated from then on than that tough unsalted hen.

Roger James

Names Read at 2012 Memorial Service

Veterans

James R. Montague
Robert Titler
Jack R. DeWitt
Charles B. Dudley
Laurus 'Terry' Sutton
Joseph Porpiglio
Cedric E. Arrington
Armand G. Messier
George Gilmour
Charles J. Forsey
Emedio 'Whitey' Vittori
Jack Deurmyer

Wilbur J. Fess
Perry H. Thompson
Samuel R. Glenn
Robert Palmore
Frank B. Stachowiak
John Hunsucker
Dr. James E. Booth
Joel P. Ory
Edward S. Crider
Julian E. Corn
Herman Wenson
Alfred Schultz
Clinton D. Combs

Leo H. Gordon
Frank Naso
Rev. Leonard J. Andre
Alroy 'Red' Carlson
Robert Benjamin
Harry T. Kemp, Sr.
Ralph M. Cardinal
Dr. Alfred E. Morris
William R. Blake
Ogden Jones
Darrell E. Todd
Thomas M. Sheeran
Joseph C. Aquilina

E. James Dooley
Kenneth J. Walbrink
Howard J. Prentice
Joseph G. Sica

Our Ladies

Bridget Sybrandt
Lorraine Stefaniak
Mary Hodge
Lettie Duffett
Iona Jeardoe
Charlotte Froelich
Wanda Hudson
Bernita Fulmer

Membership Renewal Notice

MAIL TO:

____ Enclosed ANNUAL DUES \$10.00
____ Payable for Membership July 1, 2011 to June 30, 2012
Note: ALL 14th AD VETERANS HAVE BECOME LIFE MEMBERS
____ Enclosed is \$10.00 for enrollment / dues of my:
 Son _____
 Daughter _____
 Grandchild _____
____ Life Membership \$50.00
____ Postage Donation _____ Memorial _____
New Member _____ Renewal _____ Bn _____ Co. _____
NAME _____ SPOUSE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____ PHONE _____
E-MAIL _____

Donations Appreciated

Without the generous support of many donors, it would be most difficult to continue the publication of **The Liberator**. Thank you.

Liberator & Association Staff

tired from the Corps after the war was over. As we talked we heard the car engine come on and saw the mechanics lower the hood. They came over to us as the old man reached for his wallet, but was stopped by me. I told him I would just put the bill on my AAA card.

He still reached for the wallet and handed me a card that I assumed had his name & address on it & I stuck it in my pocket. We all shook hands all around again, and I say my goodbye's to his wife.

I then told the two mechanics that I would follow them back up to the station. Once at the station, I told them that they had interrupted their own jobs to come along with me and helped the old man. I said I wanted to pay for the help, but they refused to charge me.

One of them pulled out a card from his pocket, looking exactly like the card the old man had given me. Both of the men told me then that they were Marine Corps Reserves. Once again we shook hands all around and as I was leaving,

one of them told me I should look at the card the old man had given me. I said I would and drove off.

For some reason I had gone about two blocks, when I pulled over and took the card out of my pocket and looked at it for a long time. The name of the old gentleman was on the card in golden leaf and under his name was written: 'Congressional Medal of Honor Society.'

I sat there motionless, looking at the card and reading it over and over. I looked up from the card and smiled to no one but myself and marveled that on this day, four Marines had all come together because one of us needed help. He was an old man all right, but it felt good to have stood next to greatness and courage, and an honor to have been in his presence. Remember, OLD men like him gave you FREEDOM for America. Thanks to those who served and still still serve, and to all of those who supported them, and who continue to support them.

WHAT ... YOU'RE MOVING!



ADDRESS CHANGE

PLEASE help us eliminate delays by advising us promptly of any change in your contact information.

Name _____
Street & No. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____
E-mail _____

TAPS NOTIFICATION

PLEASE share any information you have about the deaths of 14th Armored Division members.

Name _____
Unit _____
Street & No. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Survivor _____
Phone _____
Information _____

Send to **ANN CHELETTE**,
National Secretary

11101 Old ...

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
JANUARY 15, 2013

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**NEXT DEADLINE IS
JANUARY 15, 2013**

PLEASE CHECK YOUR ADDRESS
LABEL FOR EXPIRATION DATE

All changes of address should be
sent to Ann Chelette, Nat'l Sec.

14th ARMORED DIVISION ASSN., INC.

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"God Bless America"

When is the last time you heard this song? Here is the story of the song.

The time was 1940. America was still in a terrible economic depression. Hitler was taking over Europe and Americans were afraid we'd have to go to war. It was a time of hardship and worry for most Americans.

This was the era just before TV, when radio shows were huge, and American families sat around their radios in the evenings, listening to their favorite entertainers - and no entertainer of that era was bigger than Kate Smith. Kate was also large in size, and the popular phase still used today is indifference to her, "It ain't over till the fat lady sings." Kate Smith might not have made it big in the age of TV, but with her voice coming over the radio, she was the biggest star of her time.

Kate was also very patriotic. It hurt her to see Americans so depressed and afraid of what the next day would bring. She had hope for America, and

faith in her fellow Americans. She wanted to do something to cheer them up, so she went to the famous American songwriter, Irving Berlin (also wrote "White Christmas") and asked him to write a song that would make Americans feel good again about their country. When she described what she was looking for, he said he had just the song for her. He went to his files and found a song that he had written, but never published, 22 years before - way back in 1917. He gave it to Kate Smith and she worked on it with her studio orchestra. She and Irving Berlin were not sure how the song would be received by the public, but both agreed they would not take any profits from "God Bless America" - any profits would go to the Boy Scouts of America. Over the years, the Boy Scouts have received millions of dollars in royalties from this song.

A more recent video of the first playing of the song starts out with

Kate Smith coming into the radio studio with the orchestra and an audience. She introduces the new song for the very first time, and starts singing. After the first couple verses, with her voice in the background still singing, scenes are shown from the 1940 movie, "You're In The Army Now." At the 4:20 mark of the video you see a young actor in the movie, sitting in an office, reading a paper - it's Ronald Reagan. Frank Sinatra considered Kate Smith the best singer of her time, and said when he and a million other guys first heard her sing "God Bless America" on the radio, they all pretended to have "dust in their eyes" as they wiped away a tear or two.

To this day, "God Bless America" stirs our patriotic feelings and pride in our country. Back in 1940, when Kate Smith went looking for a song to raise the spirits of her fellow Americans, I doubt she realized just how successful the results would be - for her fellow Americans during those years of hardship and worry, and for many generations of Americans to follow. Now that you know the story of the song, I hope you will enjoy it and treasure it even more. God Bless America!

WESTERN STATES CHAPTER

DANIEL (JOE) FITTS CASA SERRANO RESTAURANT

Check out the website: <http://www.14tharmoreddivision.org>