



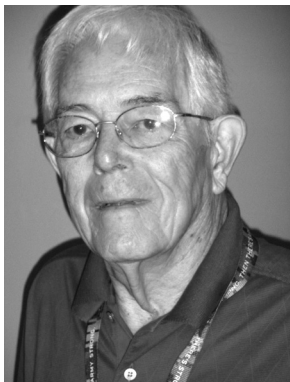
# THE LIBERATOR™

**VOL. 47 NO. 1**

*Official Publication of the  
14th Armored Division Association*

**SUMMER 2012**

## Message from our Association President



**ELTON ROSS**

This will be my last *Liberator* message to you as President. Many may say hurrah, but it has been a very eventful year getting a treasurer appointed as well as handling the internet with its many inquiries from our members and the relatives and friends of our 14th Arm'd folk living and dead.

However, how many of you can say, after working for another company for almost three years, that you were hired by someone with whom you were inducted, went through basic and ASTP together, went to the 14th Arm'd although in different units, were room mates and graduated from Purdue University as mechanical engineers the same year? We speak of James G. Smith, former 47th Tk. Bn. Serv. Co. member. You can also duplicate the history of Phil Snoberger of the 68th AIB except for the hiring.

*(Continued on page 3)*

## PEORIA, Here We Come!

by Ann & Jess Chelette

It's time again to reread the Reunion Registration Form, consider the activities planned for each day, and try to remember where you stored your 'grip'! The 48th Annual Reunion of the 14th Armored Division Association is September 19-23 in Peoria, IL!

Your registration is due to Ann Chelette, 14464 Chandlerville Road, Beardstown IL 62618, by August 22, if possible. Please include your check, if possible - we'll accept it at the reunion, as well. August 22 is also the date our hotel, Four Points by Sheraton, would like your room reservations! You know from experience that we will work with you throughout your registration process, even if you finally learn on September 12, that you can attend the reunion with us! Please phone Ann at 217.853.5882, if your plans won't be final until the last minute!

Note on your registration form how you are traveling, when you hope to arrive in Peoria, and the Airlines and flight #. "Partners" (children, grandchildren, and other relatives of veterans) will be waiting for you either at the airport or the hotel, whichever you prefer! We'll unload your luggage, park your car, assist you in registration and finding your room, and welcome you to this year's Reunion!

We're very pleased with the gracious hospitality shown by the staff of Four Points by Sheraton! They offer the many amenities we found in Indianapolis, Green Bay, and other wonderful reunion sites.

### Wed., Sept. 19, Activities

Arrive early and be the first to receive your Reunion name tag, folder, and welcome gifts! Meals are on your own, and we recommend Bennigan's Restaurant, located within the hotel. Always share your needs with our "Partners", who can assist and intervene to assure that your visit is comfortable and enjoyable!

### Thursday, Sept. 20, Activities

Complimentary continental breakfasts are available each day! Your tickets will be in your Registration Folder. Registration will continue throughout the day, and a small seating area nearby will allow you to watch for friends!

Activities both outside and within our hotel have been planned for you! We will board a bus at 9:30 am to travel to the onset of our guided bus tour of Peoria! The rich history, scenic river drives, stately homes, and bustling riverfront will be narrated by our tour guide. We'll stop for lunch together then decide whether you're ready to return to our hotel or continue for an hour-long guided tour of the Peoria Journal-Star Newspaper printing facility, where we'll visit the mechanical, business, and editorial aspects of newspaper production. You can return to the Four Points by Sheraton either after lunch or after your tour of the newspaper facility.

Those remaining at the Four Points by Sheraton during the day Thursday can relax, chat with friends and new acquaintances, or visit our Hospital-

*(Continued on page 3)*

**48th NATIONAL REUNION**  
**Peoria, Illinois • September 19-23, 2012**

## FROM THE LADIES AUXILIARY PRESIDENT



**GAYLE SIEWERT**

Greetings from the great state of Minnesota:

The spring has been cool and rainy, but hopes are high that it will turn out to be a great summer.

How about a little history on reunions? Our 48th annual reunion is just a short time away. We have had some great ones, the first being in 1965 in Binghamton, NY. James L. Sims was then president of the Association. The first reunion I attended was in 1969 in Chicago, IL with Ronald C. Grays as president.

We have had reunions in 26 states and D.C. Two states are tied for first: Iowa five times, four being in Cedar Rapids and once in Des Moines; Illinois five times, Chicago once, Springfield twice, and Schaumburg and Peoria each once. Next is Wisconsin with four times, once each in Madison, Cable, Milwaukee and Green Bay. Indiana hosted our reunion three times, each time in Indianapolis. Twice reunions were held in Arkansas at Ft. Smith; twice we met in New Orleans, LA, Louisville, KY and Kalamazoo, MI. Other states where we met twice would be: New York - Binghamton & Niagara Falls; Colorado - Denver & Colorado Springs; Minnesota - St. Paul & Minneapolis; California - Anaheim & San Diego. States which hosted our annual reunion once were: North Carolina, Tennessee, Connecticut, Missouri, Ohio, Georgia, New Mexico, Nebraska, Texas, South Dakota, Washington, and the District of Columbia. Will we get to attend reunions in any other states?

We'll try to do a little history on Association presidents next, and then the Ladies Auxiliary.

All these reunions provided won-  
(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 ★★★

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Verlyn Hofer, Editor - Box 22, Lennox, SD 57039  
605-647-2280 • Fax: 605-647-2218 • e-mail: vmhofer@iw.net

### LIST OF OFFICERS

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1914-2007

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EDITH BARTON

EDITH BARTON  
See Historian info.

ROBERTA BROWN-HENNING

*National 3rd Vice President*  
MARY ANN COTTEN

### 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.

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

*(Continued from page 1)*

After working for several years, being involved in all phases of engineering and manufacturing, Jim, my CEO, wisely on my behalf, sent me to the local Wabash College to a program for people like me, who needed a broadening of their knowledge to include a dose of liberal arts by attending a program lasting three (3) summer sessions. Needless to say among many things one acquires in a liberal arts education was the reading and discussion of many books from Shakespeare to Darwin's "Origin of the Species." We also had many lectures by the professors on a variety of subjects.

A couple of the books I've read in the last few years may be of interest to some of you. "Marching Orders," the untold story of World War II by Bruce Lee was written some 50 years plus after Pearl Harbor because all the data from 1.5 million pages of Army records and 16,000 pages of Magic/Ultra coded messages along with the analysts view of the coded message had to be declassified. This data went only to the Sec. of War, Gen. Marshall and his immediate assistants, the President and a very selected few. He also conducted some 200 interviews. Not known to the Japanese, the Americans had broken their

code before Pearl Harbor. And not known to the Germans, England had broken the German code. Therefore, how they kept this a secret to the end of the war was a miracle and only came to light when our wonderful Congress disclosed it in the fall of 1945 after VE Day when we were still getting valuable information of the Japanese anti-nuclear program. This after the violent objection by Gen. George C. Marshall and President Harry S. Truman was made.

You will read how the conversations originating by Japanese and German personnel in Europe and Japan were decrypted and analyzed and this contributed 35% of our intelligence by which decisions in the conduct of the war were made. You'll also learn why the decision not to go to Berlin was made. Reading about the coded messages, their decryption and analysis, then using them to conduct a portion of the war makes an extremely enjoyable 554 pages of reading, particularly because we were a part of it. I also think British Gen. Montgomery will not come away as one of your favorites.

The second book, of the same period, "Inside the Third Reich" by Albert Speer, the former German Minister of Armament and War Production that

kept the manufacture and allocations of almost everything to the end during European WWII for the conduct of the war. As a young enthralled architect, he was eventually appointed to the Minister position and the many challenges that few of us will deny that he carried out the job well under the most dire circumstances at times. You will get a very good picture of European World War II in totality and also the many cases of in-fighting in the higher ups of the Nazi hierarchy. Albert Speer was the only one that pleaded guilty to the charges levelled against him at the Nuremberg trials and was sentenced to 20 years in the Spandau Prison. He smuggled a lot of the notes he wrote, while in prison, by one of the un-German guards to the outside and planned to use in writing this book. He also did a lot of research in the WWII German Archives and 44 pages of notes refer to the various chapters. The 524 pages read quite rapidly.

Both books are excellent reading. I am sure you will really enjoy them because you had an active part indirectly or maybe directly in supplying the reason for the books.

Hope to see you in Peoria!  
Elton C. Ross  
2011-2012 President  
14th Arm'd Div Assn

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## Peoria, Here We Come!

*(Continued from page 1)*

ity Room, where additional activities will take place. At 10:00 am, we'll be treated to a style show, and at 2:00 pm we'll enjoy a movie and popcorn!

Our Association Board of Directors will meet with officers at 3:00 pm, near the Hospitality Room. Preliminary reports and business usually require at least an hour of time for those who lead the 14th AD.

Please remember our Hospitality Room, where snacks, beverages, scrapbooks, and our ever-growing Ladies' Auxiliary Raffle! The room is open from early until late - a great place to gather!

Thursday evening presents an opportunity for free appetizers and drinks near the fireplace in the Regency Lounge. Our Cash Bar will be open in the dining hall across from Hospitality Room from 5:30 - 7:00 pm. Dinner will be served at 6:00 pm, with light entertainment to follow.

### Friday, Sept. 21, Activities

Reunion registration and free Continental Breakfast begin the day. Golfers will be teeing off at 9-hole Detweiler Golf Course (mark golf on your registration form). We can board our bus at 9:45 am for a tour of Caterpillar's Edwards facility and the large equipment on display! Those wishing to skip that tour will be picked up at 11:45 am for lunch and a slow, smooth cruise of the Illinois River on the "Spirit of Peoria" paddle-wheel steamboat. Your hat and sunglasses may be needed if you spend time on deck! We'll return to Four Points by Sheraton before 2:30 pm.

Meanwhile, happenings in the Hospitality Room include a morning sharing about our collections! Please bring one item to represent something you collect, whether it be stamps, egg cups, earrings, or rulers! We'll share and compare and declare it a lovely morning! At 3:30 pm, also in the Hospitality Room, President Elton Ross will share some of this year's involve-

ments of the 14th Armored Division Association!

Our Cash Bar opens at 5:00 pm, with dinner following at 6:00 pm. Again, we'll enjoy entertainment at our seats until 7:30 pm. Horse-drawn carriage rides can be arranged after dinner for an easy tour of downtown Peoria.

### Saturday, Sept. 22, Activities

Still we will register those arriving for our evening banquet, and again we'll have complimentary continental breakfasts or order off the menu at Bennigan's. Our Memorial Service will take place at 9:00 am; we will honor those who have passed since our last reunion, and hear the words of Chaplain John Burgess.

Following the program, we will conduct our annual meetings of Veterans, Auxiliary, and Partners at 10:00 am. Interesting business is discussed and plans for the next Reunion will be made.

Lunch is on your own - we'll  
*(Continued on page 9)*



# 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.

• **Bridget Sybrandt**, widow of Lloyd Sybrandt, 47 TANK, HQ CO; died June 1, 2008, in Erie, PA; lifetime member of 14th AD Auxiliary; survived in an sided,

• **Charles B. Dudley**, 68 INF A CO; died December 10, 2009, in Dansville, NY; owner and operator of Dudley Tractor Service; enjoyed Ford tractors, antique tractors, gardening, thoughtful conversation, and spending time with family and friends; remained humbled by the sacrifices made by his

• **Vilo Calkins**, 47 TANK, A CO, died January 3, 2010, in East Syracuse, NY; worked in the airline industry for 40 years, 20 of those with Western Airlines; life member of 14th AD Assoc., who wif ran

• **George A. Gilmour**, 62 INF, C CO; died July 9, 2010, in Annapolis, MD; acquired PhD from Cornell University in 1963; engineer and expert in high resolution sonar retired from Westinghouse - Annapolis and George Gilmore (Metals) Limited; member of Annapolis Chorale, Oceanic golf League; survived by eight grandchildren.

• **Howard W. Summers**, 48 TANK C CO; died Oct. 2, 2010, in Tucson AZ.

• **Jack Deurmyer**, 136 ORD, HQ CO died January 7, 2011 in Escondido CA

• **Rev. Leonard J. Andre**, 48 TANK SERV CO; died December 19, 2011, in Richfield, WI; buried with military salute; preceded in death by two brothers who were also priests; survived by nephews, relatives, and friends.

• **Lorraine Stefaniak**, widow of Ted Stefaniak, 62 INF, C CO, died December 30 2011 in Round Lake IL; a ve jo C

• **Ralph M. Cardinal**, 25 TANK HQ CO; died at the age of 98 on January

16, 2012, in Malone NY, five months after the death of his wife Beulah; former mayor of Malone, member of Soundsations chorale, Scoutmaster, School Board member, President and BOD Chair of Farmers National Bank and Alice Hyde Hospital, started local radio station WICY; opened Cardinal Insurance Agency led by son Tom; loved golf and downhill skiing; sur- vi A ar

• **Dr. Alfred E. "Son" Morris**, 62 INF A CO, 3rd Platoon - Support Trains; died January 20, 2012, in Henderson, TX; as an obstetrician he enjoyed watching the many babies he delivered grow into adulthood, including the first set of identical triplets born in Henderson, as an avid hunter he enjoyed his annual pheasant hunt to South Dakota, as a collector of cars he prized his 1953 Hudson; as a true friend he enjoyed his monthly lunch dates with his high school cl M H and their families.

• **Iona Jeardoe**, widow of Archie L. Jeardoe, 500 ARTY B BTY; died at age 95 on February 6, 2012, in Corpus Christie, TX; Archie died August 6, 1978 in France during a 14th Armored Division Reunion; both Archie and Iona loved the 14th Armored Division all their lives; survived by family including nephew Mark Moldrawski, moldrawski@sbcglobal.net.

• **William R. Carrig**, COMMAND CCA HQ; died at the age of 91 on March 6, 2012, in Hamburg, NY; machinist at Bethlehem Steel in Lackawanna by s roac

• **Dr. Charles H. Sears**, 84 MED DET; died at the age of 94 on March 12, 2012, in Orange, CA; much loved and respected Internist and Cardiologist in Orange; enjoyed fishing, wood-working, growing orchids, boating, an en C.

• **Walter F. Blake**, 94 CAV A TRP; died March 27, 2012, in Grand Island, NE; retired from the Army in 1964 af-

ter serving in WW II and the Korean Conflict, with the 73 Tank Battalion; Purple Heart recipient; National Cemetery System Superintendent at Lebanon, KY and Ft. McPherson; great love of fishing and hunting, receiving numerous Master Angler Awards; sur- v F fi 366 831,

• **Ogden Jones**, 94 CAV E TR; died April 1, 2012, in Oakland, CA; received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, joining the class of 1949, and continued a 28-year military career that took him to Germany, two tours to Korea, Spain, and two tours in the Army General Staff in the Pentagon; graduated from the Army Command and General Staff College in Fort Leavenworth and the Spanish Staff College in Madrid; retired a full Colonel; active in community wi 10: il- dren and their families.

• **Darrell E. Todd**, 48 TANK C CO; died April 6, 2012, in Modesto, CA; tank ace who got three tanks within the space of a minute or so one morning outside of Rittershoffen, and two more as the war went on; masonry contractor; Post Commander of Oakdale, CA. National Guard and lifetime mer vive box children and their families.

• **E. James Dooley**, 500 ARTY HQ BT stc Wi 50:01.

• **Howard J. Prentice**, 84 MED B C 20 m ed Forces Club, and past orncer or both local American Legion and VFW Posts; with his wife, attended both the State and National Reunions as long as they could travel; survived by wife Gre thei

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



## THE CHAPLAIN'S COMMENTS

John A. Burgess

Once I suggested that I would consider some of the promises God has made to us in the Bible. I have neglected to do that but will perhaps begin to do it in the future. Early in my life I began to learn to live the life of faith. My mother was a strong consistent woman of faith. I started attending church as an infant. My mother would place me in a basket on the pew beside her. In those days there were no kindergartens or children's church sessions. The entire family attended the worship session together. I came from a divided family. My mother was a believer, my father was not and never attended church except when we children were doing something. Because of my mother's strong and consistent faith I learned to trust Jesus Christ at a very young age.

An aunt, a graduate of the New England University of Music, used to teach music in several vacation Bible schools every summer. Following is a chorus she taught.

"Every promise in the book is mine, Every chapter, every verse, every line. All are blessings of His love divine, Every promise in the book is mine."

There are more than 300 promises enumerated in the Bible con-

cerned with many areas of life. Many are applicable to the lives of each of us. I will mention a few of them. Some will be discussed in more detail in future Chaplain's Comments.

Many verses promise the forgiveness of sin and the gift of eternal life in the presence of God.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

"That if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead you will be saved." (Romans 10:9)

The promise of answered prayer is stated in several portions of Scripture such as the following.

"And again I say to you that if two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask it will be done for them by my Father in heaven." (Mt: 18-19)

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:

the name of John P. Meyer, our Association Judge Advocate, as requested by President Elton Ross. Please support this great cause by donating door prizes if you possibly can. We will also be looking for snacks for the hospitality room; the ladies will get pop this year. Don't forget the postage fund and the changing of addresses which are to be sent to Ann Chelette.

Ladies, don't forget to send in your dues, only \$3.00; please send to Charlotte Froelich.

"It shall come to pass that before they call I will answer; and while they are still speaking, I will hear." (Isaiah 65:22)

Children are promised length of life as a result of honoring their parents.

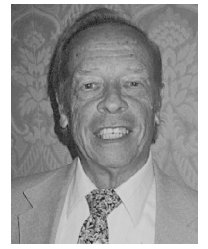
"Honor your father and mother" which is the first commandment with promise: "That it may be well with you and you may live long on the earth." (Ephesians 6:2,3)

God promises to give direction in decisions that must be made.

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will make your paths straight."

I intend to devote some of the future Chaplain Comments to a consideration of the promises of God. If you have a promise you would like discussed let me know.

- Chaplain John A. Burgess



## THE PROMISES OF GOD

### LADIES AUXILIARY

(Continued from page 2)

derful times with many good memories made with good friends. I hope all of you are looking forward to Peoria on September 19-23. It sounds like the partners have been working hard to keep us busy with things to do. Please check the schedule of events that are planned and then sign up.

Our raffle money this year will be going to the Danville, IL VA facility in

My mom sends her greetings for a great reunion and misses seeing everyone. I hope you all have a wonderful time. I will be there for all the birthdays and anniversaries at this time, and my sympathies to those who have recently lost loved ones. My sister Gloria and I look forward to seeing you in Peoria in September. Have a wonderful summer.

Sincerely,  
Gayle Seiwert

# ASSOCIATION LOSES LEADER, FRIEND WITH DEATH OF JACK DeWITT



**JACK DeWITT**

With the death of Jack DeWitt on February 21, 2012, the 14th Armored Division Association lost one of its most highly respected and beloved members. His record of service to his country and the countless people he befriended along his life's journey will long be remembered.

Recognized as a leader of men and a soldier's soldier, Jack DeWitt served proudly with the 14th Armored Division after graduating from Officers Candidate School. In Europe he first served as a platoon leader and then as commander of Company C of the 19th Armored Infantry Battalion.

As one of the most highly decorated members of the 14th AD, Jack was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy" around Baerenthal, France, and the Silver Star and Purple Heart in other action. Of perhaps greater pride, he was awarded the British Military Cross by Britain for "gallantry in action" near Salmbach, France. He also received other lesser medals and commendations. After WWII, Jack led his local Army Reserve unit, rising to the rank of Brigadier General before retiring from the military.

Jack Richard DeWitt was born December 15, 1918 in Muskogee, Oklahoma. The family relocated to Wisconsin

when he was 13 or 14 years old. He graduated from Lancaster, WI High School, and then from the University of Wisconsin with a B.A. in economics and a law degree before enlisting in the Army in 1942. After his military service during the war, Jack continued his leadership role as a civilian, both in his law practice and other pursuits.

Jack DeWitt had a long and distinguished tenure of service with the 14th AD Association. He served as president of the organization in 1977 when the reunion was held in Madison, WI. He continued to attend most of the annual reunions until his health prevented him from doing so. In 1995, he and his son, Sanford, traveled with others from the 14th AD to Europe to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of WWII. As a lawyer and respected leader, Jack could always be counted on for sound advice and became an elder statesman for the organization.



*Newly-commissioned 2nd Lieutenant Jack DeWitt.*

As a founding member of a leading law firm in the state of Wisconsin, Mr. DeWitt served in almost countless positions of his profession, including executive secretary of the Wisconsin Judicial Council, president of the county and state bar associations, and a Fellow of the American Bar Foundation and the Wisconsin Law Foundation.

Jack's community service reached for beyond his law practice as a member of various service organizations and fraternal groups. He was interested and active in church, the Red Cross and Boy Scouts, as well as taking an active role in veterans affairs and political life. High on his priority list was the maintenance of his associations with those he served with during World War II.



*Jack DeWitt (right) being presented the Distinguished Service Cross by the General.*

Jack is survived by his wife, Anne, and five children, Thomas, John, Sanford, Maureen (Damone) Enriquez and Lizbeth (Bruce) McHale; six grandchildren and a host of friends. Mrs. DeWitt's address is: 333 West Main St., Apt. 201, Madison, WI 53703. A memorial service was held on Saturday, March 3 with a reception following.



*Jack (standing left) with a few of the men he served with in combat. Yes, it was a long, cold winter.*

## 14th AD ASSOC. LOSES ANOTHER PAST PRESIDENT AND GREAT FRIEND, OGDEN S. JONES, JR.



*Ogden Jones*

Members and friends of the 14th AD Assoc. are saddened to learn of the recent death of Ogden S. Jones, Jr. who served this organization well, as he did his country in war and peace. Ogden, who served as Association president in 1995, was again in charge of the 2008 reunion which was also held in Kalamazoo, MI where the Jones family resided for many years after his retirement from the Army. More recently, Ogden and his wife, Jean, made their home in Oakland, California where they could be close to family members.

Ogden Jones' life was one of service, both to his country as a soldier, and to his family and larger community. His earlier plans in life did not include being a professional soldier, certainly not at the time he was inducted into the Army as a lowly private at the age of 18. He was born April 10, 1925 in Kansas where he graduated from high school. While in high school, he excelled as a track star and was valedictorian of his class.

Entering the Army in 1943, Ogden was assigned to the 14th Armored Division and served with E Troop of the 94th Cavalry, being decorated as a WWII combat veteran. His son relates that Ogden's life was profoundly influenced by the battle of Hatten/Rittershoffen and other combat experiences. Apparently because of his academic standing, Ogden was offered an appointment to West Point soon after the war ended in Europe. He soon shipped back to the States and enrolled at the Military Academy in the fall of 1945.

Thus began Ogden Jones' long military career as a professional soldier. He graduated from the Academy with the class of 1949 and in 1950 was assigned to serve in the 63rd Tank Tn., 1st Division. In 1957 Ogden was sent to Korea as a battalion commander. Although hostilities had ended there, it remained a tense situation. It was while he was in Korea that he met and married his wife, Jean, who was serving there with the American Korean Foundation. From 1959 to 1962 he taught ROTC cadets at the University of Missouri. Ogden then attended and graduated from the Command and General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth in 1963.

From 1963 through 1966, Ogden was assigned to the Pentagon, serving in the European Command. He served as a staff officer in Spain in 1963-64, and held another post in the European Command in 1969-70. Upon returning to the US, he served in a position with the Dept. of the Army in 1970-73. During this time he attended and graduated from George Washington University with a Masters in Business. He retired from the Army in 1975 with the rank of colonel.

During his military service, in addition to his decorations as a combat soldier, Ogden was awarded the Joint Service Commendation Medal and three Legions of Merit Medals during his post-WWII career.

After leaving the military, Ogden accepted a position with an industrial firm in Kalamazoo. Here he was recognized for his organizational skills and remained with the company as an engineering manager until 1990 when he retired. But Ogden and Jean never retired from community service. They volunteered their services to a number of organizations, including the Gospel Mission, Meals on Wheels, Loaves and Fishes, Ministry with Community, Hospice of Greater Kalamazoo, and the Bronson Methodist Hospital. For many years he volunteered to lead the weekly Honor Guard at Fort Custer National Cemetery just outside Kalamazoo.

In later years Ogden and Jean started attending 14th AD reunions and those of his West Point class of '49. This is how he managed to reconnect with many old friends and comrades, always being welcomed by many. In

a tribute to his father, Ogden's son, Ogden, said it best in summing up his father's life: "So we have seen that Ogden lived a very rich and fulfilling life. He accomplished a lot while he was here. He was very good at what he did. But, of course, that is just part of the story. He would have said that all the accomplishments and accolades, while nice, weren't all that important. What really matters is what kind of a person you are. Well, my father was a very good man. The finest I have known. He was devoted to his wife and family. He had many friends and touched the lives of many people. He was a kind and extremely generous man."



*Newly commissioned Lt. Jones*

In addition to his wife, Jean, survivors include two sons and a daughter, as well as grandchildren and a host of fi  
San  
CA

It is noted that Ogden's favorite charity was the Army Emergency Fund. Anyone wishing to contribute to this fund in memory of Ogden may address their contribution to:

Army Emergency Relief  
200 Stovall Street, Room 5S33  
Alexandria, VA 22332-0600

Include following information:

- 1) your name and mailing address
- 2) name and relationship of person you are donating in memory of
- 3) name and address of person you wis  
don  
Ave

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# MAY 1945 - A POST-WAR JOURNEY

by Francis V. O'Neil, Co C, 84th Medical

## CHAPTER I

Once upon a time (all stories begin like this) there was a war in Europe. When it ended Co C 84th Med Bn had reached Mittenheim, Germany. Personnel were occupying local housing awaiting further orders.

In the meantime, routine duties were carried out: KP, vehicle maintenance, goofing off and the establishment of the medical treatment station. The need for this came suddenly when one of our men suffered a gunshot wound. This occurred when a group of our men were standing in the street while another group sat around a table in a nearby house. Those in the house were examining a P38 pistol; one man, without forethought, pulled the trigger. The bullet went out through the open window and through the 'buttocks' of one of the men in the street. His immediate remark was "Shall I fall down?" The two visible wounds were treated at our station and he was sent on to a hospital unit. There he was treated for 4 wounds, in and out each 'cheek'. It is rumored he said "ouch" when they cauterized the wounded areas. (Was he qualified for a Purple Heart?)

On the bright side, our 'Explorer Group' was checking out the area surrounding the airfield that bordered the town. Pvt. Stevenson, on a mission to "who knows where" came up with a 1937 Chevy 4-door sedan, we now have a PRIVATE TRANSPORTATION VEHICLE (Sergeants can also ride).

Scouting activity took us to the far side of the airfield where we came upon labor camps; it was said they were constructing an underground hanger. The laborers were Polish, French, Italian, etc. and were quartered separately. The housing seemed adequate and included a small building similar to our 'day rooms.' In the evenings we would motor over to the Polish camp to enjoy the polka music and dancing. This came to an end one evening when the MPs came in through the doors and windows. We were told it was "off limits" and ordered us out. The Officer in Charge

advised we would be reported if we came back again. The next morning we were called to the CO's office; it seems the report had moved through the upper ranks overnight; we were reprimanded, offered an 'eye-opener' and dismissed. They did take the car!

While all this was going on, Lt. Flignor was searching for permanent quarters for the company - he scored big time!!

## CHAPTER II

Lt. Flignor located a building that was a Catholic Retreat House that had, at one time, been taken over by the Hitler Youth Program. It was situated on the hill above the Inn River, where swift-water kayak racing began. The building, photo attached, was 3 stories, plus 2 attics and a tiled basement kitchen - our Mess Sergeant was overjoyed. On the main floor was a chapel, assembly room and offices; and at the rear was a stone patio - watch out for the billiard table when passing through; sleeping quarters were on the above floors.



*Retreat House - home to Co C 84th Med. Bn. The GI is unidentified but may have been Sgt. Francis O'Neil.*

A treatment room was set up, and none too soon, as ambulances arrived with at least a dozen patients (civilians). Men and women were celebrating the war's end, drinking what they

believed to be an alcoholic beverage; it was 'buzz bomb' fluid. Two men did not like the taste, ate eggs, drank milk, threw up and survived. They told us that part of the story while the rest of the people were taken to our treatment station. They apparently had consumed a greater amount of the liquid and died, except one young woman. Treatment for her included a constant visual assignment for 24 hours - the latrine was the problem.

Meanwhile our explorer group came up with 8 horses and saddles. Our 'Texas Ranger' and the 'Ranchers' felt right at home. We now have PRIVATE TRANSPORTATION again. The horses were pastured and feed was made available. If you wished to ride, you had to sign up for your turn.

When riding, the route generally took us down the hill to a dirt road through a small town, which included the church, and along the hillside of the Inn River. Here one had to be careful as the path sometimes narrowed to less than a foot wide (advice from our Ranger: don't rein, the horse knows better than you do), then on to the Mom & Pop tavern for a nip - we bring the goodies. The son and daughter played the zither and other instruments for our entertainment.

Then back up the hill (mountain) to the Gutenberg Castle - you recall the Bible printed with single-letter type. This was also 'off limits' as it was believed to hold art, etc. confiscated by Hitler or the like. The residents gardened out front and on occasion we conversed, as a couple spoke English. Then back to quarters.

On one occasion, our scout discovered a side hill cave which contained ice and barrels of beer covered by straw/sawdust.

A bar was erected on the front lawn but warm beer after 6 pm wasn't that popular... then there was organized R&R.

## CHAPTER III Obersalzberg

A trip to Hitler's 'mountain retreat' was set up by our officers and

*(Continued on page 9)*

## A POST-WAR JOURNEY

*(Continued from page 8)*

was carried out a couple of truckloads of men at a time. The route took us to Munich, to the tavern where Hitler had made his early political speeches. We bargained with a reluctant bartender for beer - we paid and rolled out a barrel. Then on to the Lodge at Cheim Sea (photo attached) for an overnight stay, the beer was set up on the bar.



*Members of the 84th Med. Bn. enjoyed visiting the Gasthaus Cafe.*

From there we continued up through Bercktesgaden to the Retreat. Attached is a diagram showing the layout on the 'mountain.' Construction was still ongoing - until the Allied bombing. The attached photos illustrate the destruction of the homes: Hitler's, Goering's and Borman's homes were pretty much destroyed. We were able to walk around the area but unable to reach the Eagles Nest, as the elevator was not working.

Then a return to the base to routine operations including: softball, horseback riding and demonstrations

by the experts. For instance, those expert at horseback riding would put a helmet liner on the ground, run the horse at full gallop, lean over and pick up the liner; be careful not to tip the horse over. A safer sport - a crap game.

Then came the order: Pack your bag, you are being transferred to the 45th Infantry Division.



*This is what was left of Martin Borman's mountain retreat home after bombing.*

### CHAPTER IV

#### 45th Infantry Division

Put your gear in the truck, mount up and away we go. We are on our way to win the war in the Pacific.

The staging area was a short distance from Dachau. After a time, we toured the prison, escorted by one of the 'rail thin' prisoners. In the same general area, there were Nazi officer apartment buildings, including a unit Allied service people set up as a theatre. The movie changed every other night. They also constructed a softball

field - once again, form a team, you get a game.

Time slips by - orders came to move on - back on the truck, onto the autobahn west to the Metz area, France. Cigarette names were used to identify different staging area camps, where there were tents, food and Red Cross coffee and donuts. Baseball games every day.



*In the area of the hotel, damage from bombing and shelling was obvious.*

Load up - we're off to LeHarve. It's a victory ship (larger than the liberty ship) - all aboard to New York to Fort Dix, NJ - 30 day leave then back to Fort Dix. The War is over. Someone didn't get the word - board a train to Fort Hood, Texas. Now what?? Move to Camp Fannin, TX.

November 16, 1945 - Here's your discharge papers, a truck ride to Fort Worth, \$75.00 (\$.05 per mile) to make it home.

Thanks for your help!!

12: Ph  
19: is

## Peoria, Here We Come!

*(Continued from page 3)*

have suggestions and directions available at your request. Afternoon events are optional, with transportation provided to several. Options include Quadracycle and Segway tours for the young at heart, the new Bass Pro Shops Great Outdoor World enclosing a live-fire archery range, shooting arcade, and 25,000 gallon aquarium; the Peoria Zoo featuring animals from Africa; the Planetarium's informative shows; fabulous shopping at the Shoppes at Grand Prairie; and the Par-a-Dice Casino!

President Elton Ross will share the involvements of the 14th Armored Division in the services honoring Jack DeWitt at 3:00 pm in the Hospitality Room.

Our Saturday evening festivities begin with a Cash Bar at 5:00 pm, and the Banquet at 6:00 pm. 14th Armored

Division Association business includes words from President Elton Ross, the election and installation of officers, and Ladies Auxiliary business. Entertainment tops the evening. Once again, horse-drawn carriage rides are available after dinner for a relaxed tour of downtown Peoria.

#### Sunday, Sept. 23, Activities

The 9:00 am Worship Service follows our complimentary breakfast. The "Partners" will again be ready to assist you in checking out, transport your luggage downstairs, bring your car to the circle drive, or help you acquire a shuttle to the airport.

You will receive a detailed agenda of all activities, and opportunities to schedule your preferences. Once again, 14th Armored Division polo shirts and T-shirts will be offered for sale!

See you in Peoria!

*A soldier who lost his rifle was reprimanded by his captain and told he would have to pay for it. "Sir," gulped the soldier, "suppose I lost a tank. Surely I would not have to pay for that!" "Yes, you would, too," bellowed the captain, "even if it took the rest of your life." "Well," said the soldier, "now I know why the captain goes down with his ship."*

*~~~~~  
Marriage counselor to female client: Maybe your problem is that you've been waking up grumpy in the morning.*

*Client: No, I always let him sleep.*

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# Richard J. Good of the 62nd AIB

## He Didn't Live to Tell His Story; We Tell it Here Today.

by Gary Krahenbuhl

**Richard "Dick" James Good** was born on March 14, 1920, the youngest of three sons of Forrest and Alvina Good. His oldest brother Cortlund was five years older and the middle brother Wesley was three years older. They grew up in South Bend, Indiana. Forrest was employed by the Oliver Farm Equipment Company and Alvina was a homemaker.

Dick's oldest brother Cortlund, a musician and concert pianist, taught music, English and French at Riley High School in South Bend before entering the Army in WWII. While serving in the Army in North Africa he contracted meningitis; he died in Algiers on October 12, 1943. Dick's brother Wesley also served three years in the Dental Corps of the Army Air Corps during WWII.

Dick attended Studebaker Elementary School and James Whitcomb Riley High School in South Bend, graduating in 1938. He loved sports, once telling a reporter that some of his earliest memories of football were playing with friends in pick-up games at Studebaker Park. (They called themselves "The Gas House Gang.") He played football, basketball and track in high school, earning three varsity letters in each sport. Dick excelled as a runner and passer in football, leading Riley High School to its first Eastern Division Football Championship in the Fall of 1937. He was named to the All-Conference Team as quarterback in 1936 and 1937, and received the Most Valuable Player Award for the Eastern Division of the N. Indiana High School Football Conf. in 1937. He was named to the Riley High School Hall of Fame.

Dick entered the University of Illinois in the fall of 1939. That was an era when talented athletes played on more than one collegiate team. Good was a member of the Illinois freshman basketball team in 1939, but was most successful in varsity football, lettering in '40, '41 and '42. Dick was an excellent passer playing at the halfback position. The forward pass was not yet a dominant offensive weapon in collegiate play. He led the Big Ten in

passing in 1940 and at one time during that season he completed 14 consecutive passes.

Primarily a passer, Dick carried the ball 24 times in his senior year for 115 yards, an average of 4.8 yards per try, but his season was limited by injuries. The crafty speedster was selected All-Big Ten quarterback and received honorable mention in 1942 on one of several All-American teams. He was drafted by the Detroit Lions before his enlistment into the army.

Dick, a member of the Sigma Nu social fraternity and the Alpha Tau Sigma military fraternity, was in the Army ROTC program, and graduated with a degree in Geology at mid-year in 1943.

He joined the Army and was inducted on February 12, 1943. He was shipped to Fort Sheridan on February 17, and then to Fort Knox on February 22. He completed basic training and graduated from the Armored Force School on May 22. Dick completed Battle Training on June 19. He was sent to Camp Chaffee (Arkansas) on June 29.

Dick must have been granted a leave at some point, because he was selected as one of the collegians (who had been seniors in the Fall of 1942) to play for the All Stars in an annual game pitting the best graduating collegians from NCAA schools against the NFL Champions from the previous year. Although Dick did not get into the game (he may have been injured), the collegians defeated the 1942 NFL Champion Washington Redskins by the score of 27-7 on August 25, 1943. The game was played before a crowd of 48,000 at Northwestern University's Dyche Stadium.

Following the All-Star game it was back to Army life at Fort Chaffee. Dick's unit was sent to Nashville for maneuvers on November 15. Dick enrolled for Air Corps training, but was disqualified from flying (perhaps on account of having less than 20/20 vision) on December 31, 1943. Dick was sent to Camp Campbell in January of 1944, where the 62nd AIB was assembled and received its final training be-

fore heading overseas.

While at Camp Campbell, Dick spent time with the people who would remain with him until his death in Europe in November. Several Veterans who served with Dick had recollections of the leisure hours at Camp Campbell. Gus Hinrich said: "Dick Good was one of the best horseshoe pitchers I ever saw." Roth Holtz remembered that Dick had served as the basketball coach for the 62nd AIB's team at Camp Campbell. Roth remembered Dick as being a nice guy with a great smile. Roth said their team was made up of short, quick players and relied on the fast break to outscore opponents.

While in college, Dick had begun to date a young woman named Jeanne Duncan. The relationship grew and they continued to see one another after Dick joined the Army. Dick and Jeanne were married at 7:30 p.m. in the Camp Campbell post chapel on July 14th. The occasion had a military feel, as they left the chapel under an archway of rifles and fixed bayonets and drove away in the open bed of a heavy army truck. Dan Ianella (a friend of Dick's from the University of Illinois and the person who would become Dick's commanding officer in Europe) was the best man and Jeanne's sister Mary was the maid of honor.

On October 8, 1944 the 62nd Armored Infantry Battalion left Camp Campbell, Kentucky, and traveled by train to Camp Shanks, New York, where they readied for transport overseas. On October 13, they left Camp Shanks for New York Harbor where they boarded the USS LeJeune, a troop transport. The ship departed in the morning of October 14. Accounts of servicemen on board said that many were on the decks to see the Statue of Liberty disappear as they passed in a heavy fog.

The LeJeune crossed the Atlantic, passing through the Straits of Gibraltar on October 23 and reaching its destination, the Port of Marseille on the South Coast of France, in the early morning hours of October 28. After sunrise, the troopship unloaded

*(Continued on page 11)*

## RICHARD J. GOOD...

(Continued from page 10)

and all the GIs hiked over five miles through the city to bivouac on the hills outside of Marseille.

On November 11, the soldiers broke camp and marched to a train station where they were loaded into boxcars (40 soldiers and all their gear in each car) for the trip north to the combat zone. The train followed the Rhone River Valley, passing through Avignon, Dijon, Lyon and Epinal, finally reaching its destination (Portieux la Verrerie) on November 15. The troops took up temporary positions there, behind the lines, but close enough to hear artillery at the front to the East.

On November 20, the 48th Tank Battalion and Company A (Dick's unit) of the 62nd Armored Infantry Battalion broke camp and started for the front. Their route was through Baccarat, Blamont, Cirey and St. Quirin. The unit saw its first action as it worked its way to Grand Fontaine, where they spent the night of November 24th, which was Thanksgiving. They ate cold C rations and each received two pieces of turkey. The night was cold and rainy.

The following morning, November 25th, the unit moved against the enemy on the road to Schirmeck. They had many blind turns and the Germans had felled trees and placed them across the narrow mountain roads, blocking them at strategic locations. It was at one of these roadblocks that Dick was wounded.

About 2:30 p.m. in the afternoon Dick had sent a man forward to see if the way ahead was clear. The soldier came back and said it looked OK. Dick wanted to be certain before sending the company forward, so went ahead alone to check for himself. He was exposed to, and hit by, enemy fire, suffering wounds to the buttocks and thigh. Dick was pulled to safety by his men, but not before one of the rescuers was also struck down.

Dan Ianella, the Captain of the unit (Dick's best man at his wedding and, after the War, godfather to Dick's daughter Richey) saw Dick and thought his wounds, while severe, would heal in time and allow a full recovery. Dick received first aid from the medic and was moved to the 27th

Medical Evacuation Hospital in Baccarat. Although there is no record of an incident, the vehicle bearing the wounded must have come under fire or been involved in an accident, because when Dick got to the field hospital (medical records from his service files indicate) he had suffered additional trauma in the form of a crushed left tibia and fibula and 2nd degree burns on his upper torso and arms. These injuries were clearly in addition to the original wounds and were suffered sometime after he was removed from the battlefield.

At 6:20 a.m. on November 26th, Dick's breathing became labored; the medical reports suggest that blood clots were lodging in his lungs. Even with immediate medical care, his condition worsened and he died at 8:30 a.m.

Given his collegiate football fame, newspaper coverage of Dick's death was extensive, featuring major articles in newspapers in Chicago, Rockford, Champaign and South Bend. A gold star honors him in the Memorial Union at the University of Illinois.

Dick was described by Dan Ianella as "the best junior officer I ever had." Others described Dick as naturally quiet, capable, conscientious, honest and pleasant. Lt. Col. John Hollister, the Chaplain for the 14th Armored Division, noted that Dick was loyal to his men and to his duty; an excellent officer and leader.

Dick's widow, Jeanne, was three months pregnant with Dick's child, Richey, who would be born the following May. While waiting for the birth of their child, Jeanne selected names to honor the memory of her fallen husband: Richard James if the baby was a boy, and Richey Jane if the baby was a girl. In her grief, Jeanne pasted the following (slightly modified) poem by James Whitcomb Riley in a memory book of her life with Dick.

*I cannot say, and I will not say  
That he is dead - he is just away.  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the  
hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land.  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be since he lingers there.  
And I - Oh I, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return  
Think of him faring on, as dear*

*In the love of there as the love of here;  
Think of him still as the same, I say;  
He is not dead - he is just away.*

Dick was initially buried in the U.S. Military Cemetery in Epinal, France. Back home, a memorial service was held at 3:00 p.m. on January 7, 1945 at the Indiana Avenue Christian Church in South Bend. After the war, Dick's remains were returned to the United States and re-interred (March 23, 1949) with those of his brother, Cortlund, in the Southlawn Cemetery in South Bend (Section G, Row 1, Number 29).

## 14th A.D. Lost & Found

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## HE DIDN'T COME HOME WITH THE ONE THAT TOOK HIM TO THE "DANCE"

This is a true story of 20 year old Bruce Carr, a fighter pilot shot down behind enemy lines in World War Two.

The dead chicken was starting to smell. After carrying it for several days, 20-year-old Bruce Carr still hadn't decided how to cook it without the Germans catching him. But as hungry as he was, he couldn't bring himself to eat it. In his mind, no meat was better than raw chicken meat, so he threw it away.

Resigning himself to what appeared to be his unavoidable fate, he turned in the direction of the nearest German airfield. Even POW's get to eat sometimes. And aren't they constantly dodging from tree to tree, ditch to culvert? He was exhausted!

He was tired of trying to find cover where there was none. Carr hadn't realized that Czechoslovakian forests had no underbrush until, at the edge of the farm field, he struggled out of his parachute and dragged it into the woods.

During the times he had been screaming along at treetop level in his P-51 "Angels Playmate" the forests and fields had been nothing more than a green blur behind the Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulfs, trains and trucks he had in his sights. He never expected to find himself a pedestrian far behind enemy lines.

The instant antiaircraft shrapnel ripped into the engine, he knew he was in trouble. Serious trouble. Clouds of coolant steam hissing through jagged holes in the cowling told Carr he was about to ride the silk elevator down to a long walk back to his squadron. A very long walk.

This had not been part of the mission plan. Several years before, when 18-year-old Bruce Carr en-

listed in the Army, in no way could he have imagined himself taking a walking tour of rural Czechoslovakia with Germans everywhere around him. When he enlisted, all he could think about was flying fighters.

By the time he had joined the military, Carr already knew how to fly. He had been flying as a private pilot since 1939, soloing in a \$25 Piper Cub his father had bought from a disgusted pilot who had left it lodged securely in the top of a tree. His instructor had been an Auburn, New York, native by the name of 'Johnny' Bruns.

"In 1942, after I enlisted," as Bruce Carr remembers it, "we went to meet our instructors. I was the last cadet left in the assignment room and was nervous. Then the door opened and out stepped the man who was to be my military flight instructor. It was Johnny Bruns!

"We took a Stearman to an outlying field, doing aerobatics all the way; then he got out and soloed me. That was my first flight in the military.

"The guy I had in advanced training in the AT-6 had just graduated himself and didn't know a damned bit more than I did." Carr can't help but smile, as he remembers: "which meant neither one of us knew anything. Zilch!

"After three or four hours in the AT-6, they took me and a few others aside, told us we were going to fly P-40s and we left for Tipton, Georgia. We got to Tipton, and a lieutenant just back from North Africa kneeled on the P-40s wing, showed me where all the levers were, made sure I knew how everything worked, then said, 'If you can get it started ... go flying,' just like that!

"I was 19 years old and thought

I knew everything. I didn't know enough to be scared. They didn't tell us what to do. They just said: 'Go fly!' so I buzzed every cow in that part of the state. Nineteen years old and 1,100 horsepower, what did they expect? Then we went overseas."

By today's standards, Carr and that first contingent of pilots shipped to England were painfully short of experience. They had so little flight time that today they would barely have their civilian pilot's license. Flight training eventually became more formal, but in those early days, it had a hint of fatalistic Darwinism: if they learned fast enough to survive, they were ready to move on to the next step.

Including his 40 hours in the P-40 terrorizing Georgia, Carr had less than 160 hours flight time when he arrived in England.

His group in England was to be the pioneering group that would take the Mustang into combat, and he clearly remembers his introduction to the airplane.

"I thought I was an old P-40 pilot and the P-51B would be no big deal. But I was wrong. I was truly impressed with the airplane. I mean REALLY impressed! It flew like an airplane. I just flew the P-40, but in the P-51 I was part of the airplane. And it was part of me! There was a world of difference."

When he first arrived in England, the instructions were, 'This is a P-51. Go fly it. Soon, we'll have to form a unit, so go fly.' A lot of English cows were buzzed.

"On my first long-range mission, we just kept climbing, and I'd never had an airplane above about 10,000 feet before. Then we were at 30,000 feet with 'Angels Playmate' and I couldn't believe it! I'd gone to church as a kid, and I knew

*Continued on page 13*

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## BRUCE CARR...

*(Continued from page 12)*

that's where the angels were and that's when I named my airplane "Angels Playmate."

"Then a bunch of Germans roared down through us, and my leader immediately dropped tanks and turned hard for home. But I'm not that smart. I'm 19 years old and this SOB shoots at me. And I'm not going to let him get away with it

"We went round and round. And I'm really mad because he shot at me. Childish emotions, in retrospect. He couldn't shake me, but I couldn't get on his tail to get any hits either.

"Before long, we're right down in the trees. I'm shooting, but I'm not hitting. I am, however, scaring the hell out of him. But I'm at least as excited as he is. Then I tell myself to calm down.

"We're roaring around within a few feet of the ground, and he pulls up to go over some trees, so I just pull the trigger and keep it down. The gun barrels burned out and one bullet, a tracer, came tumbling out and made a great huge arc. It came down and hit him on the left wing about where the aileron is. He pulled up, off came the canopy, and he jumped out, but too low for the chute to open and the airplane crashed. I didn't shoot him down, I scared him to death with one bullet hole in his left wing. My first victory wasn't a kill; it was more of a suicide."

The rest of his 14 victories were much more conclusive. Being a red-hot fighter pilot, however, was absolutely no use to him as he lay shivering in the Czechoslovakian forest. He knew he would die if he didn't get some food and shelter soon.

"I knew where the German field was because I'd flown over it, so I headed in that direction to surrender. I intended to walk in the main gate, but it was late after-

noon and, for some reason, I had second thoughts and decided to wait in the woods until morning. "While I was lying there, I saw a crew working on an FW 190 right at the edge of the woods. When they were done, I assumed, just like you assume in America, that the thing was all finished. The cowling's on. The engine has been run. The fuel truck has been there. It's ready to go. Maybe a dumb assumption for a young fellow, but I assumed so. So, I got in the airplane and spent the night all hunkered down in the cockpit.

"Before dawn, it got light and I started studying the cockpit. I can't read German, so I couldn't decipher dials and I couldn't find the normal switches like there were in American airplanes. I kept looking, and on the right side was a smooth panel. Under this was a compartment with something I would classify as circuit breakers. They didn't look like ours, but they weren't regular switches either.

"I began to think that the Germans were probably no different from the Americans in that they would turn off all the switches when finished with the airplane. I had no earthly idea what those circuit breakers or switches did, but I reversed every one of them. If they were off, that would turn them on. When I did that, the gauges showed there was electricity on the airplane.

"I'd seen this metal T-handle on the right side of the cockpit that had a word on it that looked enough like 'starter' for me to think that's what it was. But when I pulled it, nothing happened. Nothing.

"But if pulling doesn't work . . . you push. And when I did, an inertia starter started winding up. I let it go for a while, then pulled on the handle and the engine started!"

The sun had yet to make it over the far trees and the air base was just waking up, getting ready

to go to war. The FW 190 was one of many dispersed throughout the woods, and at that time of the morning, the sound of the engine must have been heard by many Germans not far away on the main base.

But even if they heard it, there was no reason for alarm. The last thing they expected was one of their fighters taxiing out with a weary Mustang pilot at the controls. Carr, however, wanted to take no chances.

"The taxiway came out of the woods and turned right towards where I knew the airfield was because I'd watched them land and take off while I was in the trees.

"On the left side of the taxiway, there was a shallow ditch and a space where there had been two hangars. The slabs were there, but the hangars were gone, and the area around them had been cleaned of all debris.

"I didn't want to go to the airfield, so I plowed down through the ditch and then the airplane started up the other side.

When the airplane started up . . . I shoved the throttle forward and took off right between where the two hangars had been."

At that point, Bruce Carr had no time to look around to see what effect the sight of a Focke-Wulf erupting from the trees had on the Germans. Undoubtedly, they were confused, but not unduly concerned. After all, it was probably just one of their maverick pilots doing something against the rules. They didn't know it was one of OUR maverick pilots doing something against the rules.

Carr had problems more immediate than a bunch of confused Germans. He had just pulled off the perfect plane-jacking; but he knew nothing about the airplane, couldn't read the placards and had 200 miles of enemy territory

*(Continued on page 16)*

# REUNION RESERVATION - 14TH ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION

## 48TH ANNUAL REUNION - PEORIA, ILLINOIS - Sept. 19-23, 2012

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| <b><u>CIRCLE PRICE OF EVENTS YOU WANT TO ATTEND</u></b><br>(PRICES ARE PER PERSON) | EVENT #1<br><b>THURSDAY</b><br>Sept 20           | EVENT #2<br><b>THURSDAY</b><br>Sept 20        | EVENT #3<br><b>FRIDAY</b><br>Sept 21         | EVENT #4<br><b>FRIDAY</b><br>Sept 21          | EVENT #5<br><b>SATURDAY</b><br>Sept 22         |           |
|--|--|---|--|---|--|-----------|
|  | City Bus Tours & Lunch<br><br>9:30 am - 12:30 pm | CASH BAR 5:30 pm<br><br><b>DINNER 6:00 pm</b> | Tour Lunch River Cruise<br>9:30 am - 2:15 pm | CASH BAR 5:00 pm<br><br><b>DINNER 6:00 pm</b> | CASH BAR 5:00 pm<br><br><b>BANQUET 6:00 pm</b> |           |
| MAN'S FIRST NAME   | \$35.00  | VETS FREE \$28.00                             | \$40.00                                      | VETS FREE \$28.00                             | VETS FREE \$36.00                              |           |
| LADY'S FIRST NAME  | \$35.00  | \$28.00                                       | \$40.00                                      | \$28.00                                       | \$36.00  |           |
| GUEST NAME   | \$35.00  | \$28.00                                       | \$40.00                                      | \$28.00                                       | \$36.00  |           |
| GUEST NAME   | \$35.00  | \$28.00                                       | \$40.00                                      | \$28.00                                       | \$36.00  |           |
| <b>TOTAL</b>   | <b>\$</b>  | <b>\$</b>                                     | <b>\$</b>                                    | <b>\$</b>                                     | <b>\$</b>                                      | <b>\$</b> |

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**ALL VETS ARE LIFE MEMBERS**

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*PLEASE BRING ANY BADGE HOLDER YOU MAY HAVE*

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

**Please check applicable box below and add information requested.**

I will be driving to the Reunion, arriving: date \_\_\_\_\_ time \_\_\_\_\_

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Special diets: \_\_\_\_\_

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Hotel & Reservations Phone: 1-309-674-2500  
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### 48th National Reunion - September 19 - 23, 2012

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#### DRIVING DIRECTIONS

##### FROM THE SOUTH (St. Louis, MO)

- Take Interstate 55 North to Interstate 155 N (signs for I-55 N/Chicago). Stay to the left at the fork in the road. Follow signs for Interstate 74 W/Peoria. Merge onto I-74 W.
- Exit 92B and merge onto Spalding Avenue. Turn left onto Spalding Avenue. Take the first left onto NE Glen Oak Avenue. Take the second left onto Hamilton Boulevard.

##### FROM THE EAST (Chicago, IL)

- Take Interstate 55 South toward St. Louis, MO. Exit Interstate 74 W.
- Exit 92B to merge onto Spalding Avenue. Stay to the left on Spalding Avenue. Take the first left onto NE Glen Oak Avenue. Take the second left onto Hamilton Boulevard; hotel is on left.

**14th ARMORED DIVISION 'PARTNERS'** will meet you in the hotel drive, to assist you with your luggage, park your car in the attached garage and return to you your keys and parking location.

#### OUR REUNION FACILITY

- Four Points by Sheraton in downtown Peoria offers spacious guest rooms with free bottled water, Wi-Fi, and 42" flat screen TV; full business center; whirlpool, sauna, and indoor pool; fitness center; and Bennigan's Restaurant.
- Our hospitality room, meeting areas, and dining room are all located very close together.

#### CALL 1-309-674-2500 FOR RESERVATIONS

- **Room Reservations** received **AFTER AUGUST 22** will be subject to availability and higher room rate.

**GROUP NAME:** 14th Armored Division Association

**DATES:** September 19-23, 2012

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

Request room with: King Bed \_\_\_\_\_ 2 Full Beds \_\_\_\_\_ 2 Queen Beds \_\_\_\_\_ (All are \$91.00 per room)

**Reservations MUST be received by August 22, 2012**

|  |             |  |             |
|--|-------------|--|-------------|
| Name:                                    |             | <b>RATES: Single or Double Occupancy</b> |             |
| Address:                                 |             | \$91.00 per room                         |             |
| City/State/ZIP:                          |             | Plus state & local taxes, currently 13%  |             |
| Phone number: ( )                        |             |  |             |
| Will arrive:                             | Day:        | Date:                                    |             |
| Will depart:                             | Day:        | Date:                                    |             |
| Type of Payment:                         | Credit Card | Check                                    | Money Order |
| Credit card type, number and expiration: |             |  |             |
| Signature of card holder:                |             |  |             |

## BRUCE CARR...

*Continued from page 13*

to cross. At home, there would be hundreds of his friends and fellow warriors, all of whom were, at that moment, preparing their guns to shoot at airplanes marked with swastikas and crosses-airplanes identical to the one Bruce Carr was at that moment flying. But Carr wasn't thinking that far ahead.

First, he had to get there, and that meant learning how to fly the airplane. "There were two buttons behind the throttle and three buttons behind those two. I wasn't sure what to push, so I pushed one button and nothing happened. I pushed the other and the gear started up. As soon as I felt it coming up and I cleared the fence at the edge of the German field, I took it down a little lower and headed for home.

"All I wanted to do was clear the ground by about six inches, and there was only one throttle position for me . . . full forward!

"As I headed for home, I pushed one of the other three buttons, and the flaps came part way down. I pushed the button next to it, and they came up again. So I knew how to get the flaps down. But that was all I knew.

"I can't make heads or tails out of any of the instruments. None. I can't even figure how to change the prop pitch. But I don't sweat that, because props are full forward when you shut down anyway and it was running fine."

This time, it was German cows that were buzzed, although, as he streaked across fields and through the trees only a few feet off the ground, that was not the intent. At something over 350 miles an hour below tree-top level, he was trying to be a difficult target as he crossed the lines. But he wasn't difficult enough.

"There was no doubt when I crossed the lines because every

SOB and his brother who had a .50-caliber machine gun shot at me. It was all over the place, and I had no idea which way to go. I didn't do much dodging because I was just as likely to fly into bullets as around them."

When he hopped over the last row of trees and found himself crossing his own airfield, he pulled up hard to set up for landing. His mind was on flying the airplane. "I pitched up, pulled the throttle back and punched the buttons I knew would put the gear and flaps down. I felt the flaps come down but the gear wasn't doing anything. I came around and pitched up again, still punching the button. Nothing was happening and I was really frustrated." He had been so intent on figuring out his airplane problems, he forgot he was putting on a very tempting show for the ground crew.

"As I started up the last time, I saw our air defense guys ripping the tarps off the quad .50s that ringed our field. I hadn't noticed the machine guns before. But I was sure noticing them right then.

"I roared around in as tight a pattern as I could fly and chopped the throttle. I slid to a halt on the runway and it was a nice belly job, if I say so myself."

His antics over the runway had drawn quite a crowd, and the airplane had barely stopped sliding before there were MPs up on the wings trying to drag him out of the airplane by his arms. They didn't realize he was still strapped in.

"I started throwing some good Anglo-Saxon swear words at them, and they let loose while I tried to get the seat belt undone, but my hands wouldn't work and I couldn't do it. Then they started pulling on me again because they still weren't convinced I was an American.

"I was yelling and hollering. Then, suddenly, they let go, and a

face drops down into the cockpit in front of mine. It was my Group Commander: George R. Bickel.

"Bickel said, 'Carr, where in the hell have you been, and what have you been doing now?'

Bruce Carr was home and entered the record books as the only pilot known to leave on a mission flying a Mustang and return flying a Focke-Wulf. For several days after the ordeal, he had trouble eating and sleeping, but when things again fell into place, he took some of the other pilots out to show them the airplane and how it worked. One of them pointed out a small handle under the glare shield that he hadn't noticed before. When he pulled it, the landing gear unlocked and fell out. The handle was a separate, mechanical uplock. At least, he had figured out the important things.

Carr finished the war with 14 aerial victories on 172 missions, including three bailouts because of ground fire. He stayed in the service, eventually flying 51 missions in Korea in F-86s and 286 in Vietnam, flying F-100s.

That's an amazing 509 combat missions and doesn't include many others during Viet Nam in other aircraft types.

There is a profile into which almost every one of the breed fits, and it is the charter within that profile that makes the pilot a fighter pilot . . . not the other way around. And make no mistake about it; Colonel Bruce Carr was definitely a fighter pilot.



\*\*\* God Bless \*\*\*  
**AMERICA**  
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# THE UNKNOWN BULGE AIR BATTLE

by Jerry Puff

Recently I was catching up on some back issues of the Bulge Bugle and came upon a story entitled "The Unknown Bulge Air Battle" submitted by a gentleman named Anthony Strank, 981st Field Artillery Battalion. A Battery. He told of witnessing probably the largest air to air combat battles of WWII in Europe while on the ground in an area approximately 2-3 miles west of the German town of Duren on 16 or possibly 17 December 1944. Mr. Strank stated that it appeared that no one had written a word of it or makes no mention of it. In my research I did find a written account on this air battle and would like to pass it on to Mr. Strank.

Mr. Strank was correct in his analysis of what he and Battery A of the 981st Field Artillery saw in the Bulge one day but I will leave it to the reader as to the date or dates after reading the balance of this letter and the quotation of the commanding German general. The detailed account of this huge air to air combat between the Allies and the German Luftwaffe is in a book called *Hell Hawks!* by co-authors Robert F. Dorr and Thomas D. Jones, copyrighted and first published in 2008. It was later published in hardback in 2010. *Hell Hawks!* is the story of several Fighter Squadrons of P-47's from just prior to the Normandy landings 6 June 1944 to war's end in May, 1945. The squadron stories of *Hell Hawks!* that readily come to mind, but are not all inclusive, are the 386th, the 287th, and the 388th Fighter Squadrons. These fighter squadrons did put P-47's in the air on 16, 17, and 18 December, 1944 for bombing and strafing but they reported no air to air combat.

Quite possibly these squadrons were the only ones that flew those days in the terrible weather conditions with almost zero visibility. While researching for my own writing I came upon this account of the air combat over the Ardennes on 17 December. In fact, one account of the actions of the 388th on 17 December probably identified the savior of the 112th Infantry Regiment of the 28th Infantry Divi-

sion that day. The 112th reports indicate that during the fighting in their area they were holding their ground when suddenly roughly a half dozen German tanks came forward as the spearhead of the German advance. Suddenly, out of nowhere, came U.S. fighters bombing and destroying two of the tanks and driving the balance back into the woods from which they had come, thus saving the day for the 112th. The ground forces had no idea what force or destiny had brought the fighters to their defense. Reports of the 388th indicate that they spotted six to eight German tanks that day destroying two.

In Chapter 11 of *Hell Hawks!*, Death from Above, the authors describe German Operation *Bodenplatte* (*Baseplate*), a mission by the Luftwaffe to surprise and destroy Allied fighters on the ground early on New Year's Day. The purpose of the mission was to relieve the tremendous bombing pressure brought against German ground troops in the Bulge. As such, the Germans hoped to retain much of the ground they had captured in the previous two weeks of combat and that this would slow down or stop the counterattacking American forces.

Somehow Herman Goering managed to marshal (gather) 875 single engine German aircraft from a very weakened Luftwaffe for the *Bodenplatte* operation. Their leader was Oberstleutenant Helmut Bennemann, a German ace with 90 victories to his credit. Unfortunately for Bennemann, most of his pilots lacked his skills as many were either poorly trained or lacked sufficient hours in fighters other than to qualify to fly them.

They did catch and destroy many Allied (British and American) aircraft on the ground at their bases. However some Allied aircraft were already in the air; example the 387th Squadron was already in the air 45 minutes when the Luftwaffe attacked the 388th Squadron attempting to take off. Both

squadrons were scheduled for bombing runs that day. The inexperienced German pilots lost many planes to anti-aircraft fire from units covering the bases because they didn't know enough to not come in on identical approaches for their bombing runs.

In fact all Allied fighters were longing for the day when they would have air to air combat instead of their everyday bombing and strafing missions. The Allies quickly recovered this New Year's day and began attacking the fleeing Germans. For their part, the German Luftwaffe quickly ran for home, many to bases in Stuttgart chased by Allied fighters. The end result was a devastating defeat for the Germans. Dorr and Jones state that *Bodenplatte* was a failure: 40 percent of the 850 German fighters involved were destroyed or damaged. 234 attacking pilots were killed, captured, or wounded. Those losses were irreplaceable. Allied fighters ground losses were very large but Allied losses could be replaced.

In the words of authors Dorr and Jones, the Allies never lost their grip on the air over the Bulge. Instead, *Bodenplatte* broke the back of the German fighter force. No less an expert than Generalleutnant Adolf Galland, Commander of the Luftwaffe's fighter arm, saw his services' epitaph written in the heavy losses suffered over the Bulge, capped by *Bodenplatte's* failure." The Luftwaffe received a death blow at the Ardennes offensive. In unfamiliar conditions and with insufficient training and combat experience, our numerical strength had no effect. It was decimated while in transfer, on the ground, in large air battles, especially during Christmas, and was finally destroyed."

So was the air battle over the Battle of the Bulge? I am submitting this in hope that Mr. Strank will read about the Unknown Bulge Air Battle.

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Reprinted from Stars and Stripes, Dec. 30, 1944



# Western States Reunion Enjoys Good Attendance



Scott and Louise Wheeler with daughter Susan Woods



Front row (l-r) Louise Wheeler, Doris Hinrich, Susan Woods; back row, Scott Wheeler 62-A, Gus Hinrich 62-A, bearded Jim Lankford 19-C



From left, Bruce and Joanne 48-C, and Richard and Barbara Horton 47-C.



From left, Gus Hinrich, Doris Hinrich, Mary Ann Cotten, Jim Lankford, Joe Fitts and Joe Cotten. Not shown on any of the pictures: Donald and Annette Clark 48-HQ.

Joe Fitts reports that the Western States Chapter of the Liberators is still going strong. There were 21 in attendance at the April gathering held in Bullhead City, AZ and Laughlin, NV. Several of those in attendance returned this year to join in the festivities after having been absent in recent years for various reasons.

Seven attending were 14th AD veterans, the others being wives, widows, sons, daughters and other family members. Those coming the greatest distance were the Wheelers and their daughter Susan from Lebanon, Oregon; the Rodriguezes, accompanied by their daughter and son-in-law, of Santa Fe, NM, and the Cottens from Robinson, TX. The accompanying pictures were taken by Bruce Mello.



Jacob and Loretta Rodriguez



Joe and Mary Ann Cotten



Front row (l to r): Linda Saffron, Loretta Rodriguez, Marguerite Jungles, Susan Tucker; back row - Tomisita Rodriguez, Jacob Rodriguez 500-A, Joe Fitts 136-C

## Comments Given at Evan Hildebrand's Eagle Scout Court of Honor

by Elton Ross, 14th Armored Division Association President



Eagle Scout Evan Hildebrand with 14th AD Assoc. President Elton Ross.

It is an honor, as a member of the WWII 14th Armored Division, that I have been asked to make a few com-

ments at your Eagle Scout Court of Honor. Your Eagle Scout Project, no doubt, was a seed planted by your great-uncle, Stanley Goldman, next year's president of the Association. I'm sure he played a part in setting up the many interviews you and your team made at our last convention.

The 14th Armored Division, now known as the Liberators, started liberating people in central Germany in prisoner of war camps known as Stalags. As we went south in eastern Germany, we crossed the Danube River some 40 or more miles east of Munich (Dachau was just north of Munich) and stormed Stalag VIIA with 110,000 POWs of which 30,000 were American soldiers.

But, that was not all we found, scattered throughout eastern Bavaria were many manufacturing facilities, for the German war machine, and the laborers for these factories were either displaced persons, or prisoners in satellite concentration camps of Dachau.

The living conditions were horrible and they were fed just above starvation rations. Our medics oversaw the amount of food they received so their body functions could adjust to the increase in the amount of calories they were receiving.

Evan, you are to be congratulated in recognizing that this was a viable Eagle Scout Project which required much planning on your part, and the recruitment of Scouts and adults to carry it out to a successful conclusion.

To those of you here, I strongly recommend that you visit your Holocaust Museum if you haven't already, and see what a wonderful addition Evan and his Scouts have added to the permanent displays. It's also a wonderful tribute to the service of his great-uncle, Stanley Goldman, a member of Company A, 62nd Armored Infantry Battalion, 14th Armored Division, seeing service during WWII in Alsace and Germany Nov '44 thru VE Day May 8, 1945.



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# ASSAULT ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE

*Editor's Note: Dr. Robert Quinn, who died this past year, lived a very full and useful life as a physician and was able to tell of his life in a very interesting way through his autobiography entitled "My Best Trip." Bob Quinn served in a machine gun squad of Co. C, 68th AIB. The following is a chapter from his book in which he expresses the inner feelings of a combat soldier assaulting the enemy's fortress.*

The Seventh Army broke through the German lines near the Hagenau Woods in Alsace-Lorraine in February 1945, with the 14th Armored Division leading the attack toward the Siegfried Line. A few months before, I had been one of the new replacements in our machine-gun squad, but continued

casualties and shortages of replacements had advanced me to be assistant to Richard Dunn, our machine-gunner. From weeks of continuous fighting we had become a slovenly group. Muscles ached, clothing was muddy and disheveled, faces unshaven, eyes red from lack of sleep, tousled, greasy hair under steel helmets. Catching a few hours of sleep in the back of our bouncing half-track or curling up in a blanket anywhere between battles. We were perpetually short of food and water, always cold and wet, and often stalled on open roadways with no gas for our tanks and half-tracks. Hoarding ammunition for our rifles and machine-guns. Never enough shells for artillery to give adequate cover as we launched

attacks. The farther we went, the more drastic the shortages became.

We were approaching the vaunted and supposedly invulnerable Siegfried Line near Wissembourg and would soon be facing the greatest battle of our lives. Every one of us had heard about this formidable line. The Germans had built a wall of hundreds of solid concrete bunkers (we called them pill boxes) which were impervious to our biggest artillery. Powerful cannons and machine-guns in the bunkers were well supplied and manned by the best of the German artillery units. They knew every inch of the ground and had prepared a devastating cross-fire to repel any attack. The shells could rip

*(Continued on page 21)*

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## **A little kindness goes a long ways... pass it on**

### **SACK LUNCHES**

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight. 'I'm glad I have a good book to read. Perhaps I will get a short nap,' I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of soldiers came down the aisle and filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me. I decided to start a conversation.

'Where are you headed?' I asked the soldier seated nearest to me. 'Pet-awawa. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Afghanistan.'

After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were available for five dollars. It would be several hours before we reached the east, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time...

As I reached for my wallet, I overheard a soldier ask his buddy if he planned to buy lunch. 'No, that seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth five bucks. I'll wait till we get to base.'

His friend agreed.

I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty dollar bill. 'Take a lunch to all those soldiers.' She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. 'My son was a

soldier in Iraq; it's almost like you are doing it for him.'

Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked, 'Which do you like best - beef or chicken?' 'Chicken,' I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of the plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class.

'This is your thanks.'

After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the rest room. A man stopped me. 'I saw what you did. I want to be part of it. Here, take this.' He handed me twenty-five dollars.

Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the Flight Captain coming down the aisle, looking at the aisle numbers as he walked, I hoped he was not looking for me, but noticed he was looking at the numbers only on my side of the plane. When he got to my row he stopped, smiled, held out his hand and said, 'I want to shake your hand.' Quickly unfastening my seatbelt I stood and took the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said, 'I was a soldier and I was a military pilot. Once, someone bought me a lunch. It was an act of kindness I never forgot.' I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers.

Later I walked to the front of the plane so I could stretch my legs. A man

who was seated about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another twenty-five dollars in my palm.

When we landed I gathered my belongings and started to deplane. Waiting just inside the airplane door was a man who stopped me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned, and walked away without saying a word. Another twenty-five dollars!

Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip to the base. I walked over to them and handed them seventy-five dollars. 'It will take you some time to reach the base. It will be about time for a sandwich. God Bless you.'

Ten young men left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow travelers.

As I walked briskly to my car, I whispered a prayer for their safe return. These soldiers were giving their all for our country. I could only give them a couple of meals. It seemed so little...

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank check made payable to 'The United States of America' for an amount of 'up to and including his life.'

That is Honor, and there are way too many people in this country who no longer understand it!

*(Submitted in memory of Bill Siewert and in honor of Gordon Hoffman.)*

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## ASSAULT ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE...

*(Continued from page 20)*

open a tank or bury a squad of men in the earth. Miles of rows of concrete and steel, four foot high cones we called "dragon's teeth," gaping like a savage shark's mouth, hundreds of yards deep, would swallow any tanks trying to penetrate. Fields were studded with buried anti-tank mines powerful enough to split a tank open like a fire-cracker-in-a-tin-can on the 4th of July. Smaller "Schuh-minen" were hidden in the grass to blow the foot off infantrymen crazy enough to attack over this death-strewn field. The Germans were defending their Vaterland and would fight to the death in a Wagnerian frenzy. Hitler had vowed no foreign soldier would ever set foot on German soil except as a prisoner. It was a monstrous obstacle to overcome.

We heard our division had been transferred to Patton's Third Army; that meant fighting night and day. We would soon run head-on into this formidable fortress because we were on the point of the Third Army's drive. Our half-tracks and tanks crept up the valleys as we approached the forests and mountains toward that heavy fortification. Orders came down to dismount and bring the gear we needed for heavy ground fighting. Truck loads of ammo and grenades suddenly appeared - an ominous sign. Our half-tracks pulled back because they would draw artillery fire and make a target of us all. Heavy machine-gun fire, artillery and mortars searched for us as we sneaked in small groups into the towns along the Lauder River which traced a line on the border to Germany. Soldiers hunched down all night as the dreaded "screaming meemies" rockets roared in, seeking us out. We hid in shattered homes or hastily dug foxholes and trenches. For days the heavy fire pinned us down. A series of skirmishes were fought. We assaulted many nameless villages, but the Germans threw us back every time. Night patrols reached, probed and fainted, trying to find a weak point in what seemed to be an impregnable fortress. The order for an all-out attack was imminent. We had to overcome this stronghold to end the war as soon as possible. Each man hoped to live through the next few days and see the end of this war.

Finally, the order came! "Prepare for an all out infantry assault." Our division moved up into attack position and occupied Wissembourg. The Germans knew we were there. All night the barrage thundered in, trying to break our will. It was a warning of the doom awaiting anyone foolish enough to come out of his hiding place. We dug in behind a rail line and hunkered down to survive the heavy fire, burrowing ever deeper into the ground. Many times a mortar shell found a foxhole and we heard screams for medics throughout the night. Casualties mounted, but we endured and held. No one slept. Before morning the orders for the attack would come. Many would not survive. Each man rechecked and cleaned his equipment, loaded belts with grenades, and put bandoliers of ammunition around his neck. Dunn and I stripped our machine gun and cleaned it meticulously. Our lives depended on our weapons working perfectly.

I reminded him, "Remember! If one of us gets it, the other will write to his mother and tell her how it happened." We had promised this many times. He knew I was scared.

"Not me, It's not my time yet. I'll know when it's time." Dunn was sure of himself.

Many men wrote last letters to home in the light of burning buildings and gave them to our headquarters unit to be mailed if they didn't come back. Ecumenical groups of soldiers of varying faiths huddled in basements and put their arms around each other to pray.

About two in the morning we were rousted out and gathered our equipment. Combat gear and entrenching shovels would be needed. Dunn loaded a belt of ammunition into our machine-gun and carried it at his waist. I followed with the tripod, a box of belted ammo and my rifle slung over my shoulder. I had long ago abandoned the light carbine we were issued. I picked up an M-1 rifle. It was heavier to carry, but it was more accurate and had power when needed. It also was better for mounting a bayonet when we had to use them.

We dreaded the battle but followed our orders like robots. Our company pulled back, headed into a wood, and moved in absolute darkness and silence along a narrow dirt path. Only the silhouette of the soldier in front

was each man's guide. In the darkness it was hard to find our footing and men cursed under their breath as they stumbled along. After several hours we came to an open field and were quietly ordered to spread out in a skirmish line.

Now was the time. Sergeant Rangold came down the line checking us. "Fix bayonets!" he whispered huskily. "Knives and bayonets! Don't shoot! Can't let them know where we are. The first man who pulls his trigger and gives us away, I'll yank his p\_\_\_\_\_r off." Rangold stopped and pushed his face into mine. "Do you understand, Kid?" I was a recruit and untested on a frontal attack, so they watched me. I could not fail them.

Bayonets meant it would be bloody, hand-to-hand, and to the death. Bayonets meant take no prisoners. I was cold and clammy. The thought that I must kill or be killed in the next few hours made me tighten the grip on my rifle. I struggled to recall the lessons from basic training about use of the bayonet. That training could mean my survival in the next few hours. Dunn strapped the machine-gun to his back until after the initial assault. A rifle and bayonet for this attack.

Suddenly artillery shells roared in, thundering just over our heads. Shells were exploding about 200 yards ahead of us. We threw ourselves to the ground. Sergeant Rangold came running down the line. "Up, Get up! It's ours. Everybody up!" We would be advancing in a "rolling barrage" of our own cannon fire. The cannonade landed a few hundred yards ahead of us and 200 yards behind. We had to move at a measured pace. The barrage would lift up another 100 yards at predetermined times. We were to move up as they lifted the curtain of fire. That meant we must keep going, or our own artillery would walk over us. It was well planned. The exploding bombardment just ahead of us made the Germans keep their heads down. We heard that our shells had a proximity fuse that exploded close to the ground and detonated the mines buried in the fields over which we had to attack.

"Move forward!" The screaming trajectory of the fusillade could not have been more than 50 feet over our heads. The ear-wrenching roar of the volley passing so close was deafening

*(Continued on page 22)*

## ASSAULT ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE...

*(Continued from page 21)*

and agonizing, but it was our shield. When our path took us over a mound or small hill, we were afraid the slight rise would put us up into the path of the incoming friendly fire.

"Move again! A 100-yards!" Any minute we expected German flares to go up and silhouette us against the sky for enemy machine-guns, but the flares did not go up. "And another 100 yards!" The rolling barrage was relentless. Occasionally there was an explosion along the skirmish line as someone stepped on a schuh-mine and lost a foot. These casualties were left for the medics close behind. I was overwhelmed with awe being in the center of this exploding juggernaut, absolutely under the control of a rolling curtain of fire. "Move forward! Another 100 yards. Move!" We obeyed quickly.

Suddenly there was a town ahead of us silhouetted against the first light of dawn. Then the artillery stopped. There were about 500 yards of open field with three bunkers ahead of us, but they were silent. Our artillery had made the Germans keep their heads down. They knew that no one could be out there with such heavy shelling coming in. And also there were the mine fields. The Germans felt secure.

The attack started across the open field. It was too dark to see where I was running. I couldn't look for mines so I ran as fast as I could and trusted to luck that our artillery had cleared the mines but there were many explosions, and soldiers with bloody stumps where legs had been were dropping all around as we charged across the fields and into the edge of the town. No machine-guns found us. Then the bunkers were behind us! We stormed into the first row of houses and were upon the Germans before they knew it.

And the battle for Germany was on. We were fighting on their soil! It was house-to-house. It was man-to-man. It was to the death!

Five of us hit the first house in our sector. The top floor had been shattered and burned. We searched the rooms on the first floor with bayonets ready. I pulled open a cellar door and ran down the steps. It was still dark

but light was beginning to filter in through a blown window. In the dim light I saw two figures in bed. They sat up as I came down the stairway. One reached for a rifle standing by the head of the bed. I remembered my bayonet practice. "Long thrust, Ho!" I aimed for the neck just below the chin as we had been taught. The bayonet went in. It didn't feel like the bales of straw we had used in practice. Suddenly blood was spewing everywhere and I recoiled in horror. The figure was writhing in the bed as blood spurted out of his neck and all over me. By now I could see dimly that the other figure, was a muscular woman in a night gown, so I pointed my bayonet at her and ordered, "Don't move!" I couldn't remember the German phrases we had learned to use in these situations. She couldn't, or wouldn't, understand me. She came at me with her bare hands. I hesitated to use the bayonet again. "Horizontal butt stroke, Ho!" My basic training came back and the butt of my rifle smashed her face. She reeled back, and then struggled toward the rifle across the bed.

I was acting only from my combat training. She reached across the blood-drenched bed for the gun, "Short Thrut, Ho!" But the bayonet went only into her side and not a lethal spot as we had learned in basic. Her struggles, with my bayonet buried in her, nearly tore the rifle out of my hands and I was relieved when she pulled free. Still she clawed for the weapon across the bed. I had had enough. Get it over! She couldn't be left behind us with a gun. Holding my rifle at hip, I pointed the muzzle and pulled the trigger. BLAM! The gun jumped and the blast filled the small room. Blood in a thin red spray blossomed out behind her and smeared the wall at the head of the bed. She twitched a few times and then stopped struggling.

I reeled back a few steps, stumbled on the stairway, sat down on it and puked all over. I fought to control my rectal sphincter. The bloody, smoking rifle lay across my lap and tears were streaming down my face. "Was this what I had trained for? Was this what they wanted me to do in war? Kill women?"

"Hey, Kid, what's going on down there? You had orders not to shoot!" Sergeant Rangold's voice. I would catch hell now. Reinforcements poured

down the rickety stairs. "What a mess! Good job, soldier!" A pat on the shoulder from my sergeant. It was the first time he had addressed me as anything but "Kid" or "Private Quinn." Gunfire was popping all around us, so my shot had not been the first one.

"Let's move out. Intelligence says there are over 250 more homes in this town that we have to take. Let's head out across the street."

I didn't take off the bloody bayonet until evening. I cringed when I looked at it, but other soldiers stared with awed respect. Gradually the abhorrence faded as I realized I had passed the initiation rite of a warrior. My buddies would never call me "The Kid," again.

The machine-gun proved to be a handicap and was soon left behind. A rifle, a pistol, a bayonet, a belt of grenades, these were the weapons for fighting for a house, for a room, for a basement. Killing! Dying! Hate! Fear! Aggressiveness meant winning. Wari-ness meant survival! The viciousness of both sides - friend and enemy. No one took prisoners. It was impossible to guard prisoners and fight, too. There was no turning back. It was win - or die. Retreat was impossible. Our escape was cut off unless we captured the steel reinforced concrete bunkers of the enemy behind us. We desperately needed reinforcements and ammunition. The fighting went on viciously for many hours. Anyone who moved was a target. The civilians were herded at gunpoint into the basements of the homes to protect them.

By late afternoon the outcome was still in doubt. Our arms were aching from clutching rifles and bayonets so hard, the constant alertness, the pounding heart, the fear in each house we entered - each doorway - was taking its toll. We were tiring. Dead buddies lay beside German soldiers in the streets. At many houses, no one was sure which side was in there. Bandoliers of ammunition we had carried in the morning had been discarded. Belts had been full of grenades when we attacked, but only a few remained. Our casualties mounted. We had faced death and suffered as our buddies died, but the town was nearly ours. Victory was at hand, but we had become too weak to withstand the counter-attack which was bound to come.

*(Continued on page 23)*

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## ASSAULT ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE...

*(Continued from page 22)*

And we were alone in Germany.

The German pill boxes had been silenced, but enemy soldiers still held them, and they were a constant threat. Protected by our guns, Army engineers crept up to the steel doors of the bunkers. The doors were too heavy to blast open, so the engineers welded them shut. Air vents on top of the bunkers were found and buried in dirt. Then engineers shoved bangalore torpedoes or phosphorus grenades into the openings of the concrete face of the fortresses. They went off with dull muffled thuds. One by one the bunkers were turned into smoking, sealed tombs.

With the bunkers silenced, and our troops controlling the town, the engineers wrapped packs of explosives around the concrete dragon's teeth. After the explosions shattered a path through the concrete, bulldozer-tanks pushed mountains of dirt over the splintered stumps of the pulled teeth. Soon our tanks roared in behind us. Reinforcements and trucks of ammunition poured in. By nightfall the town was secure except for a few straggling snipers.

Dunn and I retrieved the machine-gun and set up on-the-point at the end of the town for an expected counter-attack. We had only a few boxes of ammunition. Two ammo bearers had not made it. There had been no sleep for 48 hours. Eyes glowed red, faces were masks of dust streaked with rolling sweat, and a few tear tracks. Mud caked our brows. Arms sagged and it was hard to hold my head up under the heavy helmet. But no one slept that night.

The Germans, stinging from the invasion of their Vaterland, mounted a vicious counter-attack about midnight. Hundreds of German soldiers charged across the fields, into the streets where we had struggled so violently just hours ago. The new battle was fought in the eerie light of our remote searchlights which were miles away but beamed to light the hazy, smoke-laden sky above us. Flares shot up every few minutes. Our outpost took the brunt, but we held. The machine-gun was red hot and our ammo

nearly gone before the battle ended. They retook a few houses, but in the morning we drove them out. Americans held German soil.

The next day we were sent to guard a German ammunition dump just behind the lines. We studied and learned about the German armaments. We tossed German concussion grenades into pools in the nearby streams to blast the fish and filled gunny-sacks with floating stunned or dead fish for the next meal. We were "attacked" by several wild deer and had to shoot them in self-defense. We had fresh venison for several meals. The pause to resupply lasted only two days.

Being part of the Patton's Third Army meant - "Attack!" No more rest. The enemy was on the run and we must not let him regroup and set up defenses this side of the Rhine. In a few days we blasted our way 30 miles into Germany. Several sharp and violent battles were fought as our army reached for the Rhine River. Tanks shooting it out. Burning steel fortresses. Bodies littering fields of attack. Truckloads of ammunition being rushed to support them. Men charging across open fields. The smoke, the litter, the destruction, the dead bodies of war were everywhere. Then, "Attack again!" Our armored division pushed the enemy before it, deeper into his own soil. Each village was a series of house-to-house fighting in which skill was measured by cruelly surviving.

At the end of a furious tank and infantry battle we charged into a town and rushed out to the other side and found ourselves on the bank of a wide, muddy river. The main road led to a large bridge which had been blown. The bridge's twisted and disjointed skeleton was partially carried downstream by the swirling water. The town we had captured was named Germersheim. We stood on the banks of the famous Rhine River and stared with frustration at the roiling muddy water separating us from the enemy. Soon artillery from the hostile side of the river fell around us and we scattered to hide in the buildings. German cannons chased us whenever we exposed ourselves.

The German defenses collapsed west of the Rhine. We spent a few days mopping up and taking thousands of prisoners, but the river had to be

crossed before we could go home.

Then a breakthrough. There was a bridge over the Rhine to the north. Our half-tracks came rumbling during the night into the side streets behind our building. Orders came to mount up and prepare to move out. It was still black night as we piled into our half-tracks and pulled out in a column. We made a fast, furious trip along the west bank of the river to Worms. Third Army engineers had thrown a pontoon bridge across the Rhine in the darkness. Long lines of troops and armor waited their chance to cross. Finally, we headed down the muddy road to the edge of the river. The pontoon bridge floated across the river, secured by long cables holding it in place while the heavy loads threaded their way toward the opposite shore.

It didn't seem possible that this fragile bridge of boats could be strong enough to hold our loaded half-tracks and ponderous tanks. Our vehicles slowly inched down the approach and chugged slowly out onto the bobbing bridge. We held our breath, but it proved to be strong enough. As we rolled across the bridge, it sagged and bobbed from the weight of the heavy vehicles. Everyone dreaded the flares that could find us in the deep water when German artillery would have an easy shooting spree. If we were hit, or the bridge broke, our heavy equipment would instantly drag us to the depths of the black water.

For some reason there was a momentary pause of the convoy in the middle of the bridge. Our armored column was lined up like sitting ducks in a shooting gallery if the German 88s found us. Yet, everyone got out of the vehicles, walked over to the edge of the bridge, stared down into the dark water, unbuttoned our flies, and peed into the river. It was the act we had bragged about and promised ourselves for many months.

We were glad when we felt solid ground beneath our vehicles. If we were hit, we would not founder and join the bodies floating down the Rhine. And then we were across the river and into the heart of Germany. It wouldn't be long now. Someone reminded us that this was Easter morning, the first of April. ■



# MAIL CALL

## HE WILL BE MISSED

Verlyn,

Thank you for letting me know about Jack. He was not only a soldier's soldier, he was a great leader of men. It was an honor and a privilege to know him. As you say, he was also a true friend and elder statesman of the association. He will be missed.

Best regards,  
Jim Lankford

## WELCOMES STORIES OF DAD

Verlyn,

Thanks for your condolences. My brother Sanford was the one with him in Europe. I've sent this on to him as he has been living with and taking care of dad for some time. I'm sure he'll get the requested info to you on a timely basis. Thanks again for the concerns. If any of the old soldiers have remembrances of fighting or serving with him we'd love to hear from them so feel free to share this email.

John DeWitt

## LOVED AND CHERISHED COMRADES

Hi Elton,

The DeWitt family would like to thank the 14th for the beautiful flowers sent for dad's memorial service on March 4th, 2012. Once again, the guys stepped up.

I lived with and took care of dad for the last two years; and I attended several of your reunions and I can say from experience that it would be nearly impossible to express how loved and cherished the guys were by dad. He spoke of you so fondly and I cherish the idea that many of the guys felt the same way about dad. It is hard to think of dad without thinking of you guys. Thanks to all of you for that,

from the bottom of my heart.

Warm regards,  
Sanford (Sandy) DeWitt

## REPRESENTED 14TH AD

Harold Kiehne, accompanied by his son, represented the 14th AD Association as he attended the visitation preceding the memorial service for Jack DeWitt. Harold reports that he had the opportunity to visit with family members who were most appreciative of having someone from the 14th in attendance.

## SEEKS INFORMATION

Dear Verlyn Hofer,

I'm trying to obtain basic information about a former soldier of the 14th Armored Division. This soldier was my uncle Archie L. Jeardoe. I wish to use this information in an obituary for his wife, Iona Jeardoe, who passed away Monday, February 6th, 2012. If you can help me, the information I would like is Archie's rank, unit, platoon, etc. Archie died August 6, 1978 in France during a 14th Armored Division Reunion. If you could help, or direct me to help that would be great. If not, thank you for your service.

Archie and Iona both loved the 14th Armored Division until the end of their lives.

Thank you,  
Mark Moldrawski

Note: Archie served as a staff sergeant in B Btry, 500th AFA. Anyone who remembers Archie and would like to share information about him can contact his nephew by emailing Mark Moldrawski at the email address above.

## RECALLS EARLIER TIMES

Dear Mr. Hofer:

I have received word of Mary

Hodge passing away from her daughter in Glens Falls. Mary and I were great friends when our husbands were in the 14th Armored and after both husbands passed away we remained friends and I kept contact with her after she moved to be near her daughter. The daughter just sent me the obituary and I enclose a copy for you to select whatever information you might like for publication in the Liberator.

Her husband was William Hodge who was a President of the 14th Armored Division Association and enclose the program held in 1973 in Niagara Falls, NY for your reference.

You good people keep up the good work.

Very truly yours,  
Elizabeth S. Mitchell  
widow of Willis C. Mitchell

## MISSES OLD COMRADES

Dear Verlyn;

I'm in a rest home designed for senior citizens who need to be taken care of twenty-four hours a day. I am too much of a burden for my children (a son and four daughters) so they decided I need to free them of the responsibility of caring for this 92 year old man who is always in need of something. I require a cane because of a tricky right knee and I have a sense of balance problem. I have fallen many times. The results have only been bruised head and arms. Luckily, no broken bones.

Please note, I still wear a sling on my left arm, but the hand is operational, so I can hold something, like a fishing fly casting 6-foot rod and reel. I loose most of the fish I hook. However, if I have a companion who can net the fish I work near enough to be netted.

*(Continued next page)*



## MORE MAIL CALL

I can catch my legal limit of trout. This is the time of the May fly hatch and an artificial number 8 hook dressed as a brown colored winged insect gets a strike by a hungry feeding trout.

The Editor of *the Liberator*, I am sure is aware of losing some of the regular contributors to our newspaper. The last issue listed several and I am saddened to learn of their departure. There was some wise old guy whose name I've forgotten said, "Each of us individuals is given the marvelous power of or for good or evil - the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what man really is, not what he pretends to be." Now as proof of my growing dementia, I recall that it was the words of William George Jordan.

Like most old people we have a habit of looking back. I recall this is the month in 1949 when I was commissioned a second Lt. in the horse cavalry at the Univ. of Arizona in Tucson where I attended college. I was a veteran taking advantage of the GI bill. I had hitchhiked from my home town in Owosso, Michigan. As you remember at that time the country was flooded with Military of all branches of the service. I found it impossible to find a job so I decided to go where it was warm in the winter (compared to the Great Lakes area) after freezing in the last months of the war in France and Germany.

I was not the studious type in grade school or high school. But I received an education in the four years in the Army. I'm sorry to say I was discharged as a Pfc. and have a record to prove entitlement to a degree in the "School of hard knocks."

I could tell you of fellow soldiers I trained with in the many different locations in the states before I was shipped overseas. I lived and trained with some of the greatest officers and enlisted men and also some of the worst types. I never realized such people existed. Afterwards I was reassigned to the 19th Armored Inf. Bn. and in "C" Company from the A.S.T.P. program. This Co. was where they had the toughest NCO's to handle any problem soldiers

in the battalion. The idea was make 'um or break 'um into an effective squad. I have no idea how many made it or just disappeared, AWOL, or maybe transferred?? I can tell some stories about these people you can't believe but are true.

Well Verlyn, you may be able to use some of this B.S. in a future issue. I would guess the readership is changing.

Yours truly,  
Bob Straba

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### MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTION

Dear Ann,

Enclosed is a memorial contribution on behalf of Harry Kemp. What a great guy - entertained us with his singing and piano playing at our gatherings. He received a battlefield commission and was a great soldier both as a Non Com and as a commissioned officer. He always claimed he and I were together at Kapsweyer prior to going to the Siegfried. Maybe we were. At age of 92, I have forgotten many things.

Best to you and your Dad.  
John P. Meyer

### RADIO CREW REMEMBERED

Jess Chelette,

The enclosed is dedicated to the memory of my fellow radio crew members. We were part of the 154th Armored Signal Co. attached to the HQ and HQ Company CCA-S2 from our arrival in Marseille until the end of the war in Europe.

S/Sgt Ray P. Derringer, Crew Chief

T/4 Merle Cowen, Driver

T/3 Frank Handy, Operator

T/4 Donald Winter, Operator

All have passed away. CCA was commanded by Brig. General Karlstead. The enclosed may be used as appropriate.

I do so very much enjoy receiving and reading "The Liberator". Our war

(14th Armored) was just as important and scary, but other sectors had better P/R people!

Blessings,

T/4 Roland W. Wilbur, Operator

### CAN'T ATTEND REUNION

Hi Ken,

Joe Fitts called me today about our reunion. I am working the election polls hence a conflict this year. I did make it OK last year and wore my 1944 blouse, shirt, tie and hat. The pants shrunk since 1945 - maybe. Anyway he mentioned that if we did subscribe to The Liberator at one time, we might be reinstated. I dropped my subscription a few years ago as I needed to cut down on so many publications coming to the house.

I was with Bob Straba in the 19th AIB Company C, and do get letters from him. What a treat. Anyway, if you can look me up and reinstate or whatever it would be a kindness.

Sincerely,

Howard D. Genrich

### LIKES TAPS PAGE IN LIBERATOR

Dear Ann,

I received the spring issue of the Liberator, and appreciate so much being able to still receive it. I am enclosing a donation to help with the printing and postage.

I really like the format for the TAPS page. It is much nicer than just giving the names of the deceased. I also like the fact that the Chaplain now contacts the families of the deceased.

I appreciate the work that all of you do to keep the organization going. Even though I am unable to take part in any of the activities it's good to still read about them and know that your hard work carries on.

Best Wishes,

Carma Richens

# Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge Arlington, VA, December 16, 2011

Address to the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge by Paul Goffin, former Vice President of the Belgian American Association and trustee of BOBHF

*Editor's Note: Elements of the 14th Armored Division were indirectly, if not directly, involved in the Battle of the Bulge by way of Hitler's last offensive - the Northwind Campaign. Those who experienced these winter battles will never forget them.*

Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge, families, and friends of the Veterans, I am grateful for the honor of participating in this important commemoration. It's a privilege to be with you. This week, in the Ardennes and Luxembourg, there are commemoration events celebrating the Battle of the Bulge and the liberation of both countries. These include concerts, parades and wreath laying's in the military cemeteries of Hamm, Luxembourg and Neupre and Henri-Chapelle, Belgium. Some 18,000 marble headstones stand in perfect military order, worthy of the dignity of those who rest there. Each headstone is a testament to the price paid for freedom.

In September 1944, I, with my family, my neighbors, my whole village and my whole country, Belgium, were thrilled with joy and admiration for those who liberated us from the Nazi tyranny. But the joy was of short duration, three months later, in December 1944, the news spread like fire that "the Germans were coming back and shooting even civilians." It took three or four weeks before the good news reassured us that not only were the Germans contained but that they were crushed. The response brought by 45 units assembling more than 600,000 men of the United States Forces was swift and decisive and became known in history as the Battle of the Bulge.

But that victory came at a tremendous cost. About 19,000 U.S. soldiers died, and 47,000 were wounded. The British suffered 1,400 casualties with 200 killed, wounded or captured. To this list let's not forget the 2,500 civilian casualties of which hundreds were massacred by the German troops. So

one can question was this bloodshed worthwhile? The positive answer lies in the word "liberation."

Its meaning is something very beautiful and literal. It's the triumph of freedom over tyranny. That's what it meant in 1944 and what it still means today.

The story of the Battle of the Bulge, both in combat and in decisiveness, is recounted today to our troops in Iraq and Afghanistan by our military and political leaders. They characterize it as part of a struggle that brought freedom to a huge part of Europe and helped make this country more safe and secure. The discipline, courage and motivation displayed in the Battle of the Bulge prevails today in the Armed Forces of the United States.

Sixty-seven years ago you fought valiantly in the Ardennes and we were liberated. We owe you the life of freedom we know today. We are lucky to be together here this evening

and thank the good Lord. We might be a bit balder and bit rounder around the waist but our feelings have not changed we have the same gratitude and affection for you as in 1944. You are the best, God bless you and God bless America.

**A Nazi's Letter Home**  
**'A Grand and Beautiful Task'**

With the American forces in Belgium, Dec. 29. Just how important the Nazis believe their breakthrough attempt to be is illustrated by a letter from a German soldier to his wife, which was captured by an American armored unit. The letter reads: "Again we have a grand and beautiful task before us which, with God's help, will decide the war in our favor. If you are following the official communiques, you will see that something is going on in the west. It will be a decision. I am proud to be allowed to be present at such an historic moment. If everything goes well I will be with you again." The Americans found the letter on the German's dead body.

## NEW MEMBERS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

|                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Ahlquist, Aaron   | 25 Tank, C Co  |
| LIFE              |                |
| Karr, Myrle       | 136 Ord, HQ Co |
|                   |                |
| Obermeyer, David  | 48 Tank, B Co  |
| Obermeyer, James  | 48 Tank, B Co  |
| Obermeyer, Joseph | 48 Tank, B Co  |
| Obermeyer, Thomas | 48 Tank, B Co  |

## DONATIONS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

|                             |                                    |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| John Arena                  | David Obermeyer                    |
| Esio Bertoncini             | Matt M. Sitnik                     |
| David C. Collyer            | Russell J. Smith                   |
| David A. Dobles             | Italia Valente                     |
| Gus Hinrich                 | Marjorie Van Someren, In Memory of |
| Fred S. Hirsekorn           | Frank Van Someren                  |
| Fred S. Hirsekorn           | Roland Wilbur, In Memory of        |
| Mark Huddleson              | Ray Derringer, Merle Cowen,        |
| Leroy Kanterman             | Frank Handy, and Donald Winter     |
| Daniel P. Kneeland          | William W. Winslow                 |
| John P. Meyer, In Memory of | Jesse M. Woolard                   |
| Harry Kemp                  |                                    |

# Membership Renewal Notice

MAIL TO:

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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 \_\_\_\_\_

## WHAT ... YOU'RE MOVING!



### ADDRESS CHANGE

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

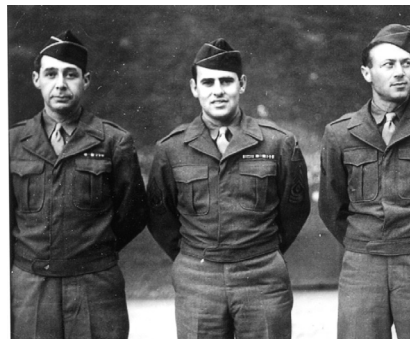
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

### 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



**PHOTOS:** Top left: Russ Smith, at left in photo, started his Army training (1941) in this General Grant tank which proved to be a poor match for German tanks.

Limited space prevented the use of the following photos from being used in the Spring issue of The Liberator along with the story of Fred Hirsekorn's tour of duty in the Army. These pictures are of men he served with in Co. C. of the 25th Tank Battalion.

**Bottom Left:** Lt. Col. Watson served as Battalion Commander.

**Top Right:** At war's end they had a baseball team. Shown here are Red Parish, First Sgt. Ferrill and the CP guard.

**Middle Right:** Fred Hirsekorn (center) with Bernstein and Levin.

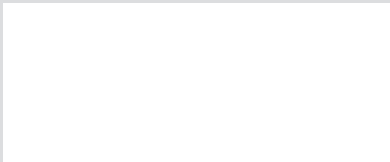
**Bottom Right:** Also serving in Fred's unit were Lt. Crissman and Calvin Meyers

**NOTICE:  
LIBERATOR ISSUE DATES!  
MARCH - JULY - NOVEMBER**

Information **MUST** be submitted  
**SIX WEEKS** before issue!

ALL INFORMATION SHOULD BE TYPED.

Send all information to:  
**VERLYN HOFER**



**NEXT DEADLINE IS  
SEPTEMBER 30, 2012**

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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U.S. POSTAGE

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HOT SPRINGS, AR  
PERMIT NO. 40



*Men of C-62nd assembling to resume attack during their advance across Germany.*



*Tanks lead the rapid advance as the enemy retreats to defensible positions.*

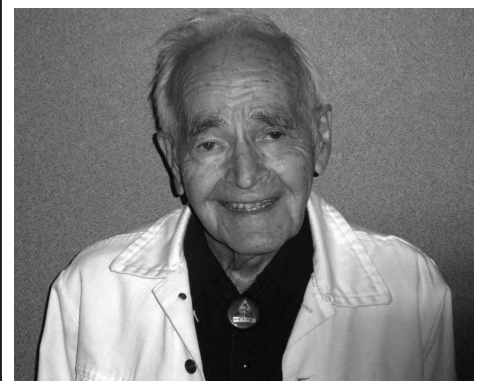
**SOUTH EASTERN STATES CHAPTER**

The South Eastern Chapter held its last meeting in Orlando the last weekend in January. Six vets could attend so we spend all the money in our very meager treasury. (It covered some of the cost of the meeting room.) We all enjoyed our meal at Tony Romas and the hospitality of The Hampton Inn. Hopefully we can all meet again at the national meeting in Peoria.

– Bob McClarren & Phil Snoberger

**WESTERN STATES CHAPTER**

**DANIEL (JOE) FITTS    CASA SERRANO RESTAURANT**



**STAN GOLDMAN**  
National 1st Vice President

**2013 REUNION DATE  
& PLACE PENDING**

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