











Please join us ...

Monday, Nov. 12 - 10:30 a.m.

Rochester International Event Center — 7333 Airport View Drive SW, Rochester, MN 55902

8:30 to 10:00 Breakfast served courtesy of Powers Ventures

10:30 *Welcome* Julie Jones Fox Country 102.5 Radio DJ *Master of Ceremony* Julie Jones

10:32 Posting of Colors American Legion Post 92 Honor Guard
Marine Corps League Thor Det. 606, Korean War Veterans Club Honor Guard,
Rochester Police Honor Guard, Olmsted County Deputy's Honor Guard,
VFW Post 1215 Honor Guard, Rochester Firefighters Honor Guard, Mazeppa
Veterans Honor Guard, Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter # 1110

Posting of Colors, American Legion Post 92 Honor Guard Flute accompaniment by Gene Eiden

- 10:37 "National Anthem" Performed by Jennifer Shumaker
 Local singer and Veterans Service Officer
- 10:40 "Pledge of Allegiance" Julie Jones
- **10:42** *Invocation* Pastor Phil Shaw Retired Pastor of New Life Worship Center
- 10:46 Introduction of Rich Daly Julie Jones
 Past Commander of Disabled American Veterans (DAV
- **10:47** *Recognition of Gold Star Families* Rich Daly
- 10:50 "God Bless America" Performed by Tom Overlie
 KTTC TV News anchor
- 10:54 Introduction of Clifford Esslinger Julie Jones
- 10:55 "POW/MIA Ceremony" Clifford Esslinger
 Member of the MN POW/MIA Riders
- 10:58 Introduction of Jane Belau Julie Jones
- **10:59** *Poem by Jane Belau*Poet Laureate of Soldiers Field Veterans Memorial
- 11:02 Please stand, if able, for remembrance of 11-11-11 Julie Jones
- 11:02 Silence for Ringing Eleven Bells Bells for Eternity
 Founder and owner Terry Throndson Ringing done by Rochester Firefighter
- 11:04 "America the Beautiful" Performed by Tom Overlie
- 11:08 Introduction of Speaker Julie Jones
- 11:09 *Main Speaker* Jon K. Weiler Executive Director of The Highground Veterans Memorial Park
- 11:24 Benediction Pastor Phil Shaw
- 11:27 Retire Colors American Legion Post 92
- 11:29 Taps with Echo Les Fields and Gene Eiden
- 11:30 Closing Remarks Julie Jones

We especially would like to recognize and thank the **Color and Honor Guards** that graciously volunteer their time to carry the Colors at our many events over the years.







Breakfast provided courtesy of the Canadian Honker and Powers Ventures

We recognize with gratitude, all the volunteers that made this program possible, and the supporters listed below.

They support us please support them.

Joe and Nick Powers and staff of the Canadian Honker.

Joey Powers and the staff at the Event Center for hosting Veterans Day.

Terry Throndson and the Bells for Eternity for their ongoing support. **Lee Herold** of Herold Flags for the Flags and his ongoing support.

Phil Schroeder of Renning's Flowers for the centerpieces and his ongoing support.

 $\label{lem:control_def} \textbf{Jeff Hygrel} \ \text{of Oak Summit Golf Course for use of the golf carts}.$

Dave Evans at The Printers for the printing of programs.

Greg Brandt at Audio Visual Logic for his continuous support. **Andy's Liquor** for their ongoing support of Veterans projects and programs.

Jane Belau for her ongoing support over many years.

POW/MIA Riders and the DAV for their constant support.

Mike Pruett of MLT for his ongoing support of Veterans projects and programs.

Gene Eiden and Les Fields who are always available to perform for us.

Richard Swanson and the Byron Middle School Council for their assistance



Activities to celebrate Veterans Day

Free open face Turkey sandwich lunch for Veterans Sunday, November 11 • 11 am to 3 pm VFW – 2775 43rd Street NW, Rochester

> Free magnificent seven breakfast for all veterans and active duty Sunday, November 11

2 eggs, 2 bacon strips or 2 sausage links, 3 pancakes Perkins Restaurants, Rochester

Free breakfast for all Veterans

Monday, November 12 • 6 am to 11 am

All Hy-Vee stores, Rochester

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 2018

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 2018





The memorial found its home when the Rochester Parks
Department donated the property at 300 7th St. SW.
The committee agreed the memorial would not be funded with tax dollars and their fundraising efforts needed to be creative and ambitious.

From Plaque in the Park to Massive Memorial

By Nicole L. Czarnomski

oldiers Field Memorial was once thought of as a simple "plaque in the park," but with the help of numerous supporters and organizers, the plaque has become a massive memorial with visitors including former Sec. of State Colin Powell and former Sen. and Republican presidential candidate John McCain.

The memorial is in downtown Rochester, in the shadows of Mayo Clinic.

It consists of four circular granite walls, maple trees, pavers, sculptures, benches, flags, stories of military events, along with educational markers. Most importantly this memorial holds the blood, sweat and tears of many volunteers who gave their time to see this memorial grow from the ground up.

Wayne Stillman proposed a memorial honoring all veterans from the 173d Airborne Brigade who died from injuries sustained in the service and lived within





in our American Legion Family!

William T. McCoy Post #92 has been active in Rochester for almost 100 years; receiving our charter on February 10th, 1921. Two of our most notable charter members are Dr. William J. Mayo and Dr. Charles H. Mayo. As of today, we are almost 1000 members strong!

Our Mission is guided by Four Pillars

Veterans Affairs and Rehabilitation: National Defense: Americanism: Children and Youth

On behalf of the William T. McCoy Post #92 American Legion Family, I thank you for your support of Post #92 over the last 100 years, and we look forward to our next 100 years in Rochester.

The American Legion: Veterans Still Serving America.



Tony L. Loecher Commander



The American Legion Wm. T. McCoy Post #92

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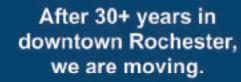
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a 50-mile radius of Rochester. This memorial would have their names of these individuals inscribed on the large granite wall; to date, there are 2,367 names.

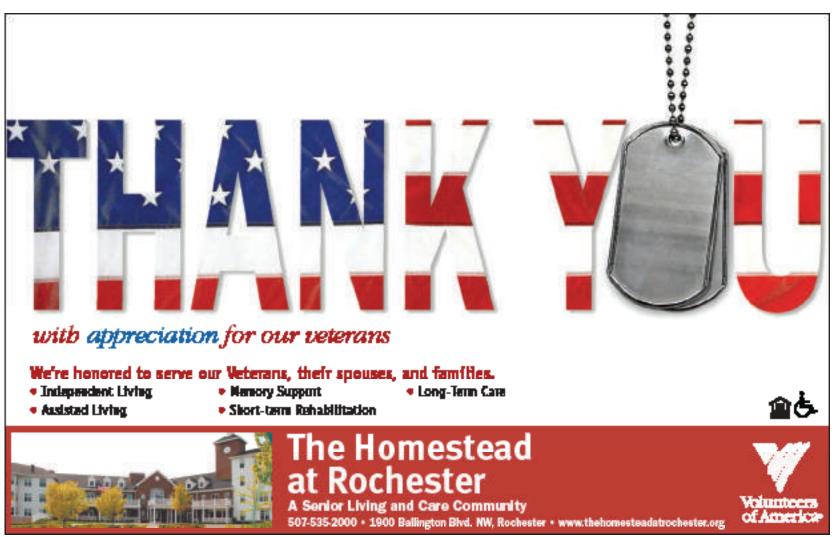
Stillman contacted Wayne Arnold to help organize a committee to oversee this project. After meeting with then Mayor Chuck Hazama and receiving the city's blessing. there were several meetings to discuss where and how the memorial should be constructed.

The memorial found its home when the Rochester Parks Department donated the property at 300 7th St. SW. The committee agreed the memorial would not be funded with tax dollars and their fundraising efforts needed to be creative and ambitious.

In January 1996, designer Leslie McGillvary was







VETERANS 2018 • HONOR OUR HEROES

contracted to submit ideas for the memorial. After selecting as design, the committee hosted a wine and cheese reception for contractors to announce the memorial and solicit support.

"By midsummer, a golf tournament was organized to raise much needed capital. And, at this time, the committee also sequestered the help of Bob DeWitz to ramrod construction," Stillman said.

Engraved pavers with the names of people who served in the U.S. Armed Forces and our allies were sold to raise capital for the project. To date, there are nearly 6000 pavers creating the Walk of Remembrance. The sale of pavers brought in about 70 percent of the funds raised for the project.

"By December 1997, we had raised \$250,000, and the approval to utilize Rochester's Sentence to Serve people as labor," Stallman said.

Sentence to Serve is an organization who helps people who have been convicted of minor offenses find work to cut time off their sentence. Much of the construction for the memorial was completed by them. Lonnie Hebl led the group as they dug

trenches, laid sod, positioned pavers and built sheds so work could continue through the winter months.

The generosity for this project was overwhelming. Individuals and



organizations opened their wallets and offered manpower. The Mayo Clinic supported this memorial in a variety of ways. Frank and Bonnie Kottschade pledged to pay for additional statues if they were built. Jeff Anderson and Cold Spring Granite, a local vendor who supplied all the granite, also etched the engraving on the granite walls and pavers.

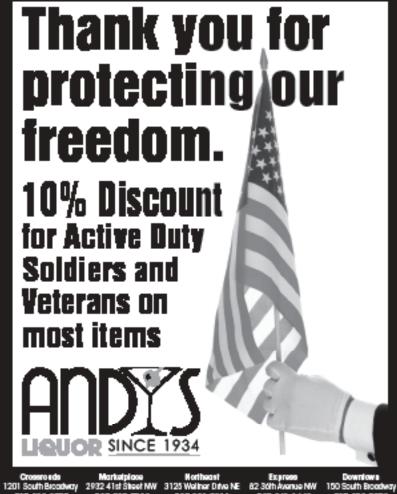
By the end of 1999, more than \$1 million had been amassed. A statue of a soldier was moved to an area on the corner of Sixth Street and Second Avenue, and statues honoring widows and children. nurses, medics and wounded soldiers were added, creating a large memorial.

Stillman said because of the "donations, time, talent and treasures given to this project, the memorial cost about \$2 million. Without the generosity of everyone involved, this project was estimated to cost more than \$6 million."

The memorial is now under the helm of the City of Rochester.

Nicole L. Czarnomski is a local freelance writer. ★







Fast forward 62 years and that is where my grandpa's journey continued on the Freedom Honor Flight 22. As they walked into the hangar, all the veterans were greeted by many volunteers who did an outstanding job making them feel welcome and appreciated before the journey even began.

"I saw my Dad's first excitement when walking in line to get on the plane. A military person in uniform stepped into the walkway, reached out, shook my Dad's hand and said 'thank you for your service and protection to our country.' This was when I first saw a realization of what this meant to the veterans and seeing what that handshake meant to my Dad," Larry said.

During their time in Washington D.C. they were able to visit many memorials like the World War II Memorial. Both my dad and grandpa said that this memorial was so surreal, with large pillars, fountains and inspirational quotes etched into stone as you walked around it.

The Korean War Veterans
Memorial is a granite wall with
photos from soldiers during the war,
recreated and imprinted into the
wall.

The Vietnam Memorial was the simplest memorial, but for both, it seemed to be the most quiet, as they slowly passed by, just starring at the rows and rows of names of soldiers who didn't make it home.

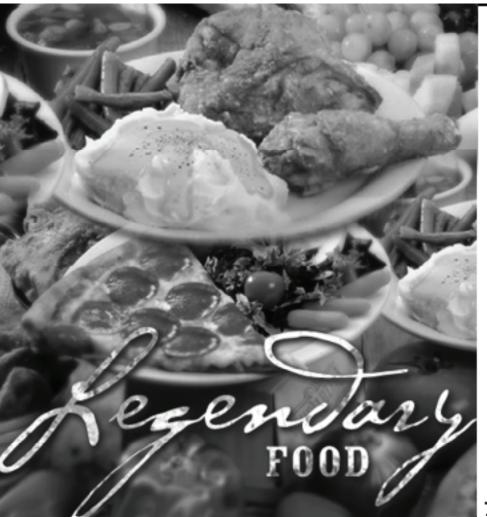
The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is guarded 24 hours a day, non-stop.

When they arrived at Hiroshima Memorial, all the veterans gathered for a picture.

My dad said it seemed that no matter what war they had served in, what their story was, this was were the veterans seemed "the most proud and united."

On their flight home, one more event took place: "mail call." Prior to taking off, family and friends of these veterans were able to write letters to thank them for their service, honor them, or simply write about whatever they wanted to tell





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them. Landon colored his letter to his great-grandpa to look "camoflague." These simple letters, as my grandpa says, were "a nice surprise." My dad said that after about the third letter, grandpa got a little emotional.

An hour before their arrival. all family and friends gathered in Hangar 4. For us, grandpa's children, grandkids and even great-grandkids gathered, waiting for him to step off the plane. We made signs to hold when they walked off the plane. Great-grandson Parker held his sign that read "Welcome Home Grandpa" high and proud. Seeing a 7-year-old so excited for these veterans' return was pure joy.

All of these veterans deserved the warmest welcome home and Freedom Honor Flight did just that for not only my grandpa, but all the veterans.

For me, experiencing the Freedom Honor Flight gave me chills, brought tears to my





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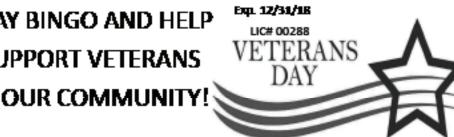
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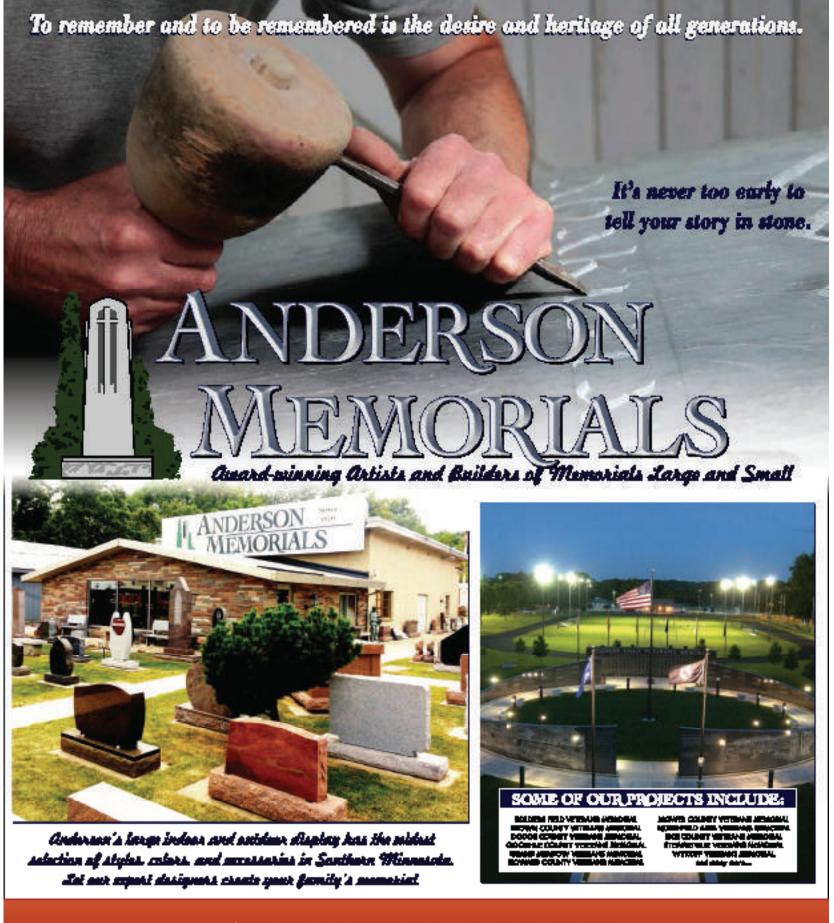
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Military job had to be kept secret for 30 years

HONOR OUR HEROES

By Tom Adams (ham radio call signs KOWQR and DL4KN)

joined the Army Security Agency in May 1956, right out of high school.
I took basic training in Fort Bliss, Texas, and then traveled to Fort Devens, Mass., for my Army Security Agency training. I was there until March 1957 when I flew to Korea.

I was stationed in Korea from March 1957 until July 1958. I was assigned to the 301st Army Security Agency Battalion at Camp Red Cloud in Uijeongbu, but my detachment was in Ganap-Ri, right next to the Ganap Elementary School, much closer to the DMZ.

Our ASA motto was "Semper Vigile," which means Vigilant Always. I preferred the other motto that most ASAers used: "We trust in God, all others, we monitor."

At the detachment our job was to locate enemy transmissions and get a bearing on where they were coming from. Whenever, three or more ASA detachments could get a fix on an enemy transmitter we could triangulate the location of the transmitter.

When I had completed my 16-month tour of duty, I was asked if I wanted to take a special assignment to Vietnam. Since we weren't officially at war with Vietnam at that time, I would be in civilian clothes, doing the same thing I had been doing in Korea. I chose not to take that assignment so I finished out my tour of duty (three years) at Fort Bragg, N.C., being discharged in May 1959.

I re-enlisted to go to Germany in July 1959. I was first stationed at a detachment near Giebelstadt Air Force Base, just south of Wurzburg. During the time I was in Germany, other members of the ASA were being assigned to Vietnam. The ASA name was changed to "Radio Research Units" and the first soldier killed in Vietnam (Dec. 22, 1961) was SP4 James T. Davis, while he was

"We trust in God, all others, we monitor."

doing the same thing in Vietnam that I was doing in Germany. It was shortly after that when Direction Finding units became airborne, tracking enemy signals from the air rather than ground-based locations.

I finished my German tour of duty in Ottobeuren, 70 miles west of Munich, living in the local hotel because there weren't any Army or Air Force bases in the area. I was discharged at Fort Hamilton, N.Y., on June 25, 1962.

As part of my discharge I was required to sign a statement that I would not disclose what I did in the Army Security Agency for 30 years after my discharge. That was standard operating procedure for all ASA veterans.

When I got married in 1968, all my wife knew was that I had been stationed in South Korea and Germany while I was in the service. It wasn't until 1992 that I could tell her — and everyone — what I had done during my tours of duty.

In actuality, the ASA was merged into the U. S. Army Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM) in 1977, so the Army Security Agency no longer exists. We do have a museum at National Vigilance Park on the grounds of the National Security Agency (NSA). It's closed right now for remodeling, but I did get a chance in April to visit the National Cryptologic Museum that's also on the NSA site.

I also visited the Cold War Museum at Vint Hill Farms, Va. Vint Hill Farms was the first "listening station" the Army had when it became active in 1942. It came about because the owner of the farm, a ham radio operator, was telling someone how he could listen to taxicab operators in Berlin on his radio station. The Army heard about it, bought his farm, installed antennas in the silo and created their first "listening station" for World War II. ★







Maye Southeast Chapter 28 of the Minnesota Disabled American Veterans is proud to support vatorans in Sou theast Minnesota. Over the past 2 years, Chapter 28 hass

- 1. Provided over \$71,000 to veterans in need. This is amergancy help for rent, utilities, car repair, food and other
- Spansared the first Warren's Veteran gale in the state of Minnesota.
- Provided over \$120,000 to multiple veteran and community service organizations who have further assisted vetomes in our region. These organizations include: Operation Hometown Gratitude, Iranwood Springs Christian Ranch (Operation Welcome Home and Gold Star family retreats), and Beyond the Yellow Ribban Southeast Minnesota.
- Provided deer hunting opportunities to 55 disabled veterans who otherwise might not have been able to hunt.
- Provided over 1000 commemorative aweet suits and pillowcases to veterans residing in nursing homes or other long-term care facilities. These articles were embroidered with the service emblem of the branch of service that each veteran served in.
- 6. Assisted several disabled veterans with acquisition and training of service dogs.



Chapter 28 would like to thank the following businesses and organizations for hosting our DAV Clothing Donation Bins. Donations received in these bins help us fund the Veteran support listed.

Silver Lake Shopping Center HvVee North

Mazeppa Community Center Zumbrota VFW Pine Island American Legion

Kasson American Legion Dodge Center American Legion

Sam's Club HyVee South

Barlow Plaza

HyVee West

Rochester Athletic Club Rochester VFW

Chapter 28 will be speciating a QALA Familiating areast in the Spring of 2019. Anyone wishing to spensor or should to this erest, please exect:





Thanks for all your support ELLSWORTH D. FIELDS, Commander



VETERANS 2018 • HONOR OUR HEROES

have lost track of the number of veterans, but for me it does not matter because every one of these men and women give me a reason to be in awe of them and to thank them for their service.

Some I have had the chance to visit only once. Others I have been fortunate to talk to two or more times. If I may, I would like to share some of their experiences.

One gentlemen was a World War II pilot. He flew as a barnstormer before the war. (Barnstorming was a form of entertainment in which stunt pilots performed tricks, either individually or in groups called flying circuses.) During the World War II, the Japanese invaded Alaska to create a two-fold event. One was to throw the Americans off on what they were planing to do at Midway, and the second, to show Americans they could attack us on our turf, the Aleutian Islands. The U.S. responded right away, but did not properly prepare the Army for this kind of fighting. He landed a lot of troops on the islands, but he said it was a mess. In a short time, we lost more men to cold and sickness than to actual fighting.

He remembered bringing in loads of

caskets empty and carrying them back full. He was very saddened at this thought. He went on to tell me his greatest keepsake was a Japanese rifle he found on the airstrip.

Another gentlemen was drafted and went to the Twin Cities to go into the Army. He had to use the bathroom so he walked down the hall of the induction center and asked a Coast Guard recruiter if he could use his bathroom. The man said of course and when he came out, the recruiter asked him if he wanted to go into the Coast Guard. He told him he could not because he was drafted into the Army. He was told not to worry about it and was put into the Coast Guard. He was very smart and ended up with top secret orders to work on radar for coastal defense. A very proud man but always felt bad he was not in combat.

Another gentlemen, was in combat more than 500 days in a row before they stopped fighting. He showed me a picture of Gen. Eisenhower and Prime Minister Churchill walking together. I asked him if he ever thought "wow" when seeing these two together. He said "no, they were just in the way of my sleep."

The stories of these brave veterans go on

One met his future wife when she was a instructor for pilots. He had to get permission to marry her because she was not a officer. Another met his wife right after WWII when he was in occupied Germany. The small towns would bus their single women into USO dances and he fell in love with a German girl. (Who was sitting beside him as I talked to him.)

They guarded our shores in the states; they fought through Europe and in the deserts of Africa; froze in Korea, and helped us win the Cold War. All without a minute's thought said they did nothing. Yet they all did everything.

I could fill up pages of the stories I have heard. Some full of sadness and tears, some funny although maybe not at the time, but all are the memories of warriors.

Seasons Hospice has given me the honor to visit these veterans and I can not thank them enough.

What we do is open the door to the past. They relive a time when they had the most important job they will ever have and I get to walk along with them. Thank you. ★

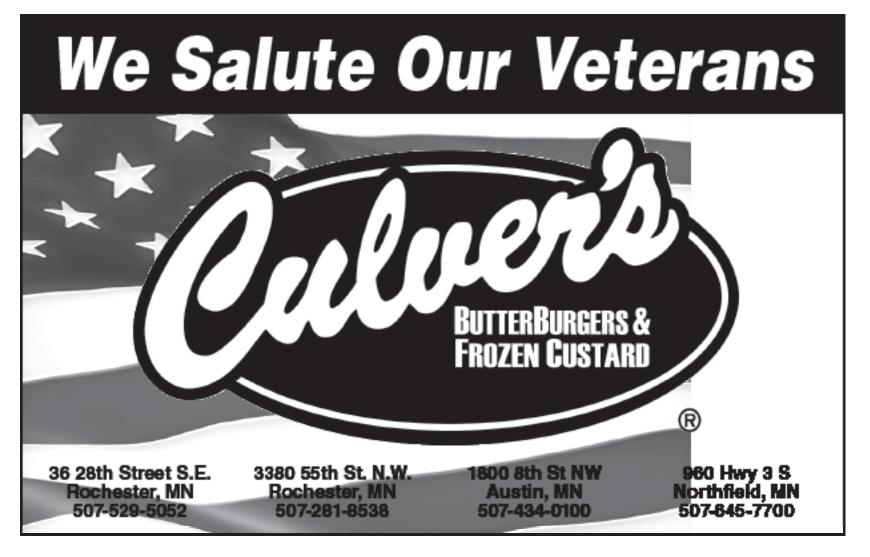












"Corpsman!!! We need a Corpsman

The words rang out frenetically through the dusty company-sized tent. Another prank by my guys, I thought, shifting slightly in my recently occupied cot.

After all, we were all known for playing pranks on each other, some significantly less funny than others.

I was, however, at the end of our deployment to Helmand Province, Afghanistan, on edge enough not to ignore such a request.

As I opened my eyes, two Marines from our communications platoon stood in the entryway of the tent, looking distraught.

"What the heck" I thought, though in my mind the language was a lot more obscene.

I jumped up and threw my boots on, and without even tying them, I started running towards the waiting Marines.

You see, we had been lucky. No one in my team had been hurt by enemy action. There was an accident involving training knives and a sliced vein that I attended to months prior, as well as a case of hyponatremia during a particularly hot daytime patrol,

I stuck my right index and middle fingers into the wound, as we had practiced countless times on pigs during training. The weird sensations of having my hand inside someone's leg were quickly overcome by the rapid pulse I felt on the tips of my fingers.

where my IV skills were essential.

We had been shot at, had RPGs fired at us. and we even had a fellow Marine get shot in the helmet in front of my very eyes. Fortunately, none of those incidents resulted in any casualties.

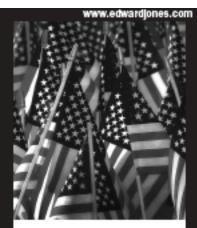
I was ready for the enemy. I was not, however, prepared for my very first combat casualty to come out of a friendly fire

As I followed the Marines out of the tent and into an adjacent one, a gory scene unfolded before my eyes. There, on the hard linoleum floor, lay a Marine in a pool of blood, groaning softly and pale as a ghost. Another Marine had failed to properly clear his rifle and accidentally discharged his weapon into his lower leg.

My friend Kim, a fellow corpsman from our battalion, joined me in the tent and we immediately went to work. I started to assess the severity of injury, as Kim began applying a tourniquet, "up high on the thigh," as we had been taught. This spot offers the best compression on the femoral artery and the arteries in the lower leg, which it feeds. A gaping hole about 3 inches long, located midway between the knee and the lateral malleolus in the ankle was gushing blood uncontrollably.

I stuck my right index and middle fingers into the wound, as we had practiced countless times on pigs during training. The weird sensations of having my hand inside someone's leg were quickly overcome by the rapid pulse I felt on the tips of my fingers.





Our thoughts are with the heave men and women surving our country and the ansa who served before them.



Edward Jones

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"Grab some trauma shears, this boot needs to come off ASAP!" I shouted to the Marines who were waiting anxiously nearby.

Another corpsman had joined us and began cutting off the wounded Marine's boot.

I grabbed some combat gauze out of my IFAK, ripped the packaging apart with my teeth and started feeding it inside the wound, always maintaining pressure as I packed it tightly.

As I was finishing up wrapping the packed wound, the boot had come off, revealing yet another gruesome gash, immediately above the lateral malleolus. I helped the other corpsman package this secondary exit hole.

As we got the bleeding under control, I couldn't help but notice that the pool of blood we were kneeling in had started to coagulate, forming golf ball-sized clumps on the floor. I pushed this thought out of my head, as Kim and I began assessing our patient's vital signs. "BP is 90 over palp!" shouted Kim, as I finished my 15-second pulse count. "Heart rate is 140," I yelled back at Kim, to make sure we were on the same page.

"Water..." whimpered our patient weakly, as someone brought him a plastic bottle. Despite his weakened state, as Kim held his head up and I held the bottle, he drank almost a full liter.

The next few minutes were a complete blur, as

we commandeered a white SUV from one of the maintenance personnel who had come to empty the garbage cans. Kim and I picked up our Marine and carried him to the back of the vehicle. I elevated his leg on my knee to prevent any further bleeding that we may have missed and to keep the blood flow to his torso and unaffected extremities.

During the short ride to the trauma center at Camp Dwyer, I held his hand while assuring him that everything will be OK and that we had gotten to him in time.

When we pulled up, we yelled for a stretcher and gently rolled him onto it. Once inside the trauma tents, Kim and I started an IV line, as a swarm of doctors, nurses and other medical personnel took over care. Our job was done.

We tried to visit the injured Marine the next day, but he had already been flown to the medical center in Landstuhl, Germany, where he was undergoing complicated vascular surgery to repair the damaged vessels in his lower leg. I was comforted by the fact that his life was no longer in danger, and it looked as if his limb would be saved

Though I had treated many Marines during my time as a corpsman, this event was the pinnacle of my deployment, as well as my five-year enlistment.

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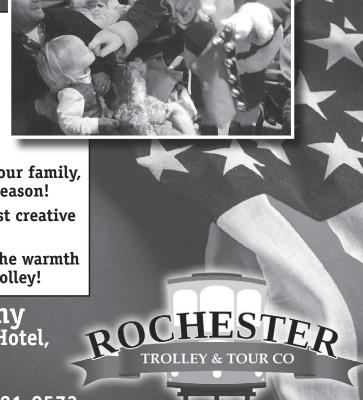
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2 tours in Iraq for National Guardsman

By Jonathan Jurgens, PT, DPT, OCS, CLT





enlisted in the North Dakota Army National Guard at the age of 18 and completed basic and advanced individual training to become a combat engineer at Fort Leonard Wood. Mo.

While at training, my unit, Company B of the 141st Engineer Combat Battalion, based out of Jamestown, N.D., was alerted to prepare for mobilization in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom II. Within five days of returning from Missouri, I began my training for what would be a yearlong tour

Along with about 480 of my fellow N.D. Guardsmen, we left for Fort Carson, Colo., in December 2003 and arrived overseas two months later. Our mission was Task Force Trailblazer which entailed clearing supply routes of improvised explosive devices, hasty minefields, weapons caches, ambush points and other hazards to keep local nationals and soldiers safe. At that time, for every IED that was detonated in Iraq, it was estimated that three to five soldiers were either wounded or killed.

During the course of our deployment, our battalion found more than 300 IEDs and destroyed more than 10,000 pieces of

unexploded ordnance (UXO), likely saving the lives of thousands of people.

The unit was later awarded the Valorious Unit Citation for heroic accomplishments, one of the highest awards the Army gives for combat actions.

Sadly, the mission was not without catastrophic loss claiming the lives of four soldiers and leaving about two dozen others wounded. We will forever remember Spc. James Holmes, Spc. Phil Brown, Staff Sgt. Lance Koenig and Spc. Cody Wentz.

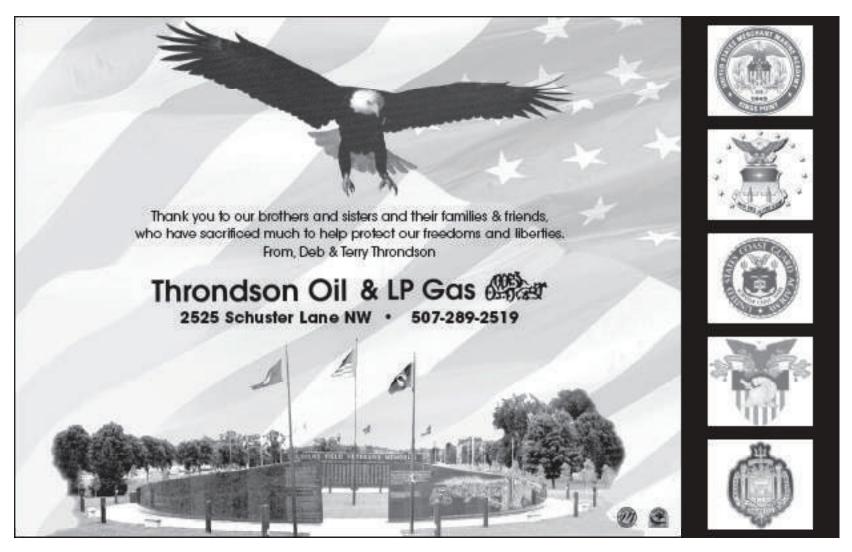
Eventually, Bravo Company of the 141st Engineer Combat Battalion was deactivated and reorganized as the 817th Engineer Sapper Company.

I continued my military training in Fort Benning, Ga., where I completed air assault training as well as Explosive Ordnance Clearance Agent (EOCA) training in Huntsville, Ala. This training proved to be very beneficial in my next deployment in 2007, allowing us to self-dispose of UXOs and IEDs rather than waiting on the Quick Reaction Force (QRF) and the Explosive Ordnance Disposal (EOD) Team to dispose of the threat.

Following additional training at Fort McCoy, Wis., we departed for another



yearlong deployment to Iraq from mid-2007 to mid-2008. During this deployment, our unit cleared 119 enemy explosive devices and completed nearly 600 combat patrols. More than two-thirds of the company earned Combat Action Badges. In addition, 15 Bronze Star medals, four Meritorious Service medals, and 90 Army Commendation medals were awarded. More importantly, the



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greatest accomplishment of this deployment was that everyone from my unit came home alive.

From November 2002 to November 2010, I was blessed to serve with some of the bravest and most honorable men and women I will ever know. Words

will never be able to describe the friendships that developed during my eight years of service.

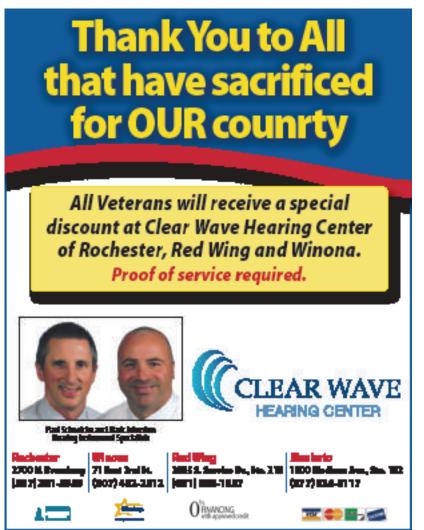
Jonathan Jurgens, PT, DPT, OCS, CLT is a former Sergeant in the North Dakota Army National Guard.





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ochester native, Carl J. Sonnenberg was killed in the Meuse-Argonne offensive in France during World War l. He was shot by a German sniper near Vienne-Le Chateau, Marne, on Sept. 28,

Sonnenberg was a private in Co. G, 307th Infantry Regiment, 77th Infantry Division. He is memorialized on the "Wall of the Missing" along with 953 other American servicemen at the U.S. Meuse-Argonne National Cemetery in Romagne, France. He was buried in an "isolated grave" near Vienne-Le- Chateau and apparently his remains were never found later when the cemetery was established. There are 14,246 identified servicemen buried at this national

Carl was the son of August H. and Emilie O. Sonnenberg. They were German immigrants in the 1880s and came to Rochester. He was born June 4, 1889, in Rochester, attended District 30 Olmsted Rural School in Cascade Township, Trinity Lutheran Parochial school and Northrup school in Rochester. He married Elsie Holt of Rochester on March 30, 1918; they had no children.

Carl was working as an auto mechanic when he entered the Army draft on June 24, 1918. He was sent to Camp Lewis, Wash., where he trained for six weeks before being sent to France in August. His two brothers

also served in France — Frederick in the 119th Field Artillery, 32nd Infantry Division, and Eckhardt in the 49th Aero Squadron.

Frederick and Eckhardt served as officers in Post 1215 after it was formed in 1923 and named after Carl Sonnenberg and Guy Whitlock, who was killed at Baliaug, the Philippines, on May 23, 1899. Their wives, Laverne and Anne, respectively, also served as officers in the Auxiliary.

A memorial Veteran's Headstone for Carl Sonnenberg is in Lot 300, section 3 of Oakwood Cemetery in Rochester.

Source: Document written by relative, in possession of Whitlock-Sonnenberg VFW Post 1215 in Rochester. ★



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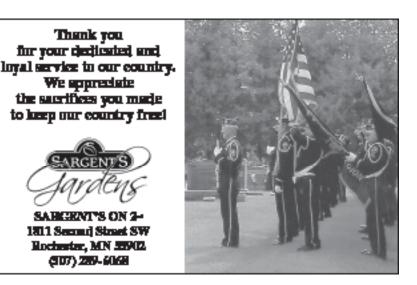
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By Ray Lundquist

t was 1945 and the war in Europe had ended. Many servicemen were coming home, either discharged or on a furlough before deployment to the Pacific theater. I had just graduated from high school and had no idea what I was going to do. I had friends and cousins who had been in the war and it was fascinating to hear their adventures.

Most young people from my small hometown of Rush City, Minn., had to go to the Twin Cities to find a job. Having never traveled out of Minnesota or Wisconsin, I was ready to see the world. A friend and I went to

Minneapolis and worked for about three weeks, but didn't like city life at all. So I came home and got a part-time job as a soda jerk at the local drug store, knowing I would have to register for the draft when I was 18.

The war with the Japanese continued. They were getting desperate and began resorting to kamikazi bombing. They were taught it was an honor to die for the emperor.

Bombings of the Japanese mainland became more frequent, and the fighting in our island-hopping campaign was more vicious. Then President Harry Truman gave orders for the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Suddenly the war was over. It was horrible it had to end that way, but the bombings reduced the number of casualties if we had invaded Japan.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur was put in charge of carrying out the armistice. The signing of the peace treaty took place on the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay. Then began the winning of the peace and the rebuilding of

Soon after my 18th birthday, Oct. 6, I got my orders to report for a pre-induction examination on Nov. 28. In another month I received orders that I passed 1A and to

report to Fort Snelling for induction. I was sworn in on Jan. 10, 1945.

I was ordered to Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland for basic training. I was looking forward to it because I had never been so far from home before. After basic training there, I was assigned to the Ordinance School to learn to be a parts clerk.

During that time, there was a scarlet fever epidemic in camp. I contracted it and was quarantined in the hospital for three weeks. This delayed my graduation from the school and I had to join the next class.

With my training over, I was shipped to Camp Stevenson in California and a couple of weeks later boarded our ship, the Marine Dragon, for my deployment to Japan. This was a cargo and freight ship that had been converted to a so-called Liberty Ship — it had basic accommodations, no frills. We called it "the tin can."

We left from the dock and passed under the Golden Gate bridge. As we progressed we were accompanied by sea birds and sharks who were attracted by the garbage thrown overboard. We also had flying fish which actually landed on the deck sometime. We encountered whales which swam right beside us. It was all new to me and



fascinating.

Going north, we skirted the Aleutian Islands and encountered a severe storm. It tossed our small ship around like a cork. Most everyone got sea sick and it was a mess. I stayed up on deck.

We were briefed on what to expect when we got to Japan and as we approached Yokohama harbor, we were told that we



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were not there as conquerors but as peace keepers. The war was over and we were here to win the peace. But in Yokahoma Bay, I was disgusted with some of the guys who made fun of the Japanese boys on the dock by throwing pennies in the water and watching them dive for them. They were only hungry.

We were sent to the repple depot (replacement depot) for assignment. It was a former Japanese camp (Zama). While there I experienced my first earthquake. It struck while we were watching a movie outdoors. It scared the guys in the front rows who panicked and ran, knocking over the benches we were sitting on and trampling us. Luckily, I was not hurt badly, just some bruising.

I was sent to Tokyo and since I could type, they put me in the recruiting office as a clerk typist. We handled mainly re-enlistments as there were many draftees scheduled to be discharged. Many were neisi (Japanese Americans) who came from Hawaii and California. Many were from the resettlement camps in western U.S. but were released if they agreed to serve as interpreters and translators in the Army. They were sent to Fort Snelling, and went to the linguistics

school at the University of Minnesota. Many of them had relatives in Japan and wanted to stay longer, not knowing when they would see them again.

The recruiting sergeant was also scheduled to go home so I was trained to take over his job. It required me to interview prospects, check their service records, type the necessary papers for discharge and re-enlistment, take them to the Army hospital for their physical, and arrange for their bonus and pay. By the end of November, I became "the recruiter," as the guys called

This also came with an advance in rank to corporal and then sergeant, which was appropriate for the job.

GIs from other camps were sent there to re-enlist so I did a lot of traveling around Tokyo. I even re-enlisted Gen. MacArthur's chauffeur. The general had his office in the Dai Itchi building in downtown Tokyo. He would arrive there each morning with an honor guard and with lots of spectators. He was very respected and handled the occupation well, I think. By leaving the emperor on the throne, he was able to transfer the government back to the





Japanese much easier and sooner. Many Japanese still thought the emperor was divine, but now was only a figurehead much like the British royalty.

The military officers who were responsible



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for carrying out the war were on trial at Saugami prison. I was able to attend one of the sessions.

My job was 8 to 5 every weekday so I had a lot of free time. My friend Bill from Iowa and I did a lot of traveling and experienced a lot of Japanese culture. We did not get to Hiroshima to see the destruction, but we saw plenty from the incendiary bombs that hit Tokyo. Much of the country was in the process of rebuilding and people were living in makeshift houses. But with the help from the U.S., things were gradually getting better.

I made friends with friends many people but especially Watanabe, our office boy. He introduced me to a family who lived near him whose house was not burned in the bombings. They were very hospitable and welcomed me to their home many times. Most of the people in Japan were glad the war was over too. We became good friends and kept in touch for years.

I felt my second earthquake one day while in my office. The chandelier on the ceiling began to swing. I looked out the window and saw the building across the courtyard swaying. It did not last long. I found out later it was located south of Yokohoma and did

lots of damage.

The next spring, the draft ended and I could go home. They did not have a replacement for me so I agreed to stay longer. When I was released, I had the option of flying home when space was available. I dreaded the thought of the trip back by ship so I agreed to fly. I returned to Zama for processing and to the air transport command in Tokyo to wait.

A number of other guys opted to fly too, so we were all grouped together no matter our rank or race. In Tokyo ,we were next to Gen. MacArthur's building and could see him every day, pacing the floor with his pipe in his mouth while he worked.

After week or so, we boarded a C54 for the trip home.

We went by way of Okinawa, Kwajelien, Guam, Midway and Hawaii. We were in Hawaii for two days and then our final flight to the U.S. About half way to the mainland, one of the motors stopped. Later, another quit. The plane had four motors so we continued on with two. But to be safe, all the life preservers were stacked by the door, just in case.

We sighed in relief when we flew over the

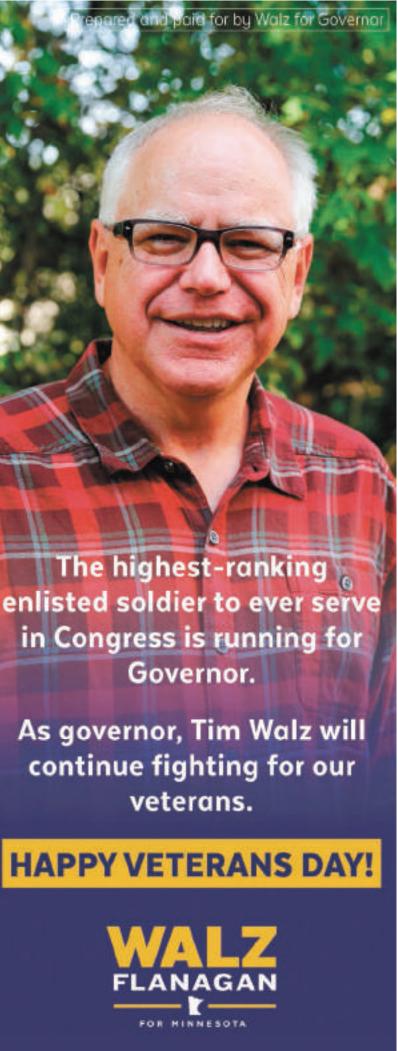


Golden Gate Bridge and landed at Fairfield-Suison airport. It was great to be on solid land having made a circle of the Pacific. But reality came back to us when we found our black friends and officers were sent to other quarters. Segregation was still here.

After receiving my discharge, and still wanting to see the world, I chose to come home by train.

My stay in Japan helped me feel I had done my part to win the peace. ★

















actions. Baptism of fire for the regiment and division actually occurred at Fort Jeanne D'Arc on 8 Dec 44 and the division's first casualties were sustained. The fort surrendered to the 26th Division on 15 Dec 44, shortly after the 345th was reassigned to the Saar Valley Campaign on 12 Dec 44.

Moronville Farms, The Saar, France 15-23 Dec 1944 This was the 345th's first

real experience with front-line conditions and over the next week we fought our way across the French-German border in the Saar Valley into Mendelsheim, Germany. Heavy casualties were experienced for the first time. Memories of this week are usually associated with fighting the elements as much as fighting the enemy. Persistent rain and snow produced the first cases of trenchfoot. D Company managed to avoid this problem for the most part due to the efforts of the company commander, Capt. John Muir. He had established the practice that company cooks would deliver a hot meal and clean socks to each group in Company D immediately after sundown and pick up a pair of dirty socks from each soldier. The socks were washed and dried in the rear area for redistribution with the next hot meal. Capt. Muir was very positive regarding the hot meal



each day and we missed very few during the entire course of the war. Company cooks did not have an easy time under him.

Battle of the Bulge, 25 Dec 44 The regiment had been pulled out of the Saar to be an active reserve against the German offensive through Belgium and Luxembourg now known as the Battle of the Bulge. We had left the Saar during a rain-snowstorm with temperatures in the mid-teens. It was miserable. Christmas Day 1944 was especially memorable as the storm lifted, it was bright and clear, and we watched continuous streams of aircraft attacking the German forces in the breakthrough area. We cheered them on as we thoroughly enjoyed an endless pancake breakfast prepared by our cooks and

bakers. Breakfast morphed into a full load Christmas dinner as we recirculated through the chow line, pausing only to wash our mess kits on occasion.

We proceeded on to Rheims, where we were refitted and brought up to strength in preparation for our assignment directed at reducing the Bulge in the Allied lines. We were also transferred to Gen. Patton's 3rd Army for the duration of the war. On 28 Dec 1944 our first assignment was to secure the critical road junction at Pironpre, attacking through Moircy and Jenneville.

Moircy, Belgium, 29-30 Dec 1944

The attack on Moircy is clearly described on pages 68-69 of the 345th Regimental History and I'll elaborate on it to include the part where I and others of D Company were

intimately involved. Our mortar section was assigned to accompany and support Companies A, B and C, 345 Infantry Regiment, on the attack. Following a day of fierce fighting, Moircy was taken. The Germans had withdrawn and many of the battalion had moved into barns in the village to regroup, eat and rest. The mortar section caught up with the main body of the battalion and had joined with them in the protection from the elements in the barns.

The Germans had launched a fierce counterattack first at Jenneville, then at Moircy, and under the weight of the action, battalion command ordered a withdrawal from Moircy to allow artillery to open fire on the German troops in the city. Our first indication of the change in fortunes was a frantic message from one of the sentries that "A German tank is in the village square and is firing down the streets at any movement." An order to withdraw had been issued. However, the radio with our group had been damaged and we never received the message We quickly were brought up-todate on orders and everyone took off on their own on what might be unkindly described as a rout. Some from rifle companies B and C and some of D Company never got the message and remained in the town all night.





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I had gone a very short distance from the barn that I had occupied with others when I realized that our mortar was still in the barn. No one had thought to bring it out and it would be surely needed when we regrouped. Joe Noortheok realized the situation at the same time and we reversed course and went back to the guns. I picked up the entire three piece mortar and Joe picked up two or three mortar shell packs in addition to our own personal packs. We were weighted down.

Each piece of a three piece, 81mm mortar weights about 45 pounds and is considered

a load for one squad member. I had picked up approximately a load weighing close to 135 pounds and Joe had about the same load in ammo. We went about two or three miles out of Moircy and ran into Capt. Muir, D Company commander, standing in the middle of the road. He had recognized the situation and organized a defensive position on the high ground outside the town. The enemy, meanwhile, decided to pull out of Moircy during the remainder of the night.

Carrying that 135 pounds never bothered me too much; however I can remember some episodes of back pain later in the war. However they never lasted too long and did not, to my recollection, slow me up a lot. I never claimed any problems associated with my back at discharge.

Following the war, I had severe back problems in my late 20s. The pains were so intense that I could only lie on the floor and would need assistance to get up. I blamed the back problem on work that I was doing for The Agricultural Instrument Company. I never connected it with my wartime experience. After my back problems were behind me, I found out in during a medical checkup that the part of my spine in the area where the nerves were being pinched had fused together and essentially eliminated the problem. I seldom have problems today.

The 345th continued to fight hard in a number of small towns - Rondu, Bonnerue, Tillet and others in this part of Belgium, reducing the Bulge and clearing our stragglers until mid-January when it was transferred a front line rest area.



Echternach, Luxembourg, 15 Jan 1944

We were on the high ground on the west bank of the Sauer River and the Germans occupied the high ground on the east bank. The city of Echternach was accepted to be "No Man's Land," although the Germans controlled one small corner of the city and the Americans the majority of it. Action consisted of firing occasional mortar shells at likely targets and patrolling each night, scouting out the territory and taking any prisoners who were careless. The Germans did the same and it was suggested that the Americans would patrol until 1 or 2 a.m., and the Germans would have the field until daybreak. Casualties and firefights were minimal. In a sense, the Germans were also using the sector as a frontline rest area and no one wanted to rock the boat.

I was a forward observer for our mortar squad and thoroughly bored with the lack of activity. An offer to join one of the night patrols, called Tiger Patrols, was accepted and it was carried off without incident or a shot being fired. A bottle of wine was liberated in the process. However, the rest of my friends in D Company began to question my sanity by exposing myself to unnecessary peril.

Neuenstein, Germany, 2 Mar 1944

Following our stay in Echternach, the 345th moved through the recently taken city of St. Vith to resume the attack near the town of Heuem, just east of St. Vith, in early to mid-February 1944. Hard fighting in difficult weather brought us into the vicinity of Neuenstein/Neuendorf, Germany, in early March. During a short lull in the fighting, I decided to look up Jackson, the

son of one of my dad's friends in hometown Williamsport, Pa. Jackson was a medic in another company in our regiment. Dad, in a letter, had asked me to look in on him from time because Jackson was really not comfortable in the infantry and his father was concerned.

By this time I had been promoted to Instrument Corporal for D Co. and this position gave me a tremendous amount of freedom. Jackson's company was about a mile away and I managed a visit. On my way back to D Co., the Germans started shelling our positions and some of the shells were

creating "air bursts" as they were set off by tree branches in the thickly wooded area. It was not an attractive situation to be out in the open while all this was occurring.

Fortunately a tank was parked nearby and, for protection against the shell bursts, I drove underneath. When the shelling stopped, I began to sort out the situation. It was only then that I realized that I had been wounded and could not use my left arm. This concern took second place to another and potentially more serious situation. The tank had started up and the crew was not aware that I was underneath it and couldn't extricate myself. Fortunately another soldier passing by heard my yelling and helped drag me out from under the tank.

A medic station was close by and I made my way to it with a stream of blood coming out of my left jacket sleeve. It appeared, on first glance, that the left side of my body had sustained serious wounds. After stripping off my jacket and shirt, it was revealed shrapnel, probably from a mortar tree burst, had penetrated my left shoulder and left chest. However, those wounds were not severe enough to explain the stream of blood that had exited my jacket sleeve. The source of the stream was a wound in my throat, just in front of my Adams apple. The passing shrapnel had nicked a blood vessel, but did no damage to the really important items — esophagus, spinal cord and the

I was cleaned up, temporarily bandaged and sent to the battalion aid station. This I did, walking, with enough energy to stop by D Co. command post to report that I would be out of action for a short time. At the aid

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station, after evaluation, I was strapped in an ambulance and sedated for the trip to a rear area aid station and then to a hospital unit where the shrapnel was removed from my shoulder. Pieces remain in my left chest even today and show up on X-rays and I usually have to explain them. On occasion, I think they trigger the metal detectors at the airport.

Recuperation took place in a hospital back in Bar-le-Duc, France. After four weeks, I was sent back to my unit, D-345, which was unusual for the time because the wounded were usually attached to units with the greatest need. Returning to one's old unit was fortunate as you knew the group and were not an outsider. The war was winding down and this probably had some leverage.

During my absence, the 345th had made the dash to the Rhine, crossing the Moselle in the

process. Finally I caught up with my unit, which had raced across Germany following the Rhine crossing, which had occurred at Boppard near Koblenz. In mid April I joined them near Crawinkel, in time for the dash to Plauen and Falkenstein near the Czech border with Germany which was our station at the end of the war.

We settled into garrison life again, marching and drilling to impress the locals with our discipline and parade ground abilities. It was more like a troop of sad sacks than seasoned soldiers. Our lines were crooked and we had problems keeping in step. The final denouement came when our CO decided to carry out an "Inspection Arms." Our last effort at this was in England some eight months earlier. Our weapons had changed, we had to be instructed on the new arms and when the inspecting

officer almost had his head and hand shot off when a soldier messed up the sequence and chambered a round prior to pulling the trigger, we had to be reinstructed. If this skill demonstration had only happened once, it would be understandable. Re-occurring three times in one inspection was too much. The maneuver was terminated and were left to impress the citizens with our youth and handsome appearance instead of our military bearing.

Early July found us shipping back to the United States to Fort Benning, Ga., for a 30-day leave and retraining for the invasion of Japan. The two A-bombs made this moot and we were discharged when our discharge points allowed this action. ★



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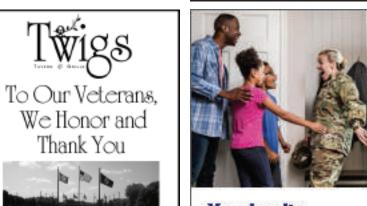
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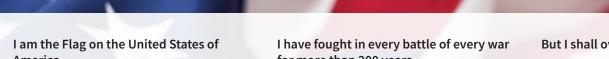
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I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and I was there at San Juan Hill,

The trenches of France, in the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy, Guam, Okinawa, Korea and Khe San, Saigon, and Vietnam know me because I was there.

I led my troops. I was dirty, battleworn and tired.

But my soldiers cheered me, and I was proud.

I have been burned, torn and trampled on the streets of countries I have helped set

It does not hurt, for I am invincible. I have been soiled, burned, torn and trampled in the streets of my own country. When it's done by those whom I have served in battle, it hurts.

But I shall overcome, for I am strong.

I have slipped the bonds of earth, and stood watch over the uncharted frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon. I have born witness to all of America's finest hours.

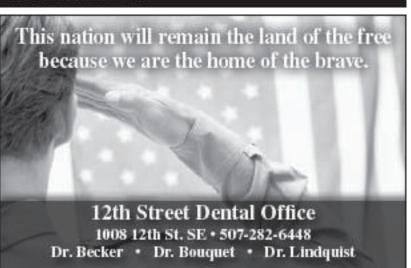
But my finest hours are yet to come.

When I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded comrades on the battlefield, when I am flown at half mast to honor my soldier, or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their fallen son or daughter, I am proud.

Will you please remember my message to all who still love and respect me, so that I may fly proudly for another two hundred years.

Anonymous











mother a tooled leather handbag from Casablanca, Morocco, and that he was buried in an American National Cemetery in France. As a naive youngster, I assumed that my brother had been a brave. dedicated soldier, fearless and confident in what he was involved in.

Three years ago at the urging of a family friend, I decided to do a timeline of his entire life. I felt it would serve as a family resource for the generations of nieces, nephews and others who knew less — if anything at all about him than I did. After all, in a few years we would be celebrating the 100th anniversary of his birth, and hardly anyone would know he had ever been on this earth.

My research involved information from the National Military Archives (I found out that his personnel files, along with hundreds of thousands of others, were destroyed in a fire at the archives in 1973), a March 1943 personal letter to my parents, the telegram to my mother, his enlistment papers. "Then & Now" an online military history site, and a 1947 edition of "History of the 15th Infantry in WWII." By coupling those resources with modern applications such as Google Maps, Mapquest and historical weather data, a realistic concept could be calculated relative to distances between battles and conditions at the time of those engagements.

Raphael W. King was born on my grandparents farm near Faribault,

Minn., on Jan. 21, 1921. Our dad pinned the nickname "Babe" on him at an early age, an homage to his favorite baseball player of the day. He carried that name for the rest of his life. He went to a country grade school and attended Faribault High School into the

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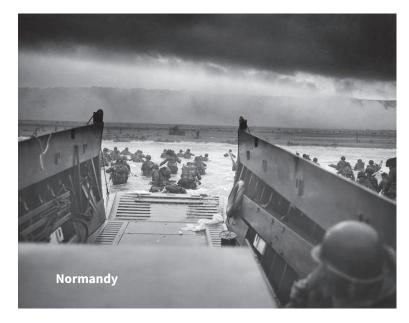
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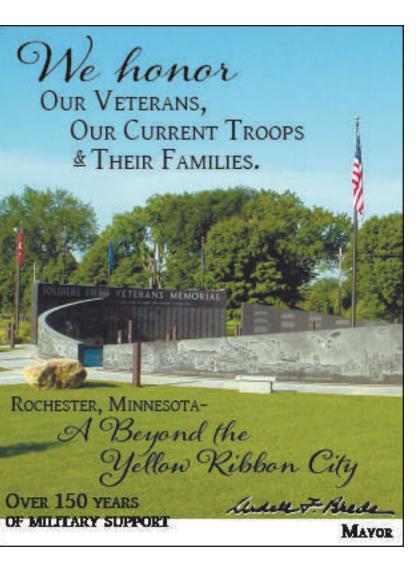
Brave Veterans



10th grade. As many young men had done in the depths of the Great Depression, he left school and took a job with the federal government's Civilian Conservation Corp, performing work on public projects such as parks, hiking trails and establishing campgrounds

around the state. In 1938, he ioined the Minnesota National Guard and a year later he enlisted in the Army.

Babe's recruit training was at Fort Lewis, Wash. Upon completion, he was assigned to the 15th Infantry, 3rd Division, 7th Army Group, home based at



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Fort Lewis. The 15th was assembling a command specializing in assault landing operations. Through 1940 and 1941, the 15th Infantry practiced landing assaults with the Navy up and down the West coast as the command continued to grow. Following the attack at Pearl Harbor in December 1941, their mission was to prepare to defend the West coast against a possible attack by the Japanese. That attack never occurred, and the assumption was that they would soon deploy to the South Pacific to fight the Japanese.

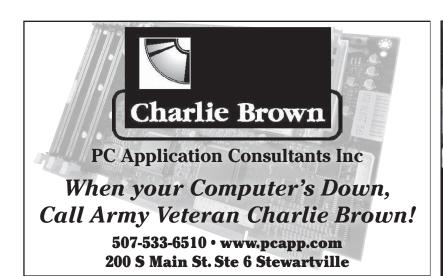
Contrary to that assumption, the entire group was transported by train to Camp Pickett, Va., in September 1942. A month later they departed on a troopship bound for French North Africa. The 15th made the first assault landing of the European Theatre at Fedala, French Morocco, near Casablanca in November 1942. This successful action was code named "Operation Torch." Upon securing control of the Casablanca area, they began a thousand-mile march across North Africa, headed for Tunisia. There were several encounters with German troops and conscripted French military during this fivemonth trek. In early July, they set up camp



near Souse, Tunisia, and began staging for "Operation Husky," a landing assault on Sicily, 320 miles north in the Mediterranean. Babe didn't participate in this operation. He had been wounded weeks earlier and was temporarily assigned to a Military Police unit while rehabilitating his left arm and hand. He would rejoin the 15th later, after they had swept across Sicily and into Italy.

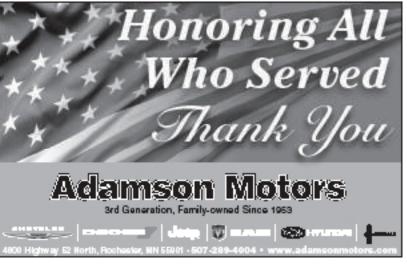
In early September, the 15th staged their second landing assault of 1943. This exercise would be on the Italian mainland, code named, appropriately, "Operation Fortress" as they would be engaging with well fortified German and Italian troops. The landing was

near Salerno on Italy's southern coast, about 150 miles southeast of Rome. Upon gaining control of the beachhead, the 15th and the 3rd Division worked its way north into mountainous areas, facing experienced German troops, often armed with heavy artillery and Panzer tanks. The high mountainous terrain was so steep at times they had to use pack mules both to resupply and for materials to build bridges over rivers and gorges. This engagement continued well into November. The effort was completed and control of the region was turned over to the U.S. Army's 36th Division. The 3rd Division and 15th Infantry returned to









bivouac at San Felice, Italy, and prepared for their next assignment.

On January 21, 1944, Babe's 23rd birthday, "Operation Shingle," the landing assault on the Italian peninsula of Anzio began. This was a joint effort of the entire 3rd Division, including the 15th Infantry, as well as a large contingent of British troops. The 15th's attack assignment was the right flank. By far, this would be the most bitter fight the 15th had been involved in. It lasted for four months, the allies could not advance inland as Germans were entrenched within 1,000 yards of the front lines. In late January, the 3rd Division, including the 15th Infantry, had fought off three full German divisions over three days. In a single day of that battle, allied forces suffered more than 900 casualties, the most of any division in one dav in all of WWII. Movement was stagnant with neither side able to move the other. At one point, Hitler messaged his generals to raise their troops up to the challenge and "push the allies back into the sea." In early May, the 15th finally led a breakthrough of the German lines and moved on into Rome.

On June 6, 1944, Allied forces that had been staging in Britain stormed the beaches

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of Normandy in northwest France. That D-Day invasion was the initial massive movement of forces onto the European mainland and was intended to push the Germans east and gain control of Belgium and northern France. Within days, the 3rd Division, including the 15th Infantry, were removed from the front lines in Italy and assigned to the island of Corsica to prepare for their next assignment — their final assault landing of the war, on the southern coast of France, better known as the French

"Operation Dragoon" once again would be a joint U.S.-British endeavor. On Aug. 15, 1944, the 15th Infantry debarked from

0 0

significantly changed. Enemy forces were much more resistant, and similar to Italy, the terrain was steep and difficult. The higher altitudes were colder, daylight hours were shorter, and the early autumn brought endless periods of cold rain.

There were very few days that did not result in heavy opposition from better supplied German troops, some who had been occupying these areas for nearly five years. The 15th was involved in late October and early November in breaking through the North Vosges Range, providing a means of winter access for Allied troops across the mountains. The unit moved down the east side of the range, liberating villages and

Corsica and was assigned to the right flank cities across the Alsatian plain, heading for of assault, landing 20 miles west of the Strasbourg on the French side of the Rhine coastal city of St. Raphael, Babe's namesake! The beachhead landing was not significantly Upon seizing the city, the 15th was difficult and most units advanced well into involved with controlling the southern the mainland on the first day. The force quadrant and the University of Strasbourg moved rapidly northward, roughly following (later determined to be the location of the the Rhone River, liberating dozens of villages Nazi human experiment and mutilation and cities, often several in a single day. In a center on Jews and POW's). The notorious month they had reached the Western base of Nitzwillar concentration camp was also the Vosges mountain range. As they moved located in that area. From Strasbourg, Babe's further north into the mountains, conditions unit moved south to the Colmar Range, rochester PASQUALE'S FAVORITE BEST PIZZA PLACE BEST NEW RESTAURANT **ORDER YOUR PIZZA ONLINE** WWW.PNPIZZA.COM OR CALL 507.424.7800

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clearing German troops from many small villages and cities in what was referred to as the "Colmar Pocket." This area would constitute the southernmost end of a battle line that ran north into Belgium and was later defined as "The Battle of the Bulge." The official start date of the battle was Dec. 16, 1944. The "bulge" of German resistance was created when Allied troops advancing east through Belgium and northeast France forced the enemy back to the German border, and escape to the south was cut off by the 7th U.S. Army including the 3rd Division and the 15th Infantry.

On Dec. 15th, the 15th Infantry was prepping for battle in the eastern foothills of the Vosges range about 40 miles from the city of Colmar. The plan was to drive the German occupied forces out of the villages of Bennwihr and Sigolsheim. The villages were about 2 miles apart, separated by Hill 351, also controlled by the enemy and providing an excellent high ground advantage against forces trying to invade either hamlet. The battle for these three strongholds was continuous for days, with both sides losing and then regaining control. Finally, Dec. 25, full control of the hill was gained and a solid

The official Army date of Babe's death was stated as Dec. 26, 1944. In all likelihood, he did not survive the fierce battle waged in Sigolsheim.

foothold was established in Bennwihr the next day. The fight for Sigolsheim was under full attack and would carry on for two more full days, before the 15th Infantry would prevail.

The official Army date of Babe's death was stated as Dec. 26, 1944. In all likelihood, he did not survive the fierce battle waged in Sigolsheim. The amount of detail provided in researching the final days of his life is incredible. There is information available about the daily action of the platoon, company and squad level. Had this information been available in his destroyed personnel file, I'd have been able to know even more accurately just where he was and what the conditions were that caused his

death. One also has to consider that his death could have occurred in any of the two or three days prior to Dec. 26, as the ferocious fighting was around the clock and involved very heavy artillery from both sides

The Jan. 15,1945, afternoon edition of the Faribault Daily News had a photo and front page article referring to Babe's death. My parents decided not to have his body returned, but to have him interred in a military cemetery in France. The local VFW handled all of the arrangements for a memorial service, including a memorial mass on Monday, Jan. 22, 1945, one day after he would have celebrated his 24th birthday. Babe never had a furlough home in the five years since he enlisted when he was 18.

While I still very much believe that he was a brave, heroic soldier and certainly served honorably, my perspective of him has changed. In my aged years, I look at his existence almost from the perspective of an older brother now. I believe that he was not just all of those things, but as a young man, after all those many battles, in all manner of conditions, and losing many of his comrades, he was probably often afraid, and maybe even wondered if he would survive at all. *





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Military roots run deep in family

By Kathleen M. Gottschalk, MSgt. USAFR-Retired



y veteran story falls into four different categories. Growing up I was an Army "Brat." For more than 20 vears I have been a military wife. I was a U.S. Air Force Reservist for 21 years and am now retired from the Air Force Reserves. Now I am the military mom of two active duty airmen.

My father and two of my uncles are Vietnam veterans. Both of my grandfathers are World War II veterans and I have several other relatives who have served in the military as well.

I started off my military career in 1991 as an air transportation specialist in the Air Force Reserves. I loaded cargo planes for the first seven years of my career at Tinker Air

Force Base in Oklahoma. In 1998, I crosstrained and became a dental technician and finished out my career at the Minneapolis/ St. Paul Air Reserve Station, retiring as a MSgt. and the NCOIC of the base dental clinic.

Growing up, we moved approximately every three years because my father was active duty Army. I lived in California, Texas, Washington state, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Okinawa, Japan, South Korea and Germany. I attended 10 different schools before graduating high school in 1989.

I met my husband in the Air Force Reserves while serving at Tinker Air Force Base. Although I never went on any deployments myself, I saw my husband through seven separate deployments after

9/11. He was gone for more than 2 years combined for his deployments. I was a military member as well as a military spouse which is a different category in itself.

My husband and I are now the proud parents of not one, but two active duty Air Force airmen. My son Daniel has been serving for three years and my daughter Sara has been serving for a year and both are stationed state-side for now. So there are now four generations of my family who have continuously served in the military.

As you can see, serving in the military runs deep in my family and it is and always will be an honor for me to have been a part of the United States military. I would not change my life and experiences for anything in the world. ★

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Grateful for time in Army

By Bruce G. Closway



was very fortunate with the time I spent in the Army.

After being "dismissed" from Winona State, for a second time, back in 1968. I decided to "volunteer" for the draft.

As my parents reminded me, at length, it could have been a "costly decision" as the Vietnam War was in full swing at that time. But, with only a week to go at artillery school at Fort Sill, Okla., six of us received orders for South Korea instead of going to Southeast Asia like almost everyone else.

I started out with an "Honest John Rocket Battery" at Camp Casev in South Korea, but I really wasn't suited for scraping burned paint off the launch rails after one of our test fires. I went to see our first sergeant and proudly told him I knew how to type. I'll never forget his reply. He said "good for you,

But he did contact me shortly afterward. when our battery clerk was getting close to departing, and I got the job.

I think I worked as the battery clerk for my last 10 months at Camp Casey. I even had to stay behind a few times when the rest of our unit went on maneuvers. "Someone has to stay here to answer the phone, and fill out reports," the first sergeant would say and I would try to act disappointed. However, I will have to admit, trying to sleep in an empty barracks in a foreign land can be a bit unnerving.

What I'll always remember the most is someone in charge of personnel allowed the same six of us to leave South Korea five days earlier than scheduled so we'd be home in time for Christmas.

That day in December 1969, when those

orders were delivered and I happened to open the packet, was one of the most gratifying days of my life, believe me.

Not only that, but my parents were vacationing in Clearwater, Fla., and my sister and I were both able to be down there for the holidays.

In recent years, the V.A. hospital in Minneapolis has provided me with a new hip, and just this past February I wound up needing a stent for one of my heart arteries and the V.A. covered almost the entire bill for that, including my ride with Gold Cross ambulance.

By the way. I did return to Winona State in 1970 and eventually earned a bachelor's degree in history and a minor in English.

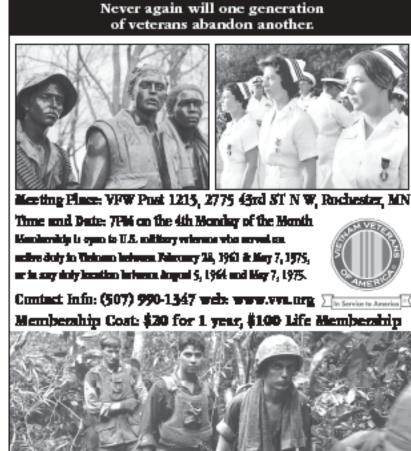
I want people to know how fortunate and grateful I am for my time in the Army. ★



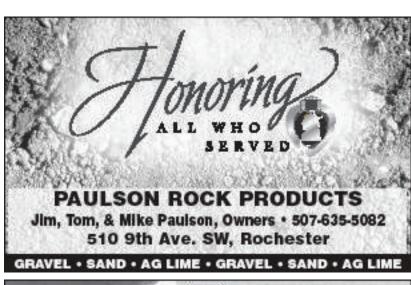


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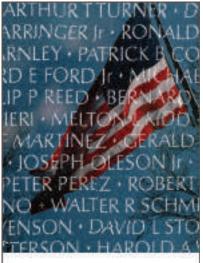
VIETNAM VETERANS of AMERICA Chapter 1110 of ROCHESTER & S. E. MINNESOTA











Honoring all who served.

Thank you.





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wo years ago, I retired from my job in a research group at Mayo Clinic. With all my newfound free time, I started looking at options to pursue, which are many in the Rochester area. I've always considered myself a patriotic sort, maybe stemming from a small-town Wisconsin upbringing in the'60's and '70's, from time spent in scouting, a strong interest in military history, and from five years of active duty served in the Air Force. So I chose to become more involved with local veterans.

During the years since I left the Air Force, I had looked into the qualifications for joining organizations involving veterans. It didn't seem as though I was eligible for ioining the big two until I read that the qualifications had changed for membership in the Veterans of Foreign Wars and now included this: "Service in Korea for 30 consecutive or 60 non-consecutive days."

The armistice between North and South Korea had been in effect since July 27, 1953, but peace and reunification talks have been off-again on-again ever since then. And deadly fighting has occurred in Korea since the armistice.

A year after one such incident (Korean Axe Murder Incident of '76), I spent 42 consecutive days in South Korea on a temporary duty assignment for the purpose of installing and testing sensors to protect sensitive military assets from infiltrators. Fortunately, my military service records were spared from destruction during a home fire in the early 1980s. So I could prove my eligibility and joined VFW Post 1215 here in Rochester.

While visiting with other patrons at the local post, I had a chance encounter with Navy veteran Dave Nelson. We talked and learned that even though we served in different times, and in different services, that we both had Korea in common. Dave had served on board a ship during the Korean War in the 1950's. I served in Korea on an Air Force base in the 1970s.

Dave then invited me to breakfast with him and a group of Korea vets who get together every Monday morning at Grandma's Kitchen. I took him up on it and walked in a little before 8 a.m. looking for him and his vet pals. Didn't see him, so I talked to a couple of small groups of older gentlemen, wondering if they too were

waiting for Dave. Nope.

And then I saw them, four to five dozen men in white shirts and white baseball caps with Korean Veteran logos, all sitting together in the back left side room at Grandma's. Surprised the heck out of me as I was obviously expecting a small group! I was warmly welcomed by the Korean War Veterans Club on that day and have been a member ever since.

Two-hundred men and women currently make up this club. Abouty 120 members have passed away since their establishment in 1993. Some of the veterans were officers, some were enlisted. Some were wounded in action, some never saw combat. We served on the land, in the air and on the sea. We all share the honor of serving our country and being connected in our own way to defending the freedoms of the people of South Korea.

This band of brothers and sisters is an active club. Though our ages run from the 90s on down, we take part in local area parades where at least a dozen club veterans ride in a trailer decked out with patriotic and service flags and wave and celebrate the day with onlookers. We greet students at





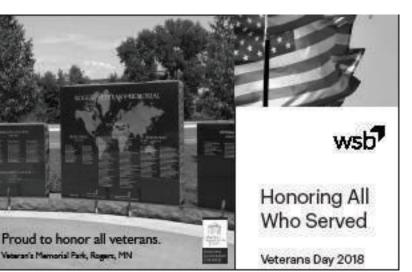














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Century High School and take part in short lectures to classes on our service experiences or give them ideas for judged papers on patriotic themes, such as this year's Patriot's Pen theme "Why My Vote

Club members are invited to attend fishing and hunting events for veterans. Many have gone on honor flights to view the Korean War Veterans Memorial in our nation's capital.

Merle "Pete" Peterson is a club member who also is on the Soldiers Field Veterans Memorial committee. He helped me to see another side of the club by involving me with installing pavers at the memorial and by enlisting me to help arrange a special event we sponsored there on May 31 of this year.

Pete was contacted by associates of Hannah Kim, former chief of staff and communications director to Rep. Charles B. Rangel (D-NY). Hannah had recently visited 26 countries which participated in the Korean War. This year, she went on a mission to visit and thank Korean War Veterans at Korean War Memorials in all 50 states. As Hannah says "If you did not fight in Korea, I would not be here."

Rochester would be her 27th stop. She has since concluded her memorial tour with a visit on July 27 to the National Korean War Memorial in Washington, DC.

Pete worked very hard to arrange a fitting tribute to both living veterans and those who paid the ultimate sacrifice, and to appropriately recognize and honor Hannah as our special guest. Local media, government, and veterans organizations, including many from the Korean War Veterans Club, attended the event at Soldiers Field.



The Korean War Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C.

The Korean War Veterans are a great group of patriotic men and women with whom I feel honored to be associated. Many have contributed to the success of Rochester by example and through their leadership in the community. I invite anyone who has served honorably in Korea at any point in their military career to come to Grandma's Kitchen any Monday morning about 7:45 a.m. and see what we are about. You will be welcome. ★









VETERANS DAY 2018

HONOR OUR HEROES

VETERANS DAY 2018



Floyd J. Baumler Army 1959

Lyle T. Engesser

1958



Gerald D. Benjamin Air Force 5/5/53

Amy K. Espinoza

Air Force

2/23/83





Michael T. Benjamin Army 12/1/81

David G. Espinoza

Air Force

8/1/72

Vincent P. Gildner

WWII



Nathan R. Benjamin 4/4/06



Makayle M. Brennan Marshall W. R. Brennan Marines Marines 2013-2017 Iraq/Afghanistan



Duane E. Brown Army WWI



Donald R. DeYoung WWII



Carl L. Gildner



Irvie A. Ferguson

Wilbur F. Gildner

WWI

James E. Jennings

Army 1948





1957-1959



Matthew L. Guenther Marines Afghanistan



Wavne H. Helgeson 1946



Melvin L. Hicks WWII

Air Force

1978



Raymond Holst Marines WWII

Gale R. Hill



Cyril J. Gildner

Navy

WWII



Joe C. Gildner

WWI



Raymond P. Jennings Marines Army WWII Vietnam





Doris L. Jennings

Navy

WWII

Roger T. Jennings 1953



Wilbur F. Jennings WWII

Gale R. Hill

I was born on December 25, 1925. As a soldier in the U.S. Army, I spent my 19th birthday in a fox hole in the Battle of the Bulge (Germany) in 1943-

My dear wife Bonnie and I were happily married for 59 wonderful years. We have two children, Wayne and Linda, and one granddaughter. Bonnie passed away February 29, 2008.

I am a member of Christ United Methodist Church in Rochester.

I carried mail on old route #26 for 27 years, and spent an additional three years subbing for a total of 30 years. The patrons on my route were my family.

I didn't graduate from school as Uncle Sam said he needed me more than the school. The V.F.W. sent me to the U of M Minneapolis for a two-week crash course so I could get my GED, saying I had graduated.

I am a 32nd degree Mason.

HONOR OUR HEROES



Franklin P. Kottschade Donley D. Lamberg Berlin Crisis



10/31/55



Eugene W. Russell Wavne L. Rauchenstein WWI



Arnold T. Lorimor

Air Force 1962



Edward Lutz

Navy

Army WWII



Army Air Force WWII

Austin D. McGee

Army

Kuwait



Army Pre-Korea

Jordan J. McGee

Marines

11/18/13



Alex K. McNeill

MN Army National Guard



Navv WWII



Floyd W. Nord

Navy

Kenneth L. Strom Army Air Corps WWII



Army

WWII

Charles H. Strutzenberg Army WWII



Robert E. Sullivan



Leon M. Swendsen

The stories here for all to see, to show us freedom isn't free.



Tom Togas Army 1958-1960



Army WWII



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To all Veterans and your families... Thank you for all that you have sacrificed for our country.











Carl R. Bassler Vietnam War



Dallas S. Finseth Vietnam War

James R. McEvov

Marines

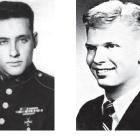


Army Vietnam War

Bruce G. Nord



Marines Vietnam War



Roger C. Juhl Army Vietnam War



William A. Krahn Army Vietnam War



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Steven A. Law Vietnam War





Roger E. Schwartz Vietnam War



Dale P. Wellik Air Force





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Joseph W.Rouillard Vietnam War





Robert J. Buehler

Army

Korean War

Donald O. Callen

Army

Korean War

Army

Korean War

Harlan V. Buck

Army

Korean War

Robert Byro

Army

Korean War

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Joyce Bucher

Army

Korean War

Donald L. Buske

Navy

Korean War





Harlan P. Aakre Army Korean War

Wilbur D. Anderson

Navy

Korean War

Alfred E. Bakken

Marines

Korean War



Armv Korean War

Edward Appel

Navy

Korean War

Eugene I. Balow

Army

Korean War



Ronald D. Ahern Army Korean War

Francis S. Appel

Marines

Korean War

Darwin M. Bang

Army

Korean War

Roger E. Berg

Air Force

Korean War

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John C. Allen Army Korean War



Andy Anderson Army Korean War



Gordon L. Anderson Korean War



Edward L. Bailey Marines Korean War



Clayton W. Arvison Korean War

Jerald R. Barnhart

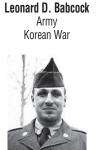
Army

Korean War

Mike Bernard

Armv

Korean War





Army

Korean War

DuWayne F. Besaw

Armv

Korean War



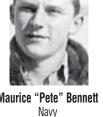


George H. Baier

Army

Korean War





Korean War













Air Force

Korean War

Roger H. Carlson

Army















Allan B. Benson

Air Force

Korean War

Oraine (Ole) Bjugan Air Force Korean War



Jerome S. Benson

Navv

Korean War

Arnold Boese Army Korean War



John C. Boler

Navy

Korean War



Edward R. Boxrud

Air Force

Korean War



Korean War



Army

Korean War

Roger W. Bestland

Air Force

Korean War



Korean War







Kenneth C. Brown Korean War



Gary Burt Korean War



Max R. Campbell Gerald L. Campbell Army Air Force Korean War Korean War



Eugene R. Cassidy Army Korean War

Donald Cody

Marines

Korean War



Army

Korean War

Kenneth M. Colbenson Army Korean War



Army



Korean War



Robert J. Cordie Army Korean War



Army

Korean War

Navy Korean War



Korean War

Marines Korean War



Navy Korean War



Marines Korean War



Dale E. Akkerman Army Korean War







Marines Korean War



Army

Dwight E. Bisbey Armv





Army

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Thomas J. Brogan Korean War

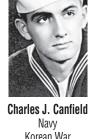
Ronald Burnes

Navy

Korean War







Wally Brunswold

Army

Korean War

Dick Buske

Korean War



Tony A. Chihak Navy Korean War



Theodore H. Conger



William G. Buske Air Force Korean War

Lorne C. Carlson

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Kenneth J. Bver

Kenneth Buck

Army

Korean War

Gerald Carman Army Korean War



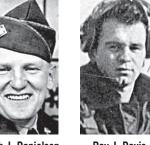




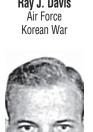
KOREAN WAR



Ralph J. Danielson Army Korean War



Ray J. Davis Air Force



Harold Dison Army Korean War



Richard H. Dison

Army

Korean War

Harold A. Eggebraaten Navy



Army

Korean War

Army Korean War



Nicholas Frederick Korean War







Robert DeWitz Army Korean War

18 A.

Carl Duklet

Navy

Korean War

Roger C. Erickson

Air Force

Korean War

Army



Dallas N. DeYoung Navy



40 Infantry



Harold Durst Army

Korean War



Harold Dvorak Army

Korean War



Keith A. Fee Navy Korean War



Army Korean War



Air Force Korean War





Walter T. Halloran

Army

Korean War

Lona J. Hebl

Army

Korean War

Jack E. Higgins

Air Force

Korean War

Korean War

Richard D. Geise Army Korean War



Robert D. Geise Army Korean War

Richard A. Hamann

Army

Korean War

Army

Korean War

William Hoehn

Armv

Korean War

George R. Ingalls

Korean War

Norman E. Hecimovich Donald W. Hegeman



Duane E. Grafe Navy Korean War

Calvin Harwick

Army

Korean War

Army

Korean War

Earl R. Hoff

Air Force

Korean War

Obed Jacobson

Army

Korean War



Les M. Griebenow Army Korean War

Wenzel D. Hartl

Army

Korean War

Marvin K. Hemker

Army

Korean War

Howard E. Holets

Army

Korean War

Gerald F. Jarvis

Navy

Korean War



Kenneth W. Grisim Armv



Merlon C. Groth Marines Korean War



David A. Guenther George E. Grubb Air Force Air Force



Al J. Havlik Russell M. Hayes Navy Army



Leo Haubenschild



Dennis L. Herman Army Korean War

Robert A. Holets

Army

Korean War

Merlyn W. Jeche

Army

Korean War



Robert D. Holst

Army

Korean War

Nathan A. Jestness

Army

Korean War



Calvin J. Herzig Air Force Korean War





Korean War



Lawrence A. Holtegaard Air Force Korean War



Marines Korean War



Harlan N. Johnson Army Korean War

















Martin L. Franko









Al Frahm

Armv

Korean War







Rolland R. Derby Army Korean War

John Knight Dolan

Army

Korean War

Robert G. Engle

Army

Korean War



Duane A. Douglas

Air Force

Korean War

David T. Enquist

Marines

Korean War

Wilbur O. Fisher

Navy

Korean War



Everett W. DeYoung Navy Korean War

Orris S. Durland

Army

Korean War

Corky Falk

Army

Korean War









Hollis D. Feeser









Lawrence E. Ferguson





Korean War



Korean War

Les Fields

Air Force

Korean War





Army

Korean War











Douglas S. Lybeck

Navy

Korean War

KOREAN WAR

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Gordon Lukehart

Air Force

Korean War







Army Korean War



Kenneth J. Kappauf Army Korean War



John A. Kautz Robert L. Keith Korean War



Sandy Keith Marines Korean War



Francis E. Kennedy Army Korean War



Air Force Korean War



Lvle (Mike) Madsen Air Force Korean War

B.J. Loeffler

Army



Army Korean War



Army Korean War



Basil C. Luck

Air Force

Korean War

George Margellos Army Korean War Korean War



Clarence C. Lunde

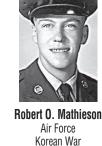
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Korean War

Navy Korean War



Victor C. Marquardt Army Korean War



William E. Lyke

Korean War

Korean War

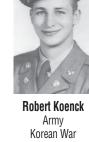
John R. McGuire

Air Force

Korean War



Stan L. Koch Navy Korean War



Lucian "Dick" Kroska

Air Force

Korean War





Milton (Bud) A. Kitzman

Army

Korean War

George C. Kramer Armv Korean War



Paul M. Kitzmann

Army

Korean War

Navy

Korean War

Korean War



Kenneth J. Knoepke

Army

Korean War

Lewis G. Kramer Army Korean War



Jerry Kratz Korean War



Bud R. Mattson

Navy

Korean War

Ross McInroy Air Force Korean War



Army

Bill D. McNeil Navy Korean War

Loren S. Milne

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Lorne McDonald

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William A. McFarland

Armv

Korean War

Army Korean War



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Air Force Korean War



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Herman J. King

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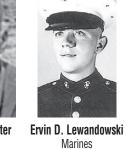
Paul A. Kruger Navy Korean War



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Mervin E. Knutson Orrin L. Knutson Air Force Korean War Korean War

Marines

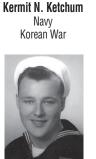




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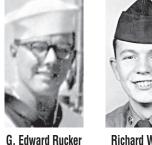
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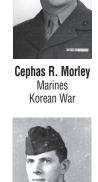
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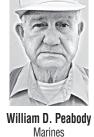
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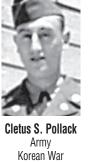
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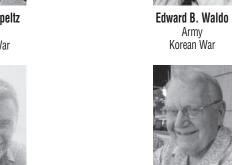
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Leon Steinkamp

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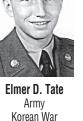
Korean War



Army

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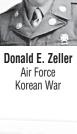
Otto J. Wondrasch Army Korean War



Navy Korean War



Army Korean War





Darrel Stewart

Air Force

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James Thomford Army Korean War



Robert C. Stewart

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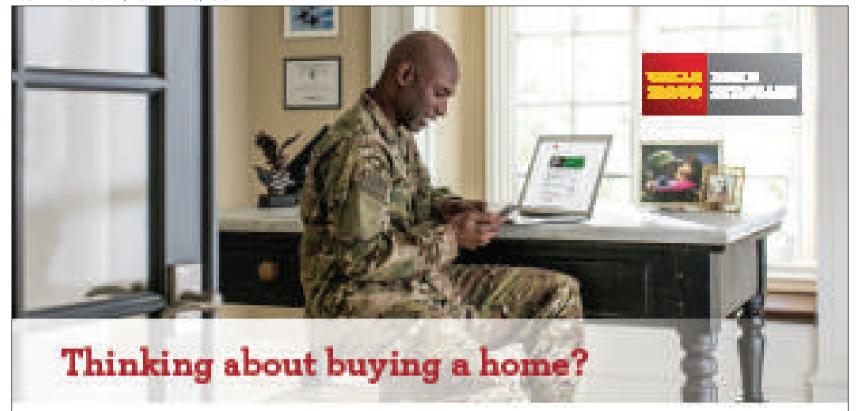


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