



17th Airborne Division's post-dissolution Newsletter—Vol #11

THUNDER MAIL CALL

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This newsletter is normally sent from thundermailcall@gmail.com. Please enter this address in your computer file to avoid rejection as "spam".

{Website URL = <<http://groups.google.com/group/17th-airborne-division>

Date: Frank Cotman issue Vol. 11, February 2009 'til the end of me

FRANK COTMAN, 680-A



1943



2004

Frank Cotman, 680-A, Glider Field Artillery, was born on 23 January 1917 in Cleveland, Ohio. He graduated from High School, and married Isabel in June 1947. Their children are Kathy, Linda and Rick.

Frank was inducted into the army in April 1943 and was sent to Camp MacKall, North Carolina, for basic training, assigned to the 17th Airborne Division. He later took

parachute training at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, where he made his eight qualifying jumps. He served as a gunner Corporal on the 75mm and 105mm howitzers during the war.

He participated in the Battle of the Bulge from December 24, 1944 to January 30, The bitter cold weather and deep snow are things he will never forget about those weeks of the war. He later flew into combat over the Rhine River in a glider to crash land short of his target and narrowly escaping injury. At war's end, following his discharge from the service, he returned to Cleveland to his former factory job, later to become foreman at the plant for twenty-five years.

His early interest in sailing continued after the war and he served three terms as Commodore of a local yacht club. He has also been involved with his family in various disability programs over the years. For more than twenty years, the 17th Airborne Association reunions have been an important part of his family vacations. By Linda Cotman.

2 Jan 09: Hello Everyone,

I hope everyone had a Merry Christmas. So much has happened over the past few weeks that Dad didn't get a chance to send out his cards this year, so I thought I'd drop you all a note. My sister was in the hospital two times with pneumonia and other complications over the holidays, and is now recuperating at home. Then two days ago, Dad got into a car accident going to the hospital to visit my sister. Thankfully he didn't break any bones, although our van was totaled. He went to the ER, but didn't have to stay overnight. He's very sore right now with a sprained ankle, bruised ribs and wrists. We're just glad he wasn't hurt any worse, although it'll take him a while to recover. Let's hope the New Year gets off to a better start. Take care, Linda Cotman

The Editor is taking this occasion to say Happy Birthday to Frank Cotman for having welcomed his 92nd birthday on 23rd January 2009.

4 Jan 09: **Steve Wright <marfleetwright@tiscali.co.uk>**

Hi, Bill, Still hoping any 513th Co C veterans can help with information on Harold D Fowler. I now know that his body was, in fact, not found. He is listed on the National WWII Memorial database as DNB (Died Not in Battle). For some reason he is not listed on the ABMC database. Best, Steve Wright

REPLY: There are less than 40 troopers from 513-C still alive on our roster, but not many are active within our organization. Anyone from 513-C, please respond to Mr. Wright if you have any information about trooper Harold D. Fowler, who is listed as having "Died, not in Battle"..

NOTE: Your request was forwarded to Ed Siergiej for resolution. He has the original files of our 17th Airborne Association. Both Ed Siergiej and Del Townsend are our ever diligent researchers in seeking out our sick calls and obituary information, and I appreciate their help in fleshing out the contents of this newsletter. The original concept of this post-dissolution newsletter, according to Bob Greenstrand, was to list only our sick and deceased to be published twice a year. I felt the present concept was more current and newsworthy. The answer to your quest, Steve, is published further along in this volume on page 6.

1990 Washington DC Reunion

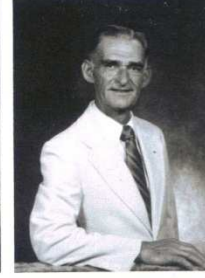


Randolph & Marie Howard

George Hudicka

Charles & Virginia Hudson

Bob & Frances Huer



Joe & Terry Hulihan

Edsel & Dorothy Hults

Walter & Rosalind James

Carson Johnson



Bill Jolly

Charles & Elizabeth Jones

Claire Jones

Granvil & Nevada Jones



James & Louise Jones

Eugene & Helen Kane

John Karpa

James & Alouise Keenan



Norval & Lois Keith

Karl & Minnie Kiefer

Gerald & Betty King

Joe & June Kitson

"D or P Lahmann" <lahmann@localaccess.com>

Hello Mr. Tom,

Here is an addition for your calendar of events.

April 18, 2009 – VBOB NW Chapter (Veterans of The Battle of the Bulge) will be having their Spring Luncheon at La Quinta Inn, Tacoma WA at 1100. Please contact Doris Rodgers, Chapter Sec/Treasurer for reservations. 206 242 9028

The VBOB chapter has two luncheons a year, Spring and Fall, and they meet once a month on the first Wednesday. The luncheons feature displays of various military artifacts and usually have a guest speaker to round out the day.

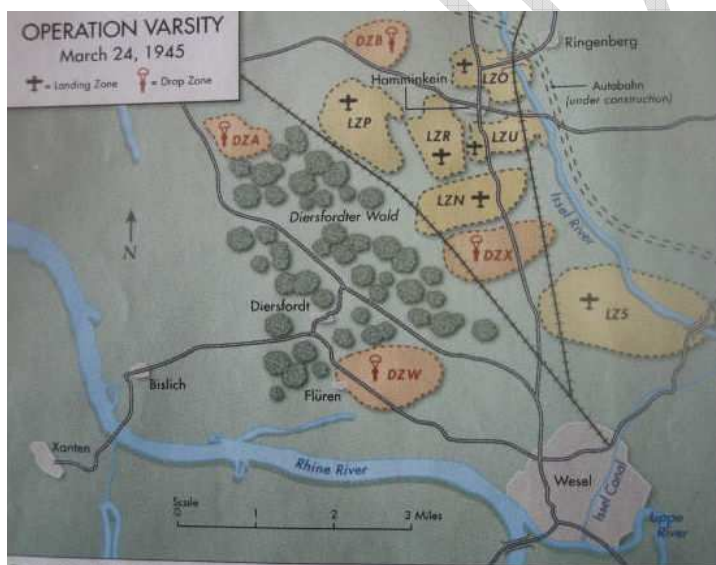
And I am sending along a couple of pictures from the Auburn Veterans Day 2008 parade of Luther Davis and friends. I believe Luther was in the 513th. He has been riding with us in the parade for the last 3 years. Luther and I met because of Frederic Dehon of Belgium. Frederic got me started portraying the 17th at our historical displays and so I wore a 17th AB uniform to a Battle of the Bulge Luncheon and Luther and I struck up a conversation. He then joined us for the parade and I had the pleasure of seeing him and his wife at the last reunion.

The women in the picture are Mary Kellenberger, she served as a WAC in Vietnam and Alice Miller in the Korean WAC uniform. Alice's father served in the 3rd Armored in WW2.

It may be of special note to 17th Veterans that you still have what it takes to have those good looking women chasing after you.

Thank you to the members of the 17th AB for your service.

Sincerely, Peter Lahmann, Associate Member, Belgian Golden Talon Association



OPERATION VARSITY DROP ZONES AND LANDING ZONES.

DZ-X = 513th Parachute Infantry; DZ-W = 507th Parachute Infantry and LZ-S = 194th Glider Infantry next to the Issel Canal (now River). The city of Wesel on the lower right corner. The upper 7 zones were British 6th Airborne in DZ-A & B, LZ-N, O, P, R & U.

1 Jan 09: JoAnna McDonaugh. writes: "One of my presents to myself was a computer game called "Medal of Honor: Airborne" I'm not a gamer, but with the weather on the East Coast being mighty chilly, I thought playing computer games would be more interesting. One of the "missions" in this computer game Medal of Honor Airborne is **"Operation Varsity."** It's difficult! They have German snipers everywhere. You can see people playing this on "you-tube." Everything is on you-tube.

If I get a chance I do want to travel up to San Francisco. I have a great uncle and aunt up your way. Take Care," JoAnna McD.

COMMENT: JoAnna McD is an author, writing a book about the events of "Operation Varsity". Note to McD. You probably know that San Francisco never has snow or ice, but the incoming Northwest breeze from the Pacific Ocean is mighty chilly all year long. Many layers of clothing are needed. Mark Twain said that the coldest Winter he had ever spent was a Summer evening in San Francisco.

You might already know that since you were doing the "Predator" Program working out of Southern California. NOTE: The Predator program is our military spy mission using a huge jet plane that has no window because it has no pilots. It has enough fuel to fly to Iraq, takes some photos, and return to Southern California non-stop. Of course, it is operated by computer and radio, and the remote pilot sits in an office desk in a California airbase in the desert. This plane was featured on the History Channel on TV about a year ago.

Gunter G. Gillot Jr, email <vt6417673@tele2allin.be>



Dear Bill

This is a picture to share as it was done yesterday in my backyard with 20cm snow and 15 below zero (centigrade) and you know what I'm talking about.

This picture is accidently but it's such a hell of a peace message that I want everyone to share it. Oh Bill, I would like to thank you, you and all the other ones for my Liberty

Gunter (Gunter G. Gillot Jr, Route de la Gileppe 43 B-4845 Jalhay Belgium),

<http://www.eucmh.com>, gunter@eucmh.com

Tel : (32)087-266-150

COMMENT: During the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium, A helmet and a M-1 rifle with bayonet stuck into the Belgian snow of winter would indicate that a young **GI** had given up his life for freedom, and a bird (a robin?) would indicate the

oncoming of Spring and of liberty everywhere in Europe! It is a marker to show that at least 20,000 young American men were killed and 60,000 wounded in that cause to free Europe. Gunter, I thank you for such a nice thought with the coming-on of our New Year 2009, and soon, Spring again. . The Battle of the Bulge was a blood bath for the US Army and the British Army, but 7 January 1945 was the beginning of the blood bath for the 17th Airborne guys.

It was their very first battle. The Germans needed the main highways through St. Vith and Bastogne to get their main army through Belgium. The 82nd Airborne was at St. Vith and the 101st Airborne was at

Bastogne. The 17th Airborne was there to attack the Germans surrounding Bastogne and to free Luxembourg.. The Germans never broke through the bulge in the American front line.

Ken Stern <btmncrt@earthlink.net>

Thought you might find this interesting. My father, **Henry S. Stern, was in the 550th** passed away at the age of 87 almost 4 years ago. It is a portion of an article in the L.A. Times where they interviewed some of the people living at the assisted living home my parents were living in after 9/11. My mother and father went to as many reunions as the could, while they were in good enough health to do so. One error in the article is they said my father parachuted in to the war. He was not a paratrooper. He flew in, in gliders.

COMMENT: Gliders were used only in World War II as the Infantry's silent service for dropping troops behind the enemy lines. It had no engine, and the glider troops wore no parachute. The idea of crash-landing a squad of soldier at about 100 miles an hour onto a field full of barbed wires, tree stumps, pig pens, outhouses, and even cows, was not too acceptable by the parents of these young men. It had to be an unpublicised secret weapon, in a sense. Indeed, the TV's History Channel had rated Glider troopers as suicide missions. The gliders are no longer used today for that reason. Today, when glider was mentioned in public, it was generally accepted as a fun event of soaring among the clouds in a silent world of joy, and the word glider had no connotation to its use in deadly combat. The word paratrooper, however, indicates a manly courage of jumping from a flying airplane directly into combat. The plane had two engines and the paratrooper wore two parachutes, and the use of paratrooper implied a strong brave manhood act of serving the country. Many glider troopers were crossed-trained as paratroopers. Of course, there was no mention of being shot at while in the air. . Your Attached news-clipping was unreadable when embedded in this column. Sorry, Ken.

Jake Dalton, 513-HQ1, at okiejake@comcast.net>



Thank you, **Rose Friday**, for the card, the pictures, and the insightful letter, and above all, thanks for the time and effort you've expended on behalf of the 17th Abn Assoc. and our veterans.

Have a happy and healthful 2009 and many years beyond. Jake

Comment: Nice truthful sentiments, Jake.

Information please on **George M Kramer (ASN 39218215) 513th PIR** - Jan 44 - April 45

Thanks from Steve Wright, = marfleetwright@tiscali.co.uk,

Many thanks. Mr Kramer's Grandson is involved in a genealogy project and is looking for information on his Grandpa. Now I know he was in 1st Bn HQ I can pass that on. Thanks for passing to Ed. Can you also put in next TMC, please.

My requests for information come from messages left, largely, [here](#) and also [here](#).

Best to you and yours for '09, Steve Wright

Begin forwarded message: George M. Kramer was in 513 HQ1. George died in January 1999

Address: 1021 Ocean Beach Road, Hoquiam, WA 98550, Phone: (360) 532-0617

Wife: Gloria, 5 children, 13 grandchildren, 5 great grandchildren. Occupation: road building, logger, truck driver, fisherman. Joined our Association in 1987 and became a life member in 1999

Note: Above information (address, phone, etc.) is as of January of 1999.

More information may possibly be obtained from other members of the 513 HQ1 who are on our current mailing list. (Info from Ed Siergiej)

Fred DeHon of Belgium reports:

Saturday 13rd December, 1030am. I reached your monument at Flamierge for a ceremony organized by an organization who is in charge of the "Bastogne Perimeter's Walk". This year, the walk gone thru your monument so they took contact with me for a ceremony there. It was -4°Celsius (10°F) but so w indy that we were close to -10°Celsius. It was sooo cold...By the way, it was a quick ceremony but very touchfull. Almost 60 people joined that ceremony and some flowers were put at the monument. Let me show you some pictures of that ceremony:





As you know, on Sunday, 14th December, at 1100, I went back to the monument for another ceremony. This time; it wasn't so cold. That second ceremony was organized by our Association with the City of Bertogne (who is in charge of the town of Flamierge). Six of our Association were at the ceremony. Around 30 people took part beside us. We were lucky that a veteran of the 101st Airborne (HQ 506PIR) was there too. He came with 2 men of the "Liberty Jump Association". After the ceremony, the Mayor invited all of us for a drink near the monument.

I want to invite all of you who would be able to join us for the 65th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge next December. I plan an exhibit about the memorabilia I found about the 17th Airborne. It'll be a 2 or 3 days exhibit at Flamierge. I'll meet the "man-in-charge" at the Town Hall in the next few weeks. We'll be glad to welcome each of you and help you to find the accommodations. It should be on December 12nd – 13rd or 19th – 20th. As soon as I have more information, I'll forward them.

Finally, let me take advantage of this to wish you all and to your beloved ones, our best wishes for 2009., Fred Dehon, Golden Talon Belgian Association.

NOTE: Mr. DeHon: Your photos have been format in such a way than I am unable to move them around.

7 January 1945 – What happened that day forth in Belgium?



Belgium today, photo by Flory & Joe Somers. 1945 was, perhaps, worst, as we did not have winter gears, and we were being shot at.

TWO ANNIVERSARIES THAT I WON'T FORGET, Col. Del Townsend

As Veterans of World War II it is an honor to be recognized as such. Yet in our "Twilight Years" it is often difficult to admit that we are nearing "The End Of The Road". After some 64 odd years our "Memory" may start to fade and the many details of our "WAR TIME ACTIVITIES" may be lost forever. Each of us in our own special way, throughout our lifetime, has probably experienced a series of events that will be forever etched in our memory. For most of us we define an ANNIVERSARY as the date on which some event occurred in an earlier year. In general, most anniversaries are happy occasions such as birthdays, weddings or graduations that we all look forward to celebrating with family and friends. Some are not so happy that we will never forget. It is with a heavy heart that I relive the events of one such ANNIVERSARY for me. Just 64 years ago today, 7 JANUARY, 1945, I was seriously wounded in action during the Battle of the Bulge near Milmount, Belgium. This is one of those DEFINING MOMENTS IN TIME that I will carry to my grave.

I joined the 17th Airborne Division, (Co B 194th Glider Infantry) in May 1943 as a 2nd Lieutenant. After training for some 18 months we shipped over to England in August 1944. In late December, 1944, the Division was moved across the English Channel to be committed to the Battle of the Bulge. In late December we moved up to the front. In early January 1945 our Company was in a Reserve position. The weather was terrible. There was about 8 inches of snow on the ground and the temperature hovering in the mid 20s. On the morning of 7 January 1945 we crossed the Line of Departure on our first combat attack. The results of this attack were horrific. Of the nearly 180 men

committed to battle only 20 remained with the Company. Less than one half of the enlisted casualties were due to battle wounds. The major culprit was the cold weather. Frostbite and frozen extremities took its toll. This was a very sad day for me as Company B, 1st Battalion, 194th Glider Infantry Regiment suffered major casualties. Three of our Officers were killed (Capt Jack R. Klinger, 1st Lt John D. Jennings and 1st Lt Robert E. Wright) and three of us were wounded (1st Lt Edward A. Thayer Jr, 2nd Lt. William H. Supon and myself.



1st Lt. Del Townsend in 1946, again for a jump in 1947, and a photo in 2004

Now for my DEFINING MOMENT IN TIME. We started the attack about daylight. Lt Ed Thayer's Platoon and my Platoon were the lead units while Lt Supon's Platoon was in Reserve. Lt (The Mouse) Wright led the Weapons Platoon. By 10:00 AM the forward movement was stopped cold by a German tank some 300 yards to our front. Lt Thayer had been wounded and we had possibly 10 men killed. Due to the cold weather our radios would not work. Lt John Jennings, our Company Executive Officer, was some 600 yards behind us but not in radio contact. Wright and I decided that one of us had to run back up the hill, some 600 yards, to get some help. Lt Wright did not want to go so I volunteered. I told the crew to watch me and if I fell and did not get up to send another volunteer. My run back up the hill was not pleasant. I would run about 10 yards then hit the ground. The machine gun bullets from the German tank were falling all around me and kicking up the snow. My run to the crest of the hill was successful. I found Lt Jennings to relay the situation in person.

At the crest of the hill, possibly 15 yards behind a small beet pile, I was explaining to Jennings our situation. I was prone on the ground and Jennings, some three feet away from me, was up on one knee. I kept telling Jennings to get down. A few moments later a mortar round exploded possibly 10 yards in front of us. Jennings was killed instantly and I was seriously wounded. The irony of my story is that Lt Wright was killed that night at nearly the same spot where I had left him that morning. Lt Jennings had two small sons, ages 5 and 7, as I recall. Lt Wright and I were both bachelors. My question that only the good Lord can answer is Why was 1st Lt Townsend spared that fateful day, 7 JANUARY, 1945, and Lt Jennings and Lt Wright taken away? I am sure

that we have all asked ourselves at one time or another WHAT IF? My story of Just A Moment In Time is just one of the many reasons that I am so proud to be an AMERICAN. I have done nothing more or nothing less than you or any other American would have done in the same situation.

While I am eternally grateful for being spared on that fateful day on 7 JANUARY 1945 I am especially thankful for another ANNIVERSARY ON 7 JANUARY. This one on 7 JANUARY 2002. On that date I completed my 39th radiation treatment for prostate cancer. Subsequent tests indicate the treatment was very successful. On 7 January 1945 I was wounded at approximately 11:00 AM. On 7 January 2002 at approximately 11:00 AM I completed my last radiation treatment. At the completion of my treatment the Georgetown University Hospital Radiation Staff presented me with a very nice Certificate. Now you know why 7 JANUARY is so important to me. Needless to say I have been on an emotional roller coaster the past few days. I have been in touch with several members of my unit who were with me on that fateful day some 64 years ago. We have relived those very painful details many times. If my communications and actions seem a bit erratic please forgive me. My plans for tonight are very simple. I plan to say a special prayer then attempt to go to sleep.

Please join me in a very special prayer for those who paid the SUPREME SACRIFICE, for our Distinguished Veterans and Valued Comrades who have passed on since that fateful day and FOR THOSE OF US WHO ARE NEARING THE END OF THE LINE. GOOD NIGHT and GOD BLESS YOU.

Delbert L. (Del) Townsend

Yesterday, 6 January, I dispatched my story **Two Anniversaries That I Won't Forget**. The response has brought tears to my eyes. **Bob Ishom (Co B, 194th GIR)** responded with his story with **Sgt Dan McCleese and Fred Wishard (Co B, 194th GIR)**, I phoned **Fred Wishard** today. Late this afternoon I received an E-mail From **John Ericson** also from **Co B, 194th GIR**. His experiences were far more serious than mine and seemed almost parallel moving to a Hospital in England. Another very moving message received from **Bill Smith's Daughter, Michele**, is as follows:

Happy New Year Del! Hope you enjoyed a nice Christmas and hope the New Year 2009 holds all good things for you! While today holds both sad and happy memories for you, it certainly is a happy day for all of us, because we are LUCKY enough to have made your friendship and share it with YOU!!!! I like to read your "TWO ANNIVERSARIES THAT I WON'T FORGET" because of our interest in you, also the historic value and also because it exemplifies true Airborne All The Way Spirit. There is only one line I disagree with, where you say you have done nothing more or nothing less than any American would have done in the same situation. You're selling yourself way short - what you did was heroic, if everyone acted with your integrity etc the world would be a better place! Your gift to your friends who were called home that day is you have kept their story alive and you have carried their memory in your heart. God certainly had his plan for you, for example, the lives you have made so much better by your scholarship gifts (think of how each of these people who have benefited from your scholarships, have in turn affected other's lives in a better way - it's like a domino effect - so you have bettered people's lives whom you have not

even met!). Plus, how lucky is the 17th Airborne for the Presidential duties you have carried out over these past years!!! Wouldn't everyone like to end their day knowing they have accomplished what you have. So... A GREAT BIG THANKS FOR YOU AND HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

Letter by Michele Ann Smith

John Ericson's message follows:

Hi Del, I always relate to your Jan. 7th memorial. I was inducted from high school into the Air



Corps and after basic training was picked for the ASTP and attended Rhode Is. State College for nine months until that program folded. Incidentally, John Korman was also attending RISC although I never got to meet him. Toward the end of {John (Jack) Ericson at discharge and at age 83.}

the program I signed up for the Air Corps Cadet Program and was accepted for flying training. Due to the need for infantry, that program also folded and since I, as well as many others, were interested in flying, we were assigned to the 17th AB. This gave us the opportunity to fly and we were sent to Camp Forrest right after you came back from maneuvers.

I was as a rifleman in Lt. Thayers platoon and Sgt. Solkovy's squad. (Lt. Thayer was a graduate of RISC). Since you know the rest I'll skip time until our "Baptism of Fire."

Except for your description I never knew where we were in Belgium, except for having seen a road sign pointing to Bastogne in our march up to "wherever" (never having seen any maps at the time). From Christmas on, my recollections were the digging of foxholes in the frozen ground and then ending in mud

as we went deeper, then freezing all night. My foxhole buddy was Merle Johnstone and I can recall how we would sort of cuddle up together to keep warm. (Johnstone was one of the many KIA on the 7th). The night of Jan. 6th we were warned that the artillery would blast away all night to soften our attack the next morning. It was a hell of a night, but nothing compared to the next day. We left our overcoats in big piles and loaded up with ammo. I had sniper training and as such carried an '06 Springfield rifle with scope and for this attack I was given a Garand for the additional fire power. Unfortunately, when I had occasion to shoot, it would not fire. It turned out that it didn't really matter, as I never got within eyesight of the enemy before an 88 shell exploded about 20 feet in front and to the side of me and knocked me down with a chunk of shrapnel in my chest wall. I recall a lot of screaming and calls for "medic." I was soon tended to and told to keep covered. The snow was falling and I was soon covered with a blanket. As you know, the advance failed and the guys retreated leaving many of us for dead. I was hit about 11 AM (according to my tag) and lay in that spot until just before dusk the Germans starting to rake the field with machine gun fire on any forms that they could see. Apparently I was one of them and they hit me across the spine, which felt like a sledgehammer slamming me down. I had been saying the "Lords Prayer" over and over all day in hopes of some help. The Germans were

in a grove of trees with their tank and machine guns and I could hear them talking to one another and hoped that they would not come out to check on us. After dark I heard a couple of our men coming back out to see if there were any of us alive and two lifted me up between them and we stumbled back to the aid station. It turned out that one of my rescuers was a fellow ASTP buddy, Ken Doyle, who apparently saw when I was hit and came back to help me. At the aid station I was stripped of my clothes and the doctor cut the shrapnel chunk out of me. He bagged it and tied it to me as a souvenir. I, along with many others were transported by ambulance, I think, to a rail car and loaded in tiers several high. I must have been doped because I don't have any further recollection until I ended in a hospital in Birmingham, England. There after a few days of soaking my back wound they were able to sew it up. At this time my feet were killing me with pain and was being treated by pouring oil over the feet. Just to touch the toes was the most excruciating pain I ever knew. I stayed perhaps a month at this hospital until I could walk and then was "Zl'd" to the states on a hospital ship. Recovery went on for the spinal wound and finally I was given a medical discharge October 15th. As you know these are experiences never to be forgotten. Still to this day I have nightmares of that field with so many of my young buddies being killed. Most of us were 19 to 20 years old and when I think about laying out in the snow and freezing cold for about eight hours wounded, I'm amazed that I made it. I wonder how many of us are still alive that went through that day? Although I've had two bouts with colon cancer and a heart attack I'm still, at 84, doing pretty good at volunteer work and enjoying my home and property of over 5 acres in Rexford, NY, a hamlet outside of Schenectady. Having appreciated all you have done for the 17th and your college program, I have to say how much my wife (of 61 years) and I admire your efforts. Needless to say we all suffered. Much to our sorrow many of our Comrades paid the Supreme Sacrifice . After some 64 years we are all fortunate to still be around.

A Tribute to Sgt. Dan McCleese

The writer of this story is **Bob Ishom, 194-B**, who was then a 19-year-old replacement who completed his seventeen- week basic training, then moved from camp to camp before sailing to England. I arrived on June 4, 1944. I was in and out of and closed three replacement camps when I found myself and sixty or more men assigned to the 17th Airborne Division. At last I was part of the Army.

Arriving at Chisledon, the first things we saw were parachutes hanging from the ceiling in a large hall. We passed a burned out glider on the way to our assigned company. This soldier was very apprehensive about what would happen to me.

Now, Sgt. Dan McCleese came into the picture. Early the next morning, he introduced himself and informed us that he has thirty days to make troopers out of us. At this point, I thought that somewhere between Sgt. and Dan was the word God. Dan

made us snap those shoulders back and look smart when doing close order drills. Also, there were many other things taught during our airborne training. We then had to run so he could see which soldiers had the most stamina. We went down to Ogbourne St.

George. There we found that the men ages twenty-five and older could not make it; they went to the motor pool.

I soon learned to respect Sgt. McCleese's ability as platoon Sergeant. Over the weeks of September through December, Sgt. Dan was always there on our daily runs,



Bob Ishom, 194-B, w/bazooka, & Gunter Gillot of Belgium

calisthenics, and the many climbs over the hill at the rear of the camp. I know you troopers, who read this, know the limits you were pushed to, but that hill was something else. (By the way, some of you may remember, we were the new guys in the building behind the mess hall. There are many stories I could put in here, but now this is the story about Sgt. Dan.)

We had Christmas dinner at 11 PM, then breakfast at 5 AM, then off to war. We went over the channel to France, then to Belgium. Sgt. Dan was always there, looking after his men on those cold days marching in the snow and on those cold dark nights. Dan would often come by with, "You guy's alright?"

Now I come to that day we all remember, January 7, 1945. After a night of 88 shellfire and my hot meal (the first in many days) interrupted by an 88 shell coming through the mess truck spilling my hot cocoa, and a night of shelling, we got up, formed a column of two and started off in the wrong direction. We sat down and awaited an intelligent decision. Sgt. Dan and five men were given the honor to go to the other side of an open field and scout the enemy position before the company would advance forward. The five men with Sgt. Dan were Claton Moses, James Crisp, Fred Wishard, Robert Ishom, and Alfred Borchers.

We followed Dan around the edge of the field to a recess, as the field was about ten foot below its rim. On top of the recess was a tiger tank, well hidden. We took shelter behind a shed and a potato mound next to the road. Wishard and Borchers were to go to the other side of the road. Next to our position were two haystacks. They took cover there. Wishard came back to inform us that there were a woman and child shot dead. The next thing happened fast. Moses stepped onto the road, at that time an 88 came in and Moses caught most of it in his legs and groin, losing three fingers. I believe this is the same shell that wounded Wishard in his ankle. Wishard and Borchers hid in the haystacks and later were captured. As our morphine was frozen, we were of little help to Moses. Sgt. Dan decided to move from this position and try to get the tank. We loaded the bazooka and when Crisp rose up to fire he took a hit in the head killing him and knocking him into the field. Sgt. Dan decided we should return to our company. As we moved to the rear, Sgt. Dan was blown over a hedge onto a rise at the side of the road. I was at the base of the hedge with a German machine gun traversing over my head and it looked like shots went into Sgt. Dan as he had many holes in his field jacket. Later, I found that this was shrapnel, about forty pieces. The cold froze the blood and saved his life. For many years I thought Sgt. Dan was dead. Then at the St. Petersburg, Florida Reunion, I looked up and there was SGT DAN MC CLEESE. I cry

today as I write this and as I cried on his shoulder in Florida. I tell you there is nothing like it when you see the man who looked after you had died for his country, then see him alive. Yes, Dan will never be forgotten by us who knew him. And now, Dear Phyllis McCleese, there are three of us left of the five. We have our memories of the outstanding man, Sergeant Dan McCleese, a leader and friend. We offer you our sincere condolences in the loss of Dan. Sincerely, Bob Ishom

Comment: This tribute of remembrance was submitted by Robert Ishom, 194-B, Also, Colonel Del Townsend remembered running into Dan McCleese at our Kentucky Reunion in 2002. It was a moment of shock to each, since they each thought the other was killed in action. Dan McCleese has since passed

Robert Williamson, 513-E, at rwilliamson@centurytel.net> Ya mr mail call editor happy newyear and all that bill what is your publicaion numbers that is. i hope the finances are not coming fro your retitement savings account. paper and postage can get up thier prety fast im sorry but i havent been able to get up and walk away from my wheel chair as yet. I am becoming very frustrated. well tomkat the kitchen is calling and I know whier there is a chocalet pie. your old friend bobcat

COMMENT: Bobcat Williamson lost the use of his left arm at the Bulge, and later lost the use of his right arm from a stroke. But he is STILL trying to communicate with me. I admire him GREATLY for that. He must have to use his toe or nose on the keyboard, but, whatever it was, I have the greatest respect for him. He is my Bobcat and I am his Tomcat. Bob Williamson and Stuart Stryker (Medal of Honor) were good buddies, and had entered the army together at the same draft board in Oregon.

Yasenchak Mike" yasenchakm@abmc.gov to Del Townsend: Dear Col Townsend: I always appreciate getting your posts, even though they're mostly sad ones to mark the passing of another great American. After reading your message below, I checked our database. As you probably know, both Lt Jennings and Lt Wright are buried at our Luxembourg American Cemetery . Lt Jennings is buried at H-8-45 and Lt Wright is buried at E-9-12. I invite you to visit our website at www.abmc.gov where you can download information about the cemetery, as well as taking a short video tour of the site. The Superintendent (just transferring in from the Ardennes American Cemetery after nearly 8 years there) is Hans Hooker, and the Assistant Superintendent is Keith Stadler. You can contact them directly by e-mail at Luxembourg@abmc.gov Keep your posts coming. I hope to be reading them for many years to come! Very respectfully yours, Michael S. Yasenchak, Superintendent, Netherlands American Cemetery, +31 43 458 1208

Lt. Gen. Harry W.O. Kinnard II, who died Jan. 5 at his home in Arlington County, was a West Point graduate whose decades-long military career stretched from World War II to Vietnam, but he was most often associated with one word that became instant legend. The word was "nuts," the reply to a German surrender ultimatum during the crucial Battle of the Bulge. Gen. Kinnard, 93, died of complications of Parkinson's disease.

In 1944, then-Col. Kinnard was a 29-year-old assistant chief of staff to Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe, commander of the 101st Airborne "Screaming Eagle" Division. When the German army launched a last-ditch attack in the Ardennes Forest on Dec. 16, the 101st



General McAuliffe and Colonel Kinnard in 1944

was rushed into the Belgian town of Bastogne to defend the intersection of five strategic roads. Two days later, the division, outnumbered by more than 4 to 1, found itself surrounded by German tanks and infantry. The Americans were unprepared for fighting in the bitter cold and were pounded relentlessly by artillery. Their situation seemed hopeless. On Dec. 22, the Germans sent two officers and two noncommissioned officers into Bastogne with a white flag and Lt. Gen. Heinrich von Luttwitz's typewritten demand that U.S. forces surrender,

the "one possibility" of saving American troops from "total annihilation." McAuliffe's instinctive response was to laugh and exclaim, "Us surrender? Aw, nuts!" He told his staff that he wasn't sure how to respond officially and asked for suggestions. "That first remark of yours would be hard to beat," Col. Kinnard told him, and other staff members enthusiastically agreed. McAuliffe then called in a typist and dictated: "To the German Commander: Nuts!" and signed it, "The American Commander."

The American soldiers who escorted the German emissaries back to their lines had to explain that "Nuts!" was the equivalent of "Go to hell." In the early morning of Christmas Day, the 101st Division repulsed a German assault. The siege of Bastogne ended when U.S. forces attacking from the south joined the 101st. Harry William Osborn Kinnard II was born in Dallas and was raised in an Army family. He graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1939 and was a member of the Hawaiian Division when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. As a platoon leader in the 27th Infantry "Wolfhound" Regiment, he commanded a machine gun nest on Waikiki Beach in anticipation of a Japanese land assault. He parachuted into Normandy overnight on June 5-6, 1944, and took command of the 1st Battalion, 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment. He was battalion commander during the airborne invasion of Holland later in the year. After the war, he headed the Airborne Test Section at Fort Bragg, N.C. While at Fort Bragg, he was technical adviser on the war movie "Battleground" (1949), the Oscar-winning account of the 101st at Bastogne directed by William Wellman. Gen. Kinnard was assigned to the Pentagon in 1958 and served at the National War College and as executive to the Secretary of the Army.

Howard Heubner, 507-C, writes: Bill, I was in the 507 PIR and we joined the 17th. in Andover and Barton Stacey England. I remember making a jump with the 513th. that caused me three broken metatarsals in my right foot. I was in the hospital at Barton Stacey for three or four month. I also have had six operations on my left knee which could have been caused from that jump also.

Do you remember when that jump was?? or anything about it. Back in 1946 I got out of the service and in late 1960 I had problems with my back and a doctor told me I had two disintegrated discs then. I have put a claim into the V.A. and they want my medical records. I told them they were burned up in the fire in Washington D.C. in the 70's when all or most records burned up. if you can help in any way, let me know.

REPLY: The 17th Airborne arrived in England in August 1944. Was it a parachute jump in England? If not, then it will have to be on 24 March 1945, when the 507th jumped in Operation Varsity. Unfortunately, all of our military records were burned up in **St. Louis** when the water-proof, flood-proof, earthquake-proof and fire-proof National Archive building caught on fire. All of our army records were burned up. Your only hope is to get your medical records from the Barton Stacey Hospital. You would probably need your doctor's request to obtain medical records.

Response: From your e-mail you had no idea that there was a jump of the 513 and the 507 in England? I made it through Normandy and got injured in England. I can remember. I didnt make the Bulge and they wouldn't let me jump the Rhine as I had just caught up with the 507 and 17th. in Calons sur-Marne, France. The jump was made in Sept--Oct--or Nov. I remember spending three or four months in the hospital at Barton Stacey. Tidworth was a small town close by the 507 stayed there also. Howard Huebner

FIRST, MANY PEOPLE ARE UNAWARE of the main difference between http:// and https:// is It's all about keeping you secure. HTTP stands for HyperText Transport Protocol, which is just a fancy way of saying it's a protocol (a language, in a manner of speaking) for information to be passed back and forth between Web servers and clients. The important thing is the letter S which makes the difference between HTTP and HTTPS. The S (big surprise) stands for "Secure". If you visit a website or webpage, and look at the address in the web browser, it will likely begin with the following: <http://>; This means that the website is talking to your browser using the regular 'unsecure' language. In other words, it is possible for someone to "eavesdrop" on your computer's conversation with the website. If you fill out a form on the website, someone might see the information you sent to that site.

This is why you never ever enter your credit card number in an http web site! But if the web address begins with https://, that basically means your computer is talking to the website in a secure code that no one can eaves drop on.

If a website ever asks you to enter your credit card information, you should automatically look to see if the web address begins with HTTPS://. If it doesn't, there's no way you're going to enter sensitive information like a credit card number.

PASS IT ON (You may save someone a lot of grief).

Franklin Dentz, 194-C, <AJFEDENTZ@aol.com>

Hi Tom, I read in one of your e-mails that Lt. Clausen was your platoon officer. The night before we were to take Munster, Germany I was in a room with a few men of Capt Strang's group including Lt Clausen. He was pretty tense as he was sure he would be killed because of his height. The next day as we crossed a field there was machine gun

fire and shelling. He was a few feet in front of me when a German "Bazooka" type shell hit a tree and it got him. He fell at my feet in deep shock. Walt Wrez and I got him to a ditch by a hedgerow. He died a short while later. He was a fine gentleman in Co.C.

Thanks again for all your news on e-mail

REPLY: Thanks Franklin: I had great admiration for Lt. Clausen, and I still have today. As an officer, he was certainly very kind to me. When Captain Strang transferred me to the medics, Lt. Clausen came up to me to say goodbye and wished me luck, at which time he shook my hand and said that I would survive the war, but he was too tall to survive it. There were several versions of how he was killed, but you were the only first person witness. I thank you for your information, and I respect you for what you did.

Thanks for your reply on Lt Clausen. I know there were other stories on his death. Bill Whalen of Co.C was captured the day we landed in Germany, March 24, 1945, and he told me he heard he was killed at a different time. Bill was a past President of the 17thAB Assoc.

My respect and admiration for you Medics is told in my story in Bart Hagerman's "War Stories-the Men of the Airborne". See pages 278-280 for it.

When I was in a foxhole with Walt on March 24 shells came in and a forward observer was hit and the cry came "Medic,Medic" I kept digging in but Walt jumped out immediately to go to his aid. As he was being carried out a few feet from my hole another shell came in and the forward observer was killed.
Franklin Dentz Co.C 194th

Dr. John Magill, 466-HQ, writes a memorable story of his forward observer team of six guys in which four were KIA, two wounded. Lt McDonald, Sgt Roy Clark, Cpl Donald, and PFC Arno Rikenbach were all KIA, Edgar Adams was wounded once, and he himself was wounded three times. Edgar Adams and he were able to return home to a family life, but **Edgar Adams** passed away in the 1990's. Magill is now the only survivor of this team. Forward Observers, as I understand it, were artillery guys attached to an infantry platoon which was in direct combat contact with the enemy. Their function was to radio/telephone the artillery hits on the enemy for accuracy. Forward observers were way up in



Adams and Magill, survivors

front where they had to peer over the parapets to register and adjust for the artillery fire accuracies on the enemy. The enemy usually had snipers with telescopic sights that can bullseye on the bobbing dark colored helmets. A sniper bullet can go through both sides of our helmets. They ate frozen rations, sleepless nights, laying out in the open air, frozen feet, advanced into land mines planted by the enemy as they retreated, no heat for warmth and cooking, and worse of all was that their uniform were olive drab color, a standout in the white snow, and they were not geared for winter wear.

COMMENT: Granted, we were not prepared for a winter battle. During the November and December period, the hot rumor was that the German were driven across their own border and that they would

surrender and we are all going home for Christmas. So imminent was that talk that I was almost reassigned to the 11th Airborne to serve in the Pacific war when medics were issued sidearms..

Pavel Bergmann, Czech Republic, purchased the following photos at auction. Could someone identify anyone in these photos, most likely taken at Camp MacKall.



Please acknowledge to the editor or directly to Pavel Bergmann at <Bergmann.pavel@stc.cz>

Cindy Heigl <cmh101@roadrunner.com>

Bill, I am sending a picture of some of our members of the 82nd Airborne Niagara



Frontier Chapter taken on Christmas Day 2008. My parents Tony (193rd E) & Betty were/are very active members. I am

Tony in Honor Guard Uniform with Guidon, 193rd Co E. at 2007 Reunion Hampton, VA, Christmas 2008 at V.A.M.C Buffalo

now an active auxiliary member. This was our 14th year that members & family gave up their time on Christmas Day to go to the Buffalo V.A. Hospital (I have worked in the laboratory there for 29 yrs) to visit the veterans who could not get home over the holidays. As you can see from the picture we had Santa, Santa's Elf, and musicians. We visited the wards that still had patients including long care, distributed gifts & cards, sang carols, and mainly just visited & talked to the veterans both male & female. Some have no family that visit especially on Christmas Day. Our three TV networks always come every year and put us on the news. This is just one of the many things our active chapter does. Buffalo & the Niagara Frontier Chapter has hosted 2 national 82nd Airborne conventions. We are an all Airborne Chapter. We have 82nd, 17th, 101st etc.

Living so close to the Canadian border, we also have Canadian & British Airborne members. This makes our chapter very unique. My father Tony was an active member

of the Honor Guard that marches in parades. He always carried his 193rd E Guidon in parades here & in Canada. So the 17th Airborne 193rd Co. E was always represented. I sent several pictures of him last year, one from his service days & one in his 82nd Airborne Niagara Frontier Chapter Honor Guard uniform (that picture did not come through very well in your online news letter). I am sending another picture of him in his uniform with the guidon.

Thank you for all the work you do with the online newsletter. Now that there are no more reunions (I have attended many & have gone on many trips the 17th had) it is a wonderful way to still keep in touch & hear from everyone.



Cindy Heigl

Cindy Heigl (daughter of Tony 193rd E & Betty)

We still have the 193rd Co. E Guidon & would like to see it in the 17th Airborne Museum. The members of the 19rd Co. E that are still left have discussed this. We will have to write up a little

article to go with the Guidon. As of now we are still waiting to hear from them. I am sending a picture of the 19rd E at the last reunion. They are Don Canfield, Mel Lagoon, Glenn Widdows, my mother Betty Heigl & Ralph Hill.

20 Jan 09 From Isaac Epps to Bill Tom



The attached card is from retired Lt. Col. Eugene Piasecki, who is writing a book about Camp Mackall and Laurinburg-Maxton Airbase. He is encouraging anyone with stories, photos, memories of their experience at these two camps to contact him. He promises to copy and return all original submissions.

He is also interested in oral interviews. I have spent time with Col. Piasecki and I know he is passionate about this story. Also, there is talk of getting together at Fort Benning in March 20th for the opening of the new museum. If so, I hope you can make it. Respectfully, Isaac Epps.

10 Jan 09: **The re-enactors of the 17th Airborne Division**, specifically the active 513-F Company re-enactor group, has planned a celebration of the anniversary of the end of World War II in The Czech Republic. The event is meant to take place on May 6th to May 12th, 2009. The carefully planned tours will take you to their capitol city of Prague for sightseeing, There is a 17th Airborne exhibition in the city of Pilsen. There is a possibility of a tour to the Margraten U.S. Cemetery where many, many young American boys have found their place of rest in the now peaceful Holland countryside. The monetary gift their group had received after the dissolution of the 17th Association has contributed to the planning for you and your family. e-mail = 17airborne@seznam.cz. telephone = 00420/722/103777. Respectfully, Cenda Brzyk & Pavel Stehno, Nachodska 702/93, 193 00 Prague 9. Czech Republic. They would appreciate any help from this side of the Ocean to organize this trip.



21 Jan 09: from **Pavel Bergmann, 513-F re-enactor from The Czech Republic**. Hello Bill,. Could you post this photo, which I attached in mail to your Thunder mail call, because I am looking for someone who might recognize this handsome man? Thank you for your help. Regards Pavel Bergmann.

COMMENT: Pavel Bergmann had attended our Final Reunion in Hampton, VA. in October 2007. He is my counterpart as a medic re-enactor in his local 513-F group in The Czech Republic. These young men are enamored of anything that is related to the 17th Airborne. If you recognize this young paratrooper, please

contact the Editor at the address listed in the Header. Or you could email directly to Pavel Bergmann at: Bergmann.pavel@stc.cz Pavel (Paul, in English) would appreciate it very much.

Does anyone remember **John R. Thomas, S/Sgt, (513 PIR), from Chenango County in New York**, who was Killed in Action on 24 March 1945. If you have any information, please contact Irwin Flohr, De Kromme Geer 77, 5709 ME Helmond, Netherlands. His email address is: eflohr@s4all.nl

HEALTH REPORT,

On Tuesday, 6 January, 2009, I phoned the **DeMarco Family** in Orchard Park, NY and did not get an answer. I then phoned them at their **Florida Address** and Josie answered the phone. Their Son flew them down to Florida last week. She indicated they have help on a daily basis and both (Joe and Josie) are doing OK.

The Florida Address for the DeMarco's is as follows:

Mr. Joe DeMarco, 3231 Sumac Terrace, Sarasota, FL 34237

E-mail Josiejode2@AOL.COM

I am certain the Florida Weather is a welcome change from the up State New York cold and snow. Correspondence would be welcomed. by Del Townsend

Hi All, this is **Cyndi Gang**, Curt's daughter, sending a shout out to let you all know that Curt is in the hospital here in Sun City. He had a little problem breathing but is feeling much better now. His lungs are full of goo (I'm thinkin it has something to do with being a heavy smoker for 60-70 years) and he is on nebulizer therapy to unclog his lungs. Please hold all those great emails till you hear from him; otherwise his inbox will fill up and he will have to send his PC to the PC hospital to unclog it, too. He will be home in a day or two.

Greetings from sunny Florida, Cyndi

COMMENT: My daughter sent out a message last Thursday to not send e-mail that I had been hospitalized. I'm out now with a pretty clean bill of health and no restrictions of activities. Problem was, one the first tee last tues morn, i got off a terrible shot. The game was a scramble wherein we get a mulligan on our first hole. I stooped to tee up again and could barely stand, I had just run out of air and having great difficulty regaining air. I didn't hit the second ball, picked up and went to the doctor. The doc immediately sent me for x-rays, suspecting cancer, pneumonia, asthma. x-rays showed a too dark spot

and I was immediately hospitalized. That was Last Thursday, I was released today Mon at 9:30 feeling fine, Had a tee time for tomorrow but think I'll wait a while to get the wobble out of my legs. Curt MEDIC'S ADVICE: Curt, It is time to stop smoking. Jack Macauley and I are aiming for age 104. We need you to be around to protect us. You can put a cigarette into your lips, but DO NOT LIGHT IT ! --- that is how I stopped smoking. We put tars on highways, not on our lungs!

SICK CALL

Mary Siergiej has returned home after the reduction of her broken hip from a fall at home. She is currently undergoing therapeutic exercises, with the help of Ed Siergiej. All is going well! Ed has taken a role in caring for Mary. He monitors and counts the sequence and numbers of required exercises to help restore mobility for Mary. We all send well-wishes for Mary to be mobile again.

22 Jan 09: From Dick Manning, 513-E, from Mountaintop, PA

Formerly Platoon Leader, 3rd Platoon, Company E, 513th Pcht. Inf.

I am now 84. In enlisted in 1940 when I was 15. Suffered several wounds at Mande on Jan 5, '45, Due to those injuries, I have had 5 hip replacements and a knee replacement. I have just returned home from the hospital where my left leg was amputated (below the replaced knee), due to bad circulation in the foot, a result of damage (frostbite or whatever) received in the Bulge.

Happy New Year to All!!!

Comment: I am really sorry to learn of your problems. I have always said that World War II did not end for many of our wounded soldiers. You keep your have faith, hope for the best..

OBITUARY

Allen William Myers 9193-E), age 84, of Artisan Way, Martinsburg, WV, died Sunday, Dec. 28, 2008, at City Hospital in Martinsburg. Born Oct. 19, 1924 in Antietam, MD, he



was a son of the late John and Ida Otzelberger Myers. Allen was preceded in death by his first wife, Mary Fern Bowers Myers, on Jan. 18, 1969.

He had retired in 1982 from the Veteran's Affairs Medical Center in Martinsburg.

Allen was a veteran of World War II, serving in the U.S. Army 17th Airborne Division. He was badly wounded in the Battle of the Bulge and was awarded the Purple Heart.

Allen was a member of the 17th Airborne Association, Martinsburg American Legion, the Disabled American Veterans in Hagerstown, and was an avid fisherman, fishing every day until his brief illness. He was a kind, humble and unassuming man who never had a harsh word for anyone.

Allen is survived by his wife, Marian Rockwell Myers, whom he married June 20, 1980; one daughter, Lana L. Moore and husband Craig of Boonsboro; one grandson, James A. Moore of Minneapolis, Minn.; and one sister, Alice Mills of Sharpsburg, MD. He was preceded in death by two sisters, Joyce Ingram and Ruth Parker, one brother, Ronald Myers, and his father- and mother-in-law, Gorman and Mildred Bowers.

Following his service in World War II **Mr. Myers** entered the career field of "**Nursing Service**" and was employed by the **Veterans Administration** for over 32 years.. Mr. Myers is survived by his wife of 28 years, Marian, one Daughter and one grandchild. Correspondence and messages of Condolence may be addressed to the Myers Family as follows: Mrs. Marian Myers, 619 Artisan Way, Martinsburg, WV 25401. email address = marianm86@aol.com

Note from Xavier van Daele, = x_va@hotmail.com writes, First of all: HAPPY NEW YEAR 2009!!! This year begins so sadly for me, my friend Allen W Myers died on December 28th. In spite of I have never met him, was often exchanged to us e-mails. He had made a heart attack a while before! He undergoes an intervention surgical, successfully! And nevertheless... Nevertheless... His heart released him again... His wife sent me an e-mail to announce it to me and to thank me for my friendship with Allen, friendship which apparently and in spite of the distance, he loved! = >

http://www.usairborne.be/Biographie/bio_us_myers.htm Here are the update topics in my English version website : NOTE: Xavier is from Belgium and he has been very helpful converting some of our blogs into French so that the average Belgians could know about the 17th Airborne stories.

General Miley's oldest son, Colonel Buzz Miley died in October 2008, reported by Joe Quade. The only info I have is that Col. Buzz Miley the oldest son of Gen. Miley died in October . He had been in ill health for some time. I do not have a photo. Joe Quade. Full obituary to follow.

Clara Gray, sister of 17th Airborne trooper, Burton Lindenmuth, who was killed in the December 12, 1944 glider crash at Greenham Commons, reports that her only remaining brother, Perrin, had died in November 2008, and Perrin's wife, Mary Ann, had also died in April 2008. Clara is now the only surviving member of her family.

COMMENT: Clara does not have access to e-mail, so I will send her a hardcopy of this newsletter to advise her that we send her our condolences in sorrow for her losses. I had briefly met trooper Lindenmuth before I left for medical training, and I had met Clara at several of our reunions. When my own brother, Warren, died, I had that gnawing feeling of emptiness that I continue to feel to this day, and my brother passed away ten years ago.

John (Jack) R. Woods, Major USA (Ret), Co I, 513th GIR passed away on 24 December 2008. Through the assistance from **Ken Kasse** and **Ed Siergiej** I was able to make contact with the **Woods Family** this morning.

Following his service in World War II **Mr Woods** worked as a "**Wholesaler**" in the hardware industry in Florida and throughout the Carribean area for over 58 years. He was the co-owner of the **Kings Ideal Supply** in Vero Beach, FL. **Mr. Woods** was very active in the **Lions Club** for over 50 years.. In retirement he was an avid "Golfer". He joined our Association in 1962 and became a Life member in 1993. **Mr. Woods** underwent open heart surgery on 12 December, 2008 and due to major complications never recovered. The cause of death was complications from the heart surgery at the age of 85.

Jack Woods, 85, died Dec. 24, 2008, at Indian River Medical Center, Vero Beach. He was born in Lakewood, Ohio, and lived in Vero Beach since 1955. He served in the Army during World War II. He was also active in the Florida National Guard and Army Reserves, serving 27 years and retiring as a major. He worked as a wholesaler in the hardware industry in Florida and throughout the Carribean for over 58 years. He was co-owner of King's Ideal Supply in Vero Beach. He was a life member of the Vero Beach Lions Club, serving as president and district governor. He was a member of the Vero Beach Jaycees, the BPOE No. 1774, Vero Beach, and the Dodger Pines Country Club. He was a member of St. Helen Catholic Church. Survivors include his wife, Patricia Woods of Vero Beach; daughters, Mary Ellen Woods of Vero Beach, Kate Daniel of Fellsmere and Maggie Irvin of Vero Beach; son, John Woods of Vero Beach; nine grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his first wife, Dorothy M. Woods. **Mr. Woods** is survived by his Wife of seven years, Patricia, three Daughters, one Son, nine grandchildren and three great grandchildren. Correspondence and messages of Condolence may be addressed to the **Woods Family** as follows:

Mrs Patricia Woods, 810 41st CT, Vero Beach, FL 32960

E-Mail

pawvero@aol.com (Mrs. Woods address)

James Lickliter at jlickliter@cinci.rr.com, with respect to his Dad's obituary last issue.

Bill, Thanks so very much. Dad would have liked the write-up, but knowing him would have joked about the circumstances that gained him the notoriety. Dad was very proud of his time with 17th Airborne. He had many stories of his time during the war. One wishes to be able to remember some of them. He enjoyed the annual meetings most of all. Thanks, James

William M. "Buzz" Miley Jr., Col US Army (Ret) passed away on 22 November 2008. I was able to contact **Mrs. Sara Baglin, Col Miley's Daughter**, who was very kind in assisting me with the essential information for this message.

Col Miley was born into a long line of "**Soldiers**". The details of his outstanding military career are summarized in the **Obituary** that follows so I will not repeat them here. He joined our Association in 1985. Following his retirement **Col Miley** was an avid traveler and attended many "Reunions". The cause of death was a Heart Attack at the age of 86.

Through the expertise of **Ed Siergie** he found the Obituary on "Google and forwarded it to me. I reworked the document and will publish it as follows:



William M "Buzz" Miley Jr., Col US Army (Ret)

Col. William M. "Buzz" Miley Jr., a U.S. Army Special Forces pioneer who fought in three wars, passed away Nov. 22, in Memphis, Tenn. (US Army photo). A memorial service will be held in the honor of retired Col. William M. "Buzz" Miley Jr., 86, at 2 p.m. Dec. 17, at Odd Fellows Cemetery in Starkville, Miss.

Born into a long line of Soldiers, Miley served 31 years in the United States Army. He was commissioned through Infantry Officers Candidate School in 1942 at Fort Benning, Ga., and completed parachutist training in 1943. He served in combat in the Pacific Theater with the 511th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 11th Airborne Division. After occupation duty in Japan, he served again in the 11th Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Ky., in 1950-1951. Miley fought in Korea from 1951-1952 with the 187th Regimental Combat Team (Airborne).

Subsequently, he commanded the Airborne Department at Fort Benning from 1953-1955, and then served as the Secretary of the General Staff of the Berlin Command. Miley completed Special Forces training at Fort Bragg, N.C. in 1961, and served as a Green Beret until his retirement in 1973. During 1964-1965, he served in Vietnam training South Vietnamese Airborne units. Miley returned stateside as the deputy commander of the 3rd Special Forces Group (Airborne).

Needing a seasoned combat veteran, Lt. Gen. William P. Yarborough placed Miley as the director of the Special Forces School in 1968. Under Miley's leadership, Special Forces training became more formalized and standards were implemented for those Soldiers attending the course. Among Miley's awards and decorations are the Silver

Star, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Meritorious Service Medal and Air Medal. He earned the Combat Infantry Badge with Star and the Master Parachutist Badge. Miley was also inducted into the Officer Candidate School and Airborne Halls of Fame. Miley is preceded in death by his parents Maj. Gen. William M. Miley Sr., and Julia Sudduth Miley of Starkville, Miss.

Miley is survived by his wife Rita of Starkville; one brother Jack Miley of Williamsburg, Va.; two daughters, Sara Baglin of Montgomery Village, Md., and Ellen Vick (Morgan) of Murrells Inlet, S.C.; two grandsons, Joel Vick (Jennifer) of Conway, S.C., and Todd Vick of Murrells Inlet, S.C.; and one greatgrandson Cooper Vick of Conway, S.C.

Memorials can be sent to the United States Army Special Forces Association Scholarship Fund, P.O. Box 41436, Fayetteville, N.C. 28309-1436.

Col Miley is survived by two Daughters, two grand Sons and one Great grand Son. Correspondence and messages of condolence may be addressed to the Miley Family as follows:

Mrs Sara Baglin
604 N Jackson St
Starkville, MS 39759
E-mail saramiley@yahoo.com (Sara Baglin's address)

Our thoughts and prayers are with the Miley Family.

Dear Col. Townsend,

It was very nice to speak with you over the telephone. Thank you for the e-mail. I have finally come to the library to use their computer. Please note that she does not have a computer at Col Miley's Home and must go to the Library. Her second message was as follows:

Dear Col. Townsend,

Thank you for sending me the e-mail. It was very nice of you to do that. I enjoyed speaking with you on the telephone. You are a kind and thoughtful man. Please accept my good wishes and may you have a healthy, peaceful 2009.

Sincerely, Sara Miley Baglin

Mr. Craig Heuer informed us that his Father, **Mr. Dale C Heuer, Co A, 193rd GIR** passed away on 18 June 2008, followed by his Mother **Mrs Margaret A Heuer** on 14 December 2008.

Following his service in World War II, **Mr Heuer** and his Wife, **Margaret**, established a painting business in the Davenport Area. They owned and operated this business for over 55 years. In their retirement years they loved Family Outings, Gardening and an occasional trip to the Golf Course. **Mr Heuer** joined our Association in 1984 and became a Life Member in 1994. In his later years **Mr Heuer** was the victim of a **Brain Tumor** that was the cause of death at the age of 85. **Mrs. Heuer** never regained from the loss of her Husband. The cause of her death was Heart Failure at the age of 81.

Dale Heuer (193-H)



Dale C. Heuer, 84, a resident of Davenport died on Wednesday, June 18, 2008 at Good Samaritan Nursing Home following a brief illness and courageous battle.

Dale Claus Heuer was born July 31, 1923 in Walcott, Iowa, a son of Walter and Wilma (Moeller) Heuer. He was united in marriage to Margaret A. Rounds on July 20, 1952 at St. John's United Methodist.

He was a veteran of the U.S. Army having served during World War II. He was attached to company H, 193rd Infantry Glider and Parachutes. He was wounded at the Battle of the Bulge

and was awarded the Purple Heart. He also was awarded two Bronze Stars. He retired after more than 55 years as a painting contractor. He had owned and operated Dale Heuer Painting. His memberships included the Davenport Elks and the Walcott American Legion. He had also been a member of the Wahkonsa Country Club and Pinnacle Country Club, where he enjoyed his love for the game of golf. He was fortunate to have scored a hole in one, and had been a past club champion at Wahkonsa.

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• **Margaret A. Heuer**



Margaret A. Heuer, 81, a resident of Davenport died on Sunday, December 14, 2008 at Good Samaritan Nursing Home following a brief illness.

Margaret Ada Rounds was born February 22, 1927 in Silvis, Illinois, a daughter of Elmer and Ada (Snyder) Rounds. She was united in marriage to Dale C. Heuer on July 20, 1952 at St. John's United Methodist.

For over 55 years she helped her husband as owner and operator of Dale Heuer Painting. Margaret enjoyed gardening and taking care of her home and family

Survivors include her children; a daughter and son-in-law, Connie and Rick Ostdiek and a son and daughter-in-law, Craig and Katie Heuer, all of Davenport. Her beloved grandchildren, Lia Frels, Rock Island, Illinois, Matthew Ehlers, Sherrard, Illinois, Michelle (Jim) Lehtinen, West Des Moines, Iowa, and James Kerley, Dallas, Texas. 5 great grandchildren and a sister, Dorothy McKinney, Washington D.C., and a brother and sister-in-law, Walter and Ruth Heuer, Princeton, IA.

Mr. Dale C and Mrs Margaret A. Heuer who were married nearly 56 years are survived by one Daughter, one Son, four grandchildren and five great grandchildren. Correspondence and messages of Condolence may be addressed to the **Heuer Family** as follows:

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For over 55 years she helped her husband as owner and operator of Dale Heuer Painting. Margaret enjoyed gardening and taking care of her home and family

Survivors include her children; a daughter and son-in-law, Connie and Rick Ostdiek and a son and daughter-in-law, Craig and Katie Heuer, all of Davenport. Her beloved grandchildren, Lia Frels, Rock Island, Illinois, Matthew Ehlers, Sherrard, Illinois, Michelle (Jim) Lehtinen, West Des Moines, Iowa, and James Kerley, Dallas, Texas. 5 great grandchildren and a sister, Dorothy McKinney, Washington D.C., and a brother and sister-in-law, Walter and Ruth Heuer, Princeton, IA.

Mr. Dale C and Mrs Margaret A. Heuer who were married nearly 56 years are survived by one Daughter, one Son, four grandchildren and five great grandchildren. Correspondence and messages of Condolence may be addressed to the **Heuer Family** as follows:

Mrs Connie Ostdiek (Daughter)

4824 N Ripley St

Davenport, IA 52806

Our thoughts and prayers are with the Heuer Family.

11Jan 09: John T Merkel, Sr Co, 194th GIR passed away on 11 January 2009. With a big assist from **Rose Friday** and **Ed Siergiej** I was able to make contact with the **Merkel Family** to obtain the essential information for this message.

Following his service in World War II **Mr. Merkel** entered the "**Ink Business**" for a career. He was employed as the **Superintendent / Plant Manager** for the **American Inks and Casting Corporation**. He retired after some 40 odd years in the Ink business. In retirement he stayed pretty close to home and enjoyed visiting with Family, Friends and Neighbors.

He joined our Association in 1970 and became a Life member in 2002. He attended several Reunions to include our Farewell Reunion in Hampton, Va in October 2007. During his working and retirement years **Mr Merkel** always expressed his desire to "**Stay Healthy**". His wish was granted until the very end. The cause of death was a Heart Attack at the age of 84.

Mr. Merkel did not want an **Obituary** published and his family has respected his desires. He is survived by one Son and one grandson. Correspondence and messages of Condolence may be addressed to the **Merkel Family** as follows:

Mr. Steven Merkel

1210 South Rapps Dam Rd
Phoenixville, PA 19460

E-mail headhunter1210@verizon.net (His Son's address)

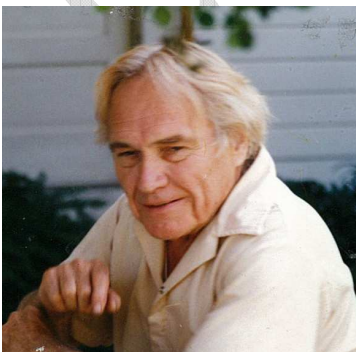
Our thoughts and prayers are with the Merkel Family.

(In compliance with his wish, we refer to this report only as an announcement of Mr. Merkel's passing.)

03 Jan 09: This message refers to **Robert Eckley D 513**. Curt

From: "Eileen" <el-2295@juno.com>

Thanks for the new years message and also for this one. I never knew what "The bulge" referred to until now. Bob spoke about it many, many times, especially the awful cold. I am sorry he is unable to see and understand these messages. He is nearing the end now, he barely eats and sleeps a lot of the time. Thankfully he always recognizes me and is more at peace when I am with him. It is a horrible disease. Thanks again, Eileen



Mr. Robert H. Eckley (513-D), May 9, 1924–January 14, 2009.

Following his service in World War II **Mr. Eckley** entered the "Painting" career field. His speciality was in sign painting. He worked for several commercial stores in window dressings then established his own sign painting business. After some 40 odd years he retired from the painting business. In retirement he loved to travel and was an avid "Collector" of many items. His prize was a

collection of old time "Lunch Boxes". He joined our Association in 1990 and has been a dues paying Member ever since.. In his later years he was an Alzheimers Victim with Pneumonia the cause of death at the age of 84.

Bob was born May 9, 1924, to Mildred and Junior Eckley. He was raised and lived in Salem, Oregon. He is survived by his wife Eileen, son James R. Eckley and wife Lucille of Phoenix, AZ, daughter Darlene Reed and husband Larry, 5 grandchildren, Michael, Tiffany, Tori, Elliott and Cibyl.

He served as a paratrooper during WWII. He served in Europe, participated in many battles, in Germany , Belgium and Luxembourg. He was in Belgium during the "Battle of the Bulge" in the midst of the coldest winter in 50 years. He forever hated snow and cold weather.

After returning home he attended the University of Oregon and during that time met and married Donna Grey and began his career as one of Salem 's best sign painters.

Bob painted many signs in Salem after he started his business soon after WWII. He was a very artistic person and did many, many sign in the Willamette Valley . He had a great sense of humor. He loved to travel with his wife Eileen and did so for several years. He enjoyed collecting many things.

He was a kind, loving, insightful, gifted, sweet man who was loved and will be very much missed. He fought a courageous, long battle with Alzheimer's disease but lost the battle on January 14th at Brookstone Care Center . His wife and family wish to thank all the loving staff for the kind treatment he received in their care.

Mr. Eckley is survived by his Wife of 40 years , Eileen, two children and five grandchildren. Correspondence and messages of Condolence may be addressed to the Eckley Family as follows:

Mrs. Eileen Eckley

450 36th Avenue NE

Salem, OR 97301

E-mail el-2295@juno.com (Mrs. Eckley's address)

Our thoughts and prayers are with the Eckley Family.

REPLY: Hello Col Townsend, this is Bob's wife. Thank you for going to the effort to do this, he would have been pleased that his company remembered him. He never really left the paratroopers. Best regards, Eileen