

“The Girls We Left Behind”

The following letters and other accounts by wives, daughters, and a granddaughter of veterans of the 103d Infantry Division reveal some of the ways in which the lives of women were changed by World War II and its postwar impact on these men. Married to men who made the ultimate sacrifice, two of the contributors were left war widows with young children. All the accounts suggest how most returning veterans held back from talking about the war. Yet, not knowing what happened or even what having been in combat was like did not stop wives and daughters from loving, supporting, and trying to understand 103d veterans, whose sacrifices in liberating Nazi-occupied Europe did not stop when the shooting ended, but have been lifelong.

1. **Gloria (Wear) Beer**—widow of Robert W. Wear, Co. A, 411th Infantry; transferred to Co. H, 141st Infantry, 36th Division, KIA, Aug. 25, 1944.
2. **Mae Lundberg**—widow of Gerald C. Lundberg, 803d Ordnance Co., 103d Division, died Nov. 8, 1999.
3. **Jo Anne Lambert Little**—daughter of Edgar J. Lambert, Co. A, 409th Infantry, died April 21, 1998.
4. **Donna Krzyzaniak**—widow of John S. Krzyzaniak, Co. I, 411th Infantry, died Oct. 10, 1976.
5. **Jane M. Pallas**—widow of Fred W. Pallas, Co. A, 411th Infantry; transferred to Co. L, 142st Infantry, 36th Division, KIA, March 15, 1945; and **Kristie Pallas**, granddaughter of Fred W. Pallas.
6. **Camille B. Calhoun**—widow of John C. Calhoun, medic assigned to Co. L, 410th Infantry, died Sept. 1999.
7. **Eleanor P. Sallman**—widow of Charles M. Sallman, Co. A, 409th Infantry, died May 25, 2010.
8. **Diane Zaboith Helland**—daughter of Dennis Zaboith, Co. G, 411th Infantry, KIA, Dec. 15, 1944 and stepdaughter of James J. Cunnally, Co. G, 411th Infantry, died Feb. 24, 1990; and **Patricia Lofthouse**—daughter of James Cunnally.

Gloria (Wear) Beer

Widow of **Robert W. Wear**, Co. A, 411th Infantry; transferred to Co. H, 141st Infantry, 36th Division, KIA, Aug. 25, 1944.

*Mrs. Gloria (Wear) Beer
122 High Street
Iowa Falls, Iowa*

March 5, 2001

Dear Mr. Martin,

This is an inquiry about your Album of Remembrance. I attended the Little Rock 103d reunion for a couple of days and would like to have been able to look at the album and meet you, but didn't get the opportunity.

My first husband, Pfc. Robert W. Wear, entered the U.S. Army December 19, 1942. He was a member of Co. A, 411th Infantry from Christmas Eve 1942—when he arrived at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana where he trained as a machine gunner—until June 1944, when he was sent to Naples, Italy and assigned to the 36th Division. He was in the liberation of southern France and was killed in action August 25, 1944 in the battle at Montélimar. We were 22. He and I had a little girl he got to see twice.

I have always kept in touch with his buddies of the 103d, and I have attended several reunions and am an honorary member of the 103d. I have also attended reunions and am an honorary member of the 36th Division. Over the years my second husband and I also attended several of his reunions of the 104th (Timberwolves) Division in which he was a member of the 414th Service Co. He had been an

ammo truck driver through Western Europe. I met him after the war. He passed away in 1991 at age 69.

Strangely, both the 103d and the 104th had reunions at the same time in Little Rock, if you recall. I had to schedule my time between the two groups to attend their respective memorial services, etc.

I have visited the old Camp Howze area and have seen the older monument at Grapevine and visited Gainesville too. My daughter and I were there about three months in the spring of 1944. I have sent a contribution to the new monument and hope to see it sometime—the 36th Division monument in Irving, Texas this fall—closer by, so who knows?

I am wondering if it would be possible to include my husband's (our) story in the Album, since he was with the 103d most of his Army life. He is buried in the Rhone American Military Cemetery in the city of Draguignan in southern France. I have been thankful to have been able to attend the Memorial Day services there twice through the years and am planning to be there this May—also, the Lord willing, with one of his brothers and his wife. We're also getting older and may not have another chance. The years do go by, don't they?

Is this Album a book you are doing on your own and selling or is it through the association? I would like to know more about it before sending in his (our) story, remembrances, and pictures.

Thanks. Will be looking for your reply.

Sincerely,

Gloria Beer

April 25, 2001

Dear Mr. Martin,

The past few weeks seem to have been a busy time. I did so appreciate hearing from you about your plans for your "103d Album of Remembrance." What a wonderful tribute and honor it will be for our veterans, besides letting others know how it was then, so it is not all forgotten. So many people nowadays don't realize that freedom is not free. They need to always be reminded.

Would you include this bio of my husband:

Robert William Wear was born in Iowa Falls, Iowa on January 19, 1922, graduating from high school there in 1941. In early 1942, he moved with his parents and brothers to Sauk County, Wisconsin where he and his parents were employed at an ammunition plant near Baraboo, Wisconsin.

On October 21, 1942, Robert and Gloria Bottke of Iowa, Falls were married in Black Hawk, Wisconsin. He entered the U.S. Army on December 19, 1942, leaving from Baraboo and arriving at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana on Christmas Eve. He received training there as a machine gunner with Co. A, 411th Infantry Regiment, 103d Infantry Division. He was with the 103d Division when it completed its change of station from Camp Claiborne to Camp Howze, Texas, where he was until June 1944 when he was sent to Naples, Italy.

Transferred to Co. H, 141st Infantry Regiment, 36th Infantry Division, Pfc. Wear participated in the liberation of southern France, which began August 15, 1944. In September 1944, a telegram to his wife reported that he was missing in action. At the end of September 1944, a second telegram arrived stating that he

has been killed in action near Montélimar in southern France on August 25, 1944.

Later communication from the 36th Division chaplain and official letters sent a few details about the several-days battle to liberate Montélimar and that area—stating that Pfc. Wear was killed instantly when hit by enemy shrapnel. He was posthumously awarded a Purple Heart.

Pfc. Wear and his wife had a baby daughter, who he got to see twice before going overseas. He is interred at the Rhone American Military Cemetery in the city of Draguignan in southern France.

“He gave his tomorrows.”

I hope this will be satisfactory for your book, Mr. Martin. And you may use my first letter to you, as you asked, and this one—anything you like. I was able to visit Robert's grave for the Memorial Day ceremony in 1992—also in 1995, with one of his brothers. Now our daughter and I are making one more trip to the cemetery for the Memorial Day ceremony May 27, along with his remaining brother and his wife. We will also visit the Saint-Raphaël landing area, where there is a memorial park with a descriptive monument. We will also visit the memorial park and monument near Montélimar, where Pfc. Wear's name is inscribed, along with the names of others lost there.

It will be a good trip for us, but will also be a bittersweet journey, and hard to leave. We will have about three days in Paris to see the main places to visit there—so that will take the edge off a little. The trip is for my birthday next November—an early gift.

Nice to visit with you by letter. We are glad our snow is gone. It was a long winter here with much snow and ice. Grass is ready to mow and trees leafing out. Spring in Iowa is always interesting. But

much wind the last few weeks and several tornados, as close by as four miles a few nights ago. Serious flooding at Davenport on the Mississippi. I have a grandson (just the image of his grandfather, Robert) and other family there—he teaches—but they are not near the river.

Best of wishes to you, and if at all possible, I hope to get to Grand Rapids for the reunion. (We're all getting older!) Traveling is more of a chore than it used to be. I had both knees replaced (at same time) three years ago—still not too limber (but better than pain). The trip in France will be a little slower.

Regards,

Gloria B.

Mae Lundberg

Widow of **Gerald C. Lundberg**, 803d Ordnance Co., 103d Division, died Nov. 8, 1999.

The most momentous experience for Gerald Lundberg was when he saw his three-month-old daughter for the first time after he was discharged from the service. None other surpassed that for him.

Gerald passed away November 1999 at the age of 87. We had been married for 57 years.

Mae Lundberg, wife

Jo Anne Lambert Little

Daughter of **Edgar J. Lambert**, Co. A, 409th Infantry, died April 21, 1998; Capt. Lambert was appointed company commander on Dec. 14, 1944.

W. Palm Beach, Florida

April 7, 2000

Dear Luke,

I received the invitation to the 103d reunion for my father. He passed away in 1998. I am enclosing information that I hope you will pass on to the person in charge of this kind of notice:

EDGAR JOSEPH LAMBERT, Lt. Col., U.S. Army Ret., passed away April 21, 1998. He and his wife, Dorothy K. Lambert, were residents of W. Palm Beach, Florida and Hendersonville, North Carolina. Lt. Col. Lambert was a graduate of Georgia Military Academy and the University of Florida. He was a veteran of WWII, having served with the 103d Infantry Division in Europe. His wife, Dorothy, joined him with our Lord, three months later. He is survived by two daughters, Jo Anne Little of W. Palm Beach and Marilyn Nonkin of Ocala, Florida, six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. My father is there with you all in spirit. He was a great soldier.

He was 90 and lived a great life in the Army, business and personally.

Respectfully,

JoAnne Lambert Little

Donna Krzyzaniak

Widow of **John S. Krzyzaniak**, Co. I, 411th Infantry, died Oct. 10, 1976.

July 23, 2001

Dear Luke,

Don't know if we are too late with this to be included in the Album of Remembrance or not:

John S. Krzyzaniak served in the 103d Division. He was assigned to Co. I, 411th Infantry at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana for basic training. He was discharged from Camp Campbell, Kentucky on November 23, 1945. John married Donna Jean Malady on October 12, 1946. They had five children. John died October 10, 1976.

Many thanks,

Donna Krzyzaniak and family

Jane M. Pallas

Widow of **Fred W. Pallas**, Co. A, 411th Infantry; transferred to Co. L, 142st Infantry, 36th Division, KIA, March 15, 1945.

March 28, 2001

Luke Martin,

I am the widow of Pfc. Fred W. Pallas, who lost his life March 15, 1945, leaving behind a son not yet two and a son four and a half months old. He was a fun, loving person, playing his Jew's harp, etc. He loved to hunt and fish—an all-around great guy. He saw his oldest son three times, the youngest not at all. One served in Vietnam, six years in the Navy; one Army, guarding the Berlin Wall.

In late November 1944, I received a V-mail, they were trapped [?], didn't think they'd make it out, he saw a young lieutenant laying wounded and under heavy fire ran to drag him to safety. It was in our local paper, but the clipping is long lost. We planned on returning to Texas to live and he go to barber school. How sad, that he like so many are only a name on a monument, and yet my heart is proud. Every day I fly our flag. He lost his life near Metz, died instantly by a near mortar shell. He was in his antitank gun position.

Pfc. Fred W. Pallas was buried in St Avold, France. In October 1949, his remains were returned to the United States. He is resting in Plot E, 231, Rock Island National Cemetery, Rock Island, Illinois.

*Jane M. Pallas
Snover, Michigan*

From morning reports, 103d Infantry Division Association website: Transferred from Camp Custer, Michigan, Pvt. Fred W. Pallas was assigned to and joined Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 409th Infantry on December 14, 1942. On July 16, 1943, he was promoted to Pfc. He was among 25 enlisted men transferred on July 10, 1944 to AGF Replacement Depot #1, Fort Meade, Maryland. When he left the company, his MOS was 531, with titles "Gun-crewman" or "Cannoneer"—associated with service in an antitank platoon.

Kristie Pallas, granddaughter of **Fred W. Pallas**.

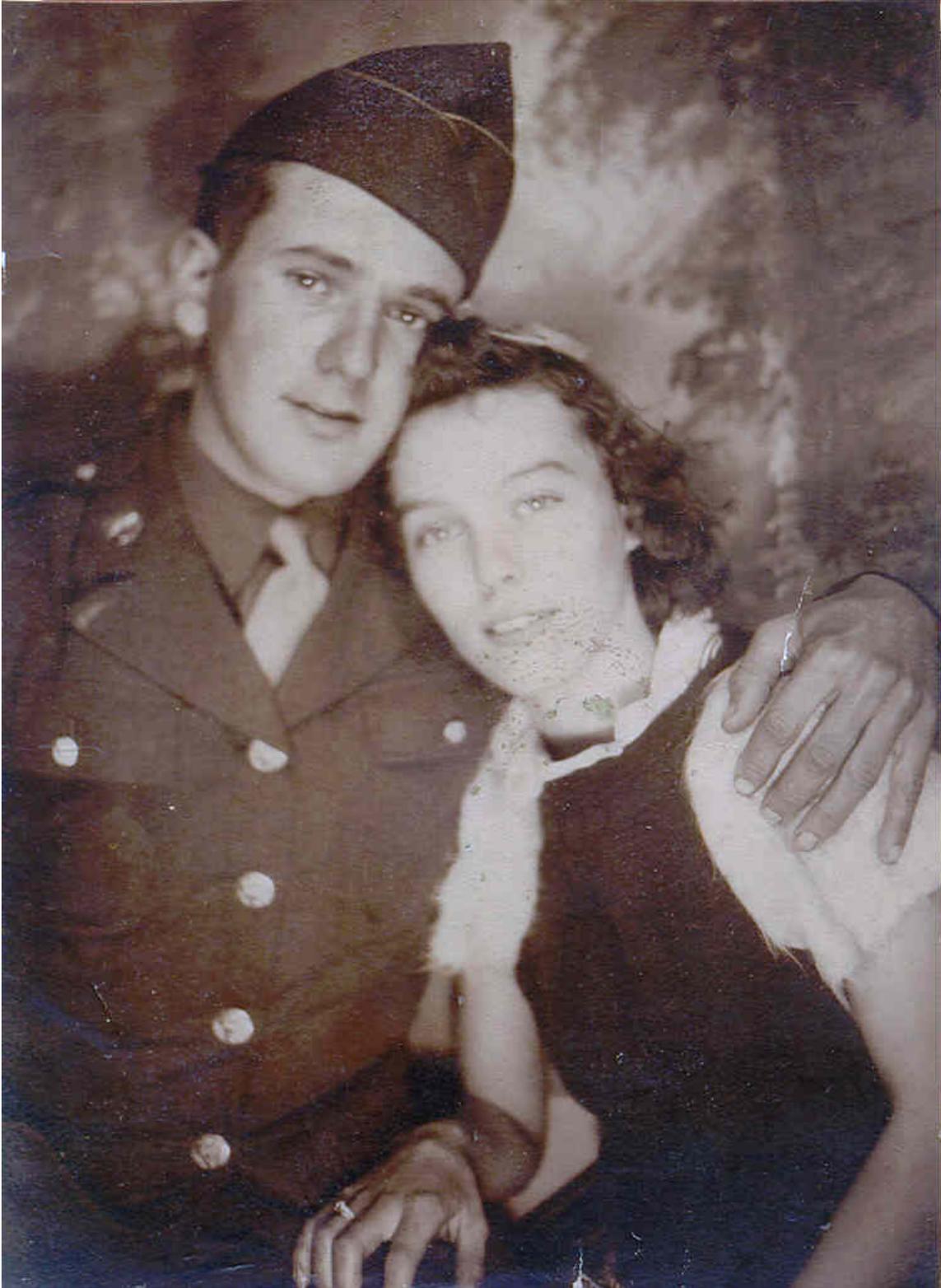
Posted the following on the Internet (February 24, 2003):

I am looking for anyone that may have known my grandfather, Fred W. Pallas. I know that when he died he was in the 36th division, 142nd Infantry, Company L. However, I have a picture of

him bearing the 103rd Cactus division's patch on his sleeve. He played the mouth organ and the juke harp. He smoked a pipe and he died in the 142nd on March 15, 1945. He entered the Army in 1942. I know that he trained in Camp Howze, TX, and Camp Claiborne, LA. Any help would be greatly appreciated.

An earlier posting (May 24, 2002):

I am looking for anyone with any information on my Grandfather Fred W. Pallas. He entered the Army on April 21, 1942 and was killed in action on March 15, 1945. The picture that I have of him, he is wearing the 103rd Cactus Division Patch but am unable to locate him in the Cactus web site. If there is anyone out there that knew him or of where I may locate any more info. I would greatly appreciate it. I do know that He was buried in France for 3 years and that he died crossing the Rhine River. He is now buried in Rock Island Illinois Cemetery. Thank you, Kristie Pallas



Fred W. Pallas and Jane M. Pallas

Posted by Kristie Pallas: <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=2893723>

Camille B. Calhoun

Widow of John Critz Calhoun, medic with Co. L, 410th Infantry, died Sept. 1999.

Rossville, TN

April 13, 2000

Dear Mr. Martin,

My husband, John Critz Calhoun, was a medic in the 410th Infantry, 3d Battalion, Company L., with the combat medics in the 103d Division. He always enjoyed talking about his years in this division. Last September 1999, he passed away; but I know he would want one or two of his stories in the album you are making and want to purchase one when you have them ready. I know our children and grandchildren would cherish this album.

John tells of staying in the home of bakers in the little town of Obermodern in Alsace. Several of the soldiers stayed in their home. They were French and spoke French, but the Germans had drafted their oldest son into the German Army, and he was sent to the Russian front. Mama Kiehl corresponded with John for several years after the war was over. In 1970, John took me to Europe to see where all he had been in 1944-45 while serving with the 103d Division. We went to the little town of Obermodern and to the Kiehl's bakery. Mama and Papa Kiehl were still living and their younger son and his wife were running the bakery. They all were so happy to see John and meet me. They had us to eat dinner with them in the kitchen of the bakery. They wanted us to stay a few days, but we had a schedule to keep. The sad thing about seeing them was their news of never hearing from their oldest son who had been drafted by the Germans during World War II.

Another story he told was when his company was in a small town for a couple of days and a woman was expecting a baby any time, and there was no doctor in the town. His lieutenant told him if he would deliver her baby, he'd see to it that John would receive a medal. But they had to move on before the baby arrived, and John didn't receive the medal.

He was shot in the leg but was able to go back into the fighting after a few days. For this he received a Purple Heart.

He talked about his experiences ever since he was discharged in 1945. We have a video of his life up through the war, which our son and daughter and grandchildren cherish very much.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John C. Calhoun

Eleanor P. Sallman

Widow of **Charles M. Sallman**, Co. A, 409th Infantry, died May 25, 2010.

It was suggested that I write about my husband's World War II and later life experiences to be included with other "stories" of 103d veterans. I felt that his story was no different than that of thousands of other young men who enlisted or were drafted right out of high school. However, I have decided that it might help other veterans or their families who are going through similar experiences to realize they are not alone. The last two years of his life were fraught with paranoia due to reliving some of his harrowing wartime experiences. He was officially diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) due to these events. This condition was made even worse by dementia.

Charles had enlisted on September 3, 1943 upon graduation from Lane Technical High School in Chicago, Illinois, and was placed in active service on October 20, 1943 at Fort Custer, Michigan. He was later sent for advanced infantry training at the U.S. Armed Forces School at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi. Because the Army was in such need of riflemen replacements, this training was cut to three months for him. He and six other men were transferred to Camp Howze, Texas and assigned to the 103d Infantry Division on September 1, 1944. He was made a rifleman in Company A, 1st Battalion, 409th Infantry. When the division departed for Europe October 6, 1944, he was on the *USS Monticello*.

I did not meet Charles until the year after he graduated from Purdue University in Mechanical Engineering following his medical discharge from the Army. We married two years later. He talked very little about the war (which I have learned was common for World War II veterans) and I didn't question him after his reaction early in our marriage when I thoughtlessly asked him if he had killed any Germans. By his reaction to the question, I realized that he had and it bothered him. Occasionally, he would tell some things. He told about the long, cold, night march out of Marseille. They were so tired and sleepy that they had to put a hand on the shoulder of the man in front as they marched along. I learned that he was a company runner. He told about being behind enemy lines hiding in the woods.

He had also told family members that he was a jeep driver with 1st Sergeant William Hollis of D Company in a re-supply convoy to Steige on November 26, 1944. The Germans attacked the convoy from both ends, but the Americans were able to fight their way through and routed the Germans. Hollis received a Silver Star for his actions that day. Another time Charles told of evacuating a group of nuns.

An event he experienced which I believe played a big part in his later paranoia was related to the battle of Sélestat. As I remember him telling me, he had delivered a message to Company B. Approximately fifteen minutes after returning across the bridge from town, the Germans blew up the bridge. The bridge was the only escape route for the Company B and D men holed up in the Sélestat houses. So the destruction of the bridge at the beginning of the firefight left the Company B and D men trapped on the wrong side of the bridge. From my recent readings, I learned that German tanks shelled the houses that the men were in and that most of the men in Company B were captured in the German tank-led attack.

On December 14, 1944, he was shot by a sniper near Cleebourg, France and was sent to England for recovery. He returned to his unit on March 6, 1945, just before the 1st Battalion went back on line for the new offensive on March 17th into Germany. He was wounded a second time when he stepped on a land mine on March 19th near Climbach, France. This resulted in his hospitalization and medical discharge. His discharge shows he received a Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster, Bronze Star, Combat Infantry Badge, Rhineland Campaign, Central Europe Campaign, European Theater Ribbon with two Battle Stars, and a Good Conduct Medal.

Charles seemed to be able to repress his horrible memories very well for most of our married life. He was usually very happy for he loved his family and we all adored him. He greatly enjoyed having our grandchildren visit us. He was also passionate about his work and enjoyed the other engineers in his group, especially his wonderful boss. Eight years into our marriage, we bought thirty acres of land outside of Valparaiso, Indiana and he commuted to Chicago by train. We enjoyed "playing farmers" during weekends. We were close enough to Chicago that we took our children there often to museums and such. I believe it was this very busy life that enabled him to suppress the terrible memories until after retirement and when he could no longer do everything that he had been capable of previously. It was then that he started talking a little more about the war and we could sense his feelings.

One time he was talking to one of our sons and a friend and showed them a place in the book *The 409th Infantry in World War II* that described events he had been involved in. They hoped he would begin talking more about the war. At a later date, that son was traveling with us when something happened to which Charles overreacted. He pulled into a gas station, but just couldn't drop the issue. Our son said, "Dad, you need to talk to a professional because you may have

issues with the war.” He vehemently snapped back, "Of course, I have issues with the war. They barely gave us training and then sent us off to combat." (I have seen this sentiment expressed in other 103d veterans' stories or that the training they received did not prepare them for the type of action they experienced.) We realized there was a great deal more conflict within him that he did not talk about. He also began telling our son-in-law about his experiences. Charles' strongest wish to him was that no young person should ever have to go through the things he went through. He said he clearly understood there were times it was necessary, but that didn't mean he had to like it. He was a religious man and he deeply regretted having taken human life. He had come to grips with the understanding of the necessity of his being there and doing the things he did by trying not to think of them.

During his last two years, I could usually trace his fears back to the experiences described above. For example, he was often insistent that we get into the woods around our house or that our house was going to be blown up. He would be frantic that our little dog be released so that she could escape into the woods with us. He was frequently looking out a window, checking for something, but could not tell us what he feared. Near the very end, he was worried that he was not a good man—probably from having to kill another human being. I hope I was able to convince him otherwise. He had never wanted to go back to France, but he was proud of his service with the 103d. He died on May 25, 2010—one month before our 56th wedding anniversary. We all miss him very much.

I wish to acknowledge and thank Robert French for all the materials he has sent me and the encouragement he has given me in my quest to learn of Charles' experiences during WW II.

I also owe thanks to Larry Wayne for providing me with the interpretations of the morning reports concerning Charles.

Diane Zaboith Helland | **Patricia Lofthouse**

Daughter of **Dennis Zaboith**, Co. G, 411th Infantry, KIA, Dec. 15, 1944; stepdaughter of **James Cunnally**.

Daughter of **James Joseph Cunnally**, Co. G, 411th Infantry, died Feb. 24, 1990.

Our Two Dads

Taped Interview—Cincinnati Reunion 2008

Diane: My parents were married in April of 1942, shortly before my dad was drafted. Our mother, Lorraine, mentioned visiting him, taking his mother and me down to Texas to boot camp at Camp Howze. He had become good friends with Jim Cunnally, another draftee from Chicago. They even double dated with my mom and Jim's girlfriend.

Patricia: Our dad first went to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. His remembrance of that time was that everything was wet from the humidity. Things never dried out—sheets, towels, pillowcases.

Patricia: Diane's dad, Dennis Zaboith, was away at camp when she was born in May of 1943. There is a beautiful letter placed in her scrapbook from her father to our mother upon Diane's birth. We shared some of Dennis' letters to our mother with WFMT, a public radio station in Chicago, and they broadcast them in 2001 for their segment called "War Letters."

Diane: I have some letters that my dad sent. I wish he would have put my mom's letters back in the envelope with his letters home. Other GIs did that because any letter to a veteran had to be destroyed after they read it. They marked out with black any parts that were censored.

In October of '44 they were sent overseas to France. They were marching toward a town in France called Climbach preceding the Battle of the Bulge. The German artillery was on higher ground than the American Army. There was a battle that occurred on December 15th. Jim fell to one side and my dad fell to the other side. My dad was hit by gunfire and had shrapnel in his leg.

Patricia: My Dad came over to check on him. He radioed to the medics to get a blood transfusion ready because he was the radio man of Company G, but Diane's dad literally died in his arms.

Diane: If you were the radio operator, it is my understanding you were the right-hand man to the lieutenant. Our dad always talked about how heavy that radio equipment was besides all his gear and backpack. Then he also had to carry the heavy rifle, the Browning Automatic.

Patricia: He wasn't very tall, about 5 feet, 9 inches, but he was strong as an ox.

After the war Jim stayed for awhile and helped out with the Occupation in Germany. He wrote a letter to our mom saying that he would like to visit her when he came back and tell her more of the details so that she would know exactly what happened.

Patricia: Also that when Dennis died that night, he threw up and cried every night for the next six weeks.

Diane: When he came back, they ended up getting married when I was about five years old. I have my sister Patricia, who is with me today, and we had two brothers, Michael and Dennis. Dennis was named after my dad. I have been attending these ceremonies, the WWII Memorial dedication in memory and honor of my two dads. I refer to Jim as my dad because he was the only dad I knew. I was only eighteen months old when mine was killed.

Patricia: Our father became a sergeant. He always said he never had the heart to be a killer, but he ended up being one. He stayed for almost two years in Germany in Mannheim helping the prisoners of war with relocation, so he did not come back the States until March 31, 1946. That is when he looked up our mother and brought Dennis' personal effects.

He never quite adjusted to coming back. He felt complete guilt for surviving. Today they call it survivors' guilt, but I don't think in those days they even had a psychological term for it. He always questioned why he lived and Dennis died because Dennis had a wife and child and he had no one at home except his mother, my Norwegian grandmother, Myrtle Cunnally. Every December 15, which was the day of Dennis' death, our father would go into a deep depression. But he was always depressed. He drank. He was an alcoholic. He gambled. He lived life on the edge. He found work on the edge. He was a Chicago policeman and an Algonquin, Illinois policeman. For him, life could be summed up with the French phrase "C'est la guerre" ("That's war; it can't be helped").

Our life growing up was very difficult. Our mother was a saint. She lived a life of complete uncertainty—never knowing if he was coming home, if he was drunk, if he had spent every penny, which he did a lot. She went to work when we were quite babies to support us. Our Italian grandmother, Gaetana DeMichael, took care of us while she worked. Then Diane took over.

Our mother was our father's support his entire life; she never let go. We knew he had horrendous experiences in the war, but he never really talked about them. He had the opportunity to gather with other Army buddies, but he did not want to think or talk about the war. Occasionally, if he had been drinking his Jim Beam, sitting at the bar in the kitchen, listening to Frank Sinatra records in the

middle of the night with the lights dim while smoking his Pall Malls, then you would catch him and little snippets of the war experience would come out. For example, he told me about some of the nicer remembrances: the French girls and how happy they were to see him. I think he was quite the ladies' man over there. He told how they simply so wanted the American Army blankets because they were so poor. They would take the blankets that were made of natural wool and tailor them into beautiful coats for their entire family. Then, of course, they also wanted the cigarettes and chocolate.

Diane: He recounted to me one of his better memories was being lost for about three days with a couple of buddies down in a French wine cellar. For some reason, they just couldn't find their way out of those wine cellars! It took them three days.

Patricia: They drank cognac for three days. He could drink again, but he could never eat Spam again. It reminded him too much of the rations he lived on for so many months, eating out of his helmet. And he had absolutely no desire to visit Europe again because he said he had already crawled across it on his belly. He used to tap out the Morse code on the bar or the table for my kids, Amy, Andrew and Alyson. And he told my son one time, and I think Andrew was probably only about seven years old, that when they reached Hitler's bunker in southern Germany, they pissed on it. That was their message to Hitler.

Diane: After the war, he was involved with liberating Jewish people from prisoner of war camps and relocating them. He did the same for the Russian POWs. He also helped relocate the German POWs in Mannheim. One of them told our Dad that he should have killed all of the Russians—that America would be at war with them in ten years and he would regret it. What a prophecy that turned out to be.

He typed report after report trying to get these people back to where they belonged. Everything was in chaos. As they approached the concentration camps, the prisoners were afraid to come out because they did not know who was out there. He had to say, "We are the Americans. We are here to help you." They were in their little huts and slowly a head would peak out and they would look. Gradually, you would see these skeletons walking out. He said it was the most unforgettable sight. My husband and I were on a World War II tour in Holland about two years ago. In one of the museums, they had pictures of exactly that: the huts they were in and some of the people standing in the doorways. I looked at it and I said, "Now I know what he experienced."

There is a Chicago author, Studs Terkel, who wrote the book *The Good War*. My sister Pat wrote to him and he came to visit my parents in their apartment. They are a chapter in the book. They are called Joe and Rosemary Hanley, and

Dennis is named Kevin, because Studs always gives pseudonyms to the people he interviewed. After reading what they told him, we both learned so much more about our dad's feelings, emotions, and his outlook on life: Like if you do not know if you are going to be living one day or the next, what does it matter? Why was Dennis taken and he was saved? When Studs was there, he pointed to a wall with pictures and said, "Well, look. You have a wife, children, grandchildren and a heritage now." Dad would just shrug and say, "Well, I guess you are right." But he didn't internalize it and really grasp what it all meant.

Patricia: Our mother too suffered from guilt. She felt that somehow she had harmed the men she had loved in her life. Then our brothers, Michael and Dennis, unfortunately were growing up in that atmosphere of suicidal thoughts, depression, gambling, alcohol and unemployment. They seemed to have absorbed many of those same traits with the same feeling that life is questionable and you have to push it to the edge; whether you will survive to the next day, who knows? I think what I have learned through the years is that we count the casualties in war but that is not the real number. The casualties of war are tenfold because it is every family member, including the unborn children who experience the effects of war. We are hoping to learn more about it so that we understand it and hopefully we can come to terms in our own lives. It has affected our lives and the way we relate to our husbands and children too. Plus, we don't want our grandchildren to forget what their grandfathers sacrificed, or their grandmothers.

Diane: He was a gentle man. There was never any abuse. It was just his attitude toward life. He was goodhearted. But when he would get his paycheck, he would look at the money and say, "If I could double this, look what we could have." And when he did win occasionally, he was generous. But he would never look at the money and say, "Now we have to pay the rent and buy the food."

Patricia: He was never able to really sleep or sleep in a bed. He would lay on the sofa or on a cot on the back porch, napping in twenty to thirty minute intervals. Then he would wake with a start. He would keep the television on. It seemed like he needed noise. We had a couple of experiences as children. Because he was a policeman, he had a gun and he napped with the gun under his pillow. There had been a couple of break-ins and robberies in our neighborhood. I remember going out on the porch in the middle of a hot summer night in Chicago to get some air, not even knowing he was out there. I startled him and he pulled the gun from under his pillow. Another time my little brother, Dennis, was sleeping up in the top bunk in our back bedroom. Our father must have been sleeping up there and my mother walked in and Denny was waving the gun. We have found out since that these sleep disorders are a product of war. But we didn't know that at the time. It is a form of watching or hypervigilance. And that is what he did in the

war. He had to keep watch over the prisoners. He had to keep on watch with the radio. I would say for the rest of his life he never had one full night of sleep.

Our mother was everything. She was the glue. She too was a gentle soul inside. She had strength of character that as we got older we began to understand. She held the family together and lived with the guilt that with my dad being a policeman, he might not come home. And with the gun in the house, there was always that fear that he would use it on himself. He mentions in Studs' book that he had many thoughts of suicide.

Patricia: He had a war buddy, Willie Kramer, and they stayed friends in Chicago. Our dad was on the phone with him when Kramer shot himself in the head.

Our mother today would be labeled codependent in all the substance abuse literature. She did endure and enable him, meaning that she kept a roof over his head and food on the table. We see it as supreme love.

Diane: It was supreme love and supreme gratefulness for saving her because she was a widow with a child. She says too, in the book, it was like my dad coming back and life was going on. And she had more children whom she adored and grandchildren she adored.

Our mom developed cancer very young, lymphoma. She had surgery and chemotherapy and survived fifteen years. Around the fifteenth year mark, our dad was diagnosed with lung cancer and beginning Parkinson's. And he did not want to continue treatment. He tried it for one cycle, but would not do it again. Maybe since he had all the thoughts of suicide, now he found his way out. We are guessing though. We will never know. And it was she who had been struggling to survive, taking all the treatments that were available. Her cancer returned. She died in June of 1989. He died in February of 1990—just a couple of months later. He was 68 years old. We had almost forty years with him. He adored his grandchildren. We feel that they gave him a lot of joy and peace. He did mellow toward the end of his life and his grandchildren loved him.

Diane: My son, Mark, was the first grandchild born and he could not say "Grandpa." It came out "Gumpy." My father liked that and the name stuck. Mark taught all the other grandchildren to say "Gumpy," including my daughters, Lisa and Melissa, our brother Denny's son Tim, and Pat's kids. So he was "Gump" or "Gumpy" until the day he died.

Patricia: We feel that maybe our mom's body gave up fighting because she knew that she could not protect him any longer. It would have been too much for her to lose another man she loved.



Lorraine DeMichael and Dennis Zaboith



Dennis Zaboth and Jim Cunnally