



Santa Fe Express

"DIVISIONNAIRE"



35th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

www.35DivAssn.org

35DivAssn@gmail.com

JANUARY- FEBRUARY- MARCH - APRIL 2026

NUMBER ONE

The 35th Divisionnaire USPS 700-160

Message from Association President COL (R) Bruce Becker

I want to wish everyone a Happy New Year. Thank you to all who donated to assist the Division with their family day activities in December. Due to your generous donations and assistance from the Veterans of Foreign Wars Military Assistance Program, Jefferson Barracks, Leavenworth, Lexington and St. Joseph, were able to provide meals for soldiers, family members, and guests. I was able to join the Soldiers at HHBn (Headquarters and Headquarters Battalion) in Lexington.



As we move ahead in 2026, we look forward to supporting the Division as they complete their Warfighter exercise at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. The Association is working with Operation Barbeque Relief and the Veterans of Foreign Wars to support the Division's MWR (Morale, Welfare and Recreation Day) day on June 13th.

Save the date, September 12th is the Division Dining out. This year this event will be held at the Kansas City Airport Hilton. The Association meetings and the Hall

of Fame will be held Saturday at the Division Headquarters in Fort Leavenworth. Stay tuned for more information.

The Executive Board will continue to work with the Division Staff to plan the fall conference and Dining Out. I encourage you to submit nominations for the Hall of Fame. There are many outstanding individuals out there who have done great things supporting the Division over the years.

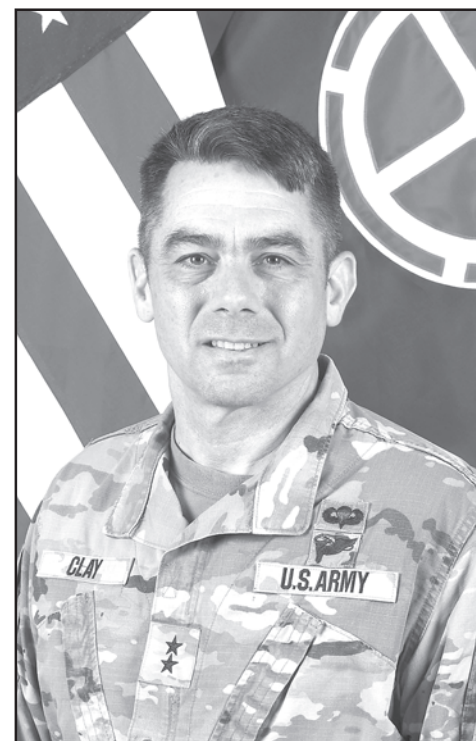
As the new year starts, the leadership of the 35th Infantry Division recognizes the persistent national security challenges facing the United States and remains cognizant of the importance of its readiness build in 2026. Coming freshly out of its work with the Army Joint Support Team's Specialized Joint Air-Ground Integration Training, and engaging leadership partners with the XVIII Airborne Corps during their Scarlet Dragon Command Post Exercise in December, the Santa Fe Division is leaning into the remainder of its readiness build in 2026.

The next significant building block for the division's readiness build is Command Post Exercise (CPX) 2.5 that kicks off at the end of January at Fort Leavenworth. With the assistance of its readiness partners that include the Mission Command Training Program, First Army, the Mission Command Training Support Program, the Division HST team, and the Army Joint Support Team, the division will pick up where it left off from War Fighter 25-05. Key training objectives for CPX 2.5 include assuring that the 35th Infantry Division enhances the digital bandwidth needed to operate across its command posts as well as up and down its command structure, the exercise and refinement of key battle rhythm events, and the closing of operational gaps identified during War Fighter 25-05.

In April the division will conduct CPX 3 at Camp Atterbury with support from its readiness partners and with the XVIII Airborne Corps serving as its higher command. CPX 3 will serve as a full dress rehearsal for War Fighter 26-04 in June ensuring that the division's Soldiers, systems, and processes are prepared for the War Fighter. During CPX 3 the division will ensure that it can plan while in contact while also ensuring that its fighting products nest with the XVII Airborne Corps' products and that its Intelligence Collection and Multi-Domain Operations are also nested with the Corps.

The months of March and April will also find the 35th Infantry Division heavily engaged with not just CPX 3, but also with a

Message from MG Martin Clay, 35th Inf. Division Commanding General



War Fighter Exercise academics session that will set the stage for our execution of War Fighter 26-04, as well as a Multi-Component Joint Assessment that will facilitate the synchronization of the division's deployment readiness following the War Fighter. In other words, the 35th Infantry Division will maintain a high operational tempo through the first half of calendar year 2026 as its builds readiness and executes War Fighter Exercise 26-04 in anticipation of the next mission the United States will call upon the division to perform.

I remain immensely proud of the 35th Infantry Division Soldiers and of the partnerships the division maintains with its aligned brigades from across Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The Soldiers from the division headquarters and the aligned brigades will remain heavily engaged in the division's readiness build over the next several months and will be ready for the next mission. As recognized in my last message to the 35th Infantry Division Association, the Soldiers of the Santa Fe Division will continue to train, build readiness, embrace Army Transformation, and win the day!

Santa Fe!

*This edition of
the Santa Fe
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the Prairie Band
Potawatomi Nation*

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PRESENT AND FUTURE"

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35th Division Association

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Topeka, KS 66605

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Note From The Executive Secretary/Treasurer

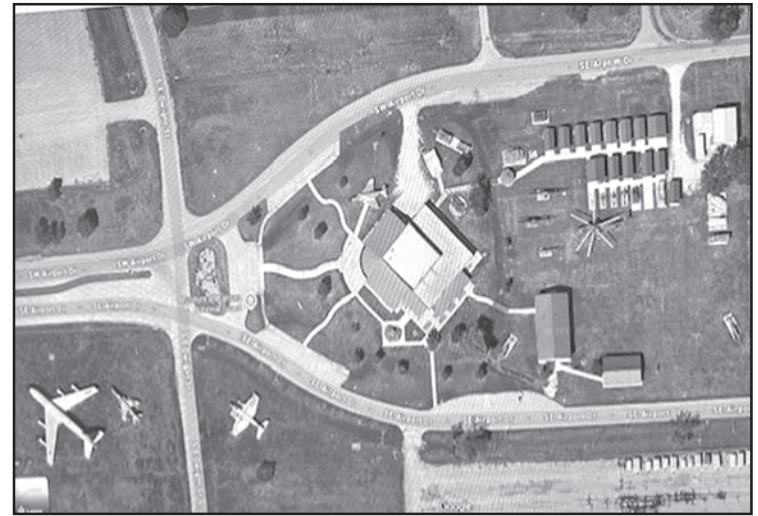
Operating Funds: We appreciate the generous contributions throughout the year. Please review our donor list in this paper for all those that shared their treasure with us. It is our policy to list all contributions unless the donor wishes otherwise. If you contributed and were not mentioned, please accept my apologies and notify us through the Association Email. Although the number of those contributing did not increase, the size of the contributions and grant requests approved assisted in maintaining an adequate operating fund. The pistol raffle program has also improved our ability to continue operations. If you are not a member and are reading this edition of the "Santa Fe," please consider joining. Publication, mailings, and the support we offer have increased in cost like everything else.

Museum Investment: The investment set up by the association about twenty years ago to help support the Kansas National Guard Museum, which has a large section for the 35th Division History and Hall of Fame, is performing well enough to fund our annual \$5,000 maintenance grant to the museum. Contributions received for the museum operations also assist and are much appreciated. If you have not visited the museum in Topeka, you will be overwhelmed at the quality and quantity of history the board members and volunteers deliver with no admittance charge.

Hiring of an Executive Secretary and Treasurer.

I have been requesting to resign entirely as the Executive Secretary/Treasurer once a replacement is found. This next person with a vision, passion and technical skills can enhance the value of the association. The association has great legal and membership by-laws to build from. This position is a blessing and has allowed Betty and I to meet and hear from so many outstanding Veterans and their families. I would not have had this opportunity if I had not taken the position. A shift in the paradigm of where the association is located and how an employee is reimbursed is probably needed if we cannot find someone to perform the detailed records my wife, Betty does, and the editing, tax preparation, meeting prep, conference assistance and numerous duties that the Exec/Treasurer performs. A few of these duties that require ongoing support are listed for those that may be interested: Routinely check mail from post office, Cheddar Up and PayPal accounts, and email. Record and send receipts to donors, and categorize them in Quicken for monthly report to the Executive Council; Bank administration as needed; Reply, research, or find a person to answer inquiries about Veterans, History, etc.; Receive, review and file items for the newspaper; Order Sales items as required; Maintain Deceased list by Regiment; Maintain Excel Spreadsheet on all members; Balance checkbook and trust accounts; organize and prepare documents for financial meeting; Maintain and prepare Annual Tax Report information for Preparers; Attend as Rep on Museum Board (or find someone to represent the DIV); Early each year, **print**, stuff, and mail about 500 envelopes for our fundraiser; receive, edit and send articles to the editor for publication every four months; Conference prep as requested by the planning committee to include hotel contracts, transportation needs, make welcome packets, et.; Mail conference registrations to those not on the email list. This is a paid position.

Questions about the report or those interested in the position can contact COL, (Ret) Robert Bloomquist, 785-969-7548 or email at 35divassn@gmail.com.



Shown is a Google Maps aerial view of the Museum, 28 Aug 25. The KC-135 Tanker, F-105, & EB-57 are lower left. The Museum Shop is in the upper right corner. An equipment relocation plan, approved by the Board, calls for the helicopters, now in the middle, to be moved to the back row to provide space for another Exhibit Building. Iraqi equipment would be moved back. Artillery tractors would be moved to the Towed 8 in and 155 Long Tom howitzers, and the M-4 Sherman next to the Reviewing Stand.

Kansas National Guard Museum News

Museum Events 2026

Monthly Coffees

0900 Hrs

Wed, 7 Jan 26

Wed, 11 Feb 26

Wed, 11 Mar 26

Wed, 8 Apr 26

Wed, 13 May 26

Wed, 10 Jun 26

Retiree Briefing

Sat, 7 Mar 26

Vietnam Veterans Recognition Day

Wed, 25 Mar 26

Museum Car & Truck Show

Sat, 23 May 26

Heartland Salute To America's 250th

5-6 June 26

Parade – Concerts - Displays

Pancake Feed - Cookout Meal

Reenactments – Kid's Activities

Brownbag Luncheons

Wed, 4 Feb 26

Wed, 6 May 26

Wed, 5 Aug 26

***Send all photos, stories, obituaries, etc. for the Divisionnaire to:
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send all correspondence relative to change of address to Secretary, 35th Division Association, P.O. Box 5004, Topeka, KS 66605. Be sure to include old and new address (with new ZIP number) and 35th Div. unit.

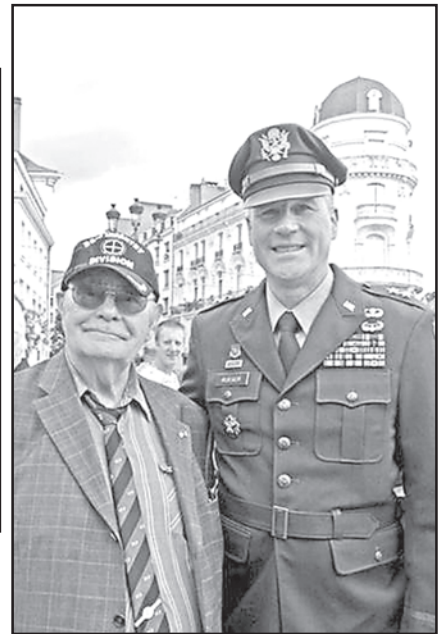
NOTICE: Membership dues for the 35th Division Association are due yearly. This includes your subscription to the 35th Divisionnaire paper which is published quarterly. Make checks payable to the 35th Division Association and mail to Secretary, 35th Division Association, P.O. 5004, Topeka, Kansas 66605.



Welcome Home theme of the year at the Museum in France.



About twenty vintage vehicles on the roads of Saintols.



Claude Rozet welcomes MG John Rueger to France.



Auto Club collection of Luneville meeting at the Espace de Memoire Museum.

International Liaison Committee Column

January 15, 2026

"Welcome Home" was the 2025 theme for the only World War II museum in eastern France. The museum, open only in the summer, is the visible reminder of work that continues year-round of the association of l'Espace de Memoire Lorraine 1939-1945. The association researches and educates so "it won't happen again." The exterior of the museum in Vezelize, south of Nancy, provides a gathering place for many groups, some military, and some clubs.

The last club to visit in the autumn was the Auto Club of Luneville. Collectors of cars from many countries enjoyed the expedition to the countryside. The final group to meet at the exterior for the 2025 season was the Luneville Car Club. Collectors brought automobiles from several countries to the expansive grounds in front of the museum.

Following that joyous event came the sad Christmas morning news of the death of Claude Rozet, of Orleans France. Claude was a leader in honoring the Liberators. Rozet was a special friend of the 35th Division. He was an enthusiastic supporter and collector of funds to erect a large stele at the bridge of Flavigny. It honors the 35th Division, with special commendation to the 134 Regiment that suffered great losses at the Bridge.

Rozet was a little boy when his village outside Orleans was liberated. A veteran of the 137 IR remembered that his comrades in the regiment called the large statue of Joan of Arc in Orleans "Joanie on the Ponie."

Rozet embraced all divisions of the Liberators. He greeted 35th Division soldiers and their families. He and his partner attended a 35th Division Reunion in the U.S. and met many of his "Liberators." He was president of the Franco-American Society in Orleans for 50 years. The group held its annual special event on July 4.

Our 35th Division correspondent in Brussels, Pat Shannon, is always busy. He hosted officers of the 101st Division who came to Bastogne for the "Nuts ceremony" in December.

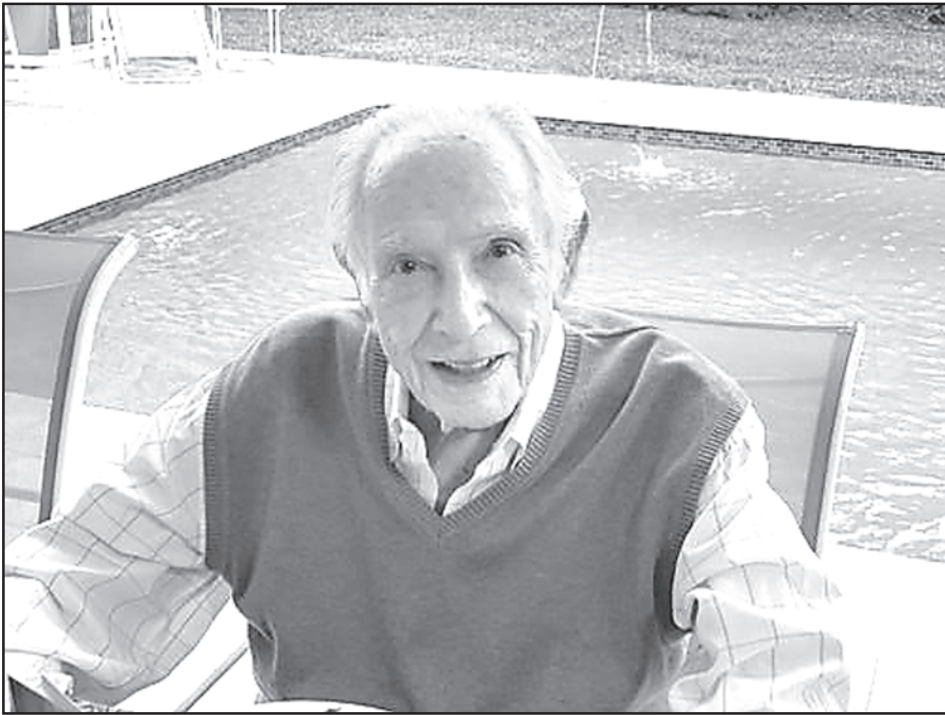
He was an active participant at the Memorial Service on January 10, 2026 at Lutremange to honor the 35th Division soldiers who fought there in the Winter of 1945. Pat continues to research his Uncle Clem's story (Lt. Clement McGuire, HQ-134) as well as working on Bulge related items. If anything is happening in Belgium, Pat is there with his liberty dog.

It is now January 2026 and there is snow in the Ardennes, but not as severe as in the winter of 1944-1945 during the Ardennes campaign, "The Battle of the Bulge." The Memorial Service at Lutremange on January 10 was organized by Timberwolves Remembrance Group Belgium and the 35th Infantry Division Belgium at the snow covered memorial site. For a report of their ceremony on January 10th, see the article by Bram Temmerman elsewhere in this newsletter.

The snow on the ground in Belgium reminds us of the battle in December 1944 and January 1945. It would be several more months before the Welcome Home banners would fly in America.

International Liaison Committee:

Paula Evans Baker, daughter of Pvt. Richard H. Evans, F-134-35, KIA 9/30/44 dicknell35@hotmail.com; Marilyn Bowers Jensen, daughter of PFC Rex M. Bowers, C-134-35, KIA 01/25/45 mbowersjensen@msn.com; Col. (retired) Thomas Arnhold, 35th Infantry Division, arnholdt@gmail.com

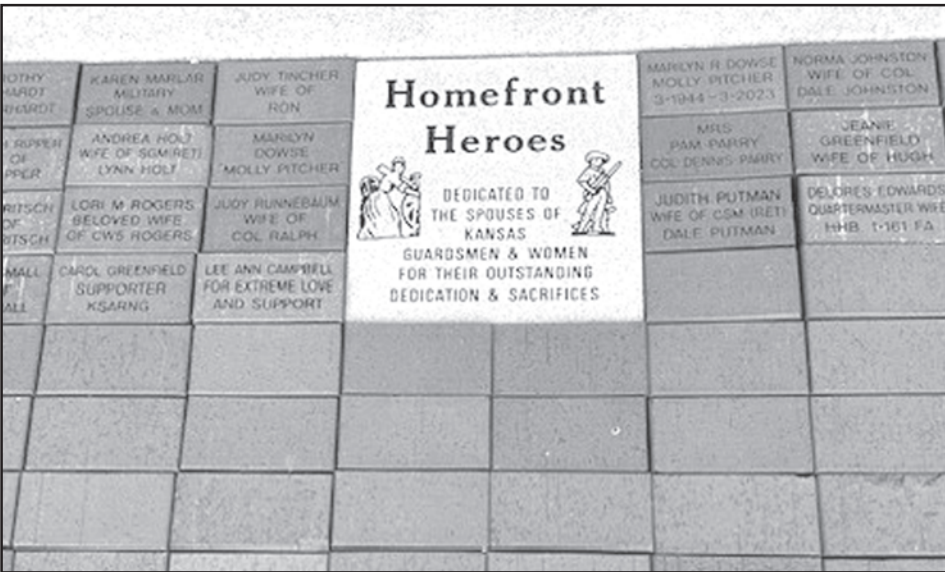


Holiday Greeting from Claude Rozet

Hello From Orleans !!!

Street named after COL Angelo Demos in Florida

Recently, in October of 2025, a stretch of 70th Avenue in Palmetto Island, in Pinecrest, Florida, was renamed after our beloved COL (R) Angelo Demos. The sign in the street where Col Demos and his wife Chrissie lived for several years now reads: "COL Angelo P Demos Avenue". It is a tribute to a WWII Veteran and attorney who was esteemed in his community and in our 35th Division Association. He passed away in November 2024 at the age of 100. COL Demos was very active in the Association, a past President and Inductee into the Hall of Fame. A very good article was published about him and the honor, in "The Miami Community News" (Pinecrest Honors WWII Hero and Beloved Attorney with Street Naming).



Kansas National Guard Museum Bricks Now Available For Homefront Heroes Area

Plenty of space is still available for bricks in the Homefront Heroes area of the Museum Patio. The area is reserved for bricks for spouses and partners of Guardsmen and women.

The engraved bricks are \$75.00 and may be ordered on the enclosed 2026 Donor Form. These bricks can easily be a special Christmas, birthday, or other surprise as well.

Another year gone !

We travelled a lot when we were young ; now we tend to stay home with our two cats who are so cute and that we do not want to leave alone ! We stay in Orléans and take part in many activities : all the memorial ceremonies like VE Day , Memorial Day and Armistice Day with the French Army and Air Force . We also enjoy the visit of our friends from the 52nd Signal Bn stationed in Stuttgart / Germany in May and in August . We also enjoy going to concerts , and this year we were happy to see the River Loire Festival hosting lots of flat boats mainly going on rivers or lakes ; in 2025, Orléans welcomed the Italian Lakes .

We went to Paris to celebrate the 80th Anniversary of the Franco-American Association . On this occasion , we visited the Senate and we had the official lunch in one of the posh dining-rooms after the official speeches .

Claude does not drive anymore because of his bad eyes .But he still loves looking at his WWII Jeep , and he drives it round the house ! The cats run away because of the noise and hide in the bushes !

Thanksgiving is gone now and we are ready for Christmas and New Year's Day with some friends .

Claude & Françoise

Claude ROZET
7 Terrasse Paul Bert
45140 SAINT-JEAN-DE-LA-RUELLE
(France) ☎ et Fax: 02 38 88 38 60

Christmas is the sound of bells and laughter

The glow of candles, and the scent of pines,

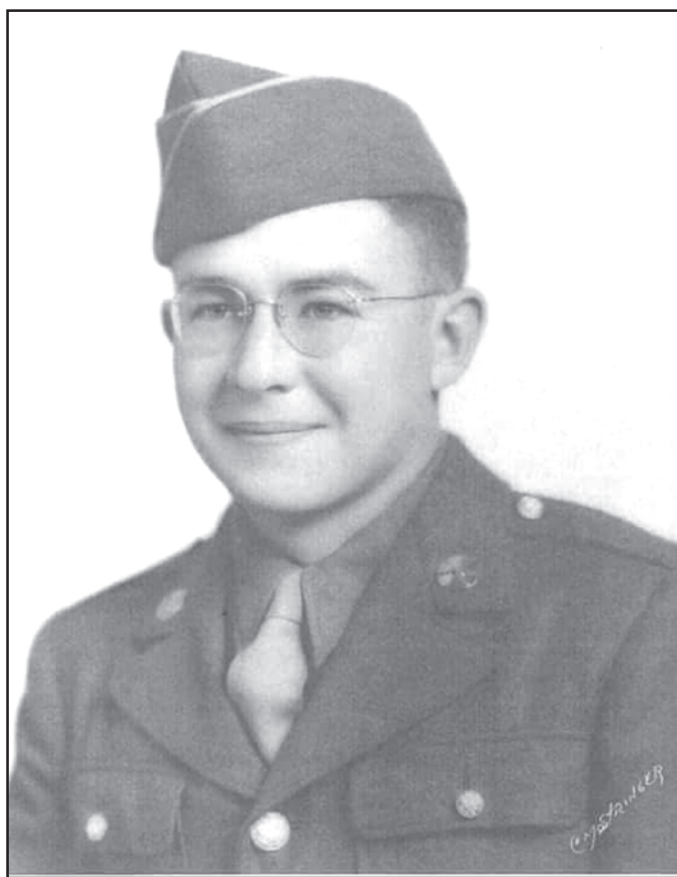
The joy of being with family and friends

and, most of all, Christmas is sharing and caring

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year !

*Claude Rozet et Françoise
Franco-American Association Orléans France*

*vous souhaitent un Joyeux Noël
et vous présentent leurs meilleurs vœux
pour la Nouvelle Année*



PFC James Graff was a U.S. Army infantryman serving in Europe in 1945. He was assigned to C company-134th Infantry Regiment, 35th Infantry Division, and saw action from January of 1945 until the end of the war. Graff subsequently served on occupation duty in Germany until August 1945. Here is his story he wrote down in his memoirs when he entered Europe in January of 1945 as a replacement.

He wrote:

We crossed the English Channel during the night, New Year's Eve, and in daylight transferred to LST's and were ferried to the beach and waded ashore. We were at Le Havre and the whole harbor was full of sunken ships. Masts and funnels marked their graves.

We marched through the town and up a hill which was pretty steep. We went into a tent city which at one time must have been a German ammo dump. Drew some PX rations and it rained. Next day we walked down and boarded trains for a move east. Three nights and two days of French boxcars and it was cold and snow covered the ground after the first night. One man fell under the train and lost a leg. Messed along the tracks—field kitchens with G.I. cooks and German P.O.W.'s to serve. No stools to go to the toilet. Just do it in your steel helmet and pass it to the door and hope somebody don't throw hat and all out. Kelso fixed up a hammock, but the hammock and Kelso both fell down. Those frogs used the throttle and the brake very hard. Lots of guys' feet began to freeze before we ever arrived at the front.

Morning of the third day on the 40 or 8's we detrained and started walking. We saw our first casualty, a German corpse on a stretcher and a sign—"Danger (MEIN) Mines." We were at Metz, an old French "fortress city." We were billeted in an old French cavalry barracks with a big quadrangle parade ground out in front. It was a cold, three-story stone building. Here we drew rifles and got two clips to zero them in. Talked to two guys out of 26th Div. who told of heavy fighting in the area north of here. We had known before we left the states of a German counterattack in Belgium. Now it looked like we would be part of it.

January 8, I think, we were alerted, our names were called and we loaded on 6x6's, open trucks, with colored drivers. It turned out to be about 90 miles in a few degrees above zero temperatures. On this trip we were to see Gen. George S. Patton, the Third Army commander. Recognized him by his pearl-handle revolvers. In Metz we were told that we were joining the 35th Div. We arrived in Martenlange, Belgium and were assigned to the 134th Inf. of the 35th Div. They divided us by alphabetical order and I went to C co. The chaplain of the 1st Batt. gave us some indoctrination, something of the history of the regiment and what was expected of us.

First Account Story Of Entering The Battle Of The Bulge By PFC James "Jim" Graff

Submitted by Mike H Ven

Some of us were billeted with a family by the name of Blum. This was the kitchen area of the regiment. On January 10 we loaded on 3/4 ton trucks and moved out. Detrucked in the woods, passed battalion aid station, some 90 mm anti-aircraft guns being used as artillery. We dismounted and started moving off into the woods. As yet we had not been issued any ammunition. As we moved up we came to an 81 mm mortar position and a red-haired sergeant was standing there. Three mortars, all facing different directions, were in place. I asked, "Why are they faced different directions?" The reply—"You damned fool, we're surrounded on three sides."

Soon we were going across an open field and behind a wrecked barn, a member of our supply group was giving us two bandeliers of ammo and six grenades. A little farther up we met several P.O.W.'s under guard of a single G.I.

The trail led through pine plantations, which about every quarter mile had a 300 yard fire break. In one of these fire breaks the trail wound around what I took to be some tree branches, in reality, the black-booted legs of a dead German officer almost buried in snow. Just beyond him was another corpse, laying on his back, his mouth filled with snow, with the bluest eyes you ever saw. To our left up the break were scores more of dead Germans, victims of tank machine gun fire. They had been dead for several days, but here the dead were preserved by the cold.

It was dark when we finally reached C co. positions. They divided us up and a guy said, "I am Sgt. Storm (Rex, Illinois). You belong to the 2nd squad. Walk to your right and get in a hole with a guy down there."

I walked down and someone said, "Over here." I crawled into a hole and introduced myself and my companion identified himself as PFC Bruce Boyce of South Paris, Maine. I thought here was a chance to learn what to do and what to expect. I said, "How long have you been in the line?"

He replied, "Seven —ing days," which I was to learn was a lot longer than some men lasted up here. You know, I didn't know what he looked like till morning. Stood guard that night, but really didn't know what to look for.

Next morning breakfast of pancakes, syrup, spam and coffee—not too bad. As we were in reserve we were able to move around some and pretty soon I was approached by a tall older man. He asked where I was from and when I answered, "Illinois," he said, "Chicago?"

I said, "Hell, no." He introduced himself—Bob Landrum of Hunnewell, Missouri and I found out he had hauled corn from Mt. Pulaski and Shirley, Illinois. He asked if I was familiar with traveling in the woods and I said yes. He answered that a platoon runner was needed and he wanted one who wouldn't get lost in the woods. Also I would have to use a walkie-talkie radio. I answered that I would do anything to help and do the best job I could. So I moved in with the platoon head-quarters group which consisted of Landrum, who was the platoon guide, and the platoon sergeant, T/Sgt. Kenneth McCrea, or Scotty, as everyone called him. I spent the rest of the day getting acquainted with my new job and my new comrades.

Next morning we were alerted to move out. While rolling our blanket rolls (four blankets and a shelter half

with one roll to two men) a shot rang out along with the shout, "Medic!" One man had shot himself in the wrist—accidental or not, our first American casualty was a self-inflicted wound.

We changed position still in reserve; only an occasional explosion from artillery betrayed our enemy. In our new position we occupied former German holes and these had tops. In the immediate area was a knocked out kraut chow wagon, a dead horse, a dead driver with the lines still in his hands and a dead German medic with glasses. Also were two dead G.I.'s who had been killed sometime before as their pockets and packs had been searched, probably by the Germans.

I had to take a telephone and wire out to an outpost and upon arriving back at the Co. CP I experienced one of the oddest happenings of my overseas service. I and a company runner (PFC Stenis-probably misspelled) were standing in a shallow trench about knee deep when from the direction of the German lines came a figure. The runner called, "Halt!" This individual stopped; we gave the sign; he didn't answer. It was repeated and again no answer. I asked his name and he answered with a German accent and German name. Stenis shouted, "A kraut!" and lifted his rifle to shoot. I knocked it down and ran and jumped on this man. We dragged him down into the CP and by candlelight he looked like a G.I., but didn't sound like one. Claimed he was out of K co. (in reserve behind us). His name was Henrick something or other. Finally the C.O. (1st Lt. Wallace P. Chappel of North Carolina) called the Third Batt. by radio and confirmed that this man was missing. We kept him until morning and sent him back. Hope he realized how close to death he was.

Next day we moved up and dug in again. Here we found where the krauts had built stalls for their horses. They cut saplings for stalls and bedded them with straw. Grave registration crews were collecting German and American dead. They ricked them like cordwood, all were frozen solid. One officer carried a 2x4 and would break arms or legs so the bodies would lay better. I remember that Scotty, Landrum and I all slept in one hole.

Next day we moved back to a little town, slept in an open cattle shed, and as next day was Sunday, we had church. The 1st Battalion chaplain was a good preacher and a good guy. Church attendance was a lot better here than in the states. Somebody said that "there were no atheists in a fox-hole."

The next day we moved back to Marvie, the town where C co. had jumped off on January 4 when they were really ass-holed in the woods. Paratroopers of the 101st had held this town during the siege of Bastogne. There were wrecked gliders and C-47's in the fields that were used to supply the 101st when they were surrounded. A P-47 was making strafing and bombing runs northeast of here. There was a knocked-out kraut tank up by the church, a G.I. jeep and 6x6 truck knocked out by a bomb; and the barn they were next to contained several cows and chickens in their nests, killed by concussion and frozen solid.

We found a half of beef hanging in a tree. We ate it and then killed another and left it for the next outfit. Most of the civilians were gone and what livestock was left was

continued on page 6



Battle Of The Bulge –

continued from page 5

wandering looking for food and water.

Today I believe Steinhäufel rejoined the 3rd platoon. He had been wounded at Habkirchen. Also a deserter by the name of Smith from Sandoval, Illinois rejoined us. He had run off several times before and Storm told him not to try it again or it would be too bad. When we fell out next morning he was gone. They caught him a few days later and he was court-martialed. These kind of cases were not unusual we were to find out. Many men would do anything to get out of the front line. I have already told of a self-inflicted wound (I was to witness two more such cases, one by a man, Grestbauer, that went overseas with us). Desertion was also very common although some men came back in a day or two of their own free will.

Next morning we moved out and were to join elements of the 6th Armored Div. in pushing east. As we moved into Arloncourt we saw fifteen knocked-out tanks and a field of dead G.I.'s. One man had a 300 radio on his back with four or five bullet holes in it. These tanks had been knocked out earlier in the campaign, but three 6th Armored tanks were burning when we came up and a half-track with wounded and burned tankers were being pulled out. It looked to me as if the krauts had shot a lot of livestock on pulling out. We ate dinner where three dead cows lay in the street and the blood wasn't frozen yet. It kinda pissed me off, just to kill them for the hell of it. A dead kraut was under the steps and Schaeffer (Nathaniel, Philadelphia) got sick and couldn't eat.

Moved out into the woods and found a wounded G.I. on a stretcher and another limping back hollering, "I got a million dollar wound and I'm going to the rear." They had been hit by their own artillery. Again and again we would encounter our own artillery or tank fire and on a couple of occasions would be bombed by our own planes.

We dug in for the night next to some armored infantry. We got some hot chow up, but they only had K rations. That is one trouble

with the armored. They never have a kitchen up and maybe it was just the fault of their officers. One thing about the 134th Inf. was that we got hot chow whenever possible and also bed rolls.

We were not burdened down with mess gear and blankets like some outfits. I have helped hand carry chow and bedrolls for as much as a mile but it sure beats cold K's and no blankets because you had thrown them away.

That evening a kraut tank refueled just a few hundred yards from us right out in the open. We had two Sherman tanks, but they wanted us to try some 60 mm mortar fire on them. Lt. Chappel said nothing doing. If they wouldn't fight them with tanks, he'd play hell exposing his men to tank fire just to satisfy our tankers. Although a lot of the guys won't agree with me, this was the first of many times that I saw Chappel stand up for his men, refusing to attack or commit them unless they were properly supported. A far cry from some previous company commanders that C company has had.

Next morning we moved out to cut a highway east of us. As we moved into the woods near a big house, a German tank (maybe the one we had seen the evening before) opened up on us. There was one of our supporting tanks near us and I guess that the kraut was really aiming for him, as he was using AP (armor piercing ammunition) rather than HE (high explosive). About three or four rounds were wild and high, the only casualty being a couple of trees. The tank crew jumped in their vehicle as they had been standing outside although the engine was running. They backed around and opened up with their coaxial machine gun and then "Bang", their 75 mm fired and they hit the kraut first shot. He caught fire after the third round and we didn't see anybody get out.

Sgt. Landrum had a prayer he read to the third platoon before jumping off and one after the day had ended. This prayer service was known to a lot of attached units (such as the heavy machine gunners of D company). We all knelt in the snow, uncovered with bowed heads while Bob read the prayer. PFC Boyce was a scout one day and missed the service. He was wounded in the head later on that same day and afterwards I heard him say the reason he got hit was because he missed the service.

Soon we had come under German tank fire and were digging in. Our medic (Youngs) who had joined us a day before didn't have a shovel and about then a shell landed in a tree among us. Kittieson (Lisbon, Illinois) was killed and Boyce, Iacovone, Blankenship, Hammonds, Locke, Hoff and one more were wounded. These men, with the exception of Boyce, were all men who had come overseas with me. These were our first casualties. Storm's overcoat hanging in a tree was riddled. We were under German tank fire and tank fire, if you have never faced it, is like nothing you ever saw or heard. It was zip-bang, high velocity and no time to duck because you didn't hear them until the shells were over you.

[I was wrong. Hoff and Locke had fro-

zen feet. The other wounded were Fodge and Thompson who had come in at Metz.]

Again we were digging in when we heard tanks moving. A small road was near us and a tank was coming down it, the turret turned towards us, and I thought—this is it. I noticed it was an American and it kept on going, but to this day I think it was one of ours that the krauts had captured. Evidently they didn't see us. By evening we were on the highway. Saw a couple of krauts down the highway, but they were out of range. This, the 17th of January, was our first day of actual combat—the day of the first battle casualties. I happened to notice that the aerial on the radio was clipped short, cut by a piece of shrapnel. I didn't like that and made up my mind to get rid of this job as soon as possible. The medic and I dug in together, helped carry bedrolls and night chow (coffee and roast beef sandwiches) for almost a mile. While Storm and I were standing drinking coffee, someone walked past and Storm remarked, "Looked like he had on kraut mess gear." In a couple of minutes someone hollered, "We got a prisoner." He had walked through two platoons of infantry and a section of heavy machine guns but didn't say anything until challenged. He could have killed a half dozen, including me, but his intention was to surrender; such was the German mind. We picked up a prisoner earlier who had hid out and followed a telephone line in and he said, "Three years in the army and hadn't made corporal yet, so I thought I would surrender."

We were next moved back to Michamps, a little town, and I believe we walked all the way. This town was practically destroyed. The third platoon took over a house with the second story and roof shot off. It had a 105 mm dud in the kitchen and we stayed here for several days and it was still there when we left. Only two rooms were habitable. As I was hunting for some hay or straw to sleep on, I came across a house-barn combination which the krauts had used for an aid station. The Red Cross flag was still flying. As I opened a small shed I noticed a blanket covering something. I pulled it back and there lay a dead German who was dressed in G.I. pants and blue knit socks. His hair was long and black and he had died of a massive head wound. His German dogtag was still around his neck. Possibly he was a member of one of the units dressed and equipped with American equipment that had spearheaded some of the German attacks in the Ardennes.

Another bizarre incident occurred while we were in Michamps. One day a jeep pulled up in front of the company CP. Three men in it threw out a dead G.I. and threw an overcoat over him. We didn't know who they were and the dead soldier was still there when we pulled out.

As the rest of the 35th Div. had been moved back to Alsace-Lorraine, we of the 134th had been attached to the 6th Armd. and we were to replace their armored infantry who had been pretty well used up. We even had half-tracks.

While here we had a stove with a fire pot no bigger than your hat, so someone had to stay up all night to fire it. Schaeffer got sick, and being too lazy to go outside, shit in the corner of the room we were sleeping in. It also housed Kelso's (Texas) equipment.

[While were getting ready to sleep one evening in Michamps, Sgt. Thiebeault had a nightmare in which he recounted a very graphic

description of what had happened to C Co. on January 4. He would call to certain men, telling them to get down or move and then described the scene as many were killed or wounded. Sgt. Storm and Pfc. Viehe received the Silver Star for killing 30 Germans that day.]

While at Michamps, Kusch, one of the fellows that came in with us, was evacuated with frost bite and medics told him he would lose some toes. Kitchens (Kentucky) and a Mexican boy left soon after we joined C co. with frostbite and Lawrence left later in the month. Also there were several others that I can't remember—many had their feet frozen on our boxcar and truck rides up to the front.

[The medic would massage guys feet with Barbasol shaving cream and I believe he saved John Groce's feet. It wasn't worth a damn for shaving, but worked pretty good on frostbite]

We moved out in Sixth Armd. half-tracks and then dismounted and walked while they went back and let some other companies ride. The tankers were setting all hay stacks on fire with tracers because German tanks had a nasty habit of hiding in them. On this march Sanborn (Sgt., New Hampshire) was taken with one of his coughing spells. He got down on all fours and spit blood. I believe he is in a bad way. We got into some houses. We were now in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Storm threw one old lady out of her bed and slept in it. We got a bunch of replacements and I got rid of the radio. Tom Sawyer (Minnesota) had taken it after he had come in with us. I now was a member of the third squad of the third platoon. I was to remain here for the rest of my time in C co. except for a couple of short hitches. I now took over the BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle). Its former owner, Burr (Charles, Pennsylvania) had been evacuated with frozen feet. The BAR weighed 18 lbs. without bipod, 20 with. We carried it without. I also had 13 magazines (20 rounds per), each weighing one lb., so I was burdened down with 31 lbs. of equipment; to which you add one bandolier of extra ammo, 48 rounds and six hand grenades, entrenching tool, trench knife, canteen, first aid packet. You didn't have much room for personal things. I threw away my gas mask (fitted with eye-glasses) and carried two K rations, razor, tooth paste, shaving brush, shaving cream, writing paper and a pair of wire cutters in the gas mask carrier. These were combined with our clothes: pair of short underwear, pair of long johns, pair of fatigues, pair of wool O.D.'s, sweater, field jacket and overcoat plus wool knit cap and helmet liner, combat boots and felt-top overshoes. No wonder small arms cut down a lot of men. With all the snow, clothes and equipment you didn't move too fast. Armored divisions had blanket lined overalls which would have been a lot better. You can imagine the amount of exposure we were subject to. Wet snow, wading streams, sleeping in foxholes, not being able to take off your shoes for long periods and no chance to wash your feet or change socks. No water to drink—only coffee. We stood guard when dug in—one hour on and one off—fatigue doesn't help. Through it all

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Battle Of The Bulge—

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hardly anyone had a cold, but I carried a jar of Vicks.

S/Sgt. Sanborn was the squad leader and Sgt. Loos (Ohio) was the assistant. As the new replacements were standing out in the street, Lt. Chappel, the company commander was talking to them. He was a fairly well built man with a small mustache. He told the new men which company they were in and they should call him “Chappy” because he was a rebel himself. The Lt. had made SgtS. Storm and Thibeault shave off their goat-whiskers (goatees) but let them wear a mustache.

Our squad got some replacements out of this group. One (Sokolowski, Stephen, New York) I was to have as an assistant BAR man. I asked him if he knew anything about the weapon and he answered, “I don’t even know how to load my rifle.” He was a product of the army’s replacement system as a so-called “retrained rifleman.” He had been a truck mechanic in an anti-aircraft outfit in the states. The army had many men reclassified and sent them overseas as replacements. The army brass felt that just because they were in the army, the infantry could use them. In reality, the infantryman was a highly specialized and trained individual. We had many weapons to master, plus the training to make you a combat soldier. Men like Sokolowski were next to worthless as an infantryman and many of these retrainees were to become casualties in the next couple of days as a result of it.

Another group of men joined us this day. They were casualties (wounded who had been returned to their own units—a good practice). One was S/Sgt. Maurice File (St. Louis, Missouri). This man had been wounded five times and was to be hit again tomorrow morning.

That evening Sgt. Baker (John C., Richmond, Missouri) and I had some water heating on a stove when we observed one of the replacements using it. Baker hollered, “What the hell do you think you are doing?” and this man turned around and addressed us, “I am Lt. Larriou (Richard G) and I am going to shave.”

Baker said, “I don’t give a damn if you are a lieutenant, you ain’t going to use our water. Put it back.” To me this was quite a switch from stateside. I was to learn that officers didn’t rate the same treatment overseas as stateside.

Next morning we moved out on half-tracks and soon it came evident we were about to enter combat again. We met a jeep with a German prisoner perched on the hood and a wounded tanker with a bandage around his eyes seated in the passenger side. We dismounted in a small cluster of houses. Several German prisoners were standing there and they had a German corpse on a child’s wooden sled. He was one of the tallest corpses I had ever seen.

We moved out up the road with the tanks and soon we deployed to the left of the road towards a woods. We had been informed that A co. was to flush the woods and we were to flank it. As we walked across the knee-deep snowswept fields we were greeted by heavy small arms fire. As I went to the ground I heard the medic (Youngs) holler, “Help me, Graff; he’s hit.” I turned and ran back—my new assistant (Sokolowski) was laying face down in the snow. I rolled him over and we thought that he was dead, but, all of a sudden, his eyes blinked for he had only fainted.

I then ran up a little knoll and lay down by Sgt. Baker. He was holding up a leg and trying to get a bullet through it (a million dollar wound). I opened fire on the woods, but the BAR would only fire one round at a time for the ejector wouldn’t work. I fired the whole magazine (20 rounds) and dug every single cartridge out with my pocket knife. I would not be much help to our men pinned down by the fire from the woods. Finally the fire slackened and we moved into a finger of woods. It then became apparent we had suffered considerable loss. Jones (John Paul, Ohio), who was Lt. Chappel’s radioman, was killed. He had gone overseas with us. Sgt. Patrick (Charles H., South Carolina) had also been killed along with some of the new men. Some had been wounded including Sgt. File (the most wounded man in the 35th Div.).

I took the BAR and busted it on a tree and Landrum got me a rifle off one of the casualties. A sergeant in another platoon was down in a shell-hole crying and his platoon sergeant had to kick him out to get him moving. He deserted a few weeks later and we never did find out what happened to him. They began to reorganize and I was sent to the weapons platoon as an ammo carrier for a machine gun.

As we were digging that afternoon, an incident occurred that was one of the trag-

edies of war. On January 4, C co. had been almost wiped out with many men having been killed or captured. We had just learned the day before that six of them that were captured had been found shot to death by a small arms bullet in the head or heart. The order had come down that if we caught anyone out of the 1st SS (Adolph Hitler Panzer Div.) to not take any prisoners.

As we were watching a ridge three Germans appeared. One had on his helmet and another had his arm in a sling. These men had been shooting at us just a couple of hours ago. Somebody hollered, “Kill the bastards!” Everyone opened fire and two fell but one jumped into a foxhole or hellhole. Gerstbauer, one of the fellows who went over with me, jumped up and ran up the hill and emptied his rifle in the kraut and all the time the German was screaming, “Kamrad!” (German for comrade, which they always hollered when surrendering) until he was killed. Bad business, but in such conditions men’s feelings and senses are sometimes dulled.

Next morning we jumped off towards the German-held town of Weiswampach, Luxembourg. As we moved out of the woods I was with a light machine gun squad and we began to come under machine gun and tank fire. Some light tanks of the 6th Armd. were with us. As we struggled ahead (the snow was knee-deep and in many places deeper) the fire got heavy and accurate. The machine gun squad leader was just in front of me when all of a sudden he fell dead, cut almost in two by machine gun fire. I lay down in the snow and saw some men fall ahead of me. The 1st and 2nd platoons were scattered out to my front with the two machine guns right behind them. I ran back to the gunner and told him to get the gun in action, but he had frozen in the snow (not with the weather, but with the fear of combat). It affects many and as this man was one of the new men, he just couldn’t let go. Finally I moved away from him and lay down and began to shoot into the town. Two Germans ran out of a straw stack when a tank shell hit it. Everyone shot at them and down they went. Tank fire was hitting us and also those blasted machine guns. I could see the white tracers fly by me (our tracers were red and the Germans white) and hear the bullets hit the snow. I saw one man throw away his rifle, pack and overcoat and start running back near me. I pulled him down and said, “You damn fool. Do you want to get killed? Get down.”

It was Gerstbauer and he said, “I’ve been hit in the head and I am going to the rear.” He had a shrapnel wound in the side of his head. He also said that the lieutenant (Larriou) had been blown in two by the same shell that had wounded him. Today we were all praying. I decided to get out of here as there was no chance of getting into the town. As I got back in the woods, I noticed another light machine gun set up and firing down in the town. I gave the gunners my ammo and moved off looking for the 3rd platoon. I came across the weapons platoon section sergeant and he wanted to know what I was doing and I told him to go out there and try to get the gun in action as I couldn’t and that I was going back to the third platoon.

[I remember one wounded man who had

walked to the edge of the woods. He asked for a medic and I asked him if he was wounded. He answered, “I am shot in both legs and my hand is shot off.” He held up his right hand and I saw some of his fingers were shot off and his pants were blood soaked. I don’t know how he had walked that far. I did not know the man.]

I ran into Loos and he told me that Storm and Johnson (Harry, Fall City, Nebraska) had been wounded. Storm had been hit in the butt and Johnson in the arm. Johnson had gone over with us.

Loos, Sanborn and I dug in as the tanks pulled out and left us. By now it had begun to get dark and the executive officer, Lt. Neel (Indiana) came around and told us to be on the alert. After dark we began to bring in the wounded. Many had multiple wounds. One man who had gone overseas with me was hit in the leg, stomach, chest and head. We put all of these wounded in a large German built dugout. The morphine the medics had was frozen. Sanborn’s feet were bothering him and he was coughing badly. He would tramp his feet, cough and sleep sitting up all at once. I fell asleep with my face in the snow until awakened by Lt. Neel. I was supposed to be on guard, but sleep had overtaken me. He told us that we were cut off and a B co. patrol had been almost wiped out trying to reach us. Soon the Germans began to shell us with the “screaming meemies”. These were a multi-barreled rocket launcher type of field piece. They sure were laying them in on us. The lieutenant came back and said we were pulling out, to head out of the woods and when we got in the open to guide on a village on fire as the armor was supposed to have cleared it that afternoon. We floundered back and of course we had to leave the wounded who would be rescued in the morning. We left the medics with them. The rest of the night Steinhaufel and I slept in a barn, burrowed in the sheep manure, with an old ewe and a couple of lambs.

About five o’clock our kitchen jeep appeared with breakfast. I remember we had pancakes. The driver came back with more and said that we had been practically wiped out. Six men remained in the 1st platoon, seven in the 2nd and thirteen in our platoon plus a handful of headquarters men and one machine gun.

In a couple of hours we were to jump off again to take this town but this time the armor was supposed to support us and we would attack from another direction. You can be assured that there were not many happy men that morning. We were certainly not looking forward to a resumption of the attack after being knocked around the day before and, if the armor ran out on us again, we were all probably done.

As we moved down the road we approached Weiswampach and one of the tanks hit two mines. No one was hurt but they refused to budge. Lt. Chappel came up and as Loos and I were the front men he asked us what we thought. I said, “They look like our mines, probably laid on the road early in the breakthrough.” This sector had been held by the 28th Div. then. He asked if we were afraid

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to move them and we said, "No." So we started digging them out and the tanks began to move. We entered the town without firing a shot. The krauts had pulled out. We could see them on a hill and they did fire a few mortar rounds at us. A German tank was burning. I guess it had been disabled and they couldn't move it and then destroyed it. We found a truck of German dead for they always tried to remove their dead if possible so we couldn't assess their casualties. These Luxembourgers were pretty well shook up. There were three girls in this house we were in and we found a lot of German equipment and clothes upstairs. Sanborn put his frozen feet in an oven and Loos and I cut up a lot of cemetery crosses we found in a carpenter shop. Undoubtedly the Germans were going to use them to mark graves as they had the Prussian Cross on them.

Later in the afternoon a column of tanks appeared from the west. It was a company of the 90th Div. and they were to relieve us, thank God.

Guess who was riding the lead tank? Sokolowski. We hadn't missed him and he said he had been knocked out by a screaming meemie the night before and had hidden in the woods until he saw the tanks coming. We doubted the knocked-out part, but we figured he had fallen asleep and we had missed him when we pulled out. You know he never slept again at night in the line, but catnapped in the daytime all the rest of our days in combat. Also he stuck to me like glue from then on to the end of the war.

We then moved out—we walked part of the way and rode on tanks part of the way back to a town called Fischbach, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. We slept in a house but a colored battalion of 240 mm fired all night. They were shaking down the houses. Here we got rid of our overshoes and combat boots and got shoe-pacs.

We moved out of here and into a big house in a little town. We stayed in the house and they showed a Bob Hope movie one night in the town in a big barn. DeVires (James, Washington) and I were on guard one evening and a German plane came over and we could see the cross on the wings by the moonlight.

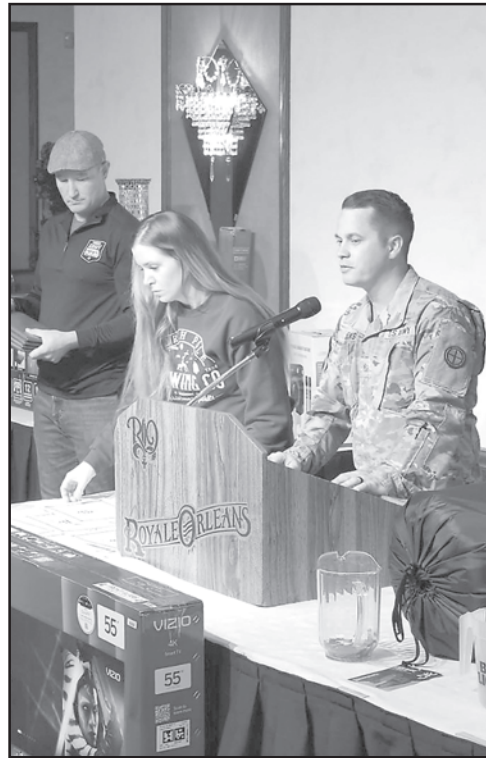
While we were in reserve here we were treated to a bath. The men who had been in the line the longest (a group of replacements we had received were not included) were taken back in trucks several miles to an open field where the engineers had set up a portable bath house. This unit consisted of a tent and duck boards to stand on with a series of showers powered by a generator and we had honest-to-gosh hot water. Also included was a change of long underwear and clean socks. If you have never had to do without one you cannot imagine our delight in having a fresh bath.

PFC Graff passed away on August 11, 2024 but his legacy lives on throughout the stories he told me. ~Mike Ven~

35th Division Family Dinner

In December 2025, the 35th Division held a special "Family Party" with a dinner for the soldiers and their families to celebrate the holidays. The 35th Division Association proudly provided several donations to help with this event.

Thank you to our members who generously donated!





Members of Timberwolves Remembrance Group Belgium at the monument after the ceremony.



Our Club's President Olivier Liekens and Vice President Kenneth Poppe with the wreaths.



Close up on two of the photos, Pvt. Troy R. Bader (Company G - 134th Inf. Reg.) & Pvt. Rex M. Bowers (Company C - 134th Inf. Reg.)

Remembrance Weekend in the Ardennes

Timberwolves Remembrance Group Belgium
Written by Bram Temmerman

During the weekend of January 9-11, the Timberwolves Remembrance Group Belgium and the 35th Infantry Division Belgium assembled in the Ardennes to commemorate the actions of the Division during the Battle of the Bulge.

Our home for the weekend was once again the Chateau De Rolley, former HQ of the 502nd PIR of the 101st Airborne Div. during the siege of Bastogne.

On Friday we visited the Luxembourg American Cemetery and Memorial. Here we paid our respects at the grave of Gen. George S. Patton Jr. and at the graves of several men of the 35th Division. We placed a candle, one rose and a small US flag at each headstone as a token of gratitude for our freedom.

On Saturday January 10 we held a small ceremony at dusk at the 35th Inf. Div. monument in Lutremange. During the ceremony our members acted as an honor guard on both sides of the monument. This year we also included a few photos in front of the monument with lit candles in front of them. The photos were of men who are mentioned on the monument and lost their lives during the bulge and/or with whose relatives we have special bond.

The ceremony started with a small speech by me, followed by the placing of wreaths. In total three wreaths were placed. One wreath was placed by a representative of the city of Bastogne, one in name of the 35th Inf. Div. Association and one by our living history group (Timberwolves Remembrance Group Belgium).

Afterwards Taps was played followed by a minute of silence. The ceremony ended with Amazing Grace being played on bagpipes.

On Sunday we conducted a small battlefield tour in the Lutrebois area, focusing on the 2nd Battalion - 134th Inf. Reg.

The weather conditions during the weekend and the ceremony of heavy snowfall and temperatures far below zero gave us a small glimpse of what the men of the division had to endure during the bulge for several weeks. At the same time it was hard to imagine a landscape that looks so peaceful with snow-covered treetops, hills and fields once was the scene of such brutal fighting and suffering.

We can only say that it was once again a very moving and proud experience for us to honor the legacy of all these fine men who gave their all so that Europe might be free again. Now that the last members of this generation are quickly slipping away from us, I would like to use this article to say thank you to any veteran or relative who might read this. We assure you all, that Belgium and Europe will always remember what happened here 81 years ago.



Official Ceremony at the Victory Memorial, revival of the flame by the local representative of the Government



General Cédric Colardelle (Air Force) passing in review the troops.



Color Guard 12th Armored Regiment.



Pictured above: Esther Guigou, French Navy Training Officer (similar to ROTC), and Marceau Trouve, flag holder.

Dear friends,

These pictures were taken on November 11, 2025, Armistice Day WWI, in Orléans at the official ceremony at The Victory Memorial. There were no American soldiers attending this ceremony but so many American soldiers were on the battlefields in the eastern part of France in 1917-1918. During WWI, nearly two million US soldiers came to France to help us win that war.

Also, near Orléans, there was an enormous US Army base to supply the units on the front line.

The next visit of our friends from the 52nd Signal Bn will be for VE DAY in 2026.

Best wishes,
Claude ROZET



This poster was printed for an exhibition about a huge US Army Base (50 kms south of Orléans) where they stored army equipment and food supplies to support the front line units.

Ellis County Casualties of Vietnam

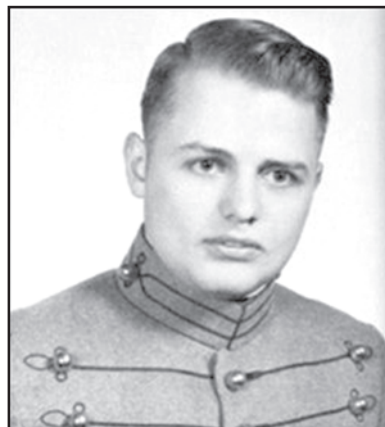
Submitted by Thomas Arnhold



Rigby



Leikam



Neuberger



Binder

When I grew up on our farm, just east of Hays, Kansas, we would go into town to see my Uncle Zaccheus Dechant and his wife, Aunt Ella. Later I would work for him at the Fort Hays State Warehouse. I remember Uncle "Hays", as we called him, telling me that Arthur Klaus, who lived nearby, was killed in Vietnam. For some reason that stuck in my mind.

Now, nearly sixty years later, I decided to research Arthur's life and death. When I did so, I learned that eight men from Ellis County, Kansas, died in Vietnam. I also decided to write this article, because these eight men received no fame for their service and deaths. In the past, I have written articles about Medal of Honor winners and James Naismith's service in the Kansas National Guard.

I will start with Arthur Klaus, since his name piqued my interest. Arthur Lee Klaus was born to Wilfred and Carolyn Gerstner Klaus on September 7, 1948, in Hays, Kansas. Arthur was drafted into the U.S. Army around July 1969. He was trained as an infantryman and on July 29, 1968, began his one-year tour of Vietnam as a corporal for Bobcats of the 25th Infantry Division, 1st Battalion, 5th Infantry, B Company. On February 8, 1969, B Company was conducting a reconnaissance in force near Hua Nghia, South Vietnam, when the unit was attacked by enemy soldiers. At 1811 hours, Company B had two armored personnel carriers hit by RPG rounds. The company dusted off six wounded Bobcats and one dead Bobcat. CPL Klaus presumably was the Bobcat killed as the records found by this author indicated he was the only member of B Company killed on February 8, 1969, and that he died of small arms fire.

Arthur's father lived until 2008, and his mother died in 2022, at the age of 93. Arthur had a brother and two sisters who survived him. Arthur's body was recovered, and his grave is in St. Joseph Cemetery in Hays. Arthur was awarded the Purple Heart, Combat Infantryman Badge, Purple Heart, Marksmanship Badge, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Army Presidential Unit Citation and the Vietnam Gallantry Cross.

Not all servicemembers who died in Vietnam, died in Combat, but their loss is just as hard. Gary Lee Binder, born December 6, 1946, enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He was a Constructionman (CN) in Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 121 (NMCB-121), 3rd Naval Construction Brigade, United States Naval Forces Vietnam. He died in a vehicle crash in the Thua Thien province on October 13, 1967. Binder was working on a road crew placing a seal coating on Route 1, three miles south of Phu Bai Combat Base in Thua Thien Province, RVN. Binder reportedly was on the side of the road when he was run over by a dump truck which was backing up to dump a load of sand. He received the National Defense Service Medal and the Vietnam Campaign Medal.

Major James Earl Heskett also was not killed by hostile fire, but rather was murdered in Vietnam on October 23, 1965, in the Quang Ngai province. He was a helicopter pilot in the 1st Cavalry Division, 2nd Battalion, 20th Air, Battery B. Major Leikam graduated from Hays High School in 1949 and Fort Hays State in 1953.

MAJ Heskett is buried in the St Joseph Cemetery, Hays, Kansas, and was awarded the National Defense Service Medal and Vietnam Campaign Medal. Major Leikam was survived by his wife, Patricia, a daughter, Debra, two sons, Michael and Steven and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Leikam. Patricia Leikam was told by officials that her husband was shot by "an individual who went berserk." Patricia also stated that he was supposed to leave for the United States the next day after his death to attend War College.

Major Charles W. Malone was a logistics officer with the Headquarters & Headquarters Company (HHC), 54th General Support Group, 1st Logistical Command, U.S. Army, Republic of Vietnam. The 54th GS Group had control of combat service units and other logistical support activities in the Cam Ranh Bay area in Khanh Hoa Province, RVN. On October 5, 1969, MAJ Malone was in a hospital at Cam Ranh Bay when he died of an apparent heart seizure. He was 44 years old.

Major Malone is buried at the Russell, Kansas cemetery. He is survived by his wife, Evelyn, his four sons, Michael, Robert Steven and William, as well as two stepsons, Mevin and Jimmy Yanda. Maj Malone was also survived by his mother, Lovisa, Malone. Major

Malone was the commanding officer of the 995th Maintenance Company of Kansas Army National Guard in Hays, which was activated for service in Vietnam. Previously, Major Malone served in World War II as a First Sergeant and also served in the Korean War. He received the National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Korean Service Medal, Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation, Republic of Korea War Service Medal, United Nations Service Medal, American Campaign Medal and the World War II Victory Medal.

SPC4 James Earl Heskett was born on February 4, 1944, and was drafted into the U.S. Army and was trained as an infantryman. He was a member of the 198th Light Infantry Brigade, 1st Battalion, 52nd Infantry, B Company. He began his Vietnam tour on 6 October 1967. On January 7, 1968, he died by hostile action of multiple fragmentation wounds in the Quang Ngai province of South Vietnam. He is buried at Oakly, Kansas and received the Purple Heart, the Combat Infantryman Badge, Marksmanship Badge, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Army Presidential Unit Citation and the Vietnam Gallantry Cross.

Specialist 4 Ollis Ray Rigby was born on August 16, 1948, and was only nineteen years old when he was killed on November 21, 1967, on Hill 875 in the Kontum province in South Vietnam. SPC 4 Rigby was missing in action for a period of time and was determined to have died of multiple fragmentation wounds. He enlisted in the United States Army. Entered the service via Regular Military. He began his tour on 25 April 1967. His military occupation or specialty was Medical Specialist, and he was attached to 173rd Airborne Brigade, 2nd Battalion, 503rd Infantry, Headquarters Company.

Awards bestowed upon SPC4 Rigby included the Purple Heart, Marksmanship Badge, Parachutist Badge, Combat Medical Badge, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Army Presidential Unit Citation and Vietnam Gallantry Cross. Ollis is buried at Ft Hays Memorial Gardens, Hays, Ellis Co, KS. His military stone says HHC, 503 INF, 173 ABN PH. His parents were Kenneth Rigby and Juanita Van Pool.

Like SPC4 Rigby, Private First Class Robert Lee Urban was only nineteen when his convoy was ambushed by mortar fire in Hua Nghia province in South Vietnam on October 8, 1968. PFC Urban was a medic with Company A, 3/187th Infantry of the 101st Airborne Division. PFC Urban was awarded the Purple Heart, Marksmanship Badge, Parachutist Badge, Combat Medical Badge, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Army Presidential Unit Citation, and the Vietnam Gallantry Cross.

Born on November 23, 1948, to Clarence and Evelyn Urban, and was their only child. PFC Urban was also survived by his paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Urban, and his maternal grandfather, Michael Fross. He is buried in St. Joseph Cemetery/Mt. Allen Cemetery in Hays. PFC Urban's parents had received a letter from Robert only two days before his death. Robert was a 1965 graduate of St. Joseph Military Academy and worked for the Samsonite factory in Denver after graduation until he enlisted in 1968. At the time of his death, PFC Urban had been in the military only five months before being sent to Vietnam on September 6, 1968. 1LT Daniel Leo Neuberger was born on 21 July 1945, in Ellis, Kansas, United States. His father, Edward Ludwig Neuberger, was 26 and his mother, Kathleen Eleanor Wiesner, was 23. Dan graduated from St. Joseph Military Academy in 1964 and the United States Military Academy in 1967. His military occupation or specialty was Field Artillery Unit Commander. He was attached to 4th Infantry Division, 6th Battalion, 29th Artillery, Battery B and was a forward observer. Dan arrived in Vietnam July 4, 1968.

Dan, fought near Dak To in Vietnam. Strategically this was an important battleground because it was close to the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which was the trail the North used to get supplies to their troops. Dak To is located at the junction of two valleys that run into South Vietnam from Cambodia and Laos. It was one of the main emptying points for the

continued on next page



Klaus



Urban



Heskett



Malone

Casualties of Vietnam—

continued from page 11

Ho Chi Minh Trail.

A 4th Division publication gave this history of Dan's death: "During the late summer of 1968, the 4th Infantry Division conducted reconnaissance and surveillance of the Cambodian border in Military Region II to block enemy infiltration routes from both Cambodia and Laos across the Central Highlands into the coastal provinces. The Division was tasked with destroying North Vietnamese Army and Viet Cong units and conducted spoiling attacks on enemy base areas and supply installations. At 6:20 PM on August 14th, during combat operations near Fire Support Base 29, seven kilometers (4.3 miles) southwest of Ben Het village in Kontum Province, RVN, the 3rd and 4th platoons of A Company, 3rd Battalion, 12th Infantry Regiment received a heavy weapons attack which included 75mm recoilless rifle and 82mm mortar fire. A U.S. Air Force Forward Air Controller flying close air support for the besieged U.S. units received heavy ground fire and was forced to return to Dak To with three hits on his aircraft. The Americans suffered heavy losses in the contact with fourteen killed. The lost personnel included (from A -3/12) PFC Robert I. Brown, SP4 Pedro J. Camacho-Rodriguez, SGT Raymond L. Daniels, PFC Roy L. Edelstein, 1LT Leo L. Hadley, PFC Scott D. Henry, SP4 Gary L. Maloy, SP4 John B. Mularz, PFC Steve D. Lee, PFC Bobby L. Riley, PFC Francis A. Schwarz, and SFC Henryk T. Sulatycki; (from HHC-3/12) medic SP4 Robert J. Santoro; and (from B Btry, 6th Bn, 29th Arty) forward observer 1LT Daniel L. Neuberger. Brown and Henry were posthumously promoted to Corporal. Enemy losses were not reported."

In addition to Dan being survived by his parents and his sister, Donetta Robbins, Dan was also survived by his brothers Thomas and Mark Neuberger. 1LT Neuberger's awards included the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Combat Infantryman Badge, Marksmanship Badge, Vietnam Service Medal, Army Presidential Unit Citation and the Vietnam Gallantry Cross. 1LT Neuberger is buried in Saint Mary's Cemetery, Ellis KS.

These eight men are on the wall of the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington D.C. and I am certain their families still grieve for them. For most of the rest of us, they are just names of those who paid with their lives for the defense of their country. My sole goal in writing this article was to remember these men.

From Normandy to North Korea: The Long War of Armando Arias

Submitted by Roberta Russo

Armando Arias was born on February 11, 1922, in Nogales, Arizona. He enlisted in the U.S. Army on October 30, 1940, and was initially stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, and Camp White, Oregon. After attending Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant on August 29, 1943.

On July 18, 1944, Arias joined the 137th Infantry Regiment in Normandy, transferring from the 311th Replacement Battalion while the regiment was operating near Pont-Hébert, France. On the night of August 1, while on patrol west of Saint-Lô, he became separated from his unit, was surrounded by German forces, and was forced to surrender. He was taken first to a battalion command post and then to a divisional headquarters for questioning.

On August 3, while being moved with other prisoners to a POW transit camp, the group was strafed by U.S. P-47 aircraft. Amid the chaos, Arias escaped, though he was nearly 20 miles behind enemy lines. He attempted to return to Allied territory by traveling at night and hiding in fields during the day, but was recaptured on August 5 and transported to a transit camp in Alençon, France.

Two days later, on August 7, the prisoners were loaded onto a train bound for Germany. When the train slowed roughly 40 miles southeast of Paris, Arias jumped from a car under cover of darkness. German guards fired at him but missed, and he escaped. He made his way toward American lines, receiving help from French civilians along the way. In one small village, residents hid him and advised him to wait until Allied forces arrived. He remained there for 20 days, until August 29, when he contacted elements of a U.S. armored division passing through the area.

Arias returned to duty with the 137th Infantry Regiment on September 13, 1944. Just two days later, on September 15, he was again captured while on a reconnaissance mission near the Meurthe River, south of Nancy, France. After swimming the river, he emerged directly into an enemy machine-gun position. He was taken prisoner, interrogated, and forced to march approximately 20 miles with other captives and guards. On the night of September 17, Arias slipped away from the group and escaped. During his flight, he killed two guards and knocked a third unconscious. He was sheltered by a French woman who hid him in a chicken coop and gave him food. After two days, he moved due to heavy German presence in the area and finally encountered an American patrol on September 20, returning once again to his unit.

After World War II, Arias settled in Los Angeles with his wife, Emma, and their three children. In July 1950, he was recalled to active duty for the Korean War and served as a First Lieutenant with the 1st Cavalry Division. On November 30, 1950, while leading an advance intelligence and



2nd Lt Armando Arias
137th Infantry Regiment

reconnaissance patrol during fierce fighting against massive Chinese Communist forces, he was reported missing. The battle took place under brutal winter conditions, with temperatures plunging to -30 degrees Fahrenheit. Though capture was suspected, his fate remained unknown until December 1951, when North Korea officially listed him among American prisoners of war.

Arias was held at Pyok-Dong POW Camp No. 2 near the Yalu River, one of the harshest POW camps of the Korean War. Prisoners there endured forced labor, extreme cold, disease, malnutrition, and relentless psychological pressure. Approximately 40 percent of the American POWs held at Pyok-Dong died in captivity.

The Korean Armistice Agreement, signed on July 27, 1953, ended active fighting and established the Demilitarized Zone, though the war itself was never formally concluded. The agreement also provided for the exchange of prisoners. On September 5, 1953, First Lieutenant Armando Arias was released at Panmunjom. He was among 290 American POWs repatriated aboard the transport General R. L. Howze, which arrived in San Francisco on September 23, 1953. Newspaper accounts noted that Arias was the first man to step off the ship.

He remained in the Army after the war and retired on January 9, 1963, with the rank of Major.

Armando Arias never fully recovered from the trauma of captivity. Though he tried to leave the past behind, he struggled deeply in the years that followed. After the death of his wife in 1969, he attempted suicide and eventually severed ties with his grown sons, never seeing them again. His son Ron later pursued a career in journalism and, haunted by unanswered questions, began searching for his father in 1985. Over the next 15 years, he uncovered fragments of Armando's life through records, interviews, and the memories of fellow soldiers and friends. He ultimately learned that his father had died alone, living as a hermit on a mountainside near Ojai, California.

Ron Arias documented this long pursuit and painful discovery in his 2002 book, *Moving Target: A Memoir of Pursuit*. The story stands as both a tribute and a caution—a testament to extraordinary courage in war, and to the enduring, often invisible wounds that can follow a soldier home long after the fighting ends.

SGT Robert James Goldsworthy Identified After 80 Years of being MIA



Article submitted by
Roberta Russo

Sergeant Robert James Goldsworthy, of the 35th Infantry Division, 320th Infantry Regiment, who had been listed as missing in action since December 17, 1944, has been officially identified by the DPAA, and accounted for.

Born June 5, 1922, in Lake Linden, a small town in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, Goldsworthy registered for the draft on June 30, 1942, at age 20. At the time, he was living in Highland Park, Michigan, and working for Vickers Inc. in Detroit. He entered active duty on January 13, 1943, and served as a Rifleman with Company B,

320th Infantry Regiment. During the fighting at Saint-Lô, France, on July 27, 1944, he was wounded by shrapnel from a shell blast but returned to duty just days later, on August 2, 1944. He was promoted to Sergeant and Squad Leader on August 25, 1944.

By December 1944, the 35th Infantry Division had been in continuous combat for five months, fighting its way across France and into Germany. On December 14, Goldsworthy's unit crossed the Blies River and captured Bliesbruck after intense fighting, continuing their advance north toward Reinheim, Germany. In the early morning hours of December 18, after hours of fierce combat, the enemy finally withdrew. It was during this action, on December 17, 1944, that SGT Goldsworthy was killed near Reinheim. His remains were not recovered at the time.

After the war, in January 1949, Graves Registration Service teams returned to the area and interviewed local residents, including the Burgomaster of Reinheim and a local priest. They learned that several American soldiers killed in the battle had been buried in the Gersheim Cemetery, about a mile and a half northeast of Reinheim. They were later exhumed and reinterred at the Lorraine American Cemetery in Saint-Avold, France.

One of those unidentified soldiers was buried as Unknown Soldier X-849—later confirmed to be SGT Goldsworthy. Because DNA technology was not available at the time, identification was impossible. Following advances in forensic science, his remains were exhumed for renewed testing. On September 18, 2025, the Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency (DPAA) announced that Unknown Soldier X-849 had been positively identified as SGT Robert J. Goldsworthy.

After more than 80 years, SGT Goldsworthy has finally been accounted for and will be honored for his service and sacrifice.

SGT Goldsworthy will be buried next to his older sister, Gladys E (Goldsworthy) Mukavetz, at Maple Hill Cemetery, Lake Linden, Michigan.

35th Division Hall of Fame Nominating Form

At this time, there are eight (8) nominations for the 35th Division Hall of Fame consideration in 2026. They are CSM Gale D. Beck, PFC Martin H. Duehring, 2d Lt Theodore Dulchinos, 1st Lt Stevie F. Fox, Staff Sgt Craig Schoeller, Staff Sgt Ralph L. Shear, Sgt John R. "Bob" Sirk, and CPT Edwin S. Young.

Members of the 35th Division Assn., as well as others, are encouraged to submit additional nominations for the 35th Division Hall of Fame for induction in 2026. Nominators must sign the nomination form and provide data for future contacts.

Three things are required for the nomination:

1. The completed Hall of Fame Nomination Form below.
2. Separate page(s) of the biography of the nominee giving military service and emphasizing what the nominee did in service in the 35th Division and/or 35th Division Association to merit induction into the Hall of Fame.
3. A photo of the nominee

Supporting documents such as copies of award citations, listings of military awards,

copies of his/her service records, letters of support, family information, civilian work, etc. are also appreciated. The 2027 class to be inducted will be selected at the Annual 35th Div Assn Conference in 2026.

Send nominations to LTC Doug Jacobs, Chairman, 35th Hall of Fame Committee, 125 SE Airport E. Drive, Topeka, KS 66619, or e-mail at office@kngmuseum.org so as to arrive not later than 1 August 2026.

Hall of Fame Nomination Form

Rank/Title of Nominee:

Name of Nominee:

Address of Nominee (if living):

Name & Address of Next of Kin (if deceased):

Nominee Date of Birth:

Nominee Date of Death:

Nominee List of Military Awards:

Nominator Name:

Nominator E-Mail:

Nominator Address:

Nominator Telephone:

**Deadline for the
Next Issue of the
Santa Fe Express is
15 April 2026**



Donor Appreciation List

September 2025 - January 2026

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND DONOR APPRECIATION

The 35th Division Association wishes to thank and recognize the following foundation and individuals for their financial contributions. These are donations made in addition to the Annual or Life membership dues.

Donors \$1,000

- Prairie Band Potawatomi Nation (Jan 2026 Edition of the Santa Fe Divisionnaire)
- The Breidenthal-Snyder Foundation (Operating Expenses)

Donors \$600

- COL (R) Bob Bloomquist (Div. Family Dinner and Museum Op. Expenses)

Donors \$500

- CSM Robert Istas (Div. Family Dinner)

Donors \$350

- CPT (R) Douglas Plummer (Op. Expenses, Hall of Fame, Div. Family Dinner)

Donors \$250

- Carol Freeman (Div. Family Dinner)
- BG(R) Robert Windham (Div. Family Dinner)

Donors \$200

- * SGM Magen Albert (Div. Family Dinner)
- * COL (R) Matthew Twombly (Div. Family Dinner)

- * COL (R) Malen (Butch) Dowse (Div. Family Dinner)
- * COL (R) Bruce Becker (Div. Family Dinner)

Donors \$150

- COL (R) Mike Dennis (Div. Family Dinner)
- Bruce Hawkins (Div. Family Dinner)

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- MAJ Peter Euler (Div. Family Dinner)
- Roberta Russo (Div. Family Dinner)
- Marilyn B Jensen (Div. Family Dinner)
- COL (R) Paul Waters (Div. Family Dinner)
- COL (R) Cal Warrem (Div. Family Dinner)
- Diana D Hardison (Op/ Expenses)

Donors \$50

- CSM Timothy Newton (Div. Family Dinner)
- COL Timothy Marlar (Div. Family Dinner)
- SGM (R) Lynn Holt (Div. Family Dinner)
- Sharon Lind (In Memory of COL(R) George M Lind)
- Arthur Germano (In memory of Arthur Germano Sr., HOF 35th Div, 320th Reg.)

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 FONTE: ADOBE GARAMOND PRO BOLD
 ENGRAVING TYPE: CONTRAST ENGRAVING

**NOTE: Location/size are approximate and for reference only. Final product may vary due to process.*

2026 Gun Raffle

This year the 35th Division Association will be conducting the third gun raffle as a fundraiser. The Santa Fe Sig Sauer Commemorative M17 pistol raffle tickets are \$20.00.

Here is a link to the Cheddar-Up site to pay, or you can send a check to the 35th Div. Association, PO Box 5004, Topeka, KS 66605.

NEW ANNUAL MEMBERS

- * LTC Wesley Dickman
- * Barbara Schrader

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

- * LTC Lynette M Ham
- *CPT Hannah Byun

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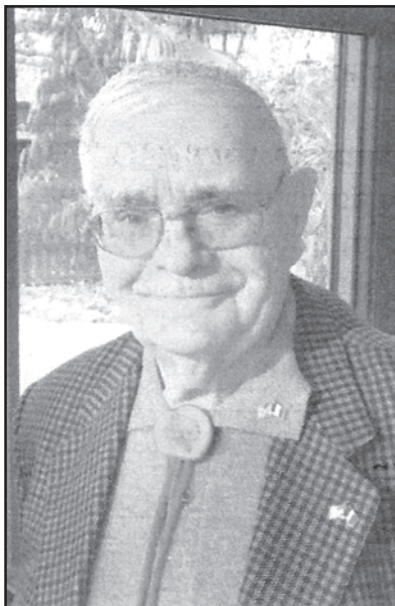
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MORE INFO AND REGISTRATION AVAILABLE AT:
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Taps



Claude Rozet

After feeling unwell on December 24 in the late afternoon, octogenarian Claude Rozet died on the night of December 24 to 25, 2025, in Orléans.

In 1972, the general delegate of the national association, Prince Cyrille Makinsky, created a France-United States committee in Orléans and appointed Claude Rozet as president. The national association between France and the United States was created just after the Second World War, in 1945.

At the instigation of Claude Rozet, the former president of the France-United States association, American soldiers from the 52nd Signal Battalion had made the trip to Orléans from Stuttgart for the celebrations of May 8 and the Johannine Celebrations.

The representatives of this famous 52nd Signal Battalion, based in Germany, in Stuttgart, participated in a commemoration of May 8 in Orléans, as well as in the Johannine Celebrations. They have also been coming for many years to ceremonies for the liberation of Orléans.

A partnership with the 43rd Orléans Battalion

Two years ago, Claude Rozet also initiated a partnership between the American 43rd Signal Orleans Battalion (which provides signals for the major American staffs in Europe) and the National Operational Support Centre stationed in the Bellecombe district of Orléans.

Claude Rozet had been a volunteer for the American Red Cross for several years. He maintained contact with the American army after the latter's departure from Orléans in 1966-1967. For 50 years, he organized the arrival of American soldiers for the ceremonies of May 8 and those of August 16 for the anniversary of the Liberation of Orléans in 1944. In 2022, Patrick Sautot succeeded him as head of the association. The same year, Claude Rozet had received the medal of the city of Saint-Jean-de-la-Ruelle.

Letter from Françoise Rozete (France)

Dear friends,

Claude ROZET passed away at 1.00 am on December 25th, 2025 ... Christmas Day

After collapsing at home, he was taken to hospital by the fire brigade and emergency services on December 24th at 7.30 pm.

I was called at 10.00 pm to come up quick which I did by taxi as it was dark and snowing ...and I stayed with him until the last moment at 1.00 am ...

Claude loved America, and the American Army, and American people all his life since he was a kid aged 7 when the US Soldiers arrived in his village near Orléans on August 16th, 1944 .

He was close to the Americans (military and civilian) when the US Army stayed in Orléans from 1950 to 1966 (COM Z E).

He also had friends at the American Red Cross in those days.

He was President of the FRANCO-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION in Orléans from 1952 to 2022.

He was so keen on the close relationship between the United States of America and France.

We will miss him... his loved cats already do...

Friendly yours, Françoise

The funeral (religious service) was on Tuesday, January, 6th, 2026 at 10.30 am, at Saint Jean Baptiste Church in Saint Jean de la Ruelle, near Orléans.



Frances Kathryn Rueger

Frances Kathryn "Kathie" Rueger, 83, of Beattie, Kansas, passed away peacefully on January 16, 2026, at Stratford Commons Memory Care in Overland Park, Kansas.

Kathie was born on October 11, 1942, in Marysville, Kansas, to Everett Whitten and Marthalene (Holman) Whitten. From an early age, Kathie displayed a deep love for music that would remain a defining part of her life. As a young girl and throughout high school, she sang and performed in the band, playing the flute and piccolo, often earning top ratings at music contests. Music was not simply an interest—it was her joy and her gift.

Kathie graduated from Marysville High School in 1960 and went on to earn a Bachelor's degree in Education with an emphasis in Music from Emporia State University in 1964. That same year, on February 8, 1964, she married Major General James Francis Rueger at Most Pure Heart of Mary Catholic Church in Topeka, Kansas. Though not raised on a farm, Kathie embraced farm life wholeheartedly after moving with Jim to the family farm north of Beattie. She became a devoted farm wife—raising their two children, working full time, helping with harvest, and lending a hand wherever it was needed. Her life reflected quiet strength, adaptability, and unwavering commitment to her family.

Kathie began her teaching career in 1964 with USD 364 in Beattie, serving as a kindergarten teacher, high school, and elementary music teacher. She influenced generations of children with patience, encouragement, and creativity. Even after retiring in 2000, Kathie continued to substitute teach for many years, remaining a beloved presence in the school district she cherished.

Music was the thread that wove through every chapter of Kathie's life. For decades, she offered piano lessons to children throughout the community, often hosting recitals in the family home. She was especially known for the Beattie Elementary School operettas, serving as pianist and musical director.

After retirement, she continued sharing her love of music as a member of the Marshall County Community Band.

At St. Malachy Catholic Church in Beattie, Kathie served faithfully as an organist, pianist, cantor, and choir organizer. She provided music for numerous weddings and funerals, organized choirs and instrumentalists for Christmas Mass, and sang with a regional choir that traveled to neighboring Catholic parishes.

Kathie was deeply devoted to her children and family. She was a proud 4-H mom, always helping with projects, attending events, and ensuring her children learned responsibility, kindness, and thoughtfulness toward others. She instilled the habit of gratitude—writing thank-you notes and saving newspaper clippings to celebrate others. Kathie was immensely proud of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, attending their activities whenever possible and celebrating every milestone.

Birthdays were sacred to Kathie—she was known for calling loved ones to sing "Happy Birthday," not only to her children, but to friends and extended family as well. Christmas held a special place in her heart; she famously kept a Christmas tree up year-round, decorating it to reflect each season.

As a military spouse, Kathie faithfully supported Jim throughout his service. When he prepared to deploy to Vietnam, she spent time at Fort Carson, Colorado, before returning to Beattie while Jim served overseas. Later, during Jim's tenure as Kansas Adjutant General, Kathie spent summers in Topeka with him and school years back in Beattie, continuing her teaching career. She was active in the Kansas National Guard Family Readiness Group, supporting other military families during deployments. With her beautiful voice, she was often invited to sing the National Anthem at military ceremonies and events.

Kathie was a member of Delta Kappa Gamma, Chi Omega, P.E.O. (Philanthropic Educational Organization), and the Daughters of the American Revolution, reflecting her lifelong commitment to education, service, and community.

She loved to travel—once famously traveling to China on her own, undeterred by the opinions of her children. She enjoyed shopping trips with friends and had a soft spot for lambs and cats, animals that mirrored her gentle and nurturing spirit.

Kathie was preceded in death by her parents, Everett and Marthalene Whitten; her husband, Major General James Francis Rueger, who passed away on April 16, 2005; and her sister, Martha Ann Whitten.

She is survived by her son, John Whitten Rueger (Carrie) of Lenexa, Kansas, her daughter, Jennifer Anne Rueger of Overland Park, Kansas; six grandchildren—Maddison Lopez (Domingo Lopez II), Gavin Downard (Parker), Alexander Rueger, Caroline Rueger, Colton Rueger, and Grayson Rueger; and two great-grandchildren, Domingo Lopez III and Maeve Downard.

Kathie found good in everyone she met and went out of her way to acknowledge others with a smile, a greeting, or a conversation. Even in her final days, she was known for smiling at those who cared for her.

Visitation with family present will be held from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. on Thursday, January 22, at Kinsley Mortuary in Marysville. A rosary service will follow at 7:00 p.m. at St. Malachy's Catholic Church in Beattie.

A funeral service will be held at 10:30 a.m. on Friday, January 23, at St. Malachy's Catholic Church. Father Jim Shaughnessy will officiate.

The pallbearers will be David Holthaus, Dennis Holthaus, Doug Holthaus, Scott Rueger, Jason Rueger and Brad Heiman.

Burial will follow in St. Patrick's Catholic Cemetery, north of Beattie.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Beattie Museum, St. Malachy's Catholic Church or the Kansas National Guard Museum. Contributions may be sent in care of Kinsley Mortuary, P.O. Box 147, Marysville, Kansas 66508.

