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Mr. Luke Martin
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Good Morning Luke:

We met at the last meeting of the 103rd Infantry Division in September in Omaha. You requested my writing about how Harold Isaacson was killed and I wounded. Sorry it has taken so long to get back to you. You know the old story about the road of hell being paved with good intentions.

I am sitting at my desk with a stack of work to be done. I am in the process of doing two projects for two vice presidents of our company, but I am not in the mood to do them. Its a beautiful day outside, not a cloud in the sky. El Niño hasn't shown itself here yet. My nose is running like a river. I've tried an antihistamine and some nose drops, but neither of them worked. Seeing as I'm feeling sorry for myself I'll try writing about something I don't usually talk about.

Thanksgiving Day, 1944 was a typical late fall or early wintery European day. It had been raining, we had some snow flurries and now it had turned to sleet. The word was out that a line company had been cut off. I think it was L Company. It was either Captain Gilligan or Lieutenant Farmer our Communication Platoon leader who came over and stated the two volunteers were needed to lay a wire to the company that was cut off. Both Harold Isaacson, wire man, and I, a radio operator, were selected. We had been around too long to volunteer for anything.

Harold was wearing his combat jacket. I had mine on also, but on top of that I had my overcoat with the collar turned up. We were in the town of Provencheres which is just past St.Die.

We started to lay the wire from the company headquarters out to where we thought we would find the company that was cut off. There is an old saying that you do not hear the one that gets you. If you live through it, it just ain't so. The time was late afternoon. As we were laying the wire we could hear a barrage of 88's coming in. From apriori knowledge we knew that the 88s were normally fired in a diamond pattern. After seeing the first two land not too far from us we should have moved up, but instead we crouched next to a stuccoed wall which was in front of a large building. It could have been a school, a hospital or perhaps a

church, we could not tell.

As we lay there the third round came in very close to us. Close enough to give me powder burns on my right hand as I was covering up my ears and face. My turned up collar collected several pieces of shrapnel which would have cut up the back of my neck had I not had my coat on. Even though I was between Harold and the shell, Harold still took the beating from the concussion. He died of internal hemorrhages.

Some years later I found out at a 103rd meeting that right in the middle of the town was a tall church steeple. The Germans had a look-out at the top of the steeple and was directing the fire. He was eventually caught. I do not know what happened to him.

Let me tell you a couple of side bars. At the time I did not know that Harold had been killed. I had been evacuated to a field hospital. I felt sorry for my self because I never got that Thanksgiving turkey. At a meeting I was talking to Sgt. Marvin Mann who as our mess Sgt. and told him. He told me that no one had turkey because he threw all of it out. The meat was bad. At other companies the men got ill from the bad meat, but no one at our company.

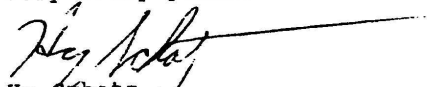
I also found out from General Sillery (at the time 1st Sgt) that he did not take my name off the company roster so the company could have the extra rations. He probably did not take off Isaacson's either because he died in the hospital not in the field.

I never did find out who finished laying the wire to the company that was cut off.

Hopefully this gives you the information you wanted. If not, you have my numbers. In any case stay in touch. Its good hearing from members of the group. Will look forward to seeing you in Shamburg.

Hope all is well with you and yours.

Very truly yours,


Hy Schatz