

THE BUGLE

SPRING 2013
VOLUME 19:1

QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE WISCONSIN VETERANS MUSEUM

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*Like Angels in the Sky:
A Combat Medic's Story*

Charles Schellpeper

Cover Photo:
Medic Charles Schellpeper at
a ceremony awarding
Combat Infantry Badges,
Combat Medical Badges,
and Purple Hearts

*The Hunt for the
Most Dangerous Man*

The continued story
of First Sergeant
Timothy C. La Sage, a
Marine Corps Scout Sniper
from Wisconsin.





FROM THE DIRECTOR
THE SPOILS OF WAR

“Say did you ever get that sword I sent home? That was taken from a pill box we took over in Germany here. I hope you get that alright.”

*-Earl O. Ganzow,
 237th Combat Engineer Battalion,
 December 7, 1944*

For thousands of years warriors have collected souvenirs of their service and wartime experiences. The desire to acquire objects that provide lasting reminders of significant events in our lives is a natural inclination that cuts across time and culture. It is the human way of providing authenticity and identity for those seeking to put their past in context.

In ancient times, Greeks and Romans commemorated their victories with elaborate displays of captured

arms and armor. On a smaller scale, individuals acquired battlefield relics that held a particular fascination for soldiers. Until recent times American soldiers were given significant leeway with respect to what they might bring home. In WWI and WWII, American soldiers were permitted to collect a wide range of weapons and military equipment. In addition, they often acquired non-military related items of endless variety and origin. The souvenirs that Wisconsin soldiers collected form a significant portion of the Museum’s collection and include everything from personal items belonging to the enemy, to ethnographic material and items handmade from discarded military equipment – and of course weapons.

More recently, however, concerns about personal safety and potential looting of cultural items have prompted a regulatory shift that limits what soldiers may bring home. Soldiers are no longer permitted to acquire firearms, grenade munitions and components of these. The prohibition on weapons extends to club-type hand items and concealable knives and switchblades. This list also includes such items as sand, dirt, and the full range of historical relics or other cultural items.

So what can US troops acquire nowadays? According to a 2006 *Stars and Stripes* article, permitted items include helmets and other head coverings, uniforms and patches, canteens, compasses, rucksacks and pouches, flags, knives and bayonets (as long as they are not collapsible), military training manuals, posters and placards, currency of the former Hussein regime, and prayer rugs purchased from an Army Air Force Exchange Services Officer.

It’s difficult to say whether these restrictions have discouraged recent vets from collecting and donating items. We simply do not know. There is generally a lag time between when a vet returns and when he or she may decide to donate items. Often it comes later in life when the desire to perpetuate a legacy becomes important. So the relative paucity of material from Iraq and Afghanistan may have more to do with time than Armed Forces regulations.

More challenging than these restrictions is fighting the perception among some vets that the so-called mundane objects of their service are unworthy of donation. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is the everyday items connected with extraordinary events that speak most faithfully to the veterans’ experience.

In this issue you will read about Charles Schellpeper and his harrowing account of an encounter with a IED. Schellpeper managed to retrieve a battle-damaged first aid pouch from the downed vehicle, and subsequently donated it to the Museum. Together with this seemingly ordinary object, Schellpeper’s story provides us with a vivid picture of the event in a way that cannot be adequately conveyed by words only. Likewise, the object is mute unless the participant in the event provides witness to the fact. By collecting and donating the bag, Schellpeper ensures the preservation of his experience in Iraq and provides future generations with an authentic window to the past.

WISCONSIN VETERANS MUSEUM SPECIAL PROJECTS

Your membership supports the mission of the Wisconsin Veterans Museum. In 2013, we have a number of special projects you may be interested in giving to:

★ **ACQUISITIONS**

- Help WVM acquire significant objects and archival materials.

★ **2013 CIVIL WAR EXHIBIT**

- Support the final exhibit installment of the Museum’s 150th Anniversary of the Civil War.

★ **AUGMENTED REALITY**

- Give to the Museum’s newest interactive technology-Augmented Reality.

REMEMBER, YOUR GIFT MAKES *YOUR* MUSEUM STRONGER!





FROM THE ARCHIVES

BADGER SPIRIT IN AFGHANISTAN

Wisconsin National Guard soldiers who composed the Regional Command Advisory Group (RCAG) at Gardez, Afghanistan, ca. 2004. (Steven R. Fenske Collection, Mss. 2006.121)



JENNIFER CARLSON
MARKETING & DEVELOPMENT
DIRECTOR



THE HUNT FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN

THE STORY OF A MARINE CORPS SCOUT SNIPER FROM WISCONSIN

A native of Milwaukee, Timothy Charles La Sage enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1992, and quickly became part of an elite security and anti-terrorism unit called FAST Company (Fleet Antiterrorism Security Teams), tasked with guarding or recapturing US Embassys that are in distress. A Marine Scout Sniper, First Sergeant La Sage has logged multiple combat deployments, earning two Purple Hearts, three Navy Commendation medals (two for valor) and two Navy Marine Corps Achievement medals for life saving actions. In 2004, he was severely wounded while on mission in Ar Ramadi, Iraq. This is the second in a two part series of his story – the life of a combat Scout Sniper. ~ Jennifer Carlson

This story is continued from the 2012/13 Winter volume of The Bugle.

On November 4th, 2004 Ar Ramadi, Iraq I was on a mission to eliminate Abu Musab al-Zarqawi. Al Zarqawi was the main leader of Al Qaeda in Iraq. The battle for Fallujah was days away from starting and we had information that al Zarkawi was seeking refuge in Ar Ramadi, at a family member's house.

Operating at the midnight hours and in the dark alleyways, we often worked in small elements to maintain stealth. With an eight-man Scout Sniper element we worked through the city slowly and methodically. By 0200 on November 4, we were almost to the house from which we were going to operate. It was only a block away from the target and the house where he was located. We had to bump across the final divided main street to get there. Sending the first two across the street and back into the dark alley on the other side was the first step.



First Sergeant Timothy C. La Sage in one of his sniper spots. He often spent long periods of time, sometimes days, in the same position and location.

With two other Marines, I was next to bump across the danger area while on our current side the remaining Marines covered our movement.

While bumping across the street, I was in the middle of our three Marines. While passing the middle divided portion of the avenue, there was a blast. The blast turned out to be a daisy chain of 155 artillery shells that the enemy uses to take out convoys. Today, this IED did

not take out a convoy; it took out our Marines on foot. Most likely command detonated, it meant someone watched us and set it off. We had to act fast. I was thrown a substantial distance but still surrounded by the plume of the IED; I knew I was in the kill zone. Understanding enemy fire comes next. I rapidly moved to my last spot before detonation to consolidate the other two Marines. Both

were dead. The two across the street already took about ten hits from fragmentation, about the size of quarter each. The Marine watching our backs, on the side of the street we came from, took a hit to the face with frag. I assessed myself in the street and found that I had taken a piece of the frag to the chest. That was minimal, since it shattered the top of my body armor. My legs were also hit. I had a quarter-size hit to the calf and a beer can-size hole in my thigh.



After seeing all of our packs, weapons, and my brothers strewn about, I began consolidation. One of the Marines with me in the street was killed by a large frag through the side of his body. The other was lying there with no visible wounds. I began searching for a bleed that I couldn't see and came up with nothing. Beginning life saving steps (basic CPR) after removing his chew from his mouth, I started calling for the other two alone across the street. I realized they could have easily been killed or taken away from us. One of the Marines from our side of the street came to assist with chest compressions as

I gathered up several sniper rifles, sensitive communication assets, and began to do the one man probe to the far side of the street to locate our other two. As I was heading their way, the two began to retrograde back towards us. Our primary communication was destroyed with one of our dead. Our backup radio was walking back across the street now. "BDA" is a large man and watching him trying to make his way back across the street was painful to watch. He was carrying his 100 pound rucksack in one hand as he was trying to hold his arm together. Moments later came "BB" with about 10 holes in his back and legs. He was looking bad and I knew we needed a casualty evacuation (CASEVAC) ASAP.

The unit that we relieved in Ar Ramadi had serious losses during their deployment. One



Four of the eight Marines who were with First Sergeant Timothy C. La Sage on the day he was hit. From left to right: Jared Hubbard (deceased), Joe Grimaldi (wounded), Adam Blair (wounded), and Jeremiah Baro (deceased). Jared Hubbard and Jeremiah Baro were killed in the explosion that severely injured First Sergeant La Sage. Joe Grimaldi and Adam Blair were the point men to cross the street first and were wounded by fragmentation from the blast.

of those situations was the loss of a Scout Sniper team and their rifle. I knew the effect it had on us knowing there was a precision rifle out there in the enemy's hands. I gathered up our dead and their sniper rifles and we all made our way to a nearby hacienda-style courtyard. After making entry into the courtyard, we made a circle to triage ourselves. That circle



Commemorating the Fallen: A memorial ceremony at Camp Pendleton, California after the unit had returned from deployment.

was also to engage anyone that came at us. I was doing chest compressions with a pistol in my hands while covering the gated entry. As I was attending to one of ours, the Marine next to me took my tourniquet out of my sleeve and began wrapping it around my upper thigh. I was losing a large amount of blood from my legs. Fending off locals that were approaching while trying to save a friend's life as I felt myself fading was quite a big task. We were able to reach higher headquarters and we reported our situation.

Understanding that when our unit has us out on mission and it

was pre-raid surveillance or target acquisition for a raid that morning on al Zarqawi and an IED went off, our COC or mission control knows something bad has happened. Our compromise initiated the raid force to conduct their mission early. This took away from a recovery force for us. After 40 minutes, we had one HMMWV (Humvee) finally find us with another guarding the alley. This vehicle was already loaded with raid personnel. We made them back into the courtyard we were in and we loaded our dead, wounded, and gear into the HMMWV. As it drove off, I realized with the other Marine I was still standing with in the courtyard, that the other vehicle was not coming.

During this process, the family that lived at the house we were in came out to us. We detained the males. Once our ride left, I approached the senior male with my pistol in

hand as well as a twenty-dollar bill. I asked for his car keys and he gladly gave them to me. I knew we could not stay there one more minute. My spotter and I drew large X's on the hood, roof, and trunk with IR chem-lites. I also taped my IR strobe to the roof. Driving a local taxi at a high rate of speed through town to our headquarters was asking for a post stander to light us up. Across town, I intersected with reinforcement to the raid. I approached them, parked, and got out, asking for help. I imagine I looked a bit unnerving, since I had cut my trousers to my groin to assess my wound, my blouse was off from my chest fragment, and I was covered in blood. I looked like Iron Fist Athletic's motto: Blood Sweat Blood. The convoy picked up my partner and I as well as the extra rifles and my gear.

My team was taken to Al-Taqaddum Air Base where triage occurs as well as flight prep. The convoy I linked up with from my unit took me back to battalion headquarters. They dropped me off in front of battalion and I gathered up my things as well as all the other gear. It was about 0400 in the morning so there was minimal activity outside, especially since the raid was underway. I walked into battalion and over to medical. I alerted the duty corpsmen that I would need some medical attention. I don't believe he saw the trail of blood I was leaving throughout the headquarters. I began unloading and inventorying the weapons and gear I had, as I knew I was about to part ways with it all. My Platoon Commander walked in and saw my state. I was still without a blouse and was covered in blood from giving CPR and treating others. My shredded trousers were covered in blood as well. He immediately called out for the corpsman who was gathering some help and equipment. I was about done with briefing the Platoon Commander on personnel, weapons, and gear as well as unloading all the rifles when the very large medical officer in charge came rapidly around the corner. As he politely launched the corpsmen out of the way and yelled at him that I was in shock and losing large amounts of blood, he went to kindly place me on a table. I still had my pistol and begged him to wait a second so I could unload and hand it over. From there, I was a patient. I lost all control of the situation and became someone else's mission. That in itself is a bad feeling. Before I was MEDIVAC'ed, my Battalion Commander and Sergeant Major came in the room. I felt like I had disappointed them. They trusted me every day to run

Scout Sniper missions and I felt like I let them down for the first time at that moment. They reassured me, of course.

I was quickly transported to the Army base for stabilization and possible amputation. I linked up with a couple of my teammates as well as another medical officer who happen to be assisting the triage center. I learned there that both my brothers that I was standing next to when this all occurred had died. With all that I did to try and "save" the one, I found out he died from concussion and no external wounds. At my first stop after hours of this ordeal, I was to receive my first hit of morphine. They also prepped my left leg for possible amputation. The first thing

they did was poke several holes in a quart bottle of saline solution so they could power flush the wound from debris. During this whole event I remember taking note at the fact I was not in pain. When this Navy petty officer squeezed that bottle into my leg I remember snatching her up by her blouse viciously. As she was tip-toeing to remain on the deck I looked at her name tape and said her name. I told her I just wanted to remember the name of the person that gave me the most pain in my life.

From that time on it was solitude surrounded by others. Red light, post surgery, moaning, Marines crying out, prep for flights, more solitude, and then your realization of your new reality. I was in a unique situation when I returned. There was not a unit (Wounded Warrior Regiment) to organize and maintain wounded. I spent the next 18 months at home. No contact

and no progress. If I could do it over again, post-event, I would tell myself that I needed to take care of that business just the same as a mission. Prioritize my needs and start taking care of myself. Family is the key. My family has been tolerating me since. I would say we all train so very hard, but what these spouses and family have to take on with their new Marine is something out of all of their expertise. Without the family unit or if single, the brothers in experience, the recovery of that injured Marine is slowed or impaired. I owe a life of thanks to my wife Jessica for all she has done and endured. To my daughters who learned that when daddy bites the leather, they can rip the gauze out and clean and pack wounds even if I pass out, thank you. To my brothers, I owe you my life. Honesta Mors Turpi Vita Potior: "An honorable death is better than a vile life."



First Sergeant Timothy C. La Sage with a fellow Marine and Wisconsin Department of Veterans Affairs Secretary John Scocos at the Wisconsin Veterans Museum.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY



RUSS HORTON
REFERENCE ARCHIVIST



In the last issue of *The Bugle*, I wrote about current conflict veterans and how most of them have emails and digital photographs from their service instead of paper letters. While that might be generally true, there are still service members who, for a variety of reasons, write the occasional letter with pen and paper. Sometimes, they even choose to write letters because they have something out of the ordinary on which to write.

Andrew Brady, a Poynette native who served with the 3rd Battalion, 4th Marines in Iraq during the early years of Operation Iraqi Freedom, donated to WVM over one hundred emails that he exchanged with his family during his

overseas service. He also donated one physical letter that he wrote to his brother, Joseph. This letter is interesting for two reasons. One is that he clearly felt more free to write about his real experiences with his brother than with his parents, writing to him about being shot at often with the instruction, “Don’t tell Mom, I know how she would worry.” The other interesting aspect of the letter is that it is written on a piece of cardboard from an MRE box. Because he also wrote emails to Joseph, it is clear that he chose to physically write this letter because of the uniqueness of the medium.

Brady’s MRE box letter is one of many in the WVM collections that demonstrate the imagination of Wisconsin veterans in using materials at hand to write home to family and friends. One of the

most unique examples of this came from a Janesville soldier who was serving in Company A, 1st Wisconsin Infantry Regiment during the Spanish-American War. The 1st Wisconsin spent the duration of the short conflict at Camp Cuba Libre, near Jacksonville, Florida. This unidentified soldier decided to send a souvenir home to his

in camp have been getting this stuff and writing letters on it.”

Madison resident Kenneth Zerwekh, an officer in the 3546th Ordnance Medium Automotive Maintenance Company, wrote dozens of letters home to his wife, Evie, on traditional paper, postcards, and V-mail during his World War II service in Europe. On June 20, 1945, though, he chose a different medium

to write to his wife. With the defense, “As this is the only paper available—and the property of Lt. Davidson—I hope you will excuse the reverse side especially,” he continued the letter on the back of a Vargas pin-up girl calendar page. Zerwekh used nine of the calendar pages to write letters to Evie, and although the collection includes her return

correspondence, she made no mention of her husband’s unique stationery.

The above examples demonstrate the desire of Wisconsin veterans throughout history to stay connected to the home front while also showing off some of the new things with which they were coming into contact. Along with the thousands of other letters, diaries, photographs, and other materials preserved at WVM, they help keep the stories of Wisconsin veterans alive.



Three letters from three eras (left to right); Andrew Brady with his letter from 2004, Kenneth Zerwekh with his letter from 1945, and Charles Stuvengen with his letter from 1918.

friend, George C. Youmans, so he wrote on, addressed, and stamped a piece of hardtack and sent it through the mail without any packaging. Amazingly, or perhaps not so amazingly given hardtack’s reputation, the piece survived its postal journey from Florida to Wisconsin intact.

Stationed at Love Field in Dallas, Texas during World War I, Sergeant Charles Stuvengen of the 277th Aero Squadron, an Orfordville native, used a piece of canvas from one of his unit’s airplanes to write to his sister. Touching upon one of the dangers of flying planes in World War I, he wrote, “I suppose you’ll be wondering what kind of paper this is. This is what covers the framework of an airplane. I got it off a wrecked ship. Touch a match to it and you’ll see how fast it burns.” He added, “All the fellows

INTERESTED IN DONATING SIMILAR MATERIALS
RELATING TO A WISCONSIN VETERAN?

CONTACT RUSS HORTON AT
RUSSELL.HORTON@DVA.WISCONSIN.GOV



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CHARLES SCHELLPEPER
GUEST AUTHOR



LIKE ANGELS IN THE SKY: A COMBAT MEDIC'S STORY



Combat medic Charles Schellpeper.

As I stepped off the plane into the dark Kuwaiti desert a wave of hot moist air hit me. I was in the Middle East, all of those months of endless training had led me to this. For the next three weeks we sat in Kuwait and tried to "adjust" to our new environment. Going on mile long runs in full combat gear was not uncommon, neither was dehydration and heat exhaustion. We drank bottle after bottle of water and prayed we would be sent to Iraq soon because it was thought to be cooler there. Our barracks were huge 150-200 man tents and we slept on cots right next to one another row after row.

Sometime towards the end of September 2nd Battalion 8th Infantry Regiment finally received orders to pack up and make the move to Iraq. We arrived in Baghdad under the veil of darkness, but the air base was full of activity. It was incredible to see the true might of the U.S. military. As we sat on a helipad waiting for Chinook Helicopters to ferry us 45 minutes south

to the city of Diwaniyah, a huge explosion and fireball went off in the distance followed by the sound of small arms fire and sirens. It was very clear to me then that I was in a far different place than I had ever been before.

Forward Operating Base (FOB) Echo didn't look like much, but it was home to a multinational coalition of troops from Poland, Bosnia & Herzegovina, Mongolia, and the United States. Our Battalion quickly established overall command of the base and assumed responsibility for full spectrum combat operations. My platoon was tasked with protecting the Battalion Commander of 2-8 IN. Over the course of twelve months we conducted over 200 around the clock combat patrols, ensured the conduct of fair and free provincial elections, and trained Iraqi security forces to be a professional organization. Our schedule was demanding and the business we took part in was very serious.

November 1, 2008 was a day that started out similar to most, the platoon woke up, worked out, and received our mission brief. We were told that a couple days prior, a U.S. soldier had accidentally run over an Iraqi Army soldier with a Mine Resistant Ambush Proof Vehicle (MRAP) and killed him. Our platoon was given the task of driving to the Shi'ite holy city of Najaf in order to deliver the condolence payment to the Iraqi soldiers family. We loaded up into our MRAPs and M1114 Up Armored Humvees and departed on the three hour drive. One hour had gone by and thus far the drive had been hot and uncomfortable. I looked out the side window and thought about my best friend who was getting married that same day. I had been away from home for three months and war had lost much of its glamour to me. Then it happened.

A large explosion deafened my ears while dark black smoke and orange fire consumed the lead Humvee. The radio chatter immediately went from laughter and conversation to barking orders and .50 caliber Machine Gunners asking for target confirmations. My mind was swirling with questions and I was sick to my stomach. I was the only Medic in the convoy and I knew it was up to me to get those men out of the damaged Humvee as soon as possible. I heard my Platoon Sergeant telling me to jump out the moment our truck stopped. As the driver slammed on the brakes I swung the heavy armored door open and ran out into the road at a dead sprint toward the downed truck. I felt so naked and exposed. I thought about the small arms fire going on around me and



After the IED: Humvee after being struck by an explosively formed penetrator (EFP).

the chance of there being a second Improvised Explosive Device (IED) set up in order to massacre the Soldiers who would surely rush to save their comrades' lives.

As I reached the truck smoke filled my lungs and I could feel the heat on my face from the fire. Without hesitating, I opened the door. Nothing could have prepared me for the sight I was about to see. Five of the closest friends I'd ever had were sprawled about inside the truck covered in blood and moaning, but miraculously everyone appeared to be alive. I immediately began applying Combat Application Tourniquets to the shattered limbs of the wounded men as other soldiers arrived and with mechanical like efficiency began to do the same. We knew through training that to stay in the "kill zone," the immediate area in which the IED goes off, is not the place to be so the decision was made to move the wounded to be loaded in the large MRAP vehicles. Myself and two other soldiers who I felt were medically competent went with the three most severely wounded members of the platoon. Executing his training to a T, my Platoon Sergeant had already called up a Medical

Evacuation Helicopter which had responded saying it would meet us at a designated casualty collection point in twenty minutes.

Sitting in the back of that MRAP for the next twenty minutes felt like an eternity. Dressing wounds, initiating IVs, checking vital signs, and trying to calm the conscious patients were all things that happened on our way to the evacuation site. Finally, the MRAP lurched to a halt and in the distance you could hear the chopping rotary wings of the helicopters heading in our direction. They were like angels in the sky. I had never felt so relieved in my life. We waited for the two UH-60 Black Hawks to land, then immediately loaded the five wounded patients on to the birds. As the helicopters took off an enormous wave of relief and exhaustion swept over me. I started to shake. My eyes became moist. I thanked God for seeing me through the day and allowing me to keep my men alive.

SHARE YOUR
VETERAN'S STORY AT
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TEE-OFF

FOR A GOOD CAUSE!



SAVE THE DATE: MONDAY, JULY 15, 2013

WISCONSIN VETERANS MUSEUM FOUNDATION

GOLF OUTING

AT THE OAKS COURSE IN COTTAGE GROVE

Join us for the Ninth Annual Wisconsin Veterans Museum golf outing.

This event will be held at The Oaks Golf Course in Cottage Grove on Monday, July 15, 2013.



BECOME A SPONSOR TODAY!

Sponsors and prize drawing donations are needed for the annual golf outing.

Contact Jennifer Carlson at 608.264.6086 or at jennifer.carlson@dva.wisconsin.gov today to learn about becoming a sponsor.

100% of the proceeds support the development of educational programs and exhibits at the Wisconsin Veterans Museum.

WISCONSIN VETERANS MUSEUM 2013 SPRING EVENTS

PRESERVING MEMORIES THROUGH FILM AT THE WISCONSIN VETERANS MUSEUM

Friday, April 12, 2013 at noon

Danielle Spalenka, Project Archivist, Wisconsin Veterans Museum
Lecture and discussion

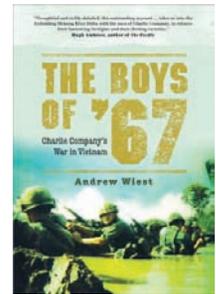
The Wisconsin Veterans Museum has nearly 200 films within its collection, including Wisconsin National Guard recruitment spots, WWII-era Army training films, and home movie footage taken by soldiers to document their military experiences. WVM Archivist Danielle Spalenka will discuss how the archives is preserving, cataloging, and providing access to the original films. Clips from some of these films will also be shown, including original WWII gun camera footage and homecoming footage of Col. Donald Heiliger, who as a pilot in Vietnam was shot down and held as a prisoner for six years.

THE BOYS OF '67: CHARLIE COMPANY'S WAR IN VIETNAM

Thursday, April 18, 2013 at 7 PM

Andrew Wiest, Professor and Director of International Studies,
University of Southern Mississippi
Lecture and book signing

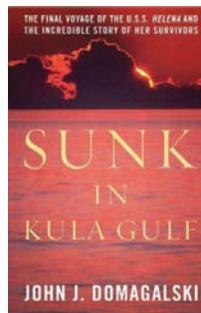
Even though it is often remembered for battles like Khe Sanh or Hamburger Hill, at its heart, Vietnam was a brutal, small unit war. In *The Boys of '67: Charlie Company's War in Vietnam*, Dr. Andrew Wiest tells the story of one single company in the Vietnam War from its drafting, through its training, year of combat (in which 25 were killed and 105 were wounded), and reintegration into society. Vietnam irrevocably changed the lives of the men who fought in the war, a transformation that is at the heart of Wiest's study.



SUNK IN KULA GULF: THE FINAL VOYAGE OF THE U.S.S. HELENA AND THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF HER SURVIVORS IN WORLD WAR II

Friday, April 26, 2013 at noon

John Domagalski
Lecture and book signing



Sunk in Kula Gulf tells the epic story of the *Helena's* survivors. Two destroyers plucked more than seven hundred from the sea in a night rescue operation as the battle continued to rage. A second group of eighty-eight sailors—clustered into three lifeboats—made it to a nearby island and was rescued the next day. A third group of survivors, spread over a wide area, was missed entirely. Clinging to life rafts or debris, the weary men were pushed away from the area of the sinking by a strong current.

After enduring days at sea under the hot tropical sun, they finally found land. It was, however, the Japanese-held island of Vella Lavella and deep behind the front lines. The survivors organized and disappeared into the island's interior jungle. Living a meager existence, the group evaded the Japanese for eight days until the Marines and U.S. Navy evacuated the shipwrecked sailors in a daring rescue operation. Using a wide variety of sources, including previously unpublished firsthand accounts, John J. Domagalski brings to life this amazing, little-known story from World War II.

A Special Evening With
★ **VICTOR DAVIS HANSON** ★

*Martin and Illie Anderson Senior Fellow in Residence in
Classics and Military History at the Hoover Institution,
Stanford University*

★ **SCHEDULE OF EVENTS** ★

5:00—6:30PM

VIP RECEPTION AT THE WISCONSIN VETERANS MUSEUM

*\$175 per person (includes dinner at The Madison Concourse Hotel)
Private reception with Victor Davis Hanson and VIP guests.
Complimentary drinks and hors d'oeuvres included.*

6:00—7:00PM

RECEPTION AT THE MADISON CONCOURSE HOTEL

*\$125 per person
Cash bar and hors d'oeuvres will be provided.*

7:00—9:00PM

DINNER AND KEYNOTE ADDRESS AT THE MADISON CONCOURSE HOTEL

Presented By

THE WISCONSIN VETERANS MUSEUM FOUNDATION

★ **COST** ★

*\$175 per person for VIP Reception, Dinner and Keynote Address
\$125 per person for Dinner and Keynote Address*

★ **PROCEEDS** ★

*Will support the development of new exhibits and programming
at The Wisconsin Veterans Museum.*

Save the Date
THURSDAY, MAY 2, 2013 at **THE MADISON CONCOURSE HOTEL**

Ticket Info at
WWW.WVMFOUNDATION.COM

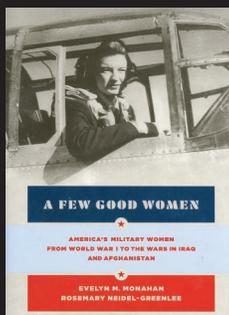
FROM THE MUSEUM STORE SIGNATURE ITEMS



These shirts are new additions to the Wisconsin Veterans Museum Gift Shop in time for Women's History Month. Available in Small through 2XL for women veterans of Vietnam and Desert Storm.

Now only \$29.95

In this narrative history, women veterans from the World Wars, Vietnam, the Gulf War, Afghanistan, and Iraq tell their extraordinary stories. Today, women make up more than fifteen percent of the U.S. armed forces and serve alongside men in almost every capacity. Here are the stories of the battles women fought to march beside their brothers, their tales of courage and fortitude, of indignities endured, of injustices overcome, of the blood they've shed and the comrades they've lost, and the challenges they still face in the twenty-first century.



Now only \$24.95



GREG LAWSON
STORE MANAGER



To learn more about these products and other selections, start shopping at store.wisvetmuseum.com.

The Wisconsin Veterans Museum accepts all major forms of payment, including cash (U.S. currency only), check, Visa, Mastercard and American Express. Checks should be made payable to the Wisconsin Veterans Museum and include a valid Driver's License Number and phone number. All items purchased in the State of Wisconsin are subject to sales tax.

All inquiries will be answered within 24 hours. Orders will be processed on the same day as received, and depending on item supply will be sent same day USPS for an additional \$4.00 shipping for first item and \$1.00 for each additional item.

Questions? Call 608.261.0535 or email giftshop.manager@dva.wisconsin.gov.



MICHAEL TELZROW
DIRECTOR



FACES OF FREEDOM



Don Weber greets Governor Scott Walker.

On March 2, 2013 the Wisconsin Veterans Museum Foundation and Wisconsin's First Lady, Tonette Walker, hosted Faces of Freedom at the Hyatt Regency in Milwaukee. The event, featuring appearances by Medal of Honor recipient Gary Wetzel and comedian Fred Klett, attracted more than four-hundred to the downtown venue for a night that closed the Governor's Year of the Veteran observance. Secretary John A. Scocos addressed the crowd along with the Governor and First Lady, Stephanie Klett. Following a brilliant performance of family-friendly comedy by Fred Klett, the Brew City Big Band closed out the night with several sets of dance floor music.

On behalf of the WDVA and Wisconsin Veterans Museum Foundation, I wish to thank all of the attendees and those involved in planning and executing the event. Thank you for your continued support of the Wisconsin Veterans Museum. All proceeds from the fundraiser will go to benefit the Wisconsin Veterans Museum through the Wisconsin Veterans Museum Foundation.



Medal of Honor recipient Gary Wetzel thanking the crowd.



LIASON OFFICER

KARL HANSON

Karl R. Hanson is a native of Oregon, Wisconsin and a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, where he received a Bachelor of Science in Military History in 2000. He was awarded a Master of Public Administration Degree from Western Kentucky University in 2004 and a Juris Doctor (cum laude and Order of the Coif) from the University of Wisconsin Law School in 2008.



Karl Hanson in front of the Arc of Triumph (or the Swords of Qādisīyah) in Baghdad, Iraq.

After completing the Armor Officer's Basic Course, where he made the Commandant's List, Hanson was commissioned an Army Armor officer in 2000 as platoon leader with Task Force 1-64 Armor, Camp Dobol, Bosnia-Herzegovina. Returning stateside, he served as a tank platoon leader with Company A, 1st Battalion, 64th Armor, at Fort Stewart, Georgia. From 2002 to 2003, he served as the executive officer of Troop F and Headquarters and Headquarters Troop, 1st Squadron, 16th Cavalry Regiment, Fort Knox, Kentucky. After serving as 1st Squadron's adjutant, he was promoted to captain in 2003, and assumed duties as the regimental adjutant in 2004. Hanson then completed the Armor Captain's Career Course, where he made the Commandant's List for a second time. Deployed in 2005 to Headquarters Multi-National Force – Iraq as a liaison officer in the Iraqi Prime Minister's Situation Room, Hanson soon took command of the 16th Cavalry Regiment's Headquarters and Headquarters Troop.

With more than six years of service, Hanson joined the Wisconsin Army National Guard in 2007. He served as the adjutant of 1st Squadron, 105th Cavalry, and took command of Troop B, 1st Squadron, 105th Cavalry (Watertown, Wisconsin) in November 2007. The unit deployed in 2009 as part of Operation Iraqi Freedom, conducting a security and base defense mission at Forward Operating Base Cropper, in Baghdad.

Hanson's awards and decorations include the Bronze



GREGORY KRUEGER
CURATOR OF HISTORY



Star, the Defense Meritorious Service Medal, the Army Commendation Medal with two oak leaf clusters, the Army Achievement Medal with one oak leaf cluster, the Armed Forces Reserve Component Achievement Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, the Armed Forces Expeditionary Service Medal, the Iraq Campaign Medal with two Campaign Stars, the Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, the Armed Forces Reserve Medal with Mobilization "M" Device, and the NATO Medal. He has also earned the Parachutist Badge, the German Army Proficiency Badge (in Gold), and the German Army Marksmanship Badge (in Gold). Hanson is a spur holder and recipient of the U.S. Armor Association's Honorable Order of St. George (Bronze Medallion). He is also a member of the Order of Kentucky Colonels.

Hanson is now an attorney in Janesville with Nowlan & Mouat, and married with two children to Dr. Susan M. Hanson, a lecturer in biology at Carroll University in Waukesha.



Hanson wore this jacket while serving as a liaison officer to the Iraqi Prime Minister's Situation Room as a part of Headquarters, Multi-National Force-Iraq. This flag was flown over the office of the Iraqi Prime Minister from November 2005 to January 2006. Hanson was presented with it the day before he left Iraq by his Iraqi colleagues in the Iraqi Prime Minister's Situation Room, which is adjacent to the Prime Minister's Office in the Green Zone of Baghdad.



MICHAEL TELZROW
DIRECTOR



A SHARED EXPERIENCE

Sgt Charles Carman and Charles Schellpeper didn't serve together. They didn't even serve in the same war, but they have at least one thing in common in addition to their first names – like soldiers before and after them they collected battlefield objects and sent them home.

In Carman's case he collected a M1916 German steel helmet. There is nothing unusual about a M1916 helmet. Allied soldiers collected thousands of them and they are likely the most commonly encountered souvenir from WWI. The distinctive "coal scuttle" shape of the revolutionary designed helmet quickly became associated with the German military – perhaps even more so than the archaic looking Pickelhaube, and its slightly sinister look supported the anti-German propaganda of the period. Sgt. Carman of the 32nd Division did what thousands of other did when he acquired his representative piece, but he took a slightly different approach in shipping it home. At some point, US soldiers began to ship helmets directly through the mail, unboxed with the mailing label affixed directly to the dome. In this case, the treasured battlefield relic was sent to Miss Vera Breitenbach



The M1916 German steel helmet sent in the mail, complete with postage, by Sgt. C. Carman to Miss Vera Breitenbach of Madison, WI.



The medic case Charles Schellpeper retrieved from a damaged Humvee after it was struck by an IED.

of Madison, Wisconsin. Total cost of the mailing – 36 cents in US postage. In 1964, Breitenbach donated the helmet to the Wisconsin Historical Society and it was subsequently transferred to WVM in 1995.

It is not likely that Charles Schellpeper was thinking of acquiring a significant museum artifact when an IED exploded and took out a Humvee just yards in advance of his vehicle. (See Schellpeper's story in this volume of *The Bugle* or at www.wisvetstories.com). Schellpeper, a medic with the 2nd Battalion, 8th Infantry, was too busy thinking about rendering aid than anything else. After stabilizing the wounded and ensuring their safe evacuation, he retrieved this battle-damaged medical and instrument case.

Combat items from Iraq and Afghanistan are exceedingly rare in the WVM collection. So Schellpeper's donation represents a significant addition to the Museum collection. Despite its seemingly mundane nature, the bag conveys the devastating realities of the IED. Adhered to the bag are bits of melted copper from the device and numerous perforations illustrate the extensive damage caused by the explosion. By collecting this object Schellpeper has ensured that his IED experience will serve as a powerful interpretive tool for the Museum as it seeks to illuminate the combat experience of Iraq and Afghanistan veterans.

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The mission of the Wisconsin Veterans Museum is to commemorate, acknowledge, and affirm the role of Wisconsin veterans in America's military past.



THE BUGLE

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COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

We welcome your comments and editorial submissions concerning *The Bugle*. Comments and submissions should be sent to Jennifer Carlson at

Jennifer.Carlson@dva.wisconsin.gov.

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