Wars

World War I
Registration List


World War II
Edgar Honor Roll

Memorial Day 1930s, Leo Baine and George Forget with the flags.

Korean Conflict Era


In appreciation and thanks to all the men and women of the Edgar area who served our country in the Armed Forces during war and peace time throughout the past 100 years.

Memorial Day
by: Bertha Koenig

Today let us remember,
And bear within our minds;
To honor all the soldiers,
Who sleep within their shrines.

They sure have done their duty,
These men and boys so brave;
But many a noble hero
Went to his early grave.

When in the storm of shot and shell,
They proved a soldier true,
Where fire and smoke were thickest,
There was work for them to do.

Their memory let us cherish,
With honor, love and grace;
Upon their slab of granite
A laurel wreath we’ll place.

They fought in battles bravely,
But e’er the day was done;
Amid the roaring cannons,
Lay many a mother’s son.

The flag they bravely fought for,
We’ll plant upon their grave;
Amid the gentle breezes
Forever may it wave.

Prior to Vietnam War Era


Vietnam War Era


Panama and Persian Gulf Era

Edgar individuals who served during the Panama and Persian Gulf era: E. Krebsbach, S. Sommer, R. Schultz, J. Schara.

Letters Home

World War II caused a lot of young men to grow up fast. It was a time when mothers and wives sat at home waiting every day for a letter to arrive, just so they knew their son or husband was still alive. The letter was the main type of communication during this time and provided the one way of connecting back and forth between home and the war front.

The following are parts of different letters sent home to Edgar by Roman Wagner, son of George and Margaret Wagner, during his stay in the U.S. Army.

August 28, 1944
Dear Mom & All:

Our outfit is parked in a wooded area right now and all we need yet is a nice big lake and everything would be OK. We can’t say just where we are but we’re somewhere on the eastern coast. How is everybody back home now.

The only thing we can talk about is food, recreation and anything that isn’t concerned with the army, so you see there isn’t too much to tell you about. I’m getting along fine and I hope everything is the same at home.

September 11, 1944
Dear Mom:

It’s been a long time since I last wrote. We’re out in the ocean somewhere and there isn’t much to talk about. We’ve made guesses as to where we’re going but that’s all we know. I didn’t feel so good the second day on the ship but now I feel as thou I’ve been riding the ship a long while. We’ve got a pretty rugged hole to sleep in and I guess the most of us got our Texas tan sweating out of us. We get up on deck for fresh air everyday and when down below we’ve got plenty of books to read and also plenty of cards to play poker with. If it won’t have been for the Red Cross we won’t know what to do. They gave us the books and cards by the hundreds.

Roman Wagner

September 16, 1944
Dear Mom & All:

I’m in France now but can’t say where. There sure is plenty of shrubbery here and lot of little fields. Each field has its own hedge around it like we have a fence. We are in one of those fields now and have our pup tents up like a bunch of boy scouts. We came into the area in the dark and you should have seen the fellows the next morning. There were a few cattle around and some of the fellows had thrown their rolls right into piles of manure.

A lot of the towns have really been battered, most of the buildings are masonry work and after bomb raids there isn’t a thing left for blocks and blocks.

Well I guess I’ll have to close now, I hope everybody is in good health.

November 6, 1944
Dear Mom:

Just a quick little letter to let you know I’m still alright. We got very little mail for quite sometime so I don’t have to much to say. I got the Edgar News the other day, still advertising the State Fair so you know how fast newspapers come thru.

I got some pictures to send home this time. Their old enough now so they can be sent. These pictures are our early days in France. The pictures were taken in front of the shack that we build out of shipping crates. We used it for our shop in the day time and after work came cards then a midnight snack and the bed all in the same shack.

Gee, its a little cold right now. We still have the usual California sunshine here. Grub is still OK. I think I’m going to pull out my blankets and hit the hay, so I close. Goodnite and God Bless You.
November 19, 1944
Western Front
Dear Mom:

The time sure flies when you count days. Maybe it's because one day runs into another without any nites in between. I guess I got a lucky streak for a couple of nites now. A bunch of us came back from the lines to do a little heavy maintenance and we're living in a house now and I'm one of the lucky ones to have a soft bed. George Wolf's outfit is out here somewhere too, so if I get around enough I'll be able to see him.

I got a letter from Loretta today, she says Glenn is in Holland now. I imagine it's plenty rough up there too.

Pop says that the country sounds familiar. I seen a lot of nice rolling farm land and nice young timber land too. Boy do the trees look good. So far since I was in France I was close enough and mist raised at the right time so I could see the Effel Tower. Well I must close now.

November 30, 1944
Dear Folks:

I've got a little time so I'm writing a letter. There are usually three things we pay alot of attention to on the front. First is our ammunition, next rations and then our writing paper.

There isn't much a fellow can write about but its just something to know a fellow is still alive. Well I can say now what army I belong to. We're fighting with old blood and guts "Patton" in the third. By the way Bill and I met in Metz, about the third day after we had taken it. Our battalion managed to get a citation for our job taking Metz. It doesn't seem to make the fighting easier because things are rougher than hell right now.

Well I guess I'll hang up for now. What about that food. Got anything at home to eat yet? C & K rations are tiresome.

God Bless You.

December 4, 1944
Dear Mom & All:

Just a little line home. Its hard to find anything to write about as we can't say much. Right now I'm sitting in the kitchen of a once very lovely home. Of course now one corner of the building is down, the top blown off and the cellar gutted with fire, but we've got a nice kitchen and two nice bedrooms and a bathroom. Boy it really feels good to have a bath. The first one in about a month.

The weather is still plenty nasty here. Fighting the mud is almost as bad as the Heinies. Things are getting rougher right alone but little by little we're getting there.

I'm back! Our house had started burning again from some smouldering coals. In between my hat blowing off by artillery blast and swinging buckets of water I got thru alright.

Well I think I'll close now.

December 30, 1944
Dear Mom & All:

I guess it's been a long time since I last wrote. Since then Christmas has passed and now it will be New Years. We had a white Christmas and it went over with a bang. What's in store for New Years we don't know, just like every other day.

January 23, 1945
Mom:

Just a few lines to let you know we're still raising "Hell" over here. I hope you can read this writing of mine. I guess it's the lack of writing that I can't write so good. As a whole things are going pretty good now. I'm so busy that time doesn't make much difference around here. It's rather cold here and there are quite a few snow drifts and every once in awhile a good heavy snow fall. That's what makes me think of home more than ever.

If the Russians keep going like they are it probably won't take long and we can be there. We hope!

February 28, 1945
Dear Mom and Dad:

Received your letters and was very glad to hear from you. Have been having delicious meals with ice cream and chocolate cake and home brew coffee oops! Wasn't suppose to tell you these military secrets. All kidding aside that is what we dream we are eating when we open our C-ration and K-ration cans.

Mom & Pop I'm really fine. Yes I'm in Germany but at present not in any danger. At present our little radio is playing some nice music including On Wisconsin. Gee wouldn't it be wonderful to be back there. I've had my share of this war I'm ready to come home to you all.

March 27, 1945
Dear Mom & All:

Just a short letter to let you know I'm alright yet. We're going so fast that the mail can't catch me so there isn't much to talk about. I've been riding in tanks for the last week, mostly driving. Its a good thing there wasn't tanks like this back in the states. Otherwise, we would have had to use a couple of motors at least for what we went in one day. We drive all day and half the night or until the gas ran out, fill up and get a couple hours sleep and drive again.

Some towns would have all white flags up, some we catch the ferries coming out the other side and others we run into a lot of guns but the Heinies ain't fast enough. I tell you the people in Germany proper here don't even know what war is accept the bombings. One city, it is said, was nearly completely destroyed in two
hours bombing and 22,000 people were killed. From what's left of it, it looks like it would have been a wonderful city to visit in peace time.

Everybody is wondering where or what outfit I'm with. Well I'll tell you if for one day I could tell where everybody of my own company was, I'd be pretty darn good. There are so many outfits wanting us. It seems like we're the only tank Bn. over here. The tanks in our own company are lead tanks on more than one road let alone the rest of the outfit.

I guess I can say that I washed my hands in the Rhine now. Its a pretty wide river. I crossed it one morning going back when it was raining and it made me think of Lake Michigan.

I had been in very mountainous regions, somet ime and I seen a little snow one place and one day a few snow flakes fell. Some of the trails that we took with the tank we should have been wearing parachute packs. There were times when our little grasshopper planes were flying a couple hundred feet below us yet. We could even make out the separate rails of a railroad down below. I guess Hitler's crack mountain troop wasn't cracked up the way it was suppose to be.

Well I'll sign off now.

May 29, 1945
Dear Sis:

I thought I'd answer your letter of May 8th. Yea I remember it. It was a cold morning and so misty we couldn't see 50 yards in front of our tanks. There were high hills on both sides of us and the Saar river to our left. We moved up along a rocky cow path or goat trail with the doughs behind us and somehow we went a little faster than we thought. We only had radio communications between our tanks that day and it was too misty to see the doughs. All at once it happened. There were Heinies all over with bazookas. I seen two of the tanks hit before ours got it. All we could do was throw everything we could at them as long as we could. I guess it was a miracle the way we got away. We did not leave till gasoline started burning under neath our seats and then we couldn't use our escape hatches so we just piled out of the hatches. There were Heinies on all sides and they could have picked us off one at a time the way we jumped off the tanks. We hit a galley that we crawled back too safety in. We were the only tank crew that got back that nite and we were minus one. The rest that came through were held prisoners over night and the next day the doughs got them back. What didn't come back the medics had and Bob was one of them. He didn't know what hit him. This all happened in the dash for the Rhine. That was about the same time when a shell landed where the jeep had been setting that I was using. I had moved about 30 yards when the shell landed.

We've just about got our books straightened up as of V-E day. We were in combat exactly 180 continuous days till V-E day and during that time we lost 2 1/2 million dollars worth of equipment without exaggerating a bit. On V-E day we were fighting in three separate counties Germany, Austria and Chech.

July 27, 1945
Dear Mom:

Just a short line to let you know I'm alright. We just got thru settling into a new home. We traveled 300 miles to get here with our tanks. It took three days without overdoing ourselves. One nite we spent at Nurnberg in the big sports place where the 1936 Olympic games were held. Boy is it a big place. We had our tanks and everything in the place.
It seems funny when we move into a new town all the people are afraid to come out on the streets. We come rambling in with 25 to 30 tanks and the people are all wondering what’s going to happen now. Everyday you see more people out on the street and little kids are all over. They think they’re going to get candy and cig. But I guess we fooled them. We eat the candy ourselves about as fast as we get it.

About the obituary, one of my best friends was killed on the way up here. Him and I used to be together nearly all the time and use to go hunting, fishing and just walking together. He is from Fond-du-Lac, Wi. I don’t think I have any pictures at home of him. He was a short fellow and always laughing.

September 14, 1945
Dear Sis:
I got your letter of September 5th and I might as well answer it right away. I guess you know we’re in a new place again. It sure didn’t last long in Hofheim or else the time went so fast. We’ve really got work now. We’re guarding 20,000 Polish people that don’t care to much to go home for fear of their own people and of course their doing plenty of plundering here. We’ve got patrols in all the owns around here besides civilian guards.

I think that I’ll leave this outfit by the time the end of the month rolls around but I won’t be home in time for Christmas. I’ve got to break in new fellows for mechanics etc. by that time.

It was a shock to hear Archie Towle was killed. He was really doing a lot for flyers in central Wisconsin.

I guess I must draw to a close now. I’ve got to take some officers out and then I’m going to sleep at the monastery. It’s up on the hill and we’re in an artillery camp. It’s plenty cold here to. There are a lot of shell bunkers around here and a big share of it is poison gas. We’ve got a couple of areas fenced off already because of mustard, the gas that causes burning and blisters.

Well I guess I’ll close now.

September 24, 1945
Dear Mom:
Well I’m in the infantry now. I got transferred yesterday. I don’t have a darn thing to do now. I’m in a Cannon Co. and the cannons are all setting upon the hill with the coverspulled over them.

All of us with over 60 points were shipped out of the battalion. There were 59 from Hqs. Co. and we’re really split up now. There are six of us that stayed together.

You don’t have to send any Christmas packages because we’re on our way home now. I couldn’t say yet when we’re going but we’re heading there. Anytime you hear anything about the 79 Div. that’s us now.

October 13, 1945
Dear Mom:
There have been a lot of changes made since I last wrote. I’m no longer in the 79th. I was transferred like a lot of others to the 102nd Div. Crops and Army fellows are going home first so we have to wait. By the time you get this letter I’ll probably be in another Div. We only expect to be here about two weeks and we might still get home in time for Christmas but you know now, I guess how the army is. For the last two weeks we were getting on the boat at LeHarva the 28th of this month.

December 8, 1945
Dear Mom & All:
It’s about time I start writing again. I guess we’re between the “devil and the deep blue sea.” I got a rough time keeping up with myself now. I’m in the 80th Div. now and living in tents. What a life. I’ve been working in personnel on service records for all the G.I.’s coming in. I ain’t going to say anything about when I’m coming home. Five days ago I was up on the international border with the Russians at Bad Steben north west of Hof. I was there for about a week. The week before that I was in Schwarzenback yet, recuperating from an accident I had a week before that. I was in the hospital but everything is just OK. The 1st Sgt. messed things up for me after I came out of the hospital. I could have been on the water if it hadn’t been for him. This way my records and everything is on the way home but I’m still here. I’m trying to make up a good enough set to get on the boat and I just hope it works. I don’t care to sleep in these cold tents.

December 24, 1945
Dear Mom & All:
Well I might as well write. I still don’t know when I’ll get home. We’ve been getting on the boat for a long time now. I got hopes of getting on tonight between midnight and 6 in the morning. We’re suppose to sail on the Gen. Anderson which was due tomorrow but came in ahead of schedule. I hope the sea ain’t to rough when I go. Boy it sure has been rough. The wind is so strong it would like to take our tents right off the ground.

I wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year once more.

Note: Roman was honorably discharged from the U.S. Army on January 23, 1946.