

# RAMBLINGS MAGAZINE

TOM TRELOAR



**2014-2022 archives**



Author website  
<https://tomt2.com/>

**ISSUE #2**  
**APRIL 9, 2024**

- Some may ask, who is Tom T 2.0? I was 2tts and I am sure not very many know the story behind Tom T 2.0. Therefore, I will give you a brief biography.
- Born and raised in Denver Colorado, a long time ago. I was in my mother's womb when Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese. I lived in the same home until after high school. Grandma, my mother's mother lived with us and a brother. It was a small house, 864 sq ft. But it was home, and we all loved the home.
- After high school I got a job with the company who was building the Titan ICBM missile for the government. There was the military draft during that time and was drafted maybe three or four years later. I then became a Viet Nam era veteran. I don't know how this happened but the seven men I was drafted with went to Viet Nam and I was sent to Germany. I'm still proud that I served the country during that time.
- After my military service I started working for a large television and electronics manufacturing company in their distribution of the products arm. I met my future wife, got married and have two sons with this relationship. Life was what every normal healthy male dream of. Unfortunately, this dream only lasts about eleven years. I became divorced and my job disappeared because the company was sold and closed thirteen distributing warehouses across the nation. Here I was mid-life, divorced and out of work.
- For about five years I had many jobs, mostly temporary employment mainly because the unemployment rate was around seven percent. My parents also passed away during that time also. First, my mother with cancer and two years later my father from a heart attack. This was a tough period in my life.
- Finally, I found permanent work in a high-tech environment where they used lasers to cut micro components used in the electronic industry. This was a very interesting position and I enjoyed working there. During that time, I also met my future wife and have been happily married for over thirty years now. We met after childbearing years, but she blessed me with two stepdaughters and two stepsons. I love them as much as my biological sons.
- Around thirteen years later it was time to retire. That was seventeen years ago. Since my parents both passed away in their mid-seventies, I thought I would follow the legacy. I have passed this legacy by over five years, and I predict I will have many more years now since I experienced a near death experience around six months ago and survived. The doctors and lab tests all say there appears to be no long-term damage and the chances look good for many more years.
- For many years I have been **2tts**. After my near-death experience I feel that there is a purpose for this opportunity. Now I am **Tom T 2.0**. It has been close to eight months since the near-death experience, and I am still searching for the reason. Maybe this site is the opportunity I am looking for.
- In conclusion, life has been good. I do not regret any part of my life, even the tough times. In the good times and the bad times, I always think, what did I learn from this experience and how will it make me be a better person?



## Tepee's in 1955

January 31, 2014

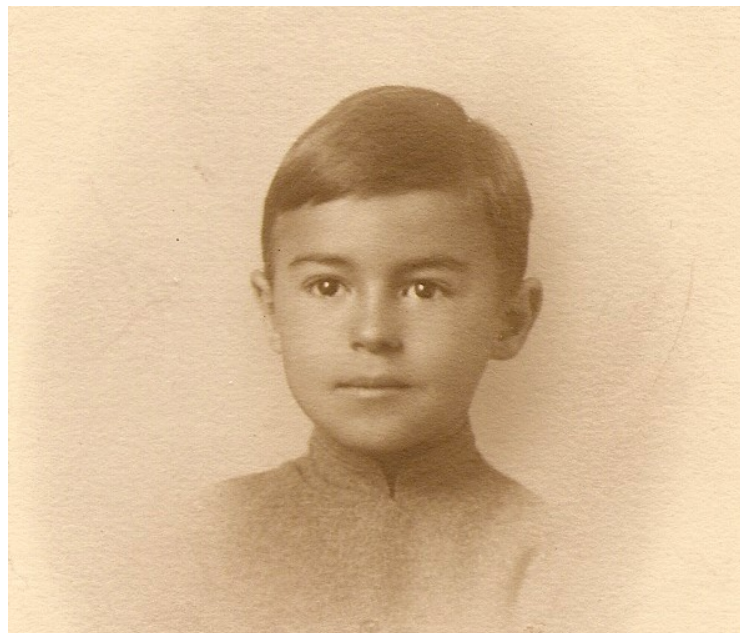
West of Denver Colorado near Buffalo's Bill Grave  
in 1955. This memory is gone now.



## My Dad

February 1, 2014

Three years old 1911



## Too cute to not pass it on

February 5, 2014

Bud the Cowboy

A cowboy named Bud was overseeing his herd in a remote mountainous pasture in Montana when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced toward him out of a cloud of dust. *The driver, a young man in a Brionne® suit, Gucci® shoes, Ray-Ban® sunglasses and YSL® tie, leaned out the window and asked the cowboy, "If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd, will you give me a calf?"*

*Bud looks at the man, who obviously is a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing herd and calmly answers, "Sure, why not?"*

*The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell® notebook computer, connects it to his Cingular RAZR V3® cell phone, and surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo.*

*The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop® and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany ...*

*Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot® that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses an MS-SQL® database through an ODBC connected Excel® spreadsheet with email on his Blackberry® and, after a few minutes, receives a response.*

*Finally, he prints out a full-color, 150-page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet® printer, turns to the cowboy and says, "You have exactly 1,586 cows and calves." "That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves," says Bud. He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on with amusement as the young man stuffs it into the trunk of his car.*

*Then Bud says to the young man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?"*

*The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?"*

*"You're a Congressman for the U.S. Government", says Bud.*

*"Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?" "No guessing required." answered the cowboy. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked. You used millions of dollars' worth of equipment trying to show me how much smarter than me you are; and you don't know a thing about how working people make a living - or about cows, for that matter. This is a herd of sheep."*

*"Now give me back my dog!"*





## Army in Nuremburg Germany

February 4, 2014

### 2<sup>nd</sup> Armored Cavalry Regiment



## HEART ATTACKS AND WATER

February 14, 2014

How many folks do you know who say they don't want to drink anything before going to bed because they'll have to get up during the night. Heart Attack and Water - I never knew all of this ! Interesting..... Something else I didn't know ... I asked my Doctor why people need to urinate so much at night. Answer from my Cardiac Doctor - Gravity holds water in the lower part of your body when you are upright (legs swell). When you lie down and the lower body (legs and etc.) seeks level with the kidneys, it is then that the kidneys remove the water because it is easier. This then ties in with the last statement! I knew you need your minimum water to help flush the toxins out of your body, but this was news to me. Correct time to drink water..

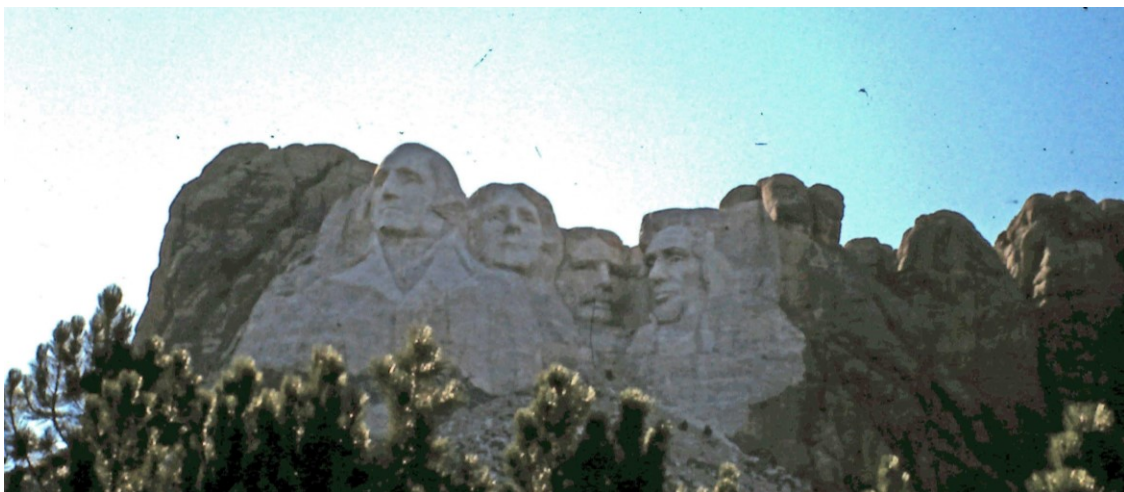
Very Important. From A Cardiac Specialist! Drinking water at a certain time maximizes its effectiveness on the body 2 glasses of water after waking up - helps activate internal organs 1 glass of water 30 minutes before a meal - helps digestion 1 glass of water before taking a bath - helps lower blood pressure 1 glass of water before going to bed - avoids stroke or heart attack I can also add to this... My Physician told me

that water at bed time will also help prevent night time leg cramps. Your leg muscles are seeking hydration when they cramp and wake you up with a Charlie Horse. Mayo Clinic Aspirin Dr. Virend Somers, is a Cardiologist from the Mayo Clinic, who is lead author of the report in the July 29, 2008 issue of the Journal of the American College of Cardiology. Most heart attacks occur in the day, generally between 6 A.M. and noon. Having one during the night, when the heart should be most at rest, means that something unusual happened. Somers and his colleagues have been working for a decade to show that sleep apnea is to blame. 1. If you take an aspirin or a baby aspirin once a day, take it at night. The reason: Aspirin has a 24-hour "half-life"; therefore, if most heart attacks happen in the wee hours of the morning, the Aspirin would be strongest in your system. 2. FYI, Aspirin lasts a really long time in your medicine chest, for years, (when it gets old, it smells like vinegar). Please read on... Something that we can do to help ourselves - nice to know. Bayer is making crystal aspirin to dissolve instantly on the tongue. They work much faster than the tablets. Why keep Aspirin by your bedside? It's about Heart Attacks. There are other symptoms of a heart attack, besides the pain on the left arm. One must also be aware of an intense pain on the chin, as well as nausea and lots of sweating; however, these symptoms may also occur less frequently. Note: There may be NO pain in the chest during a heart attack. The majority of people (about 60%) who had a heart attack during their sleep did not wake up. However, if it occurs, the chest pain may wake you up from your deep sleep. If that happens, immediately dissolve two aspirins in your mouth and swallow them with a bit of water. Afterwards: - Call 911. - Phone a neighbor or a family member who lives very close by.- Say "heart attack!" - Say that you have taken 2 Aspirins. Take a seat on a chair or sofa near the front door, and wait for their arrival and ...DO NOT LIE DOWN! A Cardiologist has stated that if each person after receiving this e-mail, sends it to 10 people, probably one life could be saved! I have already shared this information. What about you? Do forward this message. It may save lives! "Life is a one time gift"  
Must Share with others..

## Presidents Day

February 16, 2014

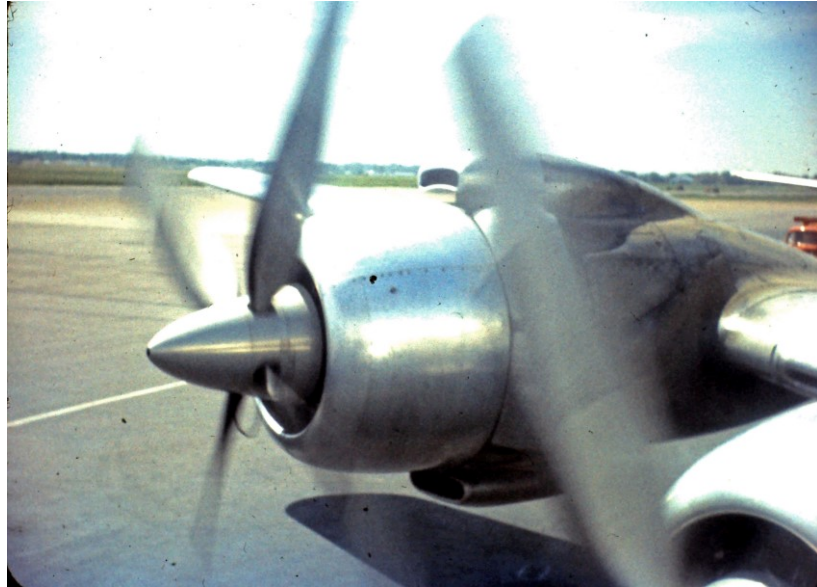
Tomorrow is Presidents Day, Mount Rushmore in 1955



## 1957 Air Travel

February 16, 2014

How many remember this kind of airline propulsion?



## Capitol Records Building Los Angeles

February 18, 2014

Opened in 1956, this photo taken in 1957





## Congress Hall Nuremburg 1965

March 6, 2014  
Not far from Zeppelin Field



## Mountain View from Denver Colorado

March 9, 2014  
View from Sanderson Gulch March 8th



## Sunrise on the Atlantic

April 9, 2014



## Love of fellow Man

May 27, 2015

If you have love for your fellow man, you do not kill them.

## Unsung Hero's

May 18, 2017

**"A veteran is someone who at one point in their life, wrote a blank check made payable to The United States of America for any amount, up to and including their life."**

## Bear Creek at Stonehouse

June 12, 2017



## Looking Back

August 27, 2017

I am 75 years of age and I have noticed I am spending more time looking back at my life and events in this life. I do not know if this is an age factor or what? I have had good moments, bad moments with some very good moments and very bad moments.

I should have made some wiser decisions on some events in my life. However, the decisions I did make and sometimes pure luck I have had a productive and rewarding life with very few trying times like I had seen other beings experiencing. I consider myself very fortunate that I missed much violence and hatred in this world and on some occasions I was near the brink of serious violence and bloodshed.

Sure, my life could have been more luxurious and financially better off. But, I never had to experience long periods of hunger or homelessness. Smoking and alcohol has been my biggest vice. I was able to overcome nicotine addiction at age 28 and consider this success to be one of the best things that I was able to break. If I was unsuccessful I now speculate my life would have ended 20 or more years ago. I liked to drink and have fun but again I was fortunate where the addiction of alcohol did not destroy my future. To put it simplify I became sick and tired of surviving hangovers. Also the taste of alcohol and the buzz diminished through my aging years. Many that has crossed my path has not been as fortunate as I have in beating the buzz of this powerful drug.

All in all my life has been very easy. I am not rich with material possessions. But I am comfortable. My health has been relatively good throughout my years. I have not had to endure, Chemo, bypass surgery, stents, or any artificial joints. Cataracts and a few infections is all I have had to endure.

Looking forward, I do not know what to expect. Someday I will have to experience sickness and death, which may be next week or 20 years from now. I like to think positive, but I am concerned about the divide in this country and will this country I love survive this path of self destruction? There is so much hatred, violence and death presently in this world. Will my remaining time have to experience the pain and suffering that I have missed in my first 75 years? Only time will tell.





## Its been a long time

March 10, 2019

Its been a long time since I posted anything. Strange how you get involved in other interests and then all of a sudden you remember things of your past



## Merry Christmas !

December 18, 2020

From the movie "Patton" one of my favorite movies





## Memories

October 8, 2022

We all have memories. Some have more memories than others. Good memories, bad memories belong to all. Are they worth sharing? Hard to say. It has been a few years since I posted on this site.



Is the crystal ball still  
working?

## A New Twist On a Potential scam

June 5, 2013

Good day,

This message might meet you in utmost surprise however it's just my urgent need for a foreign partner that made me contact you for this transaction. I got your contact during my search for a reliable, trust worthy and honest person to introduce this transfer project with. My name is Mr. Joseph Osei, I am the manager of the International Commercial Bank Ghana, First Light Branch Accra. I have the opportunity of transferring the left over funds (\$9.8 Million) abandoned from one of our Bank clients Account. I cannot be directly connected to this money thus I am impelled to request for your assistance as a foreigner to receive this money into your bank account. Hence, I am inviting you for a business deal where this money can be shared between us if you agree to my business proposal. Further details of the transfer will be forwarded to you as soon as I receive your response. I will appreciate your timely response, thank you.

Sincerely,  
Mr. Joseph Osei

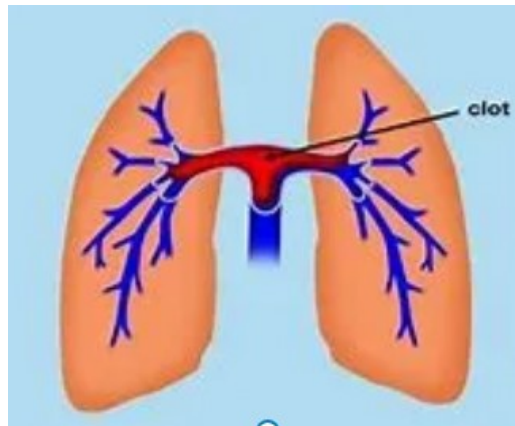
# That is it for the WordPress archives

The following will be posts after I became active on WordPress again in August 2023.

## MY BLOOD CLOT

August 10, 2023

Pulmonary Saddle Embolism



For about 2 months I have been having periodic aches in my left calf. It would come and go and had no specific time or length of ache. I just thought it may be part of aging and didn't think about it much.

On the night of February 5, 2023, I had to go to the bathroom and stood up and a shooting pain went up from the ball of my left heel up through my calf. I could hardly walk to the bathroom. After finishing I came back to bed and laid down. The pain was not bad when no weight was put on the foot. I went back to sleep and woke up the following morning. The pain was not that bad when weight was put on the heel. It felt very similar to the same pain I had when I was diagnosed with a Bakers Cyst back in 2012. I emailed my PCP relaying my symptoms, she responded suggesting I come in and get it checked out. Ironically there was an appointment available the same day at 4:50PM and I took it. After the examination she deduced that I had Plantar Fasciitis and Achilles tendonitis. An ultrasound was not taken. She set me up for PT and showed me how to do some home exercises.



I went home satisfied. On the night of February 6th and morning of February 7th I went to the bathroom twice with no problems. Then about 4am I went again and experienced this shooting pain from the ball of the left foot with serious pain in the calf. Again, I could hardly walk to the toilet. After going back to bed, the pain from the ball of the foot went away, but the pain in the calf was still there. I massaged the calf to try to lower the pain and about 4:30am I began having trouble breathing. I woke my wife and told her to call 911, thought I was having a heart attack. She freaked out but did call 911. The operator told her to open the front door. However, in her panic she turned the key the wrong way on the security door dead bolt and jammed the lock so she could not get the door unlocked. I knew about the problem for about 2 years but learned how to live with it. I will now see that I fix it for good. Because of that the paramedics had to come through the garage. The paramedics get here and check me out and determine that I can survive a trip to Swedish Medical instead of taking me to St. Anthony Hospital, which is the closest to our home. I have used Swedish before, so all my records are there. I am put in the ambulance through the garage. Put an I V in me and start giving me fluid and oxygen. The siren was used during the trip to Swedish. I would estimate it took 10 to 20 minutes to get to the ER.

I went into an ER waiting room immediately. First thing they do is have an ultrasound on my left calf area. The ultrasound shows DVT (deep vein thrombosis), in the leg from the knee down to the ankle. Next a CT scan was done in my lung area, and they found a large clot located between my lungs. This is called pulmonary saddle embolism. With that finding an I V Heparin drip was ordered to start reducing and preventing additional clotting.

After a period, a doctor came to discuss the situation. He explained that there were three choices that could be made. First choice is to attempt to use medication to clear the clot. He did not recommend this because of the size of the clot. Secondly, go in through the groin, up to the lung area and remove some of the clot and put me under anesthesia. The last option was for me to stay awake during the procedure. He said this option is the one they have had the best success. After discussing with my wife and 2 stepdaughters, I decided to stay awake during the procedure and gave the ok.

They wheeled me to the operating room. I am in the room before the room is prepared and I am just amazed how much equipment and items are used for a medical procedure. Towels, clothes, pillows, tubing and items I can't even explain. Finally, they are ready to start the procedure. The doctor told me that they would use a local anesthesia to help endure the pain.

The most painful part was when they cut the vein or artery on my right groin. They didn't bother to tell me that they needed an incision on both sides of the groin. The incision on the left groin was just as painful as the right side. I am glad they used a local anesthesia. I don't know how intense the pain would have been without it.

Anyway, the procedure has started and after a period I am starting to feel bad. I shout out, "how much longer?" The doctor says maybe 20 to 30 minutes. I groan. I am continuing to feel bad. I hear from someone in the room, "his blood pressure is dropping doctor". I am really starting to feel bad, and I get to the point, I don't know whether I can continue. I was at the point of giving up. I thought I was breathing my last breath. I don't know what happened or what they did but I started to recover and feel better. The procedure lasted maybe 20 minutes and then I heard the doctor say we are finished Thomas. I was relieved.

Maybe 5 or 10 minutes later the doctor started talking to me saying the clot they removed was one of the biggest clots that they have dealt with, and I was a good patient compared to some of their previous patients. Apparently, some patients get to the point where they must be restrained because they want to get up before they are finished with the procedure. I asked the doctor, "I heard my blood pressure was dropping". I asked him "how low did it go?" There was a pause, and he said, "you don't want to know, and I am not going to tell you." I never did find out how low it went. As the conversation continued the doctor said, "you know Thomas I think we made the right decision. I am afraid if you had gone under anesthesia, I am afraid we would have lost you." I didn't know what to say about that comment. Now I can say I was standing in front of death's door and Dr. Death was holding the door open. I was given a second chance in life. As my wife says, "your room wasn't ready yet. Now my job is to find out why I was given another period of life and find out what is expected of me with this second chance.

One of the assisting doctors takes over and apparently, they are having a difficult time stopping the bleeding from the right groin incision. I guess they can't use sutures like normal and being loaded up with blood thinners they must use compression on the wound and wait until it starts to heal. The doctor put pressure on the wound for about 45 minutes before it stopped bleeding. After it stopped bleeding, they wheeled me to an ICU room. During the trip to the ICU room, I attempted to raise my head and the doctor yelled at me "don't do that, you must remain flat on your back until the incisions heal."



It is still Feb. 7th when I go to the ICU room and stay there until the afternoon of Feb. 9th . They wanted to get me to a normal room sooner, but a room was not available until late Thursday afternoon the 9th. I do not remember much about the time in ICU. The worst part was having to lay flat on my back all the time. I could not lay on my side, and I am not accustomed to laying on my back while sleeping. This was pure misery, a time I will never forget. I understand the reason for that is to keep the strain from the incisions and allow them to heal and not break open and start bleeding. Another item I discovered during this stay was a condom catheter, it was like a condom with a tube that went to a bag below the bed and whenever nature called you let it go and the urine went into the bag via the tube at the end of the condom. Since I was receiving blood thinner through the I V, they drew blood every 2 hours to make sure I was not getting too much blood thinner. There is always a concern about internal bleeding.

Finally, they discharged me from the hospital on Friday afternoon February 10th. Ever notice they want to discharge as many as they can before the weekends. Anyway, in the following months I have follow up appointments, wear a heart monitor, and tested for sleep apnea. The last test was an echocardiogram. They wanted to make sure the blood clot did not leave any long term. Damage. All the tests showed there was no long-term damage.

In conclusion, it is near the end of July, and I feel pretty good for being over eighty and just dodged death. The only thing I have noticed is that my endurance is shorter now and I tend to get tired sooner. The moral of the story is that if you ever wake up in the middle of the night with a painful cramp in your calf, do not massage the calf to attempt to relieve the pain. The speculation is, when I massaged my cramp a large portion of the clot broke loose and migrated between my lungs and with the constriction and the blood flow slowing down the clot just became larger. The doctors said I was very fortunate to survive a clot of this size. Now I must figure out why I was given another chance of survival.



# THE ART OF DECEPTION

## Colorado Tom and the Pillar of Deceit

August 15, 2023

Everyone has a little Indiana Jones in them. Here is my tale.

It is January 1965, and I am in the army. I have just settled in with my three new roommates at Merrell Barracks in Nuremberg Germany.



Bob, a short stocky young man in his twenties was from Chicago. Angelo, a tall slim person was from upper New York. George, the youngest, was tall and big and his family ties were in Pasadena California. We were all new replacements for troops rotating out of the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment whose mission was to protect the German border from the Soviet threat located just across the border in Communist Czechoslovakia. Headquarters Company and Aviation Company were stationed in Nuremberg and three combat battalions were on the border of Germany and Czechoslovakia. The four of us were assigned to the Aviation Company.

Nuremberg Germany has a lot of Nazi and Hitler history. All of the spots I mention were in the area that was called, "Nazi party rally grounds." Merrell Barracks is one of those places. This was one of the barracks for Hitler's SS troops. Some of Hitler's worse lived here. The front of the building was pock marked with bullet fire from the Second World War. The four of us are now live in a room that may have been the room of men without conscience. If only the walls could talk. The living quarters were in the front of the compound and the equipment area for tanks, trucks, and trailers was in the back. There was a ten-foot high barbed wire fence surrounding the entire compound. Security was high because tactical nuclear weapons were stored down in the basement.



Zeppelin Field, Army called it Soldiers Field

Another place was Soldiers Field. It may be called something else by other people. However, military personnel called it Soldiers Field. On occasion, the army would have parades there. It looks very similar to the football field that the Chicago Bears play at. If you ever saw old Hitler news clips, this is the place that many of these rallies were held. Near Soldiers Field was Congress Hall. It looks very similar to Rome's Coliseum. Not too far away was the airfield. I don't remember a name for it. We just called it the airfield. This is the airfield for the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment. There were pillars built around the airfield and according to some the pillars were built so that the airfield could be covered with a gigantic roof. However, Hitler's vision never came to pass.



Congress Hall

In the first couple of months, you learn about your new surroundings. This was a new experience for my other three roommates and me. All of us were drafted into the army and now we were five thousand miles away from home in a foreign country. You learn many things. You find out where the mess hall and the px is. You learn about the routine in your new unit. In addition to all of the normal activities and directions you also start to hear about all the rumors and stories about the interesting history behind the buildings and location you are currently living in. We hear the story that the Nazis had all these building and locations connected with underground tunnels and that there were large caverns underground with all kinds of military equipment, such as, planes, tanks, and other military items. When the allies came near it is rumored that the Nazis flooded the caverns with all the equipment in them. In one of our orientation meetings, we are informed that some areas could still be dangerous and off limits because they may be booby-trapped



Now that I have set the stage, I will start with the adventure. The weather in Nuremberg was not very exciting while I was there. It was mostly overcast, cloudy and drizzled a lot. When you did have a nice day, it was a day to remember. One of these days happened on a Sunday in August. On a day like that you want to go out and enjoy the sunshine. Also, it was a Sunday, and we had the day off. After lunch the four of us decided to go to the park. Around Soldier's Field, Congress Hall and the airfield there were park like areas where the German population would come and bring their families and take leisurely strolls in the afternoon. Also, on one corner there was a large outside beer garden that was very popular. Anyway, we were roaming around in the park area and ended up in the airfield area..



The pillars I mentioned before were in the park area next to the airfield. We knew there were steps in the inside of the pillars where you could go up inside the pillars. There were three floors in the pillars and the view from the top floor was a nice view of the surrounding area. We decided to go up in the pillars and enjoy the view on a sunny day since every other time it was cloudy or overcast

We went inside the pillar and walked up the stairs to the top floor. The floor was dusty and dirty from an accumulation of dust from many years. It was a nice view from the top floor. When the sky was clear you could see much farther than in an overcast sky. George and Bob started to mess around. George was larger than Bob and he liked to use his definite advantage. George started to push Bob and Bob was resisting. However, George was pushing Bob and his feet were sliding on the floor. This sliding pushed away the accumulation of dust on the floor. I happened to look down at the floor where the dust was pushed aside. I said, what is this? You could see where there was a straight separation on the floor. We started scraping away some more of the dust accumulation and it appeared to be some kind of lid or door. After a few minutes of moving the dust, we uncovered a definite square in the floor about three feet across. You could see that this section was definitely different from the other part of the floor. It was positioned in one of the corners of the pillars. What did we find? Is this a way to get into the tunnels and caverns below? We had to find a way to try to raise that lid or door. There was an accumulation of scrap metal on the outside perimeter of the pillar. We all rushed down, looking for some kind of tool to pry that lid or door. Angelo found a piece of flat iron about two feet long maybe a quarter on an inch thick. I found a couple of pieces that looked like re-bar. Rushing up to the top floor we looked for a place to insert the flat iron between the floor and lid. It was a precision fit. We could not find any place to accept the piece of quarter inch flat iron. We will have to break some of the rock floor away from the separation so the flat iron could be inserted. The re-bar was used like a small spear, breaking the rock away. After about forty-five minutes of intense chipping away the flat iron was finally able to fit into the opening between the floor and the lid. We did it! Slowly the lid was raised. You could feel a draft of cool moist air coming out of the opening. We placed the re-bar on opposite corners raising the lid about an inch above the floor, just enough to slide our fingers underneath and raised the lid and propped it against the outside wall. The lid was a piece of maybe quarter inch steel with a rock veneer on top to blend into the rock floor. What did we discover?

We looked down the dark shaft and could feel a cool moist draft flowing from the shaft. On two sides of the shaft were metal ladder rungs embedded into the rock walls. The same material as the re-bar we found outside of the pillar. The rungs were very rusted and moist from the humid air. All of us smoked and we all carried the famous Zippo lighter. We all lit our lighters and tried to view farther down the shaft. We could only see about 6 or 8 feet farther and could not see much. All we could see was the rungs of the metal ladder going down the two walls. We can't stop now. Our curiosity was overriding our common sense. We have to go get some flashlights and gloves so we can enter that shaft of deceit. Who would have ever thought you would have to go to the top of a pillar to find a shaft that may lead to the tunnels and caverns below.

We replaced the lid and rushed back to Merrell Barracks to get equipment. The barracks was about two miles away and it seemed like it took forever to get back to the barracks. We got our flashlights, extra batteries, and gloves. Wait a minute! We are going to an unknown place and may get lost if there is more than one tunnel. Angelo suggested a roll of communication wire. This is a light wire that comes on a 2000-foot spool and could be tied at the beginning of the shaft, and we could unwind the wire as we proceed down the shaft. Angelo went to his radio truck and picked up the wire. It is getting late. All soldiers must be in the barracks by 8 p.m. on Sunday nights and it is 5 o'clock already. We rush back to the pillar and raise the lid. What will we find down there?

We start descending the shaft. George and Bob go first. Angelo and I follow about 8 feet after them. The rungs are much rusted. Hopefully none will give way under the weight of a body. We go down; it seems like forever before we reach the floor. Finally, we reach the bottom of the shaft. Looking up you can see the communication wire dangling down and the opening looked like maybe 150 feet up from the floor of the shaft. You could see that the sun is starting to set. This is exciting! We are standing in a circular room about 25 feet in diameter, with ceilings about 12 feet high. It is very dark. The dark walls absorb the beam from the flashlight, and you cannot see very far ahead. You can hear water dripping from the ceilings and the floors are wet and slippery. In the background, you see rats scrambling to get away. Some of them looked as big as beavers. I never saw rats that big! I hate rats! Is this such a good idea?

First decision, there are three tunnels. Which one do we take? We decide on the middle one. The tunnel has a slight downward slope, and you can see that it is going down. We travel maybe 500 feet, and we encounter this large cavern. Unfortunately, the cavern is full of water. The lights from the flashlights reflect off of the water and you can see the tips of the tails of airplanes above the water and the rest of the plane submerged in the water. You can see the swastikas on the tails. We aren't equipped to go any further, so we back track to the circular room.

This time we take the tunnel on the left. It appears to be heading in the direction of Merrell Barracks. We are running out of time. It is 6:45 and we must be back in the barracks by 8:00. We start down this tunnel and maybe go 1000 feet. There are all kinds of Nazi or German markings on the walls. We encounter a room built off the tunnel with a steel door and padlock. It looks like some kind of cell. There is a small window with rusted bars on the window. Shining the flashlight through the window we see a cot and lying on the floor is a body dressed in a German soldier uniform. I guess they forgot that he was there. This is getting interesting. Time is running out though. George's flashlight has died, and others are getting dim. We have to be back in the barracks by 8 p.m. and we are going to need more wire to continue, since we only have about 500 feet of wire left. We rush back to the shaft and climb the ladder, replace the lid and rush back to the barracks. We make it just in time.


When can we get back to this adventure? For the next 5 and one-half days we have to play army and it is hard to get off post during the week. The plan is to go back Saturday afternoon after duty. Secrecy is a must, no one can hear about our find.

Tuesday morning the four of us are called into the orderly room. The somber first sergeant informs us that all four of us have received orders to ship out this Friday. Angelo and I are to go to Darmstadt, George goes to Berlin, and Bob is to report to Bamberg. We ask the first sergeant what the deal was, and he said he didn't know. All he said was that the orders came from 7th Army headquarters. We never got to go back to the Pillar of Deceit. It has been forty-two years. Are those pillars still there? Did anyone else ever discover that shaft in the pillar? Were those tunnels and caverns ever discovered? If you believe this story, I have a bridge for sale in Arizona.






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