

Submitted to Southern Lakes Newspapers, May 14, 2026



In Their Own Words

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Memorial Day, the unofficial beginning of summer, is a federal holiday for remembering military personnel who died while in service to the United States Armed Forces.

A local boy, Sgt. Francis (Frank) Splechter, was a soldier with the US Army 60th Infantry Regiment during World War II. He served for two and one half years. Sgt. Splechter was killed in action in Germany on October 17, 1944 and was buried in an American cemetery in Belgium. Frank's parents received a letter from a young girl in Belgium, pledging she would put fresh flowers on his grave throughout the summer, until he was sent home. He received a purple heart award posthumously.

Arrangements were made for his body to be disinterred and sent home to Wisconsin for burial. His remains arrived in Eagle, Wisconsin on November 18, 1947, accompanied by a military escort, and a funeral service was held at St. Theresa's Church. He is buried at St. Bruno's cemetery in Dousman, Wisconsin.

Sgt. Splechter's legacy can be found in letters he wrote to his family back in Eagle. More information about this young hero can be found in the files at the Eagle Historical Society.

Sept. 5, 1942, Ft. Bragg, NC Dear Dad,

. . . I haven't forgotten you. I will never do that. . .

We will soon go across, and they are trying to teach us everything they can in the short time we will be here. Next time we move out it will be no maneuvers; we're going across the water somewhere, we know not when or where, and we probably won't know until we get there. . .

Please don't worry about me, Dad. I'll take care of myself and will write as often as I can. I hope we can settle this war once and for all, and settle it fast, maybe by next spring it will be over. We hope so. It seems as though the turning point of the war has been reached. Old Hitler is feeling the effects of our planes and men right now, and he is going to see a lot more of them before it is over.

Except for being very busy, we are all just fine, and the boys are all in almost perfect health. Of course, all of us won't get out of this army and go back to our homes and live as we always have, but I guess we will have to wait a while yet. . .

Well, Dad I won't be able to see you for a while. Remember I am always thinking of you, and I'll be back, don't worry.

May God bless and keep you always.

Love, Frances

