MEET DECORATED WORLD WAR II VETERAN
EDUARDO BOTELLO, A MAN OF FAITH,
HONOR AND HUMILITY.

BY: [KELLY HAMILTON] | PHOTOGRAPHY: [ROBIN JERSTAD]

I

don't find it ironic that during one of the most trying times in our world's history, Gandhi spoke the.convincing
words, "The history of the world is full of men who rose to leadership by sheer force of self-confidence, bravery and
tenacity." Toward the end of his life in the late 1940s, the world was concluding its witness to the savage persecution
of an entire ethnicity and the countless slaughter of the souls from our nation and its Allies who sacrificed them-
selves for the good of all mankind.

A humble plea of reconsideration dated July 1939 from Gandhi to Hitler quietly rests on display at the Mari Bsha-
van-Gandhi museum in Mumbai. Retrospectively, consider the difference in our history books had Gandhi's plea of
peace to Hitler not fallen on deaf ears. Imagine the ancestors' lives and the nonexistent descendants' impact on our way of
life and personal stories.

It was not, however, within Hitler's plan to accommodate peace or ethnic and cultural tolerance, and we all are cognizant
of an entire ethnicity and the countless slaughter of the souls from our nation and its Allies who sacrificed themselves
for the good of all mankind.

Parting from the shores of Naples by boat to Marseilles, France, Botello was sent to Alsace-Lorraine. A short distance away at Camp
Phillips in Kansas, a large division of men prepared for deployment to Europe's embattled shores. Botello's time had come.

"I'M NOT A HERO. I'M JUST A SOLDIER WHO DID HIS JOB. THE
HEROES ARE THE MEN I USED TO KNOW WHO DID NOT COME
HOME. I HONOR THEM."

The photograph is of a young man holding a long rifle with its butt firmly planted on the ground and its barrel in his hand. The soldier in
the photo is clearly Botello from decades ago as he leans against the wall and stares solemnly into the lens of a journalist's camera. Separated
by a multitude of decades and a lifetime of ex-
erience, Botello and his strangers have no com-
mon connection other than that of humanity, yet
while separated by years, my heart aches for him as a heavy moment of memories tear up in his
dark brown eyes.

Continuing, his story with palpable emo-
tion and loyalty for the brothers with whom he fought and the country for which they served, Botello recalls boarding a British luxury liner in
Boston that ran a regular route between Lon-
don and India. Roughly 8,000 men, comprised
of about half of his division, boarded the ship.
It was crunch time and mass numbers of men were
needed on the front lines in preparation
for battle. The ship, which equates to a modern-
day cruise ship, could run at speeds high enough to
render German submarines futile in their at-
tempts to annihilate their enemies via torpedoes.

Botello does recall during his voyage across the
Atlantic seeing an American tanker break in half
from a torpedo.
they were not still sympathetic with the German... 

remains who sought employment in U.S. installations... 

ritative capacity in Berlin investigating German citi... 

have to return to combat. Botello worked the re... 

a concussion. The physicians declared he did not... 

didn’t stop until it was quiet again. The good Lord... 

on those battlefields and it was a moment of mem... 

is what carried me through the war one step at a... 

been – where I was scared. I’m not a hero. I’m just a soldier who did his job. The he... 

Reminders of his past, the recall of that day rendered... 

The majority of his comrades were gone. Ever reminded... 

of the fragility of life, the recall of that day rendered... 

majority of his comrades were gone. Ever reminded... 

He spoke the grim memory to life once more. A moment of memories marched through his... 

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