



**Private Quinten Martin
JOHANNSEN
05-E-14**

Pte. Quinten Johannsen was born on 26 July 1919 in Manisota USA. His father was American, his mother came from Austria. When they moved to Canada is unknown. But they became Canadian citizens. They had a farm in Serath, Saskatchewan. Quinten enlisted on January 4th 1944 and went overseas with The Lake Superior Regiment. He disembarked in the UK on January 10th 1945 and was sent to the Western Front on April 9th 1945.

The next story is told by Quinten's brother Adolf:

What joy it was the morning on May 8th, 1945 when dad turned the radio on for the early morning news to hear the announcement that... "The war was over". Yes! The war was over! Son Quinten will be coming home. The whole family was overjoyed around the breakfast table. Our joy was soon shattered – at 11 a.m. the same morning. A car drove into our farm yard near Raymore and a man stepped out to hand us a telegram. We went into

the house to open it, not knowing what to expect. The telegram had these words: "Dear Mr. Johannsen. We are sorry to inform you that your son Pte. Quinten Johannsen was killed in action April 30, 1945, while serving with the Armed Forces overseas." For the next three years we heard nothing as to where Quinten's final rest place was. Then, in 1948, we received a letter from a young lady from Holland, stating she had adopted the grave of Pte. Johannsen, who is buried on the Canadian War Cemetery in Holten.

One of the Lake Superior Regiment members Paul Fidelak tells about the last day of Quinten: We were in the trenches near Oldenburg, Germany, and the fighting had been fierce for a week. It was a cool, cloudy morning of April 30 1945 and there was a lull in the fighting. I went out of the trench to stretch. As I looked around, I noticed another soldier doing the same. I asked him for his name and he said: "Quinten Johannsen from Raymore, Saskatchewan". "Oh, I'm Paul Fidelak from Kuroki Saskatchewan", I said in return. We spoke for about 20 minutes and then decided to go back to our companies. Quinten was in A, I was in D. In less than two or three minutes I heard a shot. I looked over toward Quinten and saw him fall to the

ground. I scrambled to my trench, not knowing whether he was killed, wounded or just hit the dust. At that point we got orders from our captain to advance. We left our casualties and moved forward. It wasn't until three days later that I saw the casualty list, and Quinten's name was on it.....

A lake was renamed by the government of Saskatchewan in ***Johanssen Lake*** in commemoration of Quinten Johanssen.

