THEY SERVED WITH INTEGRITY

Stories of Family Members of the West Point Class of 1970

Prepared by
Members of the Class of 1970 and their Families

This is a collection of stories prepared to be shared as an ebook with classmates and their families in conjunction with 55th Reunion of the West Point Class of 1970 in 2025. The stories are about family members who served and sacrificed for our country and were written by classmates, spouses, and family members of the class. Each submitter granted permission to the Class of 1970 to use their inputs in this collection. In the cases of a story submitted on behalf of a deceased classmate, permission was obtained from his spouse or next of kin to use the story in the collection.

THE SERVICE HERITAGE PROJECT TEAM

Bob Faraguna
Frank Monaco
Charlie McGee
Mac Love
Bart Engram
Rich St Denis

Photos of classmates' relatives on the cover:
[From top row down, left to right: Relative (Classmate, Cadet Company-Regiment)]
First row: (1) Julian H. Burns Sr. (Burns, F-4); (2) Bill Ekman (Ekman, A-4); (3) Patrick J. Sculley (Sculley, I-2); (4) Bud Hanna (Hanna, D-3); (5) Zenas "Bart" Bartlett (Morris, F-1)
Second row: (1) Allen J. Castleman (Castleman, G-1); (2) Lorene Castleman (Castleman, G-1); (3) Frank Colacicco (Colacicco, C-4); (4) Robert L Walton (Walton, G-1); (5) Robert W. Rozman (Rozman, A-3)
Third row: (1) Bob Love (Love, A-4); (2) Joe Faraguna (Faraguna, I-1); (3) Fairfax D. Downey (Knowlton, D-1); (4) Joseph F. Monaco (Monaco, B-4); (5) Joseph Thornton (Thornton, G-2)
Fourth row: (1) Helen E. Calhoun (Morris, F-1)); (2) Lindbergh Jones (Jones, I-4); (3) Wilfred Ouellette (Homoleski, D-1); (4) Aimé Gagné (Rozman, D-3); (5) John Lisi (Lisi, I-3)
Fifth row: (1) John S. Mihalowski (Michalowski, G-1); (2) Jay Young (Young, F-2); (3) Vivian A. Martin (Williams, G-1); (4) Charles J. Morris (Morris, F-1); (5) James P. Sullivan Sr. (Sullivan, I-4)

To our family members

who served and sacrificed for our country,

and to our 1970 classmates who died while in service

Table of Contents

This ebook is a PDF. With your PDF reader application (e.g., Adobe Reader, Apple Preview, Microsoft Edge, etc.), you can go to a section or individual story that you want to see by opening the Sidebar and selecting the desired title in the Navigation (List) view. Or you can open the Thumbnail view and select the desired page.

Prologue 7

How the Material is Organized 8

First Regiment Stories 9

Steven Scott Bailey (F-1) 10
John Howard Beasley (F-1) 16
John M. Bryant Jr. (C-1) 17
James Douglas Byrd (I-1) 19
David Michael Carr (H-1) 22
Richard Allen Castleman (G-1) 25
William Paul Cater (C-1) 28
William Alexander Coy (G-1) 30
Sherman Woods Crawford (A-1) 36
Larry Allen Diekema (I-1) 38
Winston Edgar Diesto (H-1) 47
Joseph Robert Faraguna (I-1) 49
John Morris Forbes Jr. (H-1) 52
George B. Forsythe (C-1) 55
Richard Harvey Gasperini (A-1) 58
Phillip Gay Harris (A-1) 61
James William Henderson (D-1) 67
Stephen Wilfred Homoleski (D-1) 69
Nelson Edward Kennedy (D-1) 72
William Allen Knowlton Jr. (D-1) 73
Timothy Charles Lavelle (G-1) 82
Patrick James McGoldrick (G-1) 87
Bruce Charles Michalowski (G-1) 91
Charles Arthur Morris (F-1) 102
Michael Thomas Murphy (F-1) 105
Michael John Pearce (G-1) 107
Calvin O'Neal Purdin (E-1) 109
Joe Robert Reeder (E-1) 110
Philip Walter Richard (C-1) 114
Herbert Ray Roberts (C-1) 115
Cesare Francis Rosati (G-1) 117
David C. Rosenblum (A-1) 118
Robert Ayres Walton (G-1) 121
James Randall Ward (B-1) 126
Dennis Edward Williams (G-1) 127
Bernard Alan Zeper (C-1) 129

Second Regiment Stories 132

James Boone Bartholomees Jr. (G-2) 133
Don Beale Blakeslee (A-2) 139
Paul Vance Campbell (D-2) 144
Raymond Paul Cossette (H-2) 145
Harold Halsey Dunwoody (A-2) 146
John Frank Epley (F-2) 150
Robert Lee Heaton (C-2) 153
Jay Wallace Kaine (F-2) 156
Henry Alden Leonard (G-2) 158
Roger Lee McCormick (H-2) 164
Eddie Mitchell (H-2) 169
William Neal Patterson (C-2) 172
Steven Roberts (D-2) 174
Charles Wolcott Ryder III (D-2) 176
David Earl Schroeder (E-2) 186
Patrick Evans Sculley (I-2) 188
Edwin David Selby (A-2) 191
Patrick Thomas Thornton (D-2) 194
David Wayne Trammel (B-2) 198
Terry Jay Young (F-2) 202
Jack Carl Zoeller (B-2) 204

Third Regiment Stories **210**

John Willis Adams (D-3) 211
Thomas Frank Armeli (B-3/I-3) 222
James Joseph Bellotty (C-3) 227
Paul Joseph Bisulca (H-3) 230
Lucas Harold Brennecke (C-3) 257
Tony Howard Brock (F-3) 258
Robert Nugent Brown (I-3) 260
Gary Alan Cornelison (E-3) 262
William Thomas Elliott (D-3) 264
Bartlett Jones Engram Jr. (F-3) 268
John Harvey Hanna (D-3) 272
Gilbert Stewart Harper III (D-3) 274
John Joseph Hennessey Jr. (I-3) 277
Donovan Frederick Jagger (F-3) 279
Alfred Michael Lisi Jr. (I-3) 280
Frederick Charles Lough Jr. (G-3) 290
Thomas Brock Maertens Jr. (H-3) 294
William Charles Malkemes (G-3) 299
William Wallace McBeth (I-3) 300
Robert Arthur Meier Jr. (F-3) 306
John Michael Minor (C-3) 308
John Norton Jr. (B-3) 313
Thomas Robert Rozman (A-3) 319
Gerald O. Saari (G-3) 337
Albert Raymond Shiely III (H-3) 339
William Cole Spracher (A-3) 342
Eugene Amandus Studer (H-3) 346
Terry John Treat (D-3) 353
David Franklin Varnell (F-3) 355
Steven Dale Wilson (I-3) 364
Chris Gary Wittmayer (I-3) 367

Fourth Regiment Stories **377**

Richard Steven Beahm (B-4) 378
Thomas Alex Brandtner (A-4) 381
Julian Hall Burns (F-4) 383
James Allan Chandler (F-4) 387
Francis Ancrum Clarkson (F-4) 392
John Valentine Cogbill III (G-4) 396
John Horn Colacicco (C-4) 399
Dominick Anthony Crea (G-4) 402
Roger William Cross III (F-4) 404
Jonathan Pierce Deason (F-4) 409
Thomas Carson Dockery (C-4) 413
James Wilson Duncan Jr. (I-4) 415
William Jonathan Ekman (A-4) 422
Charles W. Ennis Jr. (B-4) 425
Thomas Anthony Gerard (I-4) 427
Michael Winston Hobson (B-4) 429
Michael Lindbergh Jones (I-4) 431
Thomas Stewart Lampley (G-4) 434
William DeWitt Lane (C-4) 437
Robert McClean Love (A-4) 441
Charles Francis McAteer III (G-4) 449
Gerald Counts Minor (D-4) 451
Michael Thurman Mitchell (H-4) 452
Francis John Monaco (B-4) 454
Richard Pershing Moser Jr. (B-4) 450
James Lawrence Mowery (F-4) 458
Robert Edward Opatovsky (A-4) 465
Bruce Norman Peltier (A-4) 468
McDonald Plummer Jr. (B-4) 474
William Fossum Pratt (D-4) 476
Kurt Bernhardt Reineke Jr. (C-4) 479
William Harvey Roedy (A-4) 480
Ronald Lee Rold (A-4) 482
Stephen F. Schwaderer (H-4) 489
John Frederick Shull (D-4) 496
Richard Ogden Snider (C-4) 499
Bruce Lee Spear (A-4) 501
Richard Henry St Denis (A-4) 502
James Patrick Sullivan Jr. (I-4) 508
William Cooper Taylor (A-4) 513
John Huff Van Vliet III (E-4) 516
John Arthur Veenstra (I-4) 518
Carlos Romeo Vélez Jr. (A-4) 522
Gregory David Vuksich (I-4) 534
Robert Werner Jr. (H-4) 537
William Robert Wessels (D-4) 542
David Dana White Jr. (C-4) 545
Lawrence Kermit White Jr. (I-4) 548
Richard Lysle Williams (D-4) 555

Epilogue 559

Cross-Reference Tables 560
Table 1. World War II Events in Classmate Stories 560
Table 2. Other Conflicts Listed in Classmate Stories 563
Table 3. 1970 Classmate Stories Identifying Graduates/Cadets from Other Classes 565
Table 4. USMA Graduates/Cadets from Other Classes Identified in 1970 Classmate Stories 569

Appendices 574
Appendix A – List of Abbreviations 574
Appendix B – Military Ranks 578
Appendix C – US Army Organization in World War II 580
Appendix D – Suggested Additional Reading 582

Index 584

Prologue

The Genesis of the Project

When our classmate Bob Faraguna's brother Jimmy visited him several years ago, he brought papers and memorabilia from their dad's service in World War II. Bob was amazed and proud to see these. He soon realized that many of our classmates likely had similar experiences and might want to share their stories. Bob recommended a project to document the contributions of our family members.

During his initial discussion with a few classmates, the idea had gained great traction. The group decided to expand the project to include service in all conflicts in our nation's history back to the founding of the nation. Bob Faraguna became the primary point of contact with support from Frank Monaco, Charlie McGee, Mac Love, Rich St Denis, and Bart Engram.

The Goal

The goal was to gather narratives about the experiences of our fathers and other relatives in service to the nation and to share these stories among classmates and their families before the 55th Reunion of the Class of 1970 in 2025.

Serving with integrity was a theme repeated among the stories shared by our classmates, consistent with our class motto. Hence, "They Served With Integrity" was the title selected for this collection.

Thanks to our Classmate Contributors

The project team thanks all our classmates who shared a story. The breadth of the service experiences, literally from privates to generals, crossed multiple generations and conflicts. The various military services and home front support represented include:

- Army: Infantry, Field Artillery, Anti-Aircraft Artillery, Armor, Coastal Artillery, Engineers, Signal Corps, OSS, Women's Army Corps (WAC), Medical Corps, Nurse Corps, Ordnance, Quartermaster, Transportation, Finance
- Army Air Corps/Army Air Forces/Air Force: Officer and enlisted flight crews
- Navy: Surface, Submarine, Aviation, SeaBees, Supply Corps, Women Accepted for Voluteer Service (WAVES)
- Marine Corps: Infantry, Artillery, Aviation, Ground Support
- Coast Guard
- Merchant Marine: Officers and crew members
- Support on the home front: Shipyard, munitions and aircraft manufacturing workers, Federal civil service, FBI, CIA, War Department administrative staff, and essential workers, such as farmers and medical staff

Our hope is that you will find these stories as inspiring and engrossing as we have.

The Service Heritage Project Team

How the Material is Organized

Regiment Stories – These sections are ordered by our four cadet regiments. Stories within these sections are in alphabetical order by classmate name. In the ebook, readers can –

- Scroll through the file and read the stories in sequence.
- Go directly to a section or individual story you want to see by selecting its title in the Table of Contents view in the Sidebar.
- Go directly to a desired page by scrolling down and selecting it in the Thumbnails view.
- Use the search tool to make comparisons across stories; for example, search on "101st" to find any mention of the 101st Airborne Division.

Epilogue – This section offers some insights gathered by the project team over the course of collection of the classmate stories and a final thought.

Cross-Reference Tables – This section is a set of cross-reference tables to help identify connections among classmates' stories, such as connections to another classmate's parent in the same battle or conflict or connections to other USMA classes.

Table 1 – shows the broad scope of military service during WWII that is addressed in classmate stories about their family members.
Table 2 – lists numerous conflicts identified in classmate stories other than WWII in which relatives served.
Table 3 – lists graduates/cadets from other classes identified in classmate stories ordered by 1970 classmate.
Table 4 – pivots Table 3 and lists graduates/cadets from other classes ordered by their USMA class year that are identified in classmate stories.

Appendices – This section contains reference materials for the reader.

Appendix A – List of Abbreviations – contains abbreviations used in classmate stories.
Appendix B – Military Ranks – shows Army ranks in use during WWII compared to those in use today. It also shows the equivalent ranks across the military services.
Appendix C – US Army Organizations in World War II – provides basic descriptions of Army organizational levels mentioned in classmate stories.
Appendix D – Suggested Additional Reading – lists additional books about individuals' wartime experiences identified by project team members or classmate story contributors.

Index – This section lists the stories alphabetically by the classmates' names to enable readers to easily locate a story when they do not know a classmate's cadet regiment.

First Regiment Stories

The soldier is the Army. No army is better than its soldiers. The soldier is also a citizen. In fact, the highest obligation and privilege of citizenship is that of bearing arms for one's country. Hence it is a proud privilege to be a soldier - a good soldier. Anyone, in any walk of life, who is content with mediocrity is untrue to himself and to American tradition. To be a good soldier a man must have discipline, self-respect, pride in his unit and in his country, a high sense of duty and obligation to his comrades and to his superiors, and self-confidence born of demonstrated ability.

—General George S. Patton Jr., *War as I Knew It*

Steven Scott Bailey (F-1)

Bailey Family Service Heritage

My great grandmother's great grandfather on my father's side (Bailey) was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. I have not been able to find anything about him, other than a mention of his service.

That same great grandmother kept an old pepperbox pistol that her father had bought for the family before going to work in a factory during the Civil War and the pistol passed to me when I was young.

The family story is that the pistol was supposed to drive off marauding Yankee soldiers if they came by the farm in Tennessee but was only used to drive off some marauding Confederate soldiers.

Apparently, Mark Twain did not think very highly of the pepperbox. Here's the text from Mark Twain's *Roughing It*:

> "To aim along the turning barrel and hit the thing aimed at was a feat which was probably never done with an 'Allen' in the world. But George's was a reliable weapon, nevertheless, because, as one of the stage-drivers afterward said, 'If she didn't get what she went after, she would fetch something else.' And so she did. She went after a deuce of spades nailed against a tree, once, and fetched a mule standing about thirty yards to the left of it. Bemis did not want the mule; but the owner came out with a double-barreled shotgun and persuaded him to buy it, anyhow. It was a cheerful weapon—the 'Allen.' Sometimes all its six barrels would go off at once, and then there was no safe place in all the region round about, but behind it."

On my mother's side, my third great grandfather (Van Winkle) was killed in 1862 in the Union army. Again, a mention of his service is all we have.

My father's father, **Claude Bailey**, was a member of the Tennessee Army National Guard in the early 1900s.

My mother's father, **Colonel Vincent Tanzola**, was a regimental commander for the liberation of Guam.

After that assault, there was a USO show featuring Betty Hutton. At the end of the show, she was awarded some jewelry by the troops, and she awarded my grandfather with a kiss on stage. For some reason, my grandmother was never amused by that photo…

Colonel Tanzola gets a kiss from Betty Hutton for bracelets presented to her on Guam.

I was able to follow the path of his unit's progress when I taught classes on the island 10 years ago.

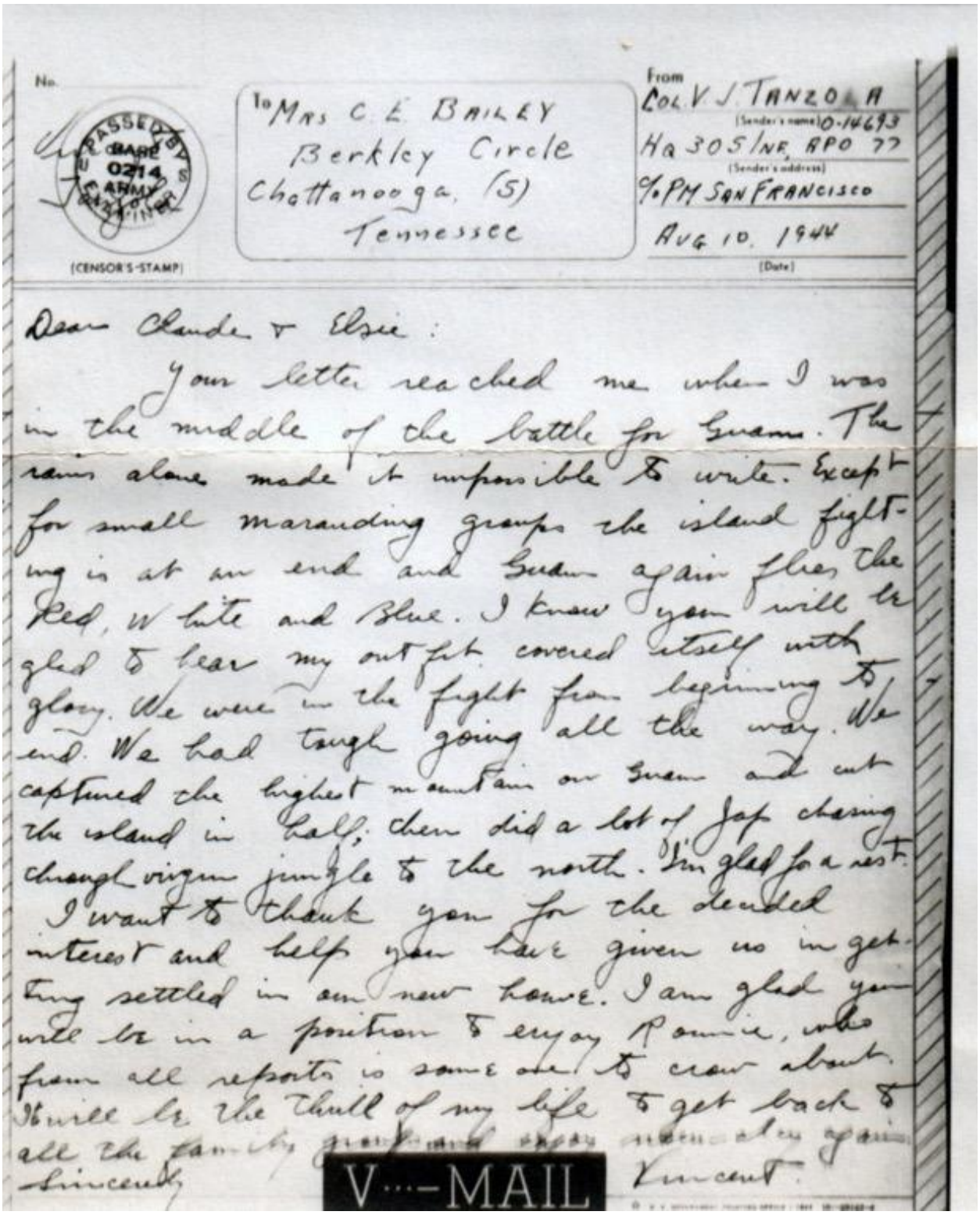
The regiment moved on to the battle for Leyte and then prepared for the invasion of Okinawa.

Colonel Vincent Tanzola

I was never able to meet him because he died during a *kamikaze*[1] attack on the invasion ship for his regiment.

His son, **Vincent Tanzola Jr.**, was old enough to enlist near the end of the war. He served in Europe, went to college on the GI bill, reentered the army as an officer, and went on to serve in Korea during that war and later in Vietnam.

[1] Editor's note: By late 1944, Japanese naval aircraft had taken extremely heavy losses. Crews and aircraft could not be replaced quicker than they were being lost. *Kamikaze* (meaning "divine wind") was formed as a special corps charged with suicidal missions against Allied warships. The kamikaze philosophy was a Japanese military strategy that emphasized death over defeat, capture, or shame. The philosophy was based on the samurai code of Bushido, which values loyalty, honor, and courage. Kamikaze attacks sank 34 ships and damaged hundreds of others during the war. (Wikipedia contributors. "Kamikaze." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 29 Jan. 2025. Web. 9 Feb. 2025)



No.

PASSED BY U.S. BASE 0214 ARMY EXAMINER

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To MRS C. E. BAILEY
Berkley Circle
Chattanooga (5)
Tennessee

From COL V. J. TANZOLA (Sender's name) O-14693
HQ 305 INF. APO 77 (Sender's address)
% PM SAN FRANCISCO
AUG 10. 1944 (Date)

Dear Claude & Elsie:

Your letter reached me when I was in the middle of the battle for Guam. The rains alone made it impossible to write. Except for small maranding groups the island fighting is at an end and Guam again flies the Red, White and Blue. I know you will be glad to hear my outfit covered itself with glory. We were in the fight from beginning to end. We had tough going all the way. We captured the highest mountain on Guam and cut the island in half, then did a lot of Jap chasing through virgin jungle to the north. I'm glad for a rest.

I want to thank you for the deeded interest and help you have given us in getting settled in our new home. I am glad you will be in a position to enjoy Ponnie, who from all reports is some colt to crow about. It will be the thrill of my life to get back to all the family [illegible]

Sincerely, Vincent.

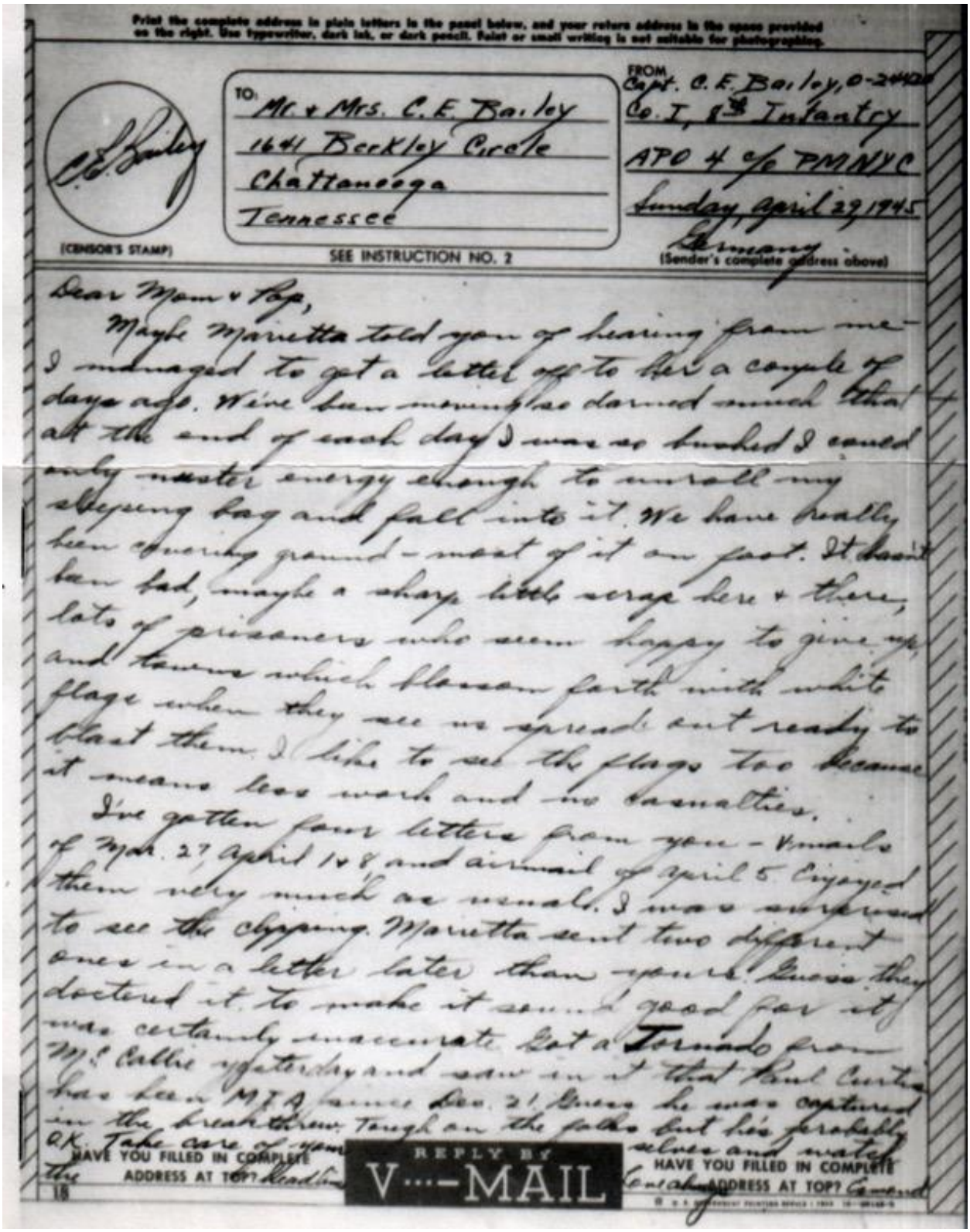
V···-MAIL

V-Mail from Col. Vincent Tanzola following battle on Guam.

At about the same time my grandfather was in the Pacific, my father, **Claude Bailey Jr.**, and his unit had crossed most of Germany. He never talked much about the war, but my grandfather told me that during battle in the Ardennes, an artillery shell hit close enough to my father to knock him down and destroy his rifle without seriously hurting him. He found an M1 carbine and carried it the rest of the war. I also found out that his unit had been involved in the liberation of one of the concentration camps.

My father returned home to meet my 18-month-old brother for the first time once the war ended.

My father remained in the Army after the war and was in Saigon when the monks burned themselves, riots occurred, and when President Diem was assassinated.



Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

C.E. Bailey

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Mr. & Mrs. C.E. Bailey
1641 Beckley Circle
Chattanooga
Tennessee

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM: Capt. C.E. Bailey, O-24[illegible]
Co. I, 3rd Infantry
APO 4 c/o PM NYC
Sunday, April 29, 1945
Germany
(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Mom & Pop,

Maybe Marietta told you of hearing from me - I managed to get a letter off to her a couple of days ago. We've been moving so darned much that at the end of each day I was so bushed I could only muster energy enough to unroll my sleeping bag and fall into it. We have really been covering ground - most of it on foot. It hasn't been bad, maybe a sharp little scrap here & there, lots of prisoners who seem happy to give up, and towns which flaunt forth with white flags when they see us spread out ready to blast them. I like to see the flags too because it means less work and no casualties.

I've gotten four letters from you - 1 mail of Mch. 27, April 1 & 8 and airmail of April 5. Enjoyed them very much as usual. I was surprised to see the clipping. Marietta sent two different ones in a letter later than yours. Guess they doctored it to make it sound good for it was certainly inaccurate. Got a Tornado from Mac Callie yesterday and saw in it that Paul Curtis has been MIA since Dec. 21. Guess he was captured in the breakthrew. Tough on the folks but he's probably O.K. Take care of yourself.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP? Love,

REPLY BY V···-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP? Love,

18

V-Mail home from Capt. Claude Bailey Jr. shortly before V-E day

My great uncle, **Bob Sink**, has had much written about him[2], but one story did not get out. During a dance prior to the war, he called my aunt (his niece) over, pointed to a variety of lieutenants in the hall, and offered her to pick one. She declined, and later married a Navy veteran. Questionable judgment?

My brother, **Ron Bailey**, graduated with the Class of '65. He was in Vietnam as an advisor to a Ranger Battalion during the Tet Offensive. He was badly wounded in a rocket explosion that killed his counterpart. When he recovered, he returned to his unit to finish his tour. Some shrapnel remained that could not be removed but he stayed on active duty until his normal retirement. His time in Vietnam caught up with him, though, through Agent Orange. He developed cancer and a variety of other issues but fought them for over 20 years before passing away in 2021.

Finally, I should mention the strength and resolve of the women in our family. For example, my grandmother cared for her young son while her husband, brother-in-law, two sons, and two sons-in-law were deployed throughout WWII. My mother was in a similar position and in addition had to care for her newborn son for 18 months until my father returned from the war. She later saw her husband, brother, and both sons serve in Vietnam.

— **Scott Bailey '70**

V-Mail

V-mail, short for "Victory mail," was a postal system put into place during World War II to drastically reduce the space needed to transport mail overseas to servicemembers, thus freeing up cargo space for other valuable wartime supplies, such as weapons, rations, and medical supplies. The V-mail system was similar to the Airgraph system the British implemented in 1941 for shipment of overseas mail.

An important part of the V-mail system was the use of a standardized 8 1/2 x 11 form which combined the letter and envelope into one piece of paper for microfilming. The form was specially designed by the Government Printing Office and was provided free of charge by the Post Office at the rate of two sheets per person per day. Consumers could also purchase sheets made by different sanctioned providers. All of the paper used for V-mail had to be the same size and weight so that the pages could be fed into the processing machines for microfilming. A 100-foot reel of microfilm could hold 1600 of these one-page letters. All V-mail was sent by air mail, so it was also quicker than standard mail. V-mail was also free of charge for all servicemembers.

According to the National Postal Museum, "V-mail ensured that thousands of tons of shipping space could be reserved for war materials. The 37 mail bags required to carry 150,000 one-page letters could be replaced by a single mail sack. The weight of that same amount of mail was reduced dramatically from 2,575 pounds to a mere 45." This saved considerable weight and bulk in a time in which both were hard to manage in a combat zone. For example, a 1944 fact sheet from the Office of War Information stated: "V-Mail has saved 4,964,286 cargo pounds since its start in June 1942."

("Mail Call: V-Mail," https://www.nationalww2museum.org/war/articles/mail-call-v-mail and Wikipedia contributors. "V-mail." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia.12 Sep. 2024. Web. 23 Nov. 2024)

[2] Editor's note: Robert F. Sink, USMA 1927, commanded the 506th PIR (nicknamed the "Five-oh-Sink") during WWII, made combat jumps on D-Day and Operation Market Garden, commanded XVIII Airborne Corps in 1957 and STRAC in 1958, retired as LTG in 1961.

John Howard Beasley (F-1)

A Marine at Guadalcanal

My favorite Uncle, **Charles J. Beasley**, was a Marine Officer who served in the Pacific during WWII – and notably at the Battle of Guadalcanal. He retired as a Marine Colonel and had a great civilian career. My Dad loved and respected him. He swore me into the Army immediately after graduation. This was my special heritage moment.

The citation for his award of the Silver Star is shown below:

GENERAL ORDERS:
Commander South Pacific Force & Area: Serial 00192
(January 16, 1943)

CITATION:
The President of the United States of America takes pleasure in presenting the Silver Star to Captain Charles J. Beasley (MCSN: 0-6325), United States Marine Corps Reserve, for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity as Operations and Training Officer of the First Battalion, Seventh Marines, FIRST Marine Division, during action against enemy Japanese forces on Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, on 7 - 9 November 1942. While engaged in operations to the west of Metapona River, in an area infested with harassing groups and snipers, Captain Beasley, although previously wounded in a skirmish with the Japanese, persisted in continuing his duties. Frequently operating in advance positions under hostile fire, he carried on throughout a severe engagement on 8 November, rendering valuable assistance until the situation had become secure. His courageous endurance and utter disregard of personal safety were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

— **John Beasley '70**

John M. Bryant Jr. (C-1)

Moving Supplies in the Merchant Marine

My father's WWII experience was unusual. He was born in May 1927, so he was only graduating from high school in spring 1945. He was allowed to graduate a few weeks early so he could get 'in cycle' with the start of a Merchant Marine training course in Mobile, Alabama, only about 175 miles south of his/my hometown, Childersburg, Alabama. He remembers some of the training was on the SS *Mystic* which is now moored as a historical/tourist attraction in Mystic, Connecticut.

The war in Europe had ended days before he finished that course and his merchant cruises were, initially, limited to the Gulf of Mexico, e.g., on ships filled with bananas sailing from Central America, en route Mobile. However, after 'moving up' to a freighter en route the Pacific, he sailed through the Panama Canal and his ship was one of the first to enter Chinese ports immediately after the end of the war in the Pacific. His biggest memory of that time was seeing an occasional body floating in the river in Shanghai!

He remained in the Merchant Marine until December 1946 when he returned to our hometown and a brief period of employment with the Central of Georgia railroad that passes through our town. A major paper mill opened in Childersburg in 1949 and he got into it early. Over the next four decades, his work ethic and willingness and ability to learn led to his assuming the post of 'Superintendent of Utilities', responsible for the plant's power generation and the 'buying and selling' of power between the plant and the local power utility, Alabama Power Co. When the Environmental Protection Agency was created in the early 1970s and developed much more stringent environmental protection regulations, he also assumed responsibility for the plant's facility and processes to 'clean and cool' the plant's water flowing into our Coosa River.

His accomplishments were made with only a high school education. He might have gone to college after leaving the Merchant Marine at 19 years of age but, at that time, wartime service in the Merchant Marine did not warrant veterans benefits. Further, he and my mother married on his 20th birthday, and I was born 14 months later. My brother was born two years later so he had a wife and two kids when he was 23 and college must have seemed impossible.

In his retirement, he was proud in relating tales of difficult challenges in the plant in which the young, highly educated engineers had developed solutions which should work but just wouldn't until his experience and that of other 'old timers' was brought to bear.

It was not until 1988 that the nation acknowledged the valor and sacrifice of American merchant seaman in World War II and granted full veterans' status to those who served, at least in part, from the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor to 15 August 1945. Historians know these brave men ... young and old .... suffered gravely in the early days of the war, 1942 and 1943 in particular, as the merchant vessels upon which they sailed 'ran the gauntlet' of German submarines and bombers in the Atlantic and the Japanese navy and bombers in the Pacific. The human toll they suffered, for

example, in getting the supplies and equipment in the convoys to Great Britain and to the Soviet Union which kept the British and the Russians in the war was horrible.

I don't know if my father reached out to the VA to determine if he was affected by the new legislation and its benefits or if the VA used old data bases to identify and locate these old men newly eligible for VA benefits. In any case, in his early 60s my father received a DD214 just as American servicemen and -women veterans have for generations. However, his was very different! First, it was signed by a US Coast Guard Captain and, instead of depicting a period of many months or years in service, his listed the ships' names and durations of his specific merchant vessels' cruises. He did not really benefit from this veteran's status until the last year or so of his life when he entered a State of Alabama-funded 'veterans home' in Pell City, Alabama, about 40 miles from Childersburg. He was a resident there when he died, and our family received the VA's standard funeral and other end-of-life benefits.

— **John Bryant '70**

Photo taken by Bob Faraguna at the World War II Museum, New Orleans

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There weren't any parades for the United States Merchant Marine.
— Rear Admiral Thomas Patterson, United States Merchant Service (Ret.)

James Douglas Byrd (I-1)

Three Generations of USMA Grads

My father, **Leon Curtis Byrd**, was born on October 28, 1920, in Lakeland, Florida. Hoping to attend West Point, he enlisted in the Army on July 1, 1940. After basic training, he was admitted to the USMA Preparatory School (USMAPS). After failing to receive admission to West Point, he reenlisted after transferring to the Army Air Corps as a Sergeant. His plan B was to apply for pilot school if didn't get into West Point. After another stint year at USMAPS, he finally received his appointment.

Wedding at Cadet Chapel on Graduation Day

After graduating from West Point (Company G-1) on June 5, 1945, he married Mary Louise Adkins in the Catholic Chapel that same day. Soon after, he served with the 11th Airborne Division in the Japan occupation forces. When my mom and I joined him in December 1946, we all relocated out to Hokkaido Prefecture. There, Dad hired a young local named Kozo (Frank) Tamura as our houseboy, and he soon became a lifelong friend with Mom and Dad. Dad sponsored Frank for admission to the University of Tokyo where he graduated and eventually became a professor. Frank stayed in touch with Mom and Dad and he and his family visited our family in Texas after Dad retired.

In 1948, Dad was reassigned to the 10th Infantry Division 86th Regiment that was being activated at Ft Riley, Kansas without its "Mountain" tab, and assigned to process and train replacements in large numbers. Here, my sister, Peggy, was born. A year later, Dad was assigned to the staff and faculty of the Infantry School where he worked at the Airborne School. My sister, Sally, was born during this tour.

In 1951, after the outbreak of the Korean War he joined the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team serving in Japan as the strategic reserve. The regiment moved to Korea in May 1952 to assist in the suppression of the prisoner rebellion at Koje Island POW Camp. Beginning in early 1952, the communists allowed trained agents to be captured so they could create a second front by organizing POWs to foment riots and achieve a propaganda victory. The challenge was to break the rebellion while minimizing casualties. A carefully planned and well-executed operation achieved success. In the meantime, my sister, Mazie, was born.

Assignments to the Ft Benning Advanced Course and ROTC duty at Washington State University (1953-1955) followed Korea and that is where my sister, Gabriel, was born. After WSU, he was assigned on an accompanied tour to Germany. After brief assignments in Giessen and Butzbach, he was given a company with the 8th ID in Munich. My sister Joan was born there in 1956.

In late 1957, it was off to two years at Ft Leavenworth (CGSC) and then on to the Pentagon with HQ OCDS Ops for a year in the War Room. This was followed by an assignment with the Defense Communications Agency in Arlington. In October 1963, Dad went on TDY for counter insurgency training at Ft. Bragg followed quickly by an assignment as a MACV advisor in IV Corps in Can Tho, Vietnam. While there, Dad converted from his Southern Baptist faith to Catholicism. Returning home to the Mount Vernon area in Virginia, he was assigned to the Combat Development Command at Ft. Belvoir. It was during this assignment that I attended USMAPS at Ft. Belvoir as an E3. While in Virginia, Teresa and Martha (Twins) and Clair were born.

The Byrd family's second tour to Germany took place while I was at West Point. First, it was off to the 8th ID and Bad Kreuznach where, just down the street, the Byrd family's neighbors were Lt. Gen. George Mabry and Maj. Gen. Patrick Cassidy. I visited the family in BK on summer leave and concluded it was definitely a low-crime neighborhood. After BK, the family was off to Frankfurt where Dad was assigned Deputy Commander of the Hessen Area Support District. It was in BK where my little brother, John, was born.

Mary Louise and Leon, Class of 1945 50th Reunion

Dad's and the family's final tour was to be Ft. Hood, TX. His first assignment was Deputy G1 HQ then his final assignments were COS of the 13th Support Brigade and Personnel Director MASSTER. Among other awards, during his career, he received the Legion of Merit w/OLC and Bronze Star Medal. He retired on 1 August 1973 and moved to San Marcos, TX where Dad happily lived out his final years. Leon C. Byrd was preceded in death by his beloved Mary Louise after 71 years of marriage and died on July 7, 2020, at the age of 99 years and 8 months. Deep into his final years, Dad often said that the best thing he had accomplished in his life was to raise ten children.

…

My grandfather, **John Ellsworth Adkins Jr.**, initially enlisted in the U.S. Navy on 12 October 1916 and served until about 28 June 1918. His duty stations included Harvard University, New London, CT, and Washington, DC. John then received an appointment to the United States Military Academy joining the Class of 1923 in June 1919. With the nickname of "Gob" (from his Navy days), he served in K Co. and was active in the Bugle Corps, as a Sunday School Teacher, and Pistol Sharpshooter.

John Ellsworth Adkins Jr. '23

Initially expected to be assigned to the Coast Artillery, John entered active duty on 12 June 1923 commissioned in the Field Artillery, and later being transferred to Anti-aircraft Artillery. He married Leta Mae Louis Baker in 1924 in San Antonio, TX. After service at Camp Stotsenburg, Philippine Islands, during which his daughter Mary Louise was born, he returned in 1927 to be assigned to the 18th Field Artillery, First Battalion at Ft. Sill, OK. In 1930, John was stationed at Ft. Francis E Warren, Wyoming.

After his divorce from Louise Baker, he served with the 15th Field Artillery, 2d Infantry Division about 1936. At this time, while accompanying a fellow officer home on leave, he met his second wife, that officer's sister, Lula Jane Tullis, whom he married in 1937.

As a Captain, he was assigned to Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. The family returned to the United States shortly before "the day in infamy" at Pearl Harbor. Later the family moved to Brooklyn, where John served as a Port Officer, accompanying the Harbor Pilots to board incoming troop ships to provide direction for returning troops.

In December 1946, the family followed John to Italy & Germany where John served during the European Occupation as Commander of the 7700th Troop Information & Education Group at Stuttgart. John was then assigned to his final duty station at Ft. Bliss, TX where he received a medical discharge in August 1951.

While assigned to the 2/12 Field Artillery as part of the 2d Infantry Division, he was awarded the Soldier's Medal for an incident that occurred on January 31, 1937. After retirement, he graduated from Tulane University Law School and practiced law in New Orleans.

An excerpt from THE FIELD ARTILLERY JOURNAL, NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1937:
SOLDIER'S MEDAL TO FIELD ARTILLERYMAN

Captain John E. Adkins, Jr., 12th Field Artillery, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, has been awarded the Soldier's Medal… "For heroism displayed on the night of January 31, 1937, at San Antonio, Texas. Upon seeing that an apparently desperate murderer, armed with a pistol, was in the act of attacking members of a party riding immediately in front of the car which he was driving, Captain Adkins, with utter disregard of his own safety, succeeded in stopping the assault and expediting the departure of the assailant. This, however, was not accomplished before one of the members of the party had been killed, and the others, including himself, had been wounded.

— **Doug Byrd '70**

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One flag, one land, one heart, one hand, one nation, evermore.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

David Michael Carr (H-1)

From D-Day Jump to Tet Offensive

Bernard Ellsworth Carr was born in Ottumwa, Iowa on 26 February 1923 to teenage parents, Leo and Dolores. Times were hard so Dad would eventually be raised by his grandparents, Jesse Mae and Elmer Cook, who would instill in him his unwavering love of our country. My great-grandfather, **Elmer Cook,** was in the National Guard for many years becoming a unit First Sergeant. He was also an excellent shot, once receiving a marksmanship award from General Black Jack Pershing.

When WWII broke out, Dad left high school, lied about his age, and joined the Army via the Michigan National Guard. He was one of a very few men to ultimately hold every rank the Army has to offer from Private to Colonel.

Dad was selected and graduated from Officer Candidate School (OCS) at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, when 19 years old. He then volunteered for a new Army unit and became a paratrooper; he wanted to "soldier with the best." He was part of the D-Day invasion of Europe, parachuting in with the 101st Airborne Division as part of A Battery of the 377th Parachute Artillery Battalion.

A later history of the D-Day invasion, *D-DAY with the SCREAMING EAGLES* written by George E. Koskimaki, would say that the 377th had the most scattered drops of any battalion in the division. He went on to say, "Of the 450 men of the 377th dropped on D-Day, 218 were assembled for return to England…."

Dad also fought in the Battle of Bastogne, an experience he never spoke of.

He eventually deployed to Eunkin, Austria, where he would escort VIPs through Berchtesgaden, Hitler's final fortress. As a part of this duty, he was "required to stay at the Berchesgadenerhof Hotel three days a week." He returned to the US with 17th Airborne where he separated in Oct 1945 and just missed being promoted to Captain by two weeks. He returned to Lansing and started at Michigan State University in Feb 1946.

He was not a gifted scholar. Following his freshman year, he was called to the Dean of Men's office, informed that his grades were insufficient and that he would not be allowed back for his sophomore year. Dad literally begged the Dean and promised his grades would improve if only he was allowed to continue. The Dean allowed him to continue.

So, Dad, who had been on his high school swimming team, took Beginners Swimming. On day one, he was the worst swimmer in the class, but by the end of the semester the most improved – with an excellent grade. The next semester was intermediate swimming again with significant improvement and an excellent grade. He continued his swimming courses, ultimately becoming a teacher's assistant. His swimming prowess brought his grades up and he graduated from Michigan State University.

He returned to the Army as a Military Policeman. When the Korean War started, he volunteered again and served until the establishment of the truce. He was chosen to be the first Officer in Charge of the United States Military Police at the Bridge at Panmunjom.

Following Korea, he had multiple assignments to include Tokyo, Japan; Ft. Gordon, Georgia; Oberammergau, Germany; Ft. Bragg, North Carolina; Ft. Wainwright, Alaska; Ft Dix, New Jersey; Ft. Campbell, Kentucky; Vietnam with the 101st; and retiring from Ft. Richardson, Alaska. As a side note, while at Ft. Bragg, my junior high school class included four of our class: Rich St. Denis, Ross Kelley, Dan Schilling, and me.

In the early 1950s, while assigned to Tokyo, he was one of the first non-natives to attend the Judo school at the Tokyo DoJo. Once, while giving a July 4th demonstration to the US Forces stationed in Tokyo, he broke his leg early in the morning. He continued until late afternoon; when the demonstration ended, he went to the hospital and had his broken leg treated. He ultimately earned his Black Belt in Judo.

He was again called to conflict and served in Vietnam. He was assigned as the Provost Marshal (PM) of the 101st Airborne Division at Bien Hoa, where he distinguished himself during the 1967 Tet Offensive. The Tet attack caught everyone by surprise. Communications had been knocked out, so he found a jeep with a mounted M-60 machine gun and working radio. He and the driver took off around the air strip to see what was happening. The North Vietnamese Army (NVA) had broken through, so he attacked with his jeep, driver, and one machine gun; he had the machine gun. Apparently the NVA were so surprised they stopped to determine what was happening. During their regrouping, Dad was able to call in artillery support and delay the immediate attack until additional US forces arrived. He wrote the driver up for an award but did not worry about one for himself.

Several times, against orders from the Chief of Staff (CoS), he rode as helicopter door gunner supporting the Infantry units. Several of the trips he took were in the A Shau Valley, one of the hottest areas in Vietnam. He also often rode the convoys up and down Route 1 between US base camps. He liked to ride in the lead jeep, despite the concern over land mines and ambushes. In his words, these were the ways he could understand what the troops were going through and how he determined the important issues so that he could impact and improve the lives of the troops. Finally, the CoS gave him a direct order to stop these actions.

During new officer training that all officers joining the division had to take, he would light a joint and walk around the class blowing smoke at the class. When he was then introduced as the PM and told the class he was smoking marijuana joints, it jolted everyone. He got a kick out of it.

Later, he was PM at Ft Dix when protestors attempted to break through one of the post gates. Jane Fonda was the lead protestor. He had nothing but disdain for her. As the protestors started to force the gate, he ordered tear gas to be used against the protestors. He later said he was so excited to gas Jane Fonda that he forgot to use his own mask and suffered the consequences.

He was eventually assigned back to Alaska, this time to Ft. Richardson as PM for the state. In 1974, after 33 years in the Army, he decided to retire. During his retirement party at the Officers'

Club, he was notified by the MP Desk Sergeant that a soldier had taken his children hostage on the second floor of his post quarters, had a rifle, and was threatening to kill anyone who came near. Dad excused himself from the party, saying that he would be right back and drove to the hostage site. He told his MPs, "If that SOB shoots me - take him out." He then walked up to the house and talked the man out, at which time he returned to his retirement party.

Following his retirement, he took a position as Head of Security for the Northern Alaska Oil Pipeline. He was soon requested by the U.S. Department of State to take a position as Head of Security for the Sinai Peacekeeping Team. He accepted and held this position until he returned home to Alaska and began his new career as a commercial salmon fisherman using a set net in Ekuk, Alaska.

The following was written by a sergeant and friend who served with Dad for many years.

> *I have known Barney for many years and am thankful our paths have crossed many times. All good soldiers run toward the sound of gunfire and Barney was an exceptional soldier, putting himself in harm's way many times while we served together in World War II, Korea, Tokyo and Alaska.*
>
> *After retirement from the military, he took the position of Security Captain on the newly built pipeline in Alaska where I went to work for him again. I remember being in Barney's office one time when a call came in regarding a stranded man in whiteout conditions. Barney immediately said, "Let's go". The weather was so bad that we couldn't see the road from the windshield. We managed to stay on the road by looking out the side windows at the edges of the road going about 5 miles per hour. After hours of traveling, we finally found our man within 60 yards of the next camp, which none of us could see due to the blowing snow. Barney was always willing to put himself in harm's way for someone else.*
>
> *He was a good soldier and one of the finest people I have ever known. I shall miss him greatly and look forward to seeing him when my light is turned out and my dawn comes.*

Dad died on 7 April 2000 of Agent Orange-related lung cancer.

His life was a celebration; he served his God, his country, and his family; he constantly searched the unknown; he pushed for more and better, not content with the mediocre; not content to count on someone else doing it for him, he did it himself and got it right. Most significant to Dad, his treasure was his family of four children and 12 grandchildren.

— **David Carr '70**

Richard Allen Castleman (G-1)

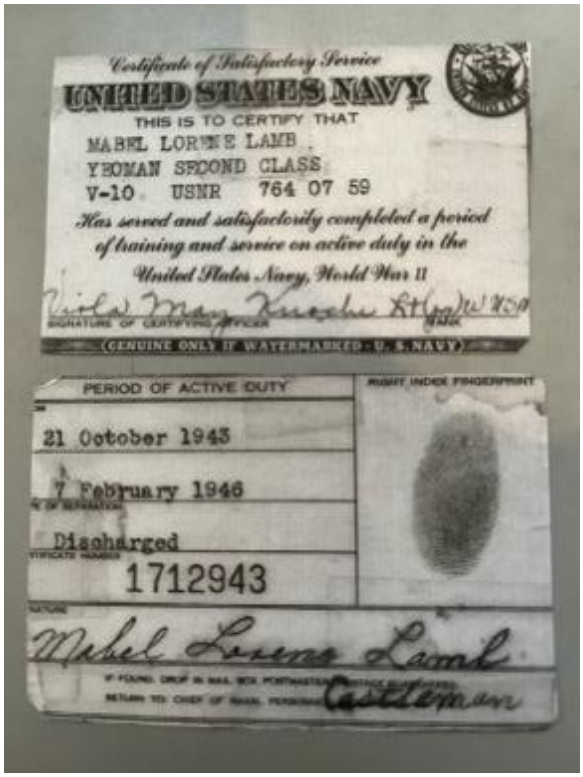
Mom & Dad in WWII and Civil War Medal of Honor

My mother, **Mabel Lorene (Lamb) Castleman**, and father, **Allen Joseph Castleman**, were both from the central part of Illinois – Mom from Illiopolis and Dad from Riverton. Mom went by her middle name Lorene. She did not like the name Mabel. In fact, every time someone called her by her first name, she would recite the following: "Mabel, Mabel, get off the table – the two dollars is for the beer!" I would often call her Mabel just to hear that ditty. They both served in the military during WWII.

Lorene Castleman

Lorene Castleman entered the US Navy (USNR) at age 21 on October 21, 1943, and was discharged on February 7, 1946, at the rank of Yeoman Second Class. Below is a copy of her Certificate of Satisfactory Service, which I carry in my billfold.

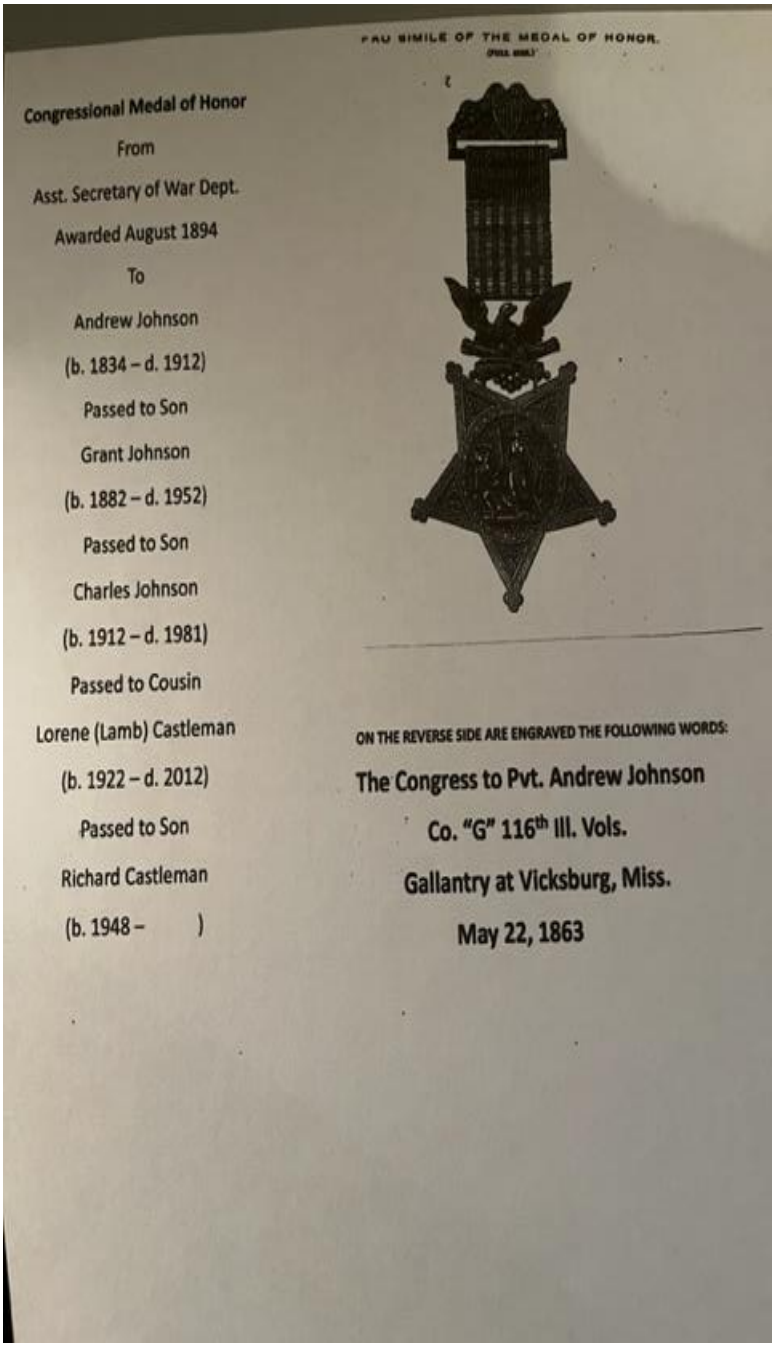
Mom was stationed at Pearl Harbor and worked in a clerical capacity. She seldom talked about her service but would often mention that there was only one hotel on Waikiki Beach – The Royal Hawaiian, often referred to as The Pink Palace. Not sure if that was accurate but she was there and I was not. Other than her time in USN, my parents had never been to Hawaii. One year I flew them out to spend Christmas in Sammamish, WA, with my family. Then, as a surprise, I took them and my family to Oahu, HI. While there we visited the USS *Arizona* Memorial. This was a very emotional experience for everyone but especially Mom.



Lorene's Certificate of Satisfactory Service

Also of note is that Mom's Great Grandfather (my Great Great Grandfather), **Andrew Johnson**, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor during the Civil War for Gallantry at Vicksburg, MS. The Medal of Honor was passed down to Mom and then to me. I have included a copy of

the Medal of Honor and the Chain of Custody plus a newspaper article about the Medal of Honor being passed to my Mom.



FAC SIMILE OF THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

Congressional Medal of Honor

From

Asst. Secretary of War Dept.

Awarded August 1894

To

Andrew Johnson

(b. 1834 – d. 1912)

Passed to Son

Grant Johnson

(b. 1882 – d. 1952)

Passed to Son

Charles Johnson

(b. 1912 – d. 1981)

Passed to Cousin

Lorene (Lamb) Castleman

(b. 1922 – d. 2012)

Passed to Son

Richard Castleman

(b. 1948 –)

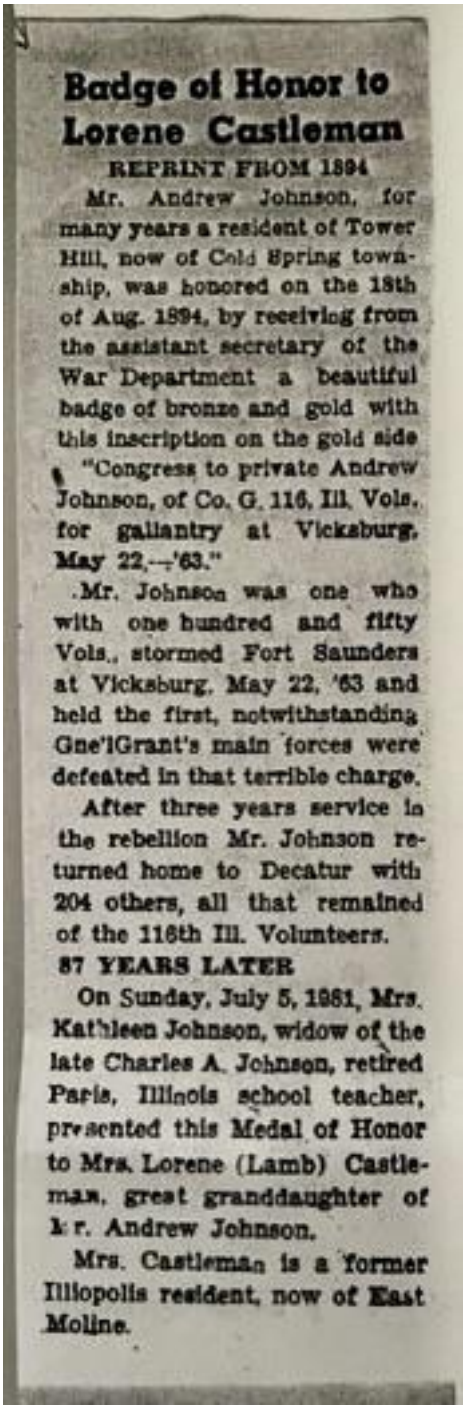
ON THE REVERSE SIDE ARE ENGRAVED THE FOLLOWING WORDS:

The Congress to Pvt. Andrew Johnson

Co. "G" 116th Ill. Vols.

Gallantry at Vicksburg, Miss.

May 22, 1863



Badge of Honor to Lorene Castleman

REPRINT FROM 1894

Mr. Andrew Johnson, for many years a resident of Tower Hill, now of Cold Spring township, was honored on the 18th of Aug. 1894, by receiving from the assistant secretary of the War Department a beautiful badge of bronze and gold with this inscription on the gold side "Congress to private Andrew Johnson, of Co. G. 116, Ill. Vols. for gallantry at Vicksburg, May 22,—'63."

Mr. Johnson was one who with one hundred and fifty Vols., stormed Fort Saunders at Vicksburg, May 22, '63 and held the first, notwithstanding Gne'lGrant's main forces were defeated in that terrible charge.

After three years service in the rebellion Mr. Johnson returned home to Decatur with 204 others, all that remained of the 116th Ill. Volunteers.

87 YEARS LATER

On Sunday, July 5, 1981, Mrs. Kathleen Johnson, widow of the late Charles A. Johnson, retired Paris, Illinois school teacher, presented this Medal of Honor to Mrs. Lorene (Lamb) Castleman, great granddaughter of Mr. Andrew Johnson.

Mrs. Castleman is a former Illiopolis resident, now of East Moline.

Allen Joseph Castleman

Allen Joseph Castleman, like most red-blooded Americans, wanted to defend his country following the December 7th attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese in 1941. As soon as his assigned number came up, he was inducted into the US Army as a Private at Scott Field, Illinois, on March 24, 1942. He was 24 years old.

The pay was about $2 per day and was dispensed once a month. Basic "Boot Training" was at Galveston, TX. His next training, which he referred to as "regular soldier training" was at Camp Carson, CO.

He was then stationed in Florida where he attended radar school. His next assignment was in the California desert where he worked on radar and searchlights for a period of three months and then was sent to Vallejo, CA, where he was part of a fifteen-man radar and searchlight section. He was next ordered to Camp Kilmer, NJ, which was a staging area for boarding ships overseas. He boarded a ship headed for Glasgow, Scotland. En route his unescorted troop carrier encountered a submarine which would not identify itself. It was a tense period but the submarine disappeared without incident. Dad mentioned that one of the ship's crew on MP duty recognized him since they were both from the same town (Riverton, IL) and said how good it was to see someone you knew. Three days after arriving in Glasgow he was transported by truck to southern England for very rigorous training. He knew something big was about to happen based on the large number of GI's involved in this training but he was not given much information.

Even with the rigorous training he was not prepared for what he was about to experience on June 6, 1944, as he prepared to cross the English Channel headed toward Normandy Beach. As he described it, "When we hit the beach each of the thirty men on the assault craft had to wade through ice-cold water carrying his sleeping bag, half a tent and his M-1 rifle over his head. We did not take time to look around and see what was happening. Our goal was to get to the beach, but we were living targets. When we did hit the beach, we hid behind anything we could including the bodies of soldiers that had died in the first and second waves. Thank God I was in the third wave, because those first two waves experienced a living hell. Once we were able to move off the beach, we set up camp for the night. I had lived through the invasion of Normandy Beach. I would see the end of WWII and be honorably discharged with the rank of Sergeant at Fort Sheridan, IL, after two years, ten months and twenty-seven days of service. My uniform bore one Service Stripe, one Service Bar, the American Theater Ribbon, the European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon, the Good Conduct Medal and the World War II Victory Medal. I received $100 'mustering out' pay. I had become part of what would become know as The Greatest Generation."

Both Mabel "Lorene" (Lamb) Castleman and Allen Joseph Castleman were proud of their military service and I will always be extremely proud of them. They were certainly part of The Greatest Generation.

— **Rich Castleman '70**

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Believe in yourself and all that you are. Know that something is there inside you that is greater than any obstacle. — Christian D. Larson, American Author

William Paul Cater (C-1)

Music, Math, and Marines

My father, **Maurice LeRoy Cater**, was born in Cameron, Missouri, on October 30, 1912. His father (my grandfather) died when Maurice was 14 years old. His mom and dad had a greenhouse nursery and his dad also worked for the railroads. My dad worked at the railroad station to help with family expenses.

M.L., as he was called most of his life, graduated from Central Methodist College at Fayette, Missouri, in 1933 and was a music and math teacher in south Missouri after graduating from college. He earned a Bachelor of Music from Kansas University in 1939. He then moved back to Cameron to teach and support his mother and brother (10 years younger). After the war, he completed a master's degree in music from Kansas University in October 1949.

When World War II broke out, my dad joined the Marines in July 1942. He went to Camp LeJeune in North Carolina and was commissioned just before he was too old for commissioning. He was assigned to the 1st Marine Division and was in the 1st Regiment as an artillery officer. One of his commanders was the legendary Chesty Puller. The 1st Marine Division saw combat in four major campaigns.

My dad had four campaign stars on his Asiatic Pacific Campaign ribbon. He also had a valor award for his meritorious service. I have been told the Marines awarded the "V" device sparingly.

His combat involved Guadalcanal (August 1942), Cape Gloucester in New Guinea (Dec 1943), Peleliu (Sept 1944), and Okinawa (Apr 1945). After Guadalcanal the division went to Australia about Feb 1943.

After Cape Gloucester they went to Pavuvu for R&R about April 1944. After Peleliu it was back to Pavuvu about October 1944.

Then it was on to Okinawa in April 1945. He was promoted to Captain on December 31, 1944.

M.L. had enough combat time to exit Okinawa near the end of June 1945 once the victory was secured, and he returned to Quantico, Virginia, waiting for orders for the invasion of Japan. He married my mother in Baltimore, Maryland, on August 15, 1945. With the atomic bombing in Japan and the subsequent surrender, he didn't have to return to the Pacific Theater.

LT M.L. Cater (front row, left) with 1st Marine Division on Pavuvu between the Cape Gloucester and Peleliu Campaigns, 1944

My dad stayed in the Marine Corps Reserve and was called to active duty during the Korean War. He was promoted to Major on January 1, 1951. He served at Camp Pendleton, California, training artillery to those headed to Korea. My first memories are at Camp Pendleton. After the Korean War, he returned to Kansas City and resumed his teaching career.

M.L. continued to serve in the Marine Corps Reserve and was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on December 7, 1955. He served as the commandant of the Marine Corps Reserve Training Center in Kansas City, Missouri, about 1957. He was promoted to full Colonel on July 1, 1964, and retired from the Marine Corps Reserve on October 30, 1972. In the early 1960s my father arranged for the 5th Marine Division reunion in Kansas City, Missouri. Along with the Marines, there were many dignitaries that included Bob Hope, Martha Raye and Lee Marvin. After the reunion, the mayor of Kansas City, H. Roe Bartle, presented M.L. the Key to the City. He also received a congratulatory note from former President Harry S. Truman thanking him for bringing the Marines and the revenue to K.C., adding if there was anything else he could do in the future, to get in touch.

COL M.L. Cater second from right

About the next year, M.L. met with President Truman and six other Marines to help replace the Medal of Honor valor certificate for a Marine that had lost everything due to alcohol.

While a reservist, he worked professionally in the Kansas City school system. He was a band and orchestra director and taught geometry until he retired in 1972. He mentored many award-winning music directors throughout his teaching career. After my mother's death in 1971, M.L. moved to California and married a wonderful woman he previously taught high school with in Cameron, Missouri.

He was active in the Military Order of World Wars (MOWW) and was the La Jolla-San Diego Chapter Commander (1981-1982) and board member for several years until his passing on June 23, 1997. He lived a life of service to his country, community and family.

— **Bill Cater '70**

William Alexander Coy (G-1)

Generations of Service in North, South, and Central America

My extended family history -- covering my mother side's, my father's side, and my wife's side -- has many noteworthy examples of military and government service. Their stories stretch back centuries—mainly in Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Brazil, and the United States, but also around the globe. Our family's record of military service continues to this day.

My Panamanian-born mother Carmen's great-grandfather, **Tomas Cipriano de Mosquera**. was born in 1798 in Popayan, Columbia. He served under General Simon Bolivar, the liberator of many Latin American countries. Tomas became a brigadier general himself and then was the president of Colombia four times. Once, he unseated an elected predecessor he considered too corrupt to remain at the helm. He has been described as a distinguished soldier in the civil wars of his country and playing an important role in her history.

In his autobiography, he traced his heritage back to the Spanish battles against the Moors who had populated much of Spain prior to 1492. Among the subalterns of the grand historical military leader known as "El Cid" was one warrior whose valor was recognized by El Cid, who dubbed him with the nickname "El Mosquera," which means "The Fly Catcher," as he attracted flies due to being covered in blood – ostensibly from his victims.

During the late 1800s and early twentieth century, Tomas' grandson (my mother's father), **Alejandro Mosquera**, became a professional warrior and rose to the rank of colonel in Columbia. He was in demand among the Liberal Party Leaders of Northern South America. In the context of ongoing armed disputes in Latin America between the Liberal and Conservative political parties, he was a committed Liberal combatant.

On one occasion, after being wounded in the highlands of Ecuador, he was assumed dead after an opponent shot him through the mouth and the bullet exited the back of his neck. He was found and nursed to health by local indigenous residents and resumed his military life with the Liberal Forces under the command of the famous Ecuadorian General Eloy Alfaro.

Despite not being the eldest brother or heir apparent in his family, Alejandro did inherit a sizable tract of land in the Colombian province of Panama, then a rather neglected land farthest from the Colombian capital city of Bogota. He supported Panama's separation from Colombia and the American plan to construct an interoceanic canal, generally where the previous French effort had been abandoned.

My grandfather Alejandro became a leading advocate of the new nation's security forces and judicial apparatus. He was suspicious of neighboring nations' intentions, especially once the Panama Canal began permanent operations transiting ships ocean-to-ocean. He was among the first local officials invited by the US to experience canal-transit and see the functioning of the canal locks.

Already an imposing reform figure in command of Panama's new security forces, Alejandro initiated reforms in the penal system, modernizing all the country's jails and incorporating education sessions into the incarceration program. He also convinced the national government to construct what was then called the "Carcel Modelo" (Model Prison). It still functions in Panama's Capital City.

Another of his innovations was to create a highway accountability system that proved more efficient than merely patrolling the length of the nation's road arteries. It involved a series of road stops where vehicles and license tags were recorded. Thus, if any serious offense occurred in the hinterlands, the nearest road stops could account for all vehicles that transited that point, which could facilitate early identification of outsiders or suspected trouble-makers.

Another of his innovations that he was particularly proud of was his "modified Coast Guard." Lacking sufficient funds to launch ocean vessels to patrol the nation's formidable coastline, and still concerned about the intelligence reports he actively sought in neighboring countries about their intentions, he again demonstrated his innovative ideas by training and deputizing shoreline residents strategically spaced along the entire coastline to maintain vigilant observation and to report any anomalies promptly to the nearest police officials. Those in turn would sound the alarm for armed defense groups to report to the specified "leader" and up the chain of command to defend the homeland. The system actually was implemented a few times, and even up to 1958.

On one occasion, a transport ship carrying several hundred foreign troops approached sovereign land on the southwest coast. Compensating for a lack of a weapons cache for the purpose, Alejandro had hundreds of wooden rifles ("play guns") carved and distributed to all the peasant men (and women who volunteered). They formed a visible and seemingly formidable defense unit and lined the beach in response to the alarm. From the ship at its safe sea distance, the force appeared too large to engage with the limited troops aboard the ship. The intended assault force instead disengaged. The harmless "weaponry" was never betrayed. As a child, I myself played with a couple of such elementary artifacts of "Artificial Intelligence."

My grandfather Alejandro also worked closely with the American forces posted in Panama. He viewed them as an important protection of the canal investment, but more importantly a visible and compelling protection of the people of Panama. He was keenly aware also of the many health and sanitation improvements the American presence contributed to the population of Panama.

The smooth coexistence of the local population and the thousands of US Troops was appreciated as well by the US military leaders. In recognition of their mutual benefits, the US Army Commander hosted a ceremony where Alejandro Mosquera was awarded a standard US general officer revolver—a Colt 0.38 caliber "police model."

After retiring from the leadership of the National Police Force, my grandfather turned to managing his farmland and cattle in Panama's Cocle Province and, of course, operating his store selling straw hats – where my father met his daughter who became my mother.

Grandfather Alejandro had married a much younger lass of a Portuguese family led by a medical physician who immigrated originally supporting the French Canal Company. Dr. Aquilino Tejeira

sired 20 children. He and his wife succumbed to the dreaded yellow fever, after which the eldest daughter Jacobita assumed the role of "mother" and matriarch. Before marrying my grandfather Alejandro, Jacobita ensured all her siblings were properly educated, as she later did for the subsequent generation. Several later served as ministers of state. One (Gil Blas Tejeira) became a world-renowned Cervantes scholar and Panama's Ambassador to several American nations. Another (Aquilino Tejeira Jr) became the Chief Justice of the nation's Supreme Court. When I served in Army South following 1989's Operation Just Cause, I was assigned as the J5/G5 of US Forces. Four of my ancestors were local cabinet members and assisted greatly in our joint/ combined efforts to restore their nation to normalcy and prosperity.

My mother, **Carmen "Frede" Mosquera Coy,** served both her Panamanian nation and the US military. She was originally a certified schoolteacher. Before and during WWII, her bilingual skills made her a valuable asset in the Office of the Garrison Commander at Fort Kobbe, a US Army base located on the West Bank of the Terminal of the Panama Canal Zone. Later she was asked to instruct military officers and flag officers of all the services to learn or improve their Spanish language capabilities. She provided such instruction to key officers assigned to all components of the Caribbean Command (later Army South) and US Southern Command for more than 25 years. She also taught English to many local women who married American soldiers.

My mother Carmen also found time to study International Law at the University of Panama. Its existence is owed to the Atomic Scientists who visited Panama in the late 1940s and sponsored its creation. My mother had been their formal escort. She later served in several foreign assignments as Consul General, including an extended tour in Taiwan. She accepted a final posting as the Director of Panama's Consular Corps, where she was instrumental in expanding its numbers and geographic representation extensively.

My Indiana-born father, **Richard Wayne Coy**, also had many examples of military service in his family tree. Two famous World War II-era British Army officers, the Sterling brothers, are alleged to be cousins to the Coys by virtue of my great-grandmother Sterling. Originally from England, she continuously maintained contact with her British family after marrying and emigrating to America.

My father's generation bragged about those British cousins, **Colonels David and William Sterling,** as being fierce and gallant soldiers. While their names and reputation match, I have no confirmation that these two founders of the British Special Air Service (SAS) were the same gentlemen. No such research has been undertaken to my knowledge. The SAS, founded by Colonel David Sterling and in which both brothers served, was an unconventional warfare unit trained and led in covert missions in WWII against the Afrika Korps led by Field Marshal Erwin Rommel in North Africa, and against Field Marshal Albert Kesserling's German 14th Army in Italy's mountains as it defended the Gothic Line against the Allied Fifth Army.

According to family lore, in 1650 the first Coy (or McCoy) ancestor relocated from Ireland to the American colonies. While I have never heard mention of family fighting in the War of Independence, it is likely to have occurred. By the time of the US Civil War, there was significant discussion among different members of the clan in Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Indiana regarding participation in the War between the States (or the "War of Yankee Aggression" as many

Kentuckians referred to it.) Family members opted for opposing sides, and in some family arguments, even brothers met on the field of battle in opposing forces. No mention was ever made of any family member being among the officer corps, so we surmise that all were enlisted soldiers.

On those occasions when a family reunion was scheduled, one of the events was usually a shooting competition. Among those in my grandparent's generation, the consensus dominant shooting champion was my great-Aunt Myrtle Dalton, an unmarried red-headed "school marm" beauty. She purposely shot revolvers with either hand "hitting her target without fail." She also may have frightened away any suitor. One of her nephews, **Jesse Kirby** was a Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky midway through the 20th Century.

Our family legacy includes a few "black sheep." Some were members of two of America's most legendary family feuds: Hatfields vs. McCoys and Martins vs. Coys. Famed for their violent encounters over many decades in the mountains of Kentucky and Arkansas, they also later spawned a couple gangs of train robbers: the Cole Younger and Dalton Gangs in Kansas. My surprise still lingers at the pride some family still express in that connection.

My father, **Richard**, was one of five brothers who survived to adulthood. They were (in order of age) Dalton (23 years older than Dad), William "Bill" (21 years older than Dad), twins Delbert and Selbert Coy (10 years older than Dad), and finally my Dad.

Both of my two oldest uncles, Dalton and Bill, were service-deferred due to age. My other uncles, the twins Selbert and Delbert, like their older brothers, were tool-and die makers and also exempted to sustain America's manufacturing power for expanded war production.

One of the twins, my uncle **Selbert Coy**, was tasked by his company to correct several mechanical problems the Army Air Corps was encountering with the P-39 Fighter. Selbert succeeded in correcting all their design problems and restored the advantages the fighter was designed to enjoy. His firm awarded him several million dollars in compensation for his innovations.

His twin, my uncle **Delbert Coy**, continued contributing to the war cause as a tool-and-die maker. Later, after the birth of the US Space Age, Delbert joined a star-studded engineering enterprise at North American Aviation, and personally hand-crafted every piece of the Lunar Rover used by NASA to roam and film the moon.

Meanwhile, my uncle Bill Coy had sired two sons born within a couple years of their uncle Richard – my Dad. During America's massive mobilization following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, both sons enlisted. My cousin **William Thomas ("Tommy") Coy** joined the 15th Infantry Regiment in WWII, and in France won a battlefield commission for valor. Following the war, he accepted a Warrant Officer Commission and served a full career in Logistics, retiring in the 1960s after service in Taiwan. My cousin **Robert Wayne ("Bobby") Coy** enlisted in the US Navy and completed his career as a Warrant Officer and Chief Yeoman for the Admiral who was the Commander in Chief, US Atlantic Command.

Another older cousin of mine served in the Army Air Force during WWII. **Merle Dalton Coy** was Dad's oldest brother Dalton's son. Merle graduated from Purdue University with a

Mechanical Engineering degree. He entered the Army Air Force during WWII and qualified as a Bombardier. He was the first known family member to serve as a commissioned officer. He served in the European Theater throughout WWII and returned to Indiana, where he joined the Borg Warner Corporation. He retired as its Executive Vice President. One perquisite he enjoyed was driving new cars weekly to test his company's pioneer automatic transmissions.

My own father **Richard** enlisted in the Army Air Corps as a Medic in 1937 and was assigned to the Caribbean Command Forces in Panama. Among his fondest memories was his friendship with an Air Corps pilot named Johnny Angel. They often travelled the hinterlands of Panama, and occasionally my Dad flew with him cross-border to Central or South America. On one training flights Angel discovered the highest waterfalls in the world in the Amazon jungle of Venezuela. They are known now as "Angel Falls." (Note: My father was not on that flight).

On one of dad's ventures in 1938 into Panama's heartland, he discovered a small store selling hand-made straw hats produced by local indigenous people that were popular with most locals to fend off the tropical heat. While not the products known popularly as "Panama hats," they are the legitimate "Panamanian Hats." In Dad's bargaining with the store owner, the latter called a daughter up to assist with the sale and the language gap. The meeting opened a new chapter in the lives of the two young folks, and within a year they wed on 13 July 1939. I owe them my existence.

Dad survived the war and purchased his discharge (as was the custom then). He then joined the US Navy as a "Gauger" measuring and maintaining the fuel supplies stored near the Navy port. Later he joined the US Panama Canal Zone Company as an Auditor for the Electrical Engineering Division, so I grew up in Panama. The Canal Zone was administered by the US Government under the auspices of the US Army Corps of Engineers (ACE) and governed by a US Army Major General from that branch of Service.

In 1966, I was honored by the Governor of the US Canal Zone (Panama) with an appointment to the US Military Academy at West Point. I entered as an Alternate Appointee for the single appointment the Governor could sponsor at the Academy at any time. My predecessor in that appointment was Lieutenant **Frank Rybicki** whom I knew growing up in the Canal Zone. In his First-Class Year, Frank was the President of the Academy Glee Club, a position of significant prestige. After graduation, Frank attended all the Army training at Fort Benning (Infantry Basic, Airborne and Ranger) before being assigned to the 9th Infantry Division in the Delta (IV Corps) of South Vietnam. He had earned an excellent reputation as a combat platoon leader before an unfortunate accident took his life. Frank is buried in the USMA Cemetery,

Since my retirement from active duty, I have performed contracts with various branches and agencies of the US Government and remain active doing that. My loving wife Thereza sustains me as she always has. She is the source of energy and inspiration that gives life to all our endeavors, stoking the flames of love and adoration for the blessings of Christ in all our lives. Thereza hails from Brazil's most historically significant family: the Rio Branco and Nabuco clans. Her grandfather **João de Bianchi**, was Portugal's first Ambassador to the US and negotiated the US military base concessions on the Azores Islands during WWII. Thereza is a proud American Citizen.

Our daughter **Sophie** serves in a government contract position, while our other daughter Christy is married to **Damien Dodge**, a US Naval Academy graduate, who recently retired from active duty and now serves on a contract with another arm of the government. They are fully committed to their six children--two high school sons, three wonderful daughters, and a newborn son.

There seems no end to the opportunities abounding in life for those who wish to serve America in some capacity long into their mature years.

— **Bill "Kai" Coy '70**

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You can't escape the responsibility of tomorrow by evading it today.
– President Abraham Lincoln

Sherman Woods Crawford (A-1)

"Ritchie Boy"

John Sherman Crawford was born in Lakewood, Ohio, in 1916. At age 20, he signed on as a crew member for the SS *Exilona*, a cargo-passenger liner owned by the American Export Steamship Corp of New York. The company provided cargo services to the Mediterranean. Ports of call included Istanbul, Turkey; Valletta, Malta; Casablanca, Morocco; and ports in the Black Sea, as well as Kavala (a tobacco port) and Piraeus (the port for Athens), Greece. In his travels around Europe, he learned to speak Italian, French and German. Prior to entering the Army, he lived in New York City and worked for Landeteves Stovkis, an international trading house with offices in Asia and Europe.

John Crawford entered the Army in August 1941 at the Camp Upton induction center on Long Island. By the time the United States entered the war in December 1941, he was a corporal assigned to Headquarters Battery, 1st Bn, 96th Coast Artillery (anti-aircraft) (semimobile) at Camp Davis, an anti-aircraft artillery training center located on the coast north of Wilmington, North Carolina.

The regiment departed San Francisco in February 1942 en route to Hawaii. The first battalion was stationed in Hilo, Hawaii, arriving on 10 March 1942. In July 1942, he returned to the US as a staff sergeant to attend officer candidate school at Camp Davis. He was commissioned 29 October 1942 as a 2LT in the Coast Artillery Corps.

John Crawford was selected for training at the Military Intelligence Training Center (MITC) located at Camp Ritchie, MD and graduated with class #3 on 23 December 1942, becoming a "Ritchie Boy." The MITC was established at the initiative of General Marshall, the Army Chief of Staff, who recognized that the army was unprepared in intelligence matters. It was a training center for all specialized tactical intelligence personnel, including photo interpreters, POW interrogators, interpreters, and order of battle specialists and prepared intelligence specialist teams to serve at every echelon from regiment to Army Group.

Many students were fluent in multiple languages. After English, German was the most common language spoken by the soldiers. In total, 15,235 soldiers attended the eight-week training at Camp Ritchie. Only 11,637 of those soldiers finished the course and graduated.

Students took classes on many different topics. In "Terrain Intelligence," they learned to read and draw accurate maps, as well as how to navigate. In "Signal Intelligence," instructors taught them how to set up and use communications equipment, as well as how to identify and use enemy equipment. All soldiers also had to learn Morse code.

The students were trained to write accurate and useful intelligence reports. They had to learn the organization of the US and enemy armies, and to identify different uniforms, weapons, tanks, and planes. Instructors taught aerial photograph interpretation so that soldiers could gather intelligence from photos taken by planes. Camp Ritchie students learned close-combat fighting techniques from an instructor who had been a professional wrestler. They learned how to identify and remove

booby-traps and how to conduct raids and searches. All students also participated in two and eight-day field exercises, where they were dropped into unfamiliar areas and tested on the skills they had learned.

After graduation, John Crawford was selected for the MITC Staff and Faculty and joined the Composite School Unit (demonstration troops), studying German army organization, weaponry, and tactics to demonstrate to trainees.

In July 1943 he transferred to Fort Eustis, Virginia. In addition to being an anti-aircraft artillery replacement center, the post also housed German and Italian internees and POWs. In March 1945, John Crawford was reassigned from the Army Ground Forces Replacement Depot at Fort Meade, Maryland, to the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he attended an infantry officer training course to complete his transfer from the Coast Artillery Corps to the Infantry.

In May 1945, he was assigned to F Company, 213rd Infantry Training Battalion, part of the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Blanding, Florida, until he was discharged at Ft Sheridan, Illinois, in August 1946.

After leaving the service, John Crawford resumed his work in the import business, living in North Carolina, Florida and Georgia. He retired to the Algarve in southern Portugal and lived in a beautiful Mediterranean house built before the time of Columbus with an orange grove and olive trees in addition to a well dating from Roman times. He passed away there in 2004.

— Bart Engram, classmate, for Sherm Crawford '70

Larry Allen Diekema (I-1)

Three Generations of Everyday Soldiers from Holland, Michigan

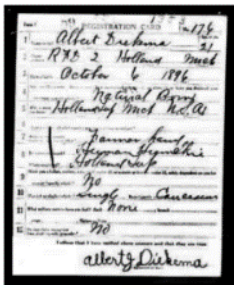
Albert J. Diekema

Harold Diekema

Larry A. Diekema

My Grandfather, **Albert J. Diekema**, was born October 6, 1895, in Holland, Michigan, and worked on his father's farm. When the Great War started heating up, Albert had to register for the draft. It must have been very stressful since when completing the registration form, he made himself a year younger. Must not have mattered very much because by June 1917 he was duly registered.

It wasn't long and Albert got his orders to report for duty in 1918. It appears that the in-processing drill has not changed much from then to our R-Day at the Academy. He was issued his set of dog tags, a razor and mirror, a songbook (Bugle Notes?), and a Bible...remind you of R-Day?



REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE.

To whom it may concern, Greetings:

No. 176

THESE PRESENTS ATTEST, That in accordance with the proclamation of the President of the United States, and in compliance with law,

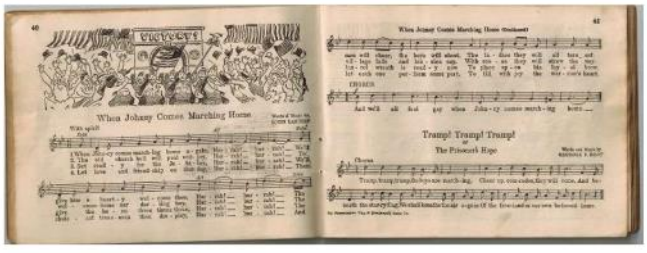
Albert Diekema Holland

(Name) (Address)

Precinct ____ County of Ottawa State of Mich

has submitted himself to registration and has by me been duly registered this 5

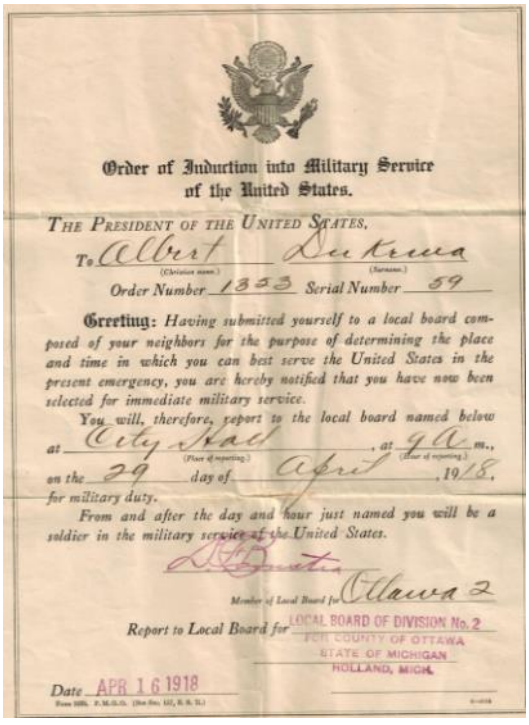
day of June, 1917.



When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Service Number
2046219



Order of Induction into Military Service of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

To Albert Diekema
(Christian name.) (Surname.)

Order Number 1333 Serial Number 59

Greeting: *Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining the place and time in which you can best serve the United States in the present emergency, you are hereby notified that you have now been selected for immediate military service.*

You will, therefore, report to the local board named below at City Hall (Place of reporting.) *at* 9 A (Hour of reporting.) m., *on the* 29 *day of* April, 1918, *for military duty.*

From and after the day and hour just named you will be a soldier in the military service of the United States.

Member of Local Board for Ottawa 2

Report to Local Board for LOCAL BOARD OF DIVISION No. 2 FOR COUNTY OF OTTAWA STATE OF MICHIGAN HOLLAND, MICH.

Date APR 16 1918

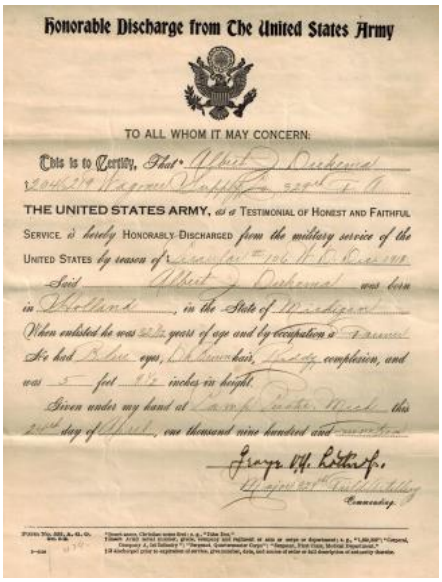
At that time, transport was run by horse power. Grandpa Diekema was quite skilled at controlling and running a horse team from his experience on the farm. As a result, when he finished his basic training, he was assigned to the Supply Company of the 319th Field Artillery. Of course, his job was to be a Wagoner and drive a team to the forward artillery units to bring in supplies and ammunition. He never mentioned it, but I would bet those same wagons would carry back casualties, if needed.

Grandpa never really talked much about the war. The one story I remember he told me was when he was returning to the supply base from a run to the front. "As I approached the supply camp, an enemy barrage was beginning." He paused, looked around, lowered his voice, and said, "I got in the camp, jumped off the wagon and dove right into our bunker...I didn't even unhitch the team!" Guess there were rules, and a good wagoner should always take care of his animals.

Well, all went well thereafter and when the war ended Grandpa and his unit returned to Long Island, New York. His unit made it home safe and sound, and he was discharged to return to life on the farm in West Olive, Michigan. He lived on that same homestead until the day he died, December 25, 1970. The brick farmhouse is still standing.

My Grandpa is in the top row, 7th from the right.

Grandpa's brick farmhouse



Honorable Discharge from The United States Army

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify, That Albert J. Diekema

2044079 Wagoner Supply Co. 319th F. A.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY, as a Testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service, is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of Circular #106 W.D. Demob.

Said Albert J. Diekema was born in Holland, in the State of Michigan

When enlisted he was 22 years of age and by occupation a Farmer

He had Blue eyes, Dk. Brown hair, Ruddy complexion, and was 5 feet 8½ inches in height.

Given under my hand at Camp Custer, Mich. this 24th day of April, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Geo. W. Rothrock

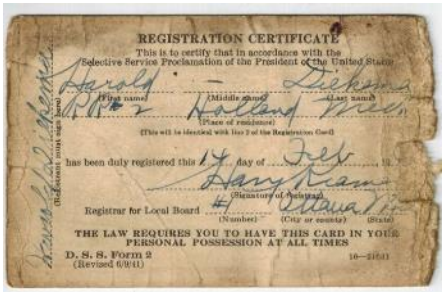
Major 319th Field Artillery

Commdg.

My Dad, **Harold Diekema**, was born to Albert and Hilda Diekema on August 31, 1921, the first of four children. Dad and his brother spent their early years working the farm with their dad. Later, the boys got into cars and driving. We're sure that their infatuation with speed and driving started early on the farm with racing Grandpa's horses down the country roads. Both those boys were well known by the city police and county deputies for their driving history. Rumor had it that their plate numbers were posted in every squad car. Ernest became a mechanic while my Dad got into truck driving and hauled a lot of sugar beets from local farms to the refining plant in Holland.

L to R: Geneva, Ernest, Hilda, Albert, Harold, Florence (Floss)

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor changed everyone's life in the US. Our country was at war, even for the farm boys in the Holland-Grand Rapids area. Dad was old enough, but Ernest was too young to register for the draft. Dad signed up in February 1942. By August, Dad was called up and had to report for training. On August 24, Dad was inducted into the service at Fort Custer near Kalamazoo, Michigan, along with several of the young men from the surrounding area. In those days of unit replacement, many of the local Michigan guys were assigned to the same unit.


REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that in accordance with the Selective Service Proclamation of the President of the United States

Harold — Diekema
(First name) (Middle name) (Last name)

Box 2 Holland Mich.
(Place of residence)

(This will be identical with Item 2 of the Registration Card)

has been duly registered this 17 day of Feb 19 42

Harry Ream
(Signature of registrant)

Registrar for Local Board ... (Number) ... (City or county) ... (State)

THE LAW REQUIRES YOU TO HAVE THIS CARD IN YOUR PERSONAL POSSESSION AT ALL TIMES

D. S. S. Form 2
(Revised 6/9/41)

Service Number 36189783 The extra dog tag was inscribed with the Lord's Prayer.

With the induction at Fort Custer, the boys were issued their basic uniforms and dog tags. On August 30, 1942, the gang boarded a train and headed for Camp Callen, California just north of La Jolla. Camp Callen was a basic training facility for Army Anti-Aircraft Artillery (AA) and

most of the men on Dad's train were assigned to the 55th Anti-Aircraft Training Battalion. Dad was in Battery C of the 55th.

Graduation, Basic Training, Camp Callen, California, Oct 1942. Dad is 3d row, 7th from left.

Basic training at Camp Callen lasted until the end of October 1942. A few days later, they shipped out to Camp Haan near Riverside, California.

At Camp Haan, they joined the newly formed 535th Coast Artillery Battalion (later renamed the 535th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion). Dad and his buddies would remain with this unit through the duration of WWII. My father was in A Battery, under the command of Captain Robert Bricker. Dad and the boys underwent desert training until June 1943 at Camp Haan and several other camps in the California desert: Camp Roberts, Camp Irwin (now the National Training Center), and Camp Young.

Leaving Camp Haan, Dad's unit headed to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, for a couple of weeks and then on to Camp Forrest in Tennessee and Camp Davis and Camp Fisher in North Carolina for more anti-aircraft training.

In October, Dad got his first furlough and he headed back to Michigan. On October 13, 1943, he and my mother, Cornelia Van Liere, were married. On the 15th, Dad had to head back to Camp Fisher since they were on overseas alert. My Mom, being a new bride, headed for Wilmington, North Carolina, a week later when she got a letter from "Herky" to come on down. When she got there, she got a room at the USO in Carolina Beach.

Now, what I did not mention earlier is that this was not an unusual adventure for my Mom. You see, my folks met a bit before my Dad got called up…they were in love. So, when Dad got shipped out from Fort Custer for California, my Mom and her future sister-in-law (my dad's sister Geneva), hopped a ride with a guy heading for California (a whole 'nother story there!).

The girls got a room in a boarding house (which is still there) in La Jolla just four miles from Camp Callen. They both got jobs at Consolidated Aircraft building landing craft for the Pacific Theater. Mom, Aunt Geneva, and other girls were able to go to the camp and see the boys almost every evening. When Dad and his unit moved to Camp Haan, Mom and Geneva stayed in La Jolla, but they made the trip to Riverside, California, most weekends. Dad gave Mom a diamond on January 10, 1943. In May of that year the girls quit their job at Consolidated, made a stop at Riverside for a last visit with my Dad, and then headed back to Michigan.

So, back to Wilmington, North Carolina. Mom shared a room with a friend, Grace, from her hometown of Holland, Michigan. Grace's fiancée was Herman Arnoldink who was also from Holland and in Dad's training group. The girls were able to see their guys quite regularly and were even invited for Thanksgiving and Christmas Dinner at the camp. During the last week of January, the guys were on restriction for overseas deployment so the gals moved into the camp's service club where they could still visit their hubbies.

In early February 1944, the 535th boarded a train to Camp Shanks, New Jersey, the staging area for the New York Port of Embarkation. On February 11, the 535th set sail on the *Duchess of Bedford*. After a week and a half of varying degrees of seasickness and constant concern about sub attacks, the Duchess anchored in the Firth of Clyde. Smaller boats ferried the unit to Greenock, Scotland, for a train trip to Bridgwater in Somerset County, England.

Trucks awaited to transport the 535th to its pre-invasion encampment at Brymore House (now the Brymore Academy) on February 24. Training there for the 535th included aerial target practice, waterproofing instruction for vehicles and anti-aircraft guns, and loading and unloading drills for landing craft—LSTs (Landing Ship, Tanks) and LCTs (Landing Craft, Tank). They also participated in Exercise Tiger, one of the large-scale rehearsals for D-Day.

Part of tent encampment at Brymore House

Corp. Harold Diekema, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Diekema of route 2, was inducted into the army Aug. 25, 1942, at Fort Custer. He received his basic training at Camp Callan, Calif., with the anti-aircraft division and then had several months of desert training at Camp Haan, Calif. He was then on maneuvers in Tennessee and later sent to Camp Davis, N. C., before being sent overseas, where he is now in England. He was born Aug. 31, 1921, and attended the West Crisp school. He married the former Miss Cornelia Van Liere Oct. 13, 1942. 1943

Holland, Michigan, newspaper clipping

D-Day was initially set for 5 Jun. Most of the 535th was in the first wave, so LSTs were boarded the night of June 3. LCTs were loaded for the initial landings the night of June 4. When Eisenhower postponed the invasion for 24 and half hours, the loaded LCTs just bounced around for another day in the channel. After sitting about 23,000 yards off the French coast on the night of June 5, H-Hour arrived on the 6th of June 1944.

On an LST (Landing Ship, Tank) Crossing the English Channel

Dad was in A Battery, which was assigned to far-right flank of the proposed beachhead on Utah Beach. He was not really fond of the Navy, and a story from the landing at Utah Beach supports that feeling. As A Battery approached the shoreline, Captain Bricker hollered to the skipper that this was not the right area (Strike one). The ensign dropped the ramp anyway (Strike two) and immediately received fire from the shore. Even though the area was not swept for mines, the skipper turned the LCT around and headed back out into the channel. Not soon enough, however. A soldier by the name of Martin was already wounded by machine gun fire (Strike three).

The shore fire was intense and set a truck on fire. Captain Bricker's sheepskin coat which he had left in his jeep also had several holes in it. My Dad was his driver, but like the rest of the soldiers he hit the deck, literally, when the rounds started hitting. Martin was later transferred to an LST. The skipper got his bearings and headed in for another landing attempt but found no suitable area to drop the ramp. By this time it was getting dark, so A Battery spent another night bobbing around in the channel.

Things went better in the morning. A Battery made it ashore around 0820 hrs and had their first gun up and ready by 0835 hrs. All sections were in position and ready to fire by 1545 hrs. As a whole, the 535th was very successful in its mission to protect the beachhead for follow-on assault waves and the logistical build up.

The 535th protected the Utah beachhead until July 5, 1944, and then moved inland to provide AA support for Forward Airfield A14 near Cretteville, France, until roughly August 2. Now, would you believe this: in July 1944, the USO was already in Theater for the troops! My Dad caught the show at A14 sometime in July. In September 1944, the first USO show was performed in Paris.

The battalion continued its march eastward towards Paris, to many small forward airfields, and to Liege, Belgium. The situation around Liege was almost normal until the German Luftwaffe's V-1 and V-2 jet-propelled missiles increased activity in the area. The 535th, now attached to the 99th Infantry Division, was moved forward to provide better protection near the town of Bullingen.

M45 Quadmount ("Quad 50's") – anti-aircraft gun with four .50 caliber machine guns – at the Meuse River near Liege, Belgium

On December 17th, the Germans made their counterattack push into the Ardennes Forest in Belgium and Luxembourg, and the Battle of the Bulge commenced. With pressure on Bullingen, A Battery withdrew to Camp Elsenborn but lost most of their equipment due to muddy road and trail conditions.

Dad never talked about being in the Ardennes – probably not the best of times. After the Germans were pushed back and halted their offensive plans, Allied units had time to re-fit and recuperate. The push west continued and the 535th got the mission to provide initial air defense for the new bridgehead at Remagen. The 535th was the first AA battalion across the Rhine River along with being the first AA battalion fully ashore at Normandy.

Pontoon Bridge over the Rhine River into Germany

The events at Remagen broke the German defenses. Patton and his Third Army crossed the Rhine at Oppenheim, and the race was on. The 535th followed the 99th into the Ruhr region, then south with Patton's Third Army.

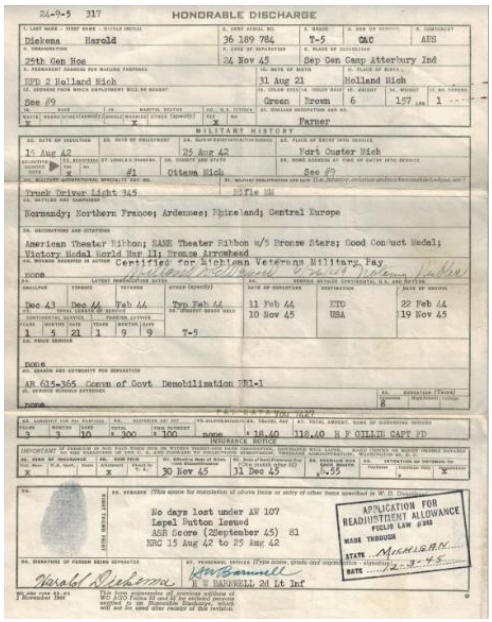
Around this time, as a result of his driving abilities, my Dad was attached to the remnants of the Red Ball Express, the truck convoy system, to keep Patton's forces moving. He hauled jerry cans of gasoline and boxes of tank ammo (yes, both in the same truck!) to the forward tank units. When they arrived at the front, a guide would hop on the running board and direct them behind the tanks. Tank crew members would hop into the trucks and toss off the cans of gas and the boxes of ammo behind the tanks. The trucks never stopped.

On one trip, the convoy halted for a rest break and Dad walked away from his vehicle to have a smoke. There was a whistle and a big boom! When Dad got up, not much was left of his truck. Whenever he told that story, he would comment: "That was the one time I was glad I smoked."

And then there were the carrots. Since all the driving missions were at night, the drivers stayed in bunkers from sunrise to sunset. From sunset to dark, they had to wear sunglasses. To aid their night vision, they also had to eat a huge carrot every day for the Vitamin A. Dad said they were as big as a sugar beet. He wasn't a fan of carrots for the rest of his life. His driving while chasing Patton took him all across Germany and finally down to Bad Aibling, south of Munich.

After his driving detail, Dad returned to the 535th. He was in Geisenhausen, Germany, on VE Day. The battalion then started its movement back to the Atlantic coast. They got into La Havre on July 15, 1945. Dad eventually made the sailing back to the States and arrived November 10, 1945, and was discharged from the service on November 19, 1945. He returned to his home in Holland, Michigan, and became a truck driver for Grabell Trucking Company.

Dad was always very proud of his service. He attended several 535th Association reunion events to include a European adventure to retrace the route of their battalion from Utah Beach to Munich.


24-9-5 317 HONORABLE DISCHARGE

Diekema Harold 36 189 784 T-5 Cmc ASN

25th Gen Hos 24 Nov 45 Sep Gen Camp Atterbury Ind

HTD 2 Holland Mich 31 Aug 21 Holland Mich

See #9 Green Brown 6 157 1

Farmer

MILITARY HISTORY

15 Aug 42 25 Aug 42 Fort Custer Mich

#1 Ottawa Mich See #9

Truck Driver Light 345 Rifle SM

Normandy; Northern France; Ardennes; Rhineland; Central Europe

American Theater Ribbon; EAME Theater Ribbon w/5 Bronze Stars; Good Conduct Medal; Victory Medal World War II; Bronze Arrowhead

Certificate for Eighteen Months Service Overseas

none

Dec 43 Dec 44 Feb 44 Typ Feb 44 11 Feb 44 10 Nov 45 ETO USA 22 Feb 44 19 Nov 45

1 5 21 1 9 9 T-5

none

AR 615-365 Convn of Govt Demobilization TB1-1

none

3 3 10 300 100 none 18.40 118.40 H F GILLIS CAPT FD

30 Nov 45 31 Dec 45 55

No days lost under AW 107
Lapel Button Issued
ASR Score (2September 45) 81
ETO 15 Aug 42 to 25 Aug 42

APPLICATION FOR READJUSTMENT ALLOWANCE PUBLIC LAW 346
MADE THROUGH
STATE MICHIGAN
DATE 2-3-46

Harold Diekema H E BARNWELL 2d Lt Inf

My father died October 21, 1997. He was a great Dad and an honorable man.

My stock is from everyday soldiers who did their duty to the best of their ability. There are so many whose stories are lost to time. I am so humbled that I can honor the service of my Grandfather and Dad.

— **Larry Diekema '70**

Sources:

Copies of old photographs, letters, and actual items passed along to me. Most pictures are copies of my father's originals from his time overseas.

Hand-written story by my mother, Cornelia Diekema, about her adventures following my dad during his stateside training.

Van Arsdol, Ted (1976) *Battalion from the Mojave: History of the 535th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion, Vol 1, 1942 to July 25th, 1944*

Van Arsdol, Ted (1976) *Battalion from the Mojave, Vol 2: History of the 535th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion, Vol 2, July 25, 1944 to December 1945*

Winston Edgar Diesto (H-1)

My Father's Service with the Philippine Scouts and the US Army

My father in the US Army in the Philippines after WWII

My father did not like talking about his military experiences during World War II. So, I have had to piece together information that I gathered from discussions I had with my mother many years ago now since they are both deceased.

My father, **Rogerio ("Roger") de la Cruz Diesto**, was born in the town of Cauayan on the island of Negroes Occidental, one of the many islands in the Philippines. (Negroes is a neighboring island to Mactan where Magellan was killed in 1521.) His birth year is in question as the birth records in Cauayan were burned during the war. He had always claimed to be born in December 1916 but on a trip to the Philippines in 1980, his older brother by two years claimed 1916 as the year he was born. So, after much discussion, they settled on 1918 as my father's birth year.

Dad was the valedictorian and outstanding graduate of his graduating class from high school and shortly thereafter found himself in the Philippine Scouts as a First Lieutenant in an infantry outfit resisting the Japanese occupation of the Philippines. His unit's area of operations was in the Cagayan Valley in the mountains of Central Luzon, the main island.

Philippine Scouts

In 1943, during one of my dad's raids on the Japanese forces, he was captured and sent to a prison camp where he attempted to escape. He was caught and received a rifle butt to the head causing a scar on the top of his head as a souvenir of that experience. He was eventually successful on one of his escape attempts and promptly returned to the Cagayan Valley which is where he was when the war ended.

Mom, Dad, and me in the Philippines

There my father met and fell in love with my mother. My mother's oldest brother was the local town mayor and occasionally entertained some of the area's military officers, which is how they met.

In 1945, my dad and my mom, **Caridad Garcia**, got married and moved to Manila where my dad received Master of Science degrees in Electrical Engineering and Civil Engineering from Mapua Institute, the Philippines' most prestigious engineering school. My mother got her Bachelor of Science degree from Philippine Women's University at this time.

Because the job market was bleak in Manila after the war, my father joined the US Army in 1953. Ironically his first assignment was to

Sendai, Japan. My mother, my younger brother Robert, and I later joined him there. I remember the last leg of the journey from Tokyo to Sendai, at night flying in a prop plane with an open cupola flying at low levels. That was an experience for a 7-year-old.

In 1954, Dad was transferred to Fort Lewis, Washington. and our family moved to the United States. After brief tours there and at Rossford, Ohio, he got stationed in 1956 at White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico, near El Paso, Texas. He served there 12 years until his retirement in 1968 except for one year (1964-65) at West Point where he was an assistant instructor in the Engineering Department. This was during my senior year, and I graduated from Highland Falls High School, which got me interested in attending West Point.

For his efforts during the war, my father received a Purple Heart, American Defense Ribbon, Philippine Liberation Ribbon, Asiatic Pacific Theater Ribbon, and a Bronze Star. Though he served in the enlisted ranks while in the US Army, he retired as a First Lieutenant, which was his rank while in the Philippine Scouts.

— Ed Diesto '70

Philippine Scouts

From 1901 to the end of World War II, the Philippine Scouts was a military organization within the U.S. Army. The first Scout companies were organized in 1901 to combat the Philippine Revolutionary Army and bandit groups. By 1909, there were 52 Scout companies, which were by 1920 formed into regiments as part of the Regular U.S. Army to serve in WWI.

Usually, the Scout units were commanded by American commissioned officers, but a handful of Filipino Americans received commissions from West Point In 1910, the Army started sending one outstanding Filipino soldier per year to the Academy. The first graduate was assigned to a Philippine Scout unit.

During WWII, Philippine Scout regiments – almost 12,000 soldiers—served and faced attacking Japanese forces. When the enemy won the Battle of Bataan on April 9, 1942, the U.S. Army commander surrendered rather than see more of his starving, diseased men slaughtered by the advancing enemy. Nevertheless, thousands of Filipino individual soldiers and units, including Philippine Scouts, refused to surrender and fled to the jungle. They became the beginning elements of the resistance to the Japanese occupation. Later, paroled POWs would also join the resistance.

In October 1944 as General Douglas MacArthur and his forces returned and fought the Battle of Leyte Gulf, they were supported by the guerrillas and liberated the Philippine Islands. Many surviving Philippine Scouts rejoined the U.S. Army. Other Filipino guerrillas also joined them, and the US Army set up new Philippine Scout units.

After Japan's surrender on September 2, 1945, the United States granted the Republic of the Philippines full independence on July 4, 1946. At that point the ethnically Filipino Philippine Scouts were unique: they were soldiers in the regular U.S. Army but citizens of a foreign country. The U.S. offered the Philippine Scouts full U.S. citizenship. Around 1,000 accepted, and the Army transferred them to other units to finish their military careers. In 1946-1949, the Army slowly inactivated and disbanded Philippine Scout units, Many Scouts opted to enlist in the Regular Army. *[*Wikipedia contributors. "Philippine Scouts." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 29 Jan. 2025.*]*

Joseph Robert Faraguna (I-1)

OSS in Burma

When my brother, Jimmy Faraguna, visited from Turkey, he brought a lot of the papers and memorabilia he had about my dad. Many if not all our classmates had fathers serving in the 1940s. So, I'm proud to see memories of my father, **Joe Faraguna**, and equally proud about the fathers of all my classmates. For example, Frank Monaco's father served as a combat medic in France! Eric Benham's dad graduated Annapolis and Dennis Williams' dad flew bombers in the Pacific theater. This enabled Dennis himself to serve in the Air Force.

Maybe our fellow classmates can reply with their dads' WWII service! I know many of 1970 provided me with this information for use in "Letters with John" that John Decker and I collaborated on in 2021 (and may publish) before he succumbed to the ravages of ALS in that July. RIP John and God bless your lovely wife Sandi and all the wives of the Class of 1970.

Joe Faraguna and Kachin Ranger during WWII

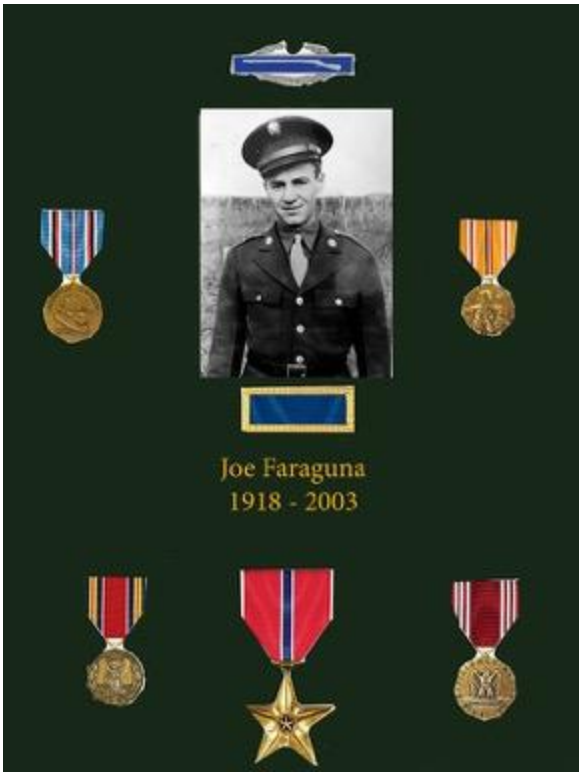
During WWII, my dad served with the OSS[3] Detachment 101 in the China-Burma-India (CBI) Theater behind enemy lines in Burma (now Myanmar). The Detachment gathered intelligence, conducted guerrilla actions, and rescued downed airmen flying supplies to China from India over the Himalayas, the hazardous route known as "the Hump" to the air crews. Between January 1944 and November 1945, Dad was teamed with Kachin tribal natives, dubbed Kachin Rangers, to fight the Japanese.

I recall once Dad told us that one of his specialties was using carrier pigeons for messages. The pigeons were used to send coded messages over hundreds of miles of mountainous jungle.

[3] The Office of Strategic Services (OSS) was led by General "Wild Bill" Donovan, a graduate of Columbia University School of Law. The OSS was the forerunner of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). Other special operations organizations such as Army Special Forces trace their lineage to the OSS and its operatives, as well.

Along with two Bronze Stars and other medals from WWII, classmate Mike Pearce shared that the JFK Center at Fort Bragg retroactively awarded Dad the Special Forces tab. After all he was doing a SOF mission for almost 2 years. Among his other medals and pins and patches is a cool, albeit unofficial, one that says about the Special Forces "Mess with the Best, Die like the Rest."

The Presidential Unit Citation was awarded by President Eisenhower to OSS Detachment 101 in 1956, reading, "Under the most hazardous jungle conditions, Americans of Detachment No. 101 displayed extraordinary heroism … The courage and fighting spirit displayed by the officers and men of Service Unit Detachment 101, Office of Strategic Services, in this successful offensive action against overwhelming enemy strength reflect the highest traditions of the armed forces of the United States."



My mom, **Nina (Maligno) Faraguna**, worked as a secretary for the Navy Department Headquarters in Manhattan.

Her father, **Vincenzo Maligno**, served in the Italian army during World War I. Italy was an ally of the United States at that time. Vincenzo, who never spoke English, respected Dad as a fellow veteran. Vincenzo would put garbage cans in the streets of Brooklyn to save the parking space for my dad, Joe Faraguna. A nice maternal grandfather - father interaction for me!

God bless all our parents. RIP 🙏

— Bob Faraguna '70

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Although a soldier by profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it, except as a means of peace.

— President Ulysses S. Grant

John Morris Forbes Jr. (H-1)

Tried Out Soldiering and Liked It

John Morris Forbes was born in Honolulu, HI, the only child of CPT Morris Hanley Forbes and Corinne Christensen. The family would celebrate with great humor the induction of Hawaii into the Union, making John eligible for the presidency.

His father set him on the first of many duty stations: Washington, DC; St. Louis; San Francisco; Governor's Island; and New York City. Change of duty stations always meant change of schools, with the last school being Brooklyn Poly Prep in New York. John often reminisced about the cross-country trips he and his mother took across dirt roads to visit his maternal grandparents in San Francisco, whom he greatly loved. John would often cite the best, most carefree time of his life: swimming in the Sutro-Baths in San Francisco; having long man-to-man talks with his grandfather in the park; and playing with his Presidio friends.

With military blood in his veins, he enlisted in the National Guard to "try out soldiering." There was something about the Army John liked and, with the help of a Michigan congressman, he made his way to the Academy. There also was someone at "the College," as he called it, who thought his deficiency in academics should be rewarded with an extra year, so he graduated with the Class in '45. With a few slip-ups, while hosting poker games in the steam tunnels, "remarketing" used textbooks to New York City dealers, and after "Taps" recons to the neighboring villages, he became close with the Tactical Department. John smoothed out a bit of "the Area" with his shoe leather on a regular basis and later remarked, "I don't think I got to see a home football game as an upperclassman." With graduation John married Katherine Ona Bright. They had five children: John, Jr., Class of '70; Margaret; Kathie; Mark; and Julia, who died three days after birth.

With WWII foreign occupation, John headed to Ft. Benning and then took command of a platoon in the 27th Infantry Regiment in Japan. He transferred to Ft. Benning to attend the Advanced Course and try ROTC duty in Missoula, MT, with some snow binding on the way. In the summer of 1952, he drove back to Ft. Benning for some "re-bluing" and a troopship to 172nd Infantry Regiment in Munich, Germany, and the Army's best job: company commander. Another move to Stuttgart, G-2 Air Section, Seventh Army, gave him a perspective of the big picture. John packed up the family for Ft. Sheridan and Fifth Army Headquarters where, between more serious projects, he orchestrated with a flourish the deactivation of the Army's remaining pack mule regiment. He arranged a training march down the Continental Divide and the unit stopped at a town every 20 miles or so for festivities, fireworks, and civilian farewells. As he often stated, "soldiering is fun, so have fun soldiering."

With two accompanied tours, the lottery came up for Korea. Parking the family just north of San Francisco, it was a troopship to the 2d Infantry Division and a lot of airtime in the back seat of a

recon jet, keeping an eye on the DMZ. Then the reward: CGSC. For John it was the classroom, library, or the tiny study desk crammed next to the washer in quarters. The family had fun. Graduation brought a move to the Pentagon, ironically where his father (a colonel) had died of a heart attack. ODCS OPS, DA was one of those places where an action officer dreamed of the final decision briefing. As a project office for the Reorganization of the Army Division (ROAD) suspenses were yesterday and progress briefings were demanded at the drop of a hat. John received silver oak leaves and assignment to HQ, USAEUR, Heidelberg, Germany. He then hit the road for the second-best Army job: command of a mechanized battalion, 2/21st Infantry Warner Kaserne, Munich, Germany, with a one year stop over at 24th Infantry Division HQ, Augsburg, Germany.

With the advent of Viet Nam, John joined the 1st Field Force. The family moved to Florida, but before long they headed up the road to Ft. Lee, VA, where John took command of the Quartermaster Buff Student Brigade, to the chagrin of a few logisticians.

Once again, the family moved cross-country to the Presidio of San Francisco for recruiting command. Finally, the terminal station was Ft. Lewis, WA, where things seem right. He established a Post Museum, met great friends, and retired. During all these transfers, John managed to take a correspondence course for the War College. After his retirement, John became a licensed real estate broker but later found appraising much more challenging. He also earned his master gardener certification. John and Katherine divorced. Then, in 1987, John married Valerie Fischer Hobbs of France, mother of two adult children: Linda Sue Irwin and LTC Alex J. Hobbs.

With semiretirement, John could pursue part-time appraising with Valerie on weekends. This gave him a chance to fulfill his boyhood dream of becoming an architect. John also learned to type and master the computer. John and Valerie, both being nature lovers, took full advantage of the beauty of the Northwest, taking leisurely drives along the back roads and enjoying the beautiful vistas of the Olympic and the Cascade Mountains with the seashores and lovely parks. They always stopped to picnic. One of their favorite past times was taking a ferry ride on the Puget Sound.

Bird watching became a renewed interest, dating back to his Boy Scout days. Annual trips were made to the Skagit Valley to watch flocks of eagles feast on spawning salmon and the migration of the flocks of white swans and snow geese at Mt. Vernon. In the spring the tulip fields, also in Mt. Vernon, beckoned. Johns' biggest pride at the age of 80 was to spend the day at Bangor Submarine Base, attending lectures and watching submariners train, and then visit the submarine *Missouri*. Valerie kept her part-time job as a librarian, giving John some quiet time to enjoy poetry, novels, history books, biographies, and of course military books and political magazines.

John blossomed into a gourmet chef. Valerie referred to him as the "grand chef;" she, of course, was the "sous-chef." Laugh they did, even during trying times. Valerie always will hear his happy, infectious laughter and resounding voice. During their time together, John became fluent in French and even tried some German. Valerie gave him an "A" in French and an "F" in German.

Soon, lovely trips and laughter were replaced with frequent trips to the hospital. John always kept his great sense of humor and will to live; he surprised his caregivers with his courage and few complaints. As his health declined, Valerie gave more of herself to his comfort and enjoyment. Their apartment, with its beautiful views of the Olympic Mountains and Puget Sound and the

neighbors manicured gardens, became a place of true peace. In Johns' words, it was "his favorite place." Then, early on the 21st of November 2001, family members rushed to the hospital. John laughed and joked around, trying to hide the inevitable from his loved ones. His beloved wife—best friend, and confidant—remained at his bedside until his death.

On a beautiful December day, with the family standing by, the Old Guard laid John to rest next to his daughter Julia within the sight of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers. A few months later, on the Ft. Lewis grounds, Valerie planted a lovely maple tree in memory of John. The plaque reads, "I Miss You So, Darling."

— For John Forbes '70 (Originally published in *TAPS*[4])

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Freedom makes a huge requirement of every human being, with freedom comes responsibility.
– First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt

[4] Editor's note: We believe but were not able to confirm that John wrote the *TAPS* article about his father. AOG provided permission to use the article and John's brother Mark also approved its use.

George B. Forsythe (C-1)

Command and Staff Worldwide for 33 Years

Lieutenant General George I. Forsythe

My father, **Lieutenant General George I. Forsythe**, was a 33-year veteran of the US Army. Born in 1918 in Butte, Montana, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Infantry in 1939 from the University of Montana and assigned to the 30th Infantry at the Presidio of San Francisco as a platoon leader. During World War II, he served in three theaters of operation--Alaska, the Pacific, and Europe. He was part of the invasion of Kiska in the Aleutian Islands in the fall of 1943. In late 1943 he commanded the Special Troops of the 7th Infantry Division in the invasion of Kwajalein Atoll in the Pacific, and in 1944 he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and served as the G3 plans officer for XIX Corps in the Europe.

After World War II, he served in a variety of assignments, including faculty at the Command and General Staff College, Commanding Officer, 2nd Battalion, 22nd Infantry in West Germany, student at the Armed Forces Staff College, and various assignments on the Army staff at the Pentagon. Promoted to Colonel in 1954, dad was one of a small group of officers in the Army's first futures planning cell, known as the "Coordination Group" in the Office of the Army Chief of Staff. Often referred to as the "revolt of the colonels", this group was thinking outside the box to envision the Army's role in a highly competitive joint-service environment on a nuclear battlefield.

Dad and me upon his return to D.C. from Airborne school prior to our move to Fort Campbell.

In 1956, he assumed command of the 502nd Airborne Infantry Battle Group in the newly reconstituted 101st Airborne Division. Before he took command of the 502nd, he went to jump school as a Colonel. Here is a picture of dad and me upon his return to D.C. from Airborne school just prior to our move to Fort Campbell.

Following this assignment, he attended the Air War College at Maxwell Air Force Base. His next assignment in 1958 was to the Military Assistance Advisory Group in South Vietnam, where he served as Senior Advisor to the Field Command of the Vietnamese Army.

After a year in Vietnam, he was assigned to Fort McPherson, Georgia, where he served in a variety of senior staff roles in

Third Army. He returned to the Coordination Group at the Pentagon in 1960 and subsequently became Executive Officer and Senior Aide to the Army Chief of Staff. In 1963 he was promoted to Brigadier General and assigned as Assistant Division Commander of the 25th Infantry Division at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. In 1965 he became Assistant Commandant of the Infantry School, returning to Hawaii a year later as G3 of US Army Pacific in the grade of Major General.

From 1967 to 1969, he served back-to-back tours in Vietnam, first as the military deputy for Civilian Operations and Revolutionary Development Support (CORDS) and then, following flight school, as Commander, 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). He then brought his decade-long experience in Vietnam to Fort Benning as Commandant of the Infantry School. Promoted to Lieutenant General in 1969, he assumed command of Combat Developments Command at Fort Belvoir.

Dad and me after the Army Track Team defeated Navy during June Week, 1970.

In 1970 he was named the Special Assistant for the Modern Volunteer Army. Dad saw this assignment as an opportunity to transform the Army as the Vietnam War was winding down. Having spent his entire career thinking about the Army's future, he was a natural pick for this important responsibility, and it was a fitting valedictory of his distinguished career. Often referred to as the Father of the Volunteer Army, dad retired in 1972.

My maternal grandfather, **Brigadier General James W. Barnett** (known to his grandchildren as Pops), was born in 1893, in Clinton, Arkansas. His 35-year Army career began when he enlisted in 1914 and was assigned to Company F, 2nd Battalion of Engineers, at Vancouver Barracks, Washington. When his company commander asked him why he had enlisted in the Army, he replied that he "had some idea of someday winning a commission." His commander made sure that idea became a reality, and in 1916 he took and passed the commissioning examination and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Cavalry in November 1916. Promoted to Captain in 1917, he was assigned to patrol along the Rio Grande border during World War I.

Brigadier General James W. Barnett

During the interwar years, Pops progressed through the Army school system and served in a variety of staff positions, rising through the ranks to Colonel. After graduating from the Army War College, he

remained on the faculty in the Logistics Department, where he developed a reputation as an expert logistician, which would be called upon during World War II. The Commander of Fourth Army at the Presidio of San Francisco, General Dewitt, who had been Commandant of the Army War College when Pops was on the faculty, asked him to serve as his G-4. While at the Presidio, Pops was promoted to Brigadier General and made Chief of Staff of Fourth Army and the Western Defense Command.

In 1943, Pops participated in the Aleutian Island campaign along with his new son-in-law, my dad. For the remainder of the war, Pops served in the Pacific Theater of Operations as Island Commander of New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, and the Russel Islands, where he oversaw logistics operations. Following the war, he held a variety of staff positions in the western United States until his retirement in 1949.

Colonel David T. Bryant

My father-in-law, **Colonel David T. Bryant**, was born in Sherman, Texas, in 1924. He began his 25-year Army career at West Point, a proud member of the Class of 1946. Commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Infantry, he was posted to the Berlin Brigade in post-war Germany in 1947. He was transferred to Bamburg, West Germany, in 1948 and assigned to the 26th Infantry "Blue Spaders."

In 1950, he returned to the US and enrolled in Harvard Law School, earning his law degree in 1953 and joining the Army's Judge Advocate General's Corps. He was then assigned to Fort Hood, Texas as a JAG staff officer. An assignment to the West Point Law Department in 1956 brought him back to his alma mater for a delightful three-year tour with the family where he also improved his golf game. A subsequent assignment to the Pentagon from 1959 until 1962 was followed by a posting as the Staff Judge Advocate for the 25th Infantry Division at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. He deployed with the division to Vietnam in 1966. Following his combat tour David returned to the Pentagon where he was Legal Counsel for the US Army Reserve Command. He graduated from the US Army War College with the Class of 1969 and returned to Washington, DC with the Army Appellant for his final assignment. He retired in 1971.

— **Barney Forsythe '70**

Richard Harvey Gasperini (A-1)

Bataan Death March Survivor

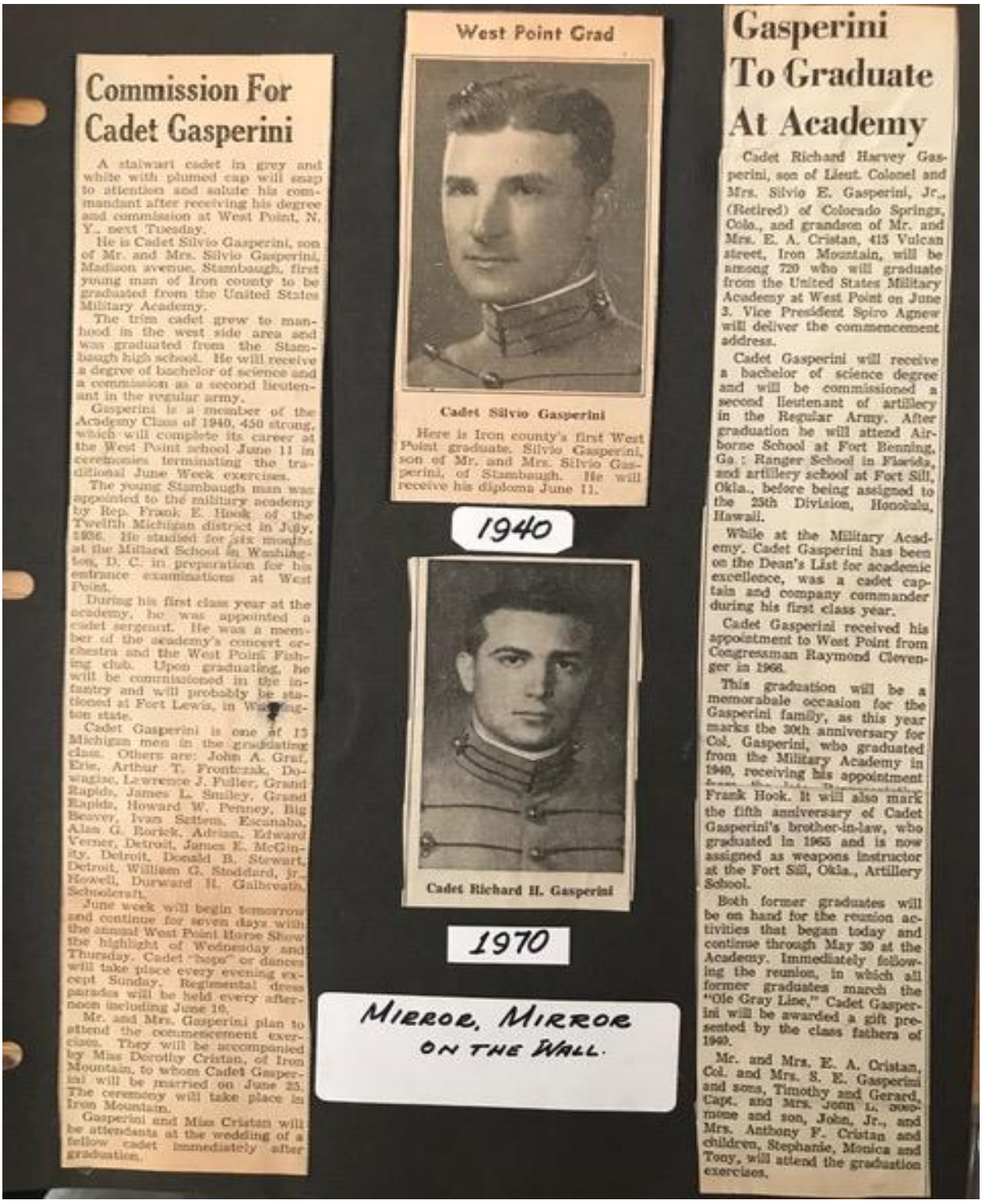
My father, **Silvio Gasperini**, was the son of Italian immigrant parents who entered West Point from the state of Michigan and graduated in June 1940 with an infantry commission. He married his high school sweetheart two weeks later and within a year they were on a ship to their first assignment in the Philippines. On Dec 8, 1941, LT Gasperini was one of two instructors at the Philippine USMA Prep School in Baguio. When news was received of the Japanese invasion, Gasperini and his students traveled cross country to the Bataan Peninsula to join the 45th Infantry (Philippine Scouts). For the next four months he joined fellow American and Philippine soldiers in a heroic rearguard action until ordered by higher command to surrender. Thereafter he endured three and a half years of brutality, starvation, and disease. Through the grace of God and a shear will to live, he survived the infamous death march, the hell ship journey to Japan, and torture in Japanese prison camps. Upon Japan's surrender, he was eventually repatriated. It was not until his return to the United States that his wife Dottie knew that he was still alive.

Gasperini's POW tag. The Japanese characters phonetically spell out "Gasperini.

Gasperini, by then a major, remained in the Army and with Dottie raised a family of six children. He served in multiple assignments in the United States, Germany and Vietnam. His favorite posting was as a battalion commander in the 26th Infantry (Blue Spaders), 1st Infantry Division. He passed away in 1986, age 68.

Dottie, Rich, and Silvio Gasperini

Rich and his Dad at West Point Graduation, 3 Jun 70



Commission For Cadet Gasperini

A stalwart cadet in grey and white with plumed cap will snap to attention and salute his commandant after receiving his degree and commission at West Point, N. Y., next Tuesday.

He is Cadet Silvio Gasperini, son of Mr. and Mrs. Silvio Gasperini, Madison avenue, Stambaugh, first young man of Iron county to be graduated from the United States Military Academy.

The trim cadet grew to manhood in the west side area and was graduated from the Stambaugh high school. He will receive a degree of bachelor of science and a commission as a second lieutenant in the regular army.

Gasperini is a member of the Academy Class of 1940, 450 strong, which will complete its career at the West Point school June 11 in ceremonies terminating the traditional June Week exercises.

The young Stambaugh man was appointed to the military academy by Rep. Frank E. Hook of the Twelfth Michigan district in July, 1936. He studied for six months at the Millard School in Washington, D. C. in preparation for his entrance examinations at West Point.

During his first class year at the academy, he was appointed a cadet sergeant. He was a member of the academy's concert orchestra and the West Point Fishing club. Upon graduating, he will be commissioned in the infantry and will probably be stationed at Fort Lewis, in Washington state.

Cadet Gasperini is one of 13 Michigan men in the graduating class. Others are: John A. Graf, Erie, Arthur T. Frontczak, Dowagiac, Lawrence J. Fuller, Grand Rapids, James L. Smiley, Grand Rapids, Howard W. Penney, Big Beaver, Ivan Settem, Escanaba, Alan G. Rorick, Adrian, Edward Verner, Detroit, James E. McGinty, Detroit, Donald B. Stewart, Detroit, William G. Stoddard, Jr., Howell, Durward H. Galbreath, Schoolcraft.

June week will begin tomorrow and continue for seven days with the annual West Point Horse Show the highlight of Wednesday and Thursday. Cadet "hops" or dances will take place every evening except Sunday. Regimental dress parades will be held every afternoon including June 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Gasperini plan to attend the commencement exercises. They will be accompanied by Miss Dorothy Cristan, of Iron Mountain, to whom Cadet Gasperini will be married on June 25. The ceremony will take place in Iron Mountain.

Gasperini and Miss Cristan will be attendants at the wedding of a fellow cadet immediately after graduation.

West Point Grad

Cadet Silvio Gasperini

Here is Iron county's first West Point graduate, Silvio Gasperini, son of Mr. and Mrs. Silvio Gasperini, of Stambaugh. He will receive his diploma June 11.

1940

Cadet Richard H. Gasperini

1970

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL.

Gasperini To Graduate At Academy

Cadet Richard Harvey Gasperini, son of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Silvio E. Gasperini, Jr., (Retired) of Colorado Springs, Colo., and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cristan, 415 Vulcan street, Iron Mountain, will be among 720 who will graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point on June 3. Vice President Spiro Agnew will deliver the commencement address.

Cadet Gasperini will receive a bachelor of science degree and will be commissioned a second lieutenant of artillery in the Regular Army. After graduation he will attend Airborne School at Fort Benning, Ga.; Ranger School in Florida, and artillery school at Fort Sill, Okla., before being assigned to the 25th Division, Honolulu, Hawaii.

While at the Military Academy, Cadet Gasperini has been on the Dean's List for academic excellence, was a cadet captain and company commander during his first class year.

Cadet Gasperini received his appointment to West Point from Congressman Raymond Clevenger in 1966.

This graduation will be a memorabale occasion for the Gasperini family, as this year marks the 30th anniversary for Col. Gasperini, who graduated from the Military Academy in 1940, receiving his appointment [illegible] Frank Hook. It will also mark the fifth anniversary of Cadet Gasperini's brother-in-law, who graduated in 1965 and is now assigned as weapons instructor at the Fort Sill, Okla., Artillery School.

Both former graduates will be on hand for the reunion activities that began today and continue through May 30 at the Academy. Immediately following the reunion, in which all former graduates march the "Ole Gray Line," Cadet Gasperini will be awarded a gift presented by the class fathers of 1940.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cristan, Col. and Mrs. S. E. Gasperini and sons, Timothy and Gerard, Capt. and Mrs. John L. Desmone and son, John, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony F. Cristan and children, Stephanie, Monica and Tony, will attend the graduation exercises.

Father and Son Graduation Announcements

Cris, Gerard and Rich Gasperini at the Bataan Memorial in Las Cruces, NM

In March 2019 my brother **Gerard** and my son **Cris** (an Army major), and I traveled to White Sands Missile Range to participate in the annual Bataan Memorial Death March. We were joined by over 10,000 civilian and military citizens of all ages who had come to the high desert to honor the "Battling Bastards of Bataan…No Mama, No Papa, No Uncle Sam."

Ten thousand marchers set out on the 2019 Bataan Memorial March

— **Rich Gasperini '70**

A burial detail of American and Filipino prisoners of war uses improvised litters to carry fallen comrades at Camp O'Donnell, Capas, Tarlac, 1942, following the Bataan Death March.

POSTSCRIPT:

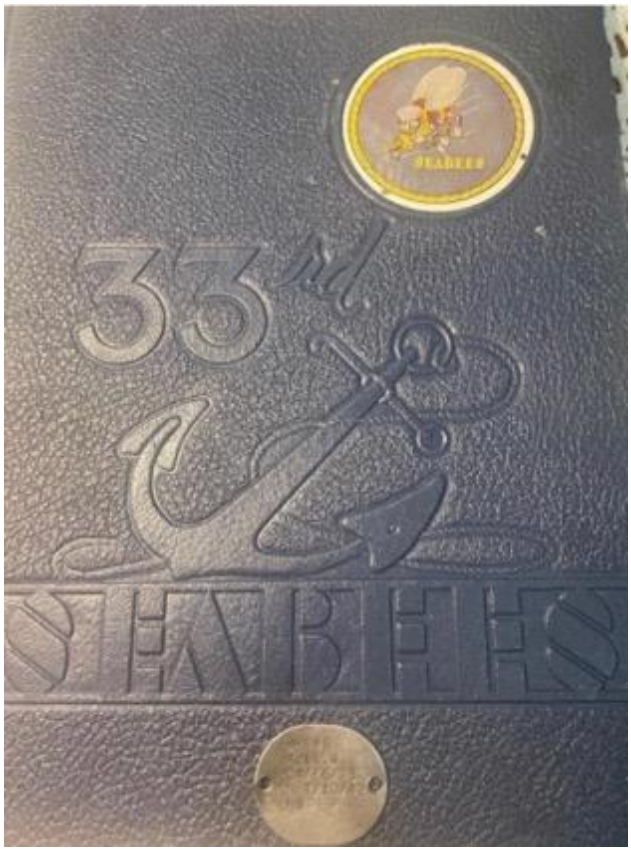
The **Bataan Death March** was the forcible transfer by the Imperial Japanese Army of between 60,000 and 80,000 American and Filipino prisoners of war from Saysain Point, Bagac, Bataan and Mariveles to Camp O'Donnell, Capas, Tarlac, via San Fernando, Pampanga, the prisoners being forced to march despite many dying on the journey.

Phillip Gay Harris (A-1)

"Can Do" Seabee, 82nd WWI Doughboy, and Rocket Sledder

My father, **HW Harris**, was a diesel mechanic during WWII, serving with the 33rd Seabee Construction Battalion assigned to the 1st Marine Division. He served in New Caledonia, Solomon Islands, Guadalcanal, and Peleliu.

The 33rd Seabees captured their WWII experiences in a cruise logbook.



HW Harris (circled)

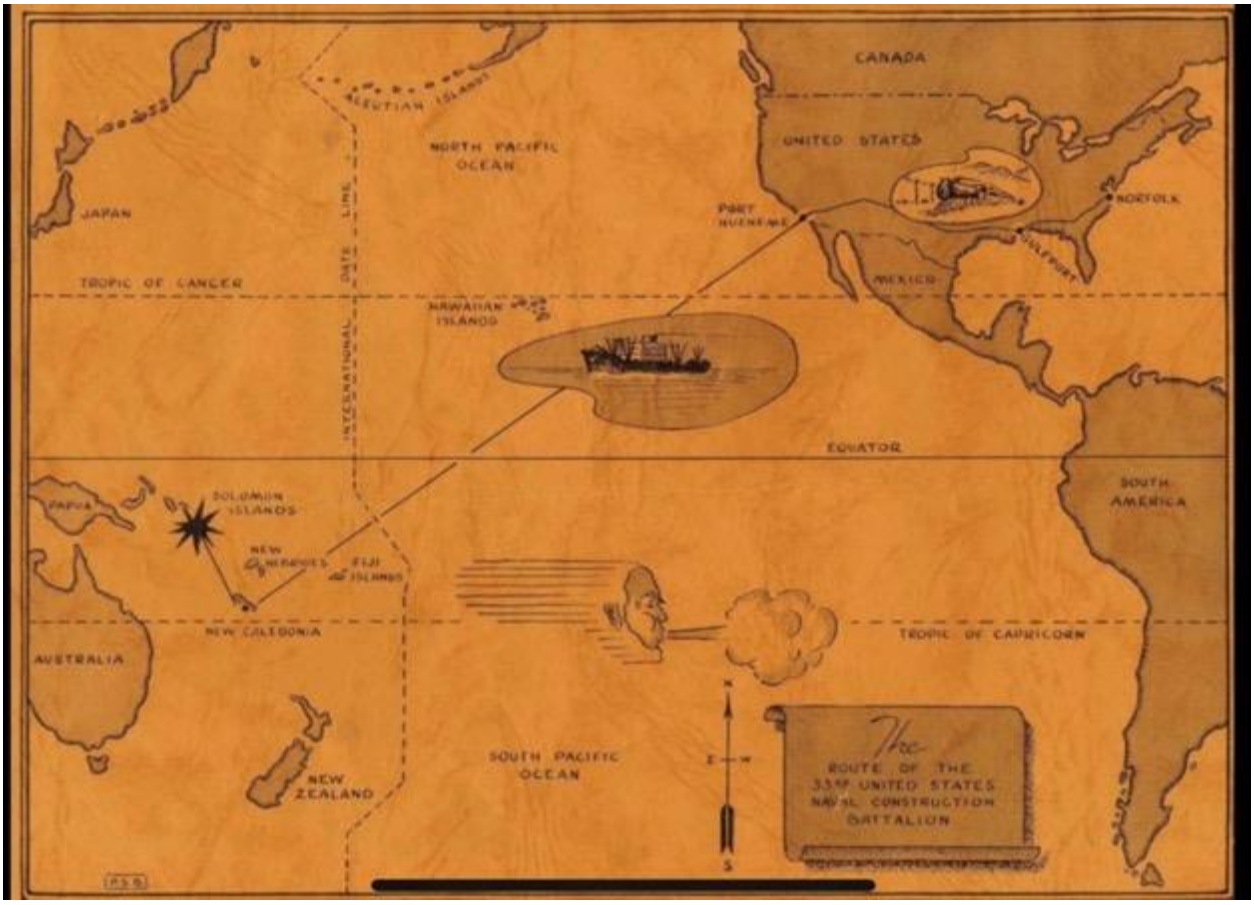
"CAN DO"

Seabees? Sure you've heard about that bunch of Navy men. Who hasn't? Aboard ship they may hardly know port from starboard or fantail from chain locker. They may tumble all over one another when the alarm of "General Quarters!" shatters an otherwise tranquil voyage. But on land, every Seabee's ultimate destination, they slough off that cloak of ignorance to become a roaring, swearing, sweating lot of termites that continually bore and weaken the Axis structure.

You find them building on tiny Pacific isles, shaping bases and airports from steaming jungles and fever ridden swamps. They are found busy in the last outpost of the Aleutians blasting and filling in a new road or building much needed warehouses. Or their place may be on the burning sands of Tunisia converting some devastated German's stronghold into another milestone along Victory road.

Builders! Every last one of them. Welders, riggers, steel men, "catskinners who can dance 'em on a drawbar," carry-all operators spinning huge earth movers on a dime. Truck drivers and dragline operators. Pontoon and dock builders, blacksmiths, carpenters, plumbers, electricians. Barbers and cobblers, cooks, and cookees. Men from all walks of life. Grammar school, high school, and college. Dads and expectant dads—with here and there a grand-dad thrown in for good measure.

They are builders, and defenders of what they build whenever that need exists. Theirs is the job of building springboards for Uncle Sam's military—to keep him moving ever closer to a final decisive battle line. Bridges, roads, warehouses, hangars, docks, fighter strips, bomber strips, giant fuel tanks, hospitals, and underground surgeries. All come within the scope of Seabee craftsmanship. Their greatest thrill and greatest reward is a job well done. Their greatest show is to see P-38's, S.B.D.'s P.B.Y.'s, P-40's, Liberators, Mitchells, and Grummans roar out into the first faint streaks of dawn, great tails, wings, and bellies loaded with explosive calling cards for distant enemy positions.



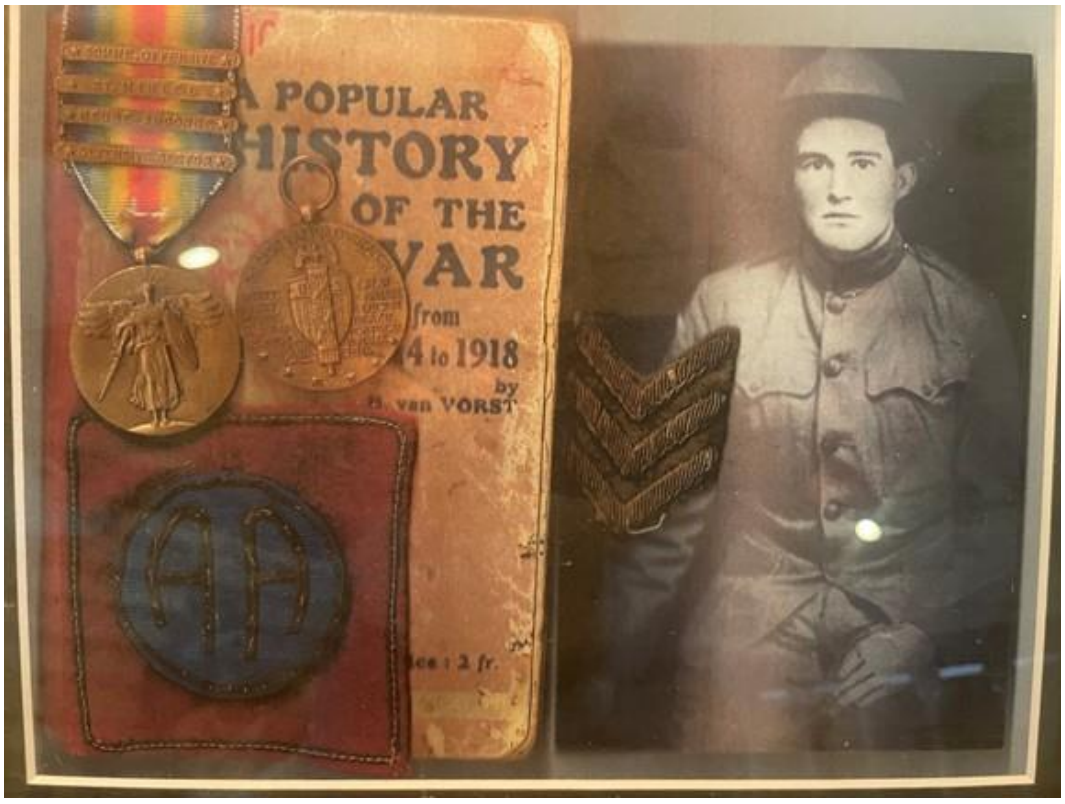
Route of the 33rd Seabees

My grandfather, **AB Harris**, was in WWI. He enlisted, rose to the rank of sergeant with the 82nd Infantry (All American) Division, and was involved with all major engagements. He was wounded once by gunfire and suffered mustard gas exposure. He completed his tour being with the company that broke through to the Lost Battalion near the end of the war.

My grandfather never talked about his experiences. After my appointment to West Point, he asked me to come to his farm in Alabama where he opened a chest and showed me his WWI uniform, helmet, bayonet, and other memorabilia he had. I spent a week with him talking about combat, his actions and what other advice he could give me.

He had grown up in the Deep South and his grandfather and relatives had fought in the Civil War. He also had 5 aunts that went missing after battles with the Union soldiers near their farms. So, his feelings were hard. He shared; however, that his eyes were opened after being with others from all over the USA. His best friends for life came from Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania.

As a US soldier, he said, “You will fight for the greatest nation” and “All soldiers are brothers united to achieve their mission.” He must have mentioned “Achieve the mission” to me a hundred times that week. He also encouraged me over and over to not be blind to preconceived notions or biases, but to embrace the journey and the brothers I had yet to meet.



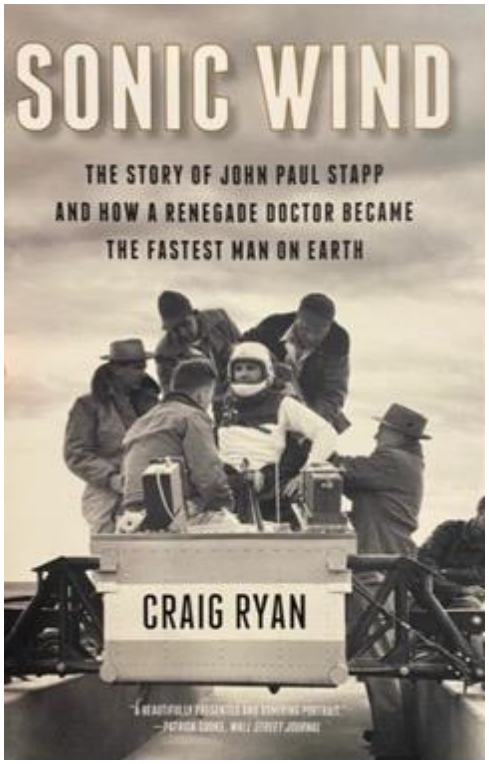
AB Harris photo and WWI memorabilia

John Paul Stapp was my mom's cousin. When I was growing up in southern NM, we would visit him often in Alamogordo. I remember as a young child being at his house and scientist and engineers coming in talking what seemed to be a foreign language. I asked him how he knew all that stuff. He said take all the math and science you can, strive to make A's and you can be one of us, too! It was my incentive to be an engineer.

When he made the cover of *Time* magazine in 1955, my mother was the queen of our small town. She communicated regularly with him all their lives. When I got accepted to West Point, he sent me a very encouraging and supportive letter.

The following excerpts are from a book review by Benjamin Johncock in the magazine, "The Spectator," about the book, ***Sonic Wind: The Story of John Paul Stapp and How a Renegade Doctor Became the Fastest Man on Earth,*** written by Craig Ryan:

By the time of his own death, in 1999, he was perhaps "indirectly responsible for saving more lives than anyone in history."



In 1944, during his second year of medical school, Stapp was drafted into the United States Medical Corps. Enamored by aviation, he applied to the School of Aviation Medicine and became a flight surgeon. He accepted a project at Muroc Air Base *[now Edwards Air Force Base – ed.]*, a remote and desolate place up in the high elevations of the bone-dry Mojave Desert, which was about to become the touchline of the future. Stapp had recently encountered pilot ejection systems and was convinced that men, properly restrained and protected in their planes, could walk away from violent crashes. For this, his 'band of pirates' would employ a piece of Muroc equipment that would make him famous: the rocket sled test vehicle — a seat that would accelerate along a 2,000-foot track at incredible speed and stop on a dime, thus simulating the effects of ejection from a speeding aircraft.

Across the base were the men he sought to save: test pilots like Chuck Yeager, who was preparing to fly faster than the speed of sound in the Bell X-1 research rocket plane. Stapp's decision to ride the rocket sled himself as a human volunteer was one that caused him to have a tempestuous relationship with his Air Force superiors for the duration of his military life. On the next generation rocket sled, 'Sonic Wind', Stapp pushed himself to the brink of human endurance at speeds of over 600 mph and forces in excess of 46 g's (literally faster than a speeding bullet).

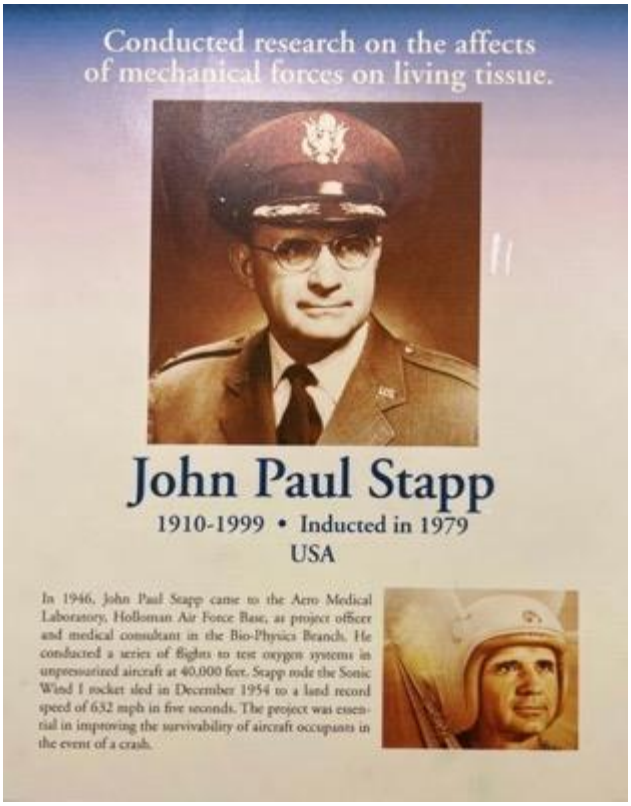
It was the beginning of an extraordinary career in which Stapp pioneered man's capacity for space flight. His work on the high-altitude balloon research of Project Manhigh was the first space program, predating the formation of NASA by three years. Stapp's work provided a bedrock for the start of the space race and his influence and consultation stretched from the first astronaut selection of Project Mercury through Apollo and on into the Shuttle era, also introducing the concept of what would become the International Space Station.

Stapp's greatest legacy, however, was a 15-year-long battle with car manufacturers and politicians to get the seatbelt into America cars, which were claiming 50,000 American lives every year (and three million injuries). By applying his Air Force research to the auto

industry, this number was drastically reduced and countless lives — including those of his brother's children — were saved.

Following his retirement from the Air Force as a Colonel in 1970, Stapp was president of the New Mexico Research Institute, headquartered in Alamogordo, NM, as well as chairman of the annual Stapp Car Crash Conference. This conference continues as a "forum for presentation of research in impact biomechanics, human injury tolerance, and related fields that advance the knowledge of land-vehicle crash injury protection."

His numerous honors and awards included the Legion of Merit, enrollment in the National Aviation Hall of Fame, the Air Force Cheney Award for Valor, and the NASA Lovelace Award for aerospace medical research. He was inducted into the International Space Hall of Fame in 1979.



Panel for Col Stapp at the International Space Hall of Fame

— Phil Harris '70

Phil Harris at the New Mexico Museum of Space History & International Space Hall of Fame

James William Henderson (D-1)

Five Generations of Army Officers – Four West Pointers

LT J McKenzie Henderson at Mexican Border in 1916

My grandfather, **James McKenzie Henderson**, was born somewhere in Clinton County, Pennsylvania, in July 1887. He was married in 1908 and joined the Army National Guard in Oil City, Pennsylvania, in 1914. He served in Company D of the 16th Infantry when the unit went to the Mexican border to search for Pancho Villa.

Then in 1917 CPT Henderson commanded Company D when the 16th Pennsylvania Infantry went to France as part of the American Expeditionary Forces. While leading his company in an attack in the Aisne-Marne Offensive, he was killed by German artillery in late July 1918. The American Legion Post 32 in his hometown was later named in his honor.

My father, **James Eugene Henderson,** was born in Oil City, Pennsylvania, in December 1914. He and his brother never knew their father and were raised by their mother. As the son of an army officer killed in combat, he had an appointment to West Point if he was qualified. After graduating from Oil City High School, my father entered West Point as a cadet in the Class of 1938.

After graduation in 1938, 2LT Henderson's first assignment was in Hawaii with the 27th Infantry. From Hawaii he was shipped to Camp Gruber in eastern Oklahoma to join 200 other Regular Army officers and NCOs. There they formed a cadre to train 10,000 draftees into a combat-ready infantry division. The 88th Infantry Division was activated in July 1942 and after months of soldier training, the division was sent to Louisiana in June 1943 for maneuvers with the Third Army and other divisions. By February 1944 the 88th Inf Division had arrived in Naples, Italy, ready for combat. My father, six years out of West Point, was a LTC commanding the 3rd Battalion 349th Infantry in combat.

LTC James E. Henderson, Rome hospital, 1944

While he was walking with his Battalion S3 alongside an infantry company north of Rome, a German artillery barrage fired on the marching column. The S3's head was severed by shrapnel and my father walking next to him was hit in the legs. My father was sent to an army hospital in Rome to recover from his leg wounds and a few weeks later was given command of the 3rd Battalion 349th Infantry. He commanded that battalion until they reached the Po Valley and the Brenner Pass in northern Italy when the war ended in May 1945. This was the only war story he ever told me though I asked him several times about his experiences during the war.

After the war my father was put in command of the American troops in northern Italy with the mission of handling the German and Italian POWs and maintaining peace in northern Italy.

My father left Italy and returned to Washington DC in February 1947 and got married. I, **James William Henderson**, was born in July 1948 at Walter Reed Army Hospital. I grew up in Brussels, Fort Leavenworth, Fort Carson, Fort Ord, and Taipei with my family following our father around to these various Army assignments. His last assignment was as Chief of Staff of the 7th Infantry Division at Fort Ord, California. My father retired in November 1967 as a Colonel with over 29 years of service.

Jim Henderson '70 on REFORGER 1975

I was impressed with his career as an Army officer commanding soldiers with its different and challenging assignments, and so going to West Point became my goal. After high school I entered West Point in the Class of 1970.

This following in my father's footstep -- this heritage of Army service -- has been rewarding. I got married after graduation and served 27 years in artillery units. I commanded a field artillery battalion in Germany, an army recruiting company in Buffalo, New York, an ROTC detachment in California, and an Army Readiness Group in Denver.

My Army career must have left a positive impression on both of my daughters because **Jennifer Henderson** graduated from West Point, Class of 1994, and **Katie Henderson** graduated from Duke University ROTC. Jennifer flew Blackhawk helicopters in the 101st Airborne Division and Katie commanded a medical company in Iraq. Our family heritage of Army service continues. I have two granddaughters now in Army ROTC and a grandson in the West Point Class of 2026.

COL (R) Jim Henderson 70, son-in-law COL (R) Dan Ruiz '94, daughter Jennifer Henderson '94, and grandson CDT David Ruiz '26 in Aug 2022

— Jim Henderson '70

Stephen Wilfred Homoleski (D-1)

My Namesakes in WWII & Grandpa in WWI

My dad, **Stephen Franklin Homoleski**, joined the Army Air Corps on 29 May 1942. After completing basic training and aircraft mechanic school, he joined the 416th Night Fighter Squadron which was activated in Orlando, FL in February 1943. The squadron crossed the Atlantic on the *Queen Elizabeth* and landed in the UK in May 1943. After completing additional training, the squadron was transferred to North Africa in July and then in September moved on to Italy where they provided defensive cover for the Fifth Army. Dad was a Master Sergeant (Crew & Flight Chief) responsible for the operational status of four airplanes. He supervised a team of fifteen airplane mechanics. Dad participated in six WWII campaigns (Naples-Foggia, Rome-Arno, North Apennines, Po Valley, Southern France and Rhineland) and was awarded the European-Africa-Middle Eastern Campaign Ribbon with six Bronze Service Stars. He completed his military service on 4 November 1945, returned to Brookline, NH and married his hometown sweetheart, Agnes Ouellette (mom) on 30 June 1946.

My grandfather, **Adelard Ouellette**, enlisted in the United States Army on 4 December 1917. After completing basic training, he deployed to France with the American Expeditionary Forces on 29 March 1918. He returned home on 19 April 1919 and was honorably discharged on 2 May 1919.

My name honors not only my dad but also my mom's favorite cousin, **Wilfred Ouellette**, who served in the Pacific theater in the 5th Marine Division during WWII and was killed on 8 March 1945 during the Battle of Iwo Jima.

Dad during Basic Training, Jun 1942

Dad home on leave with Mom and brothers, Nov 1942

Dad in Italy, 1943

Dad (right) with friends in Italy, 1944

Grandpa Adelard (left) & Great Uncle Eugene (right) Ouellette with friends prior to leaving Brookline, NH to serve in WWI, Mar 1918

Grandpa Adelard Ouellette just prior to leaving for France, Mar 1918

Mom's cousin, Wilfred Ouellette

Dad and me at WWII Veterans celebration held in his honor, Apr 2014

— **Steve Homoleski '70**

***

The battle of Iwo Island has been won. The United States Marines by their individual and collective courage have conquered a base which is as necessary to us in our continuing forward movement toward final victory as it was vital to the enemy in staving off ultimate defeat.

—Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief,
Pacific Ocean Area

Nelson Edward Kennedy (D-1)

American Meteorologist

My father, **Joseph Elton Kennedy**, was born in Chicago in 1915. In 1942 (at age 26) he was working at a Ford Motor Company manufacturing plant in Detroit, Michigan, and attending night school Mechanical Engineering classes at Lawrence Tech University.

Joseph Elton Kennedy

Then, he enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps in July 1942. He soon applied to become a cadet at the University of Michigan's meteorology program. He started that program in March 1943, shortly after marrying **Dorothy Maiville** in February 1943. He graduated from the meteorology training program at U of M in June 1943. He then went to Chanute Airfield near Rantoul, Illinois, to complete the meteorology training. He completed that training in June 1944.

Army Air Corps

My parents, Dorothy and Joseph Kennedy 1943

He was then sent to England in early 1945. After the Allies took control of Rhein-Main Air Base near Frankfurt, Germany, and began rebuilding the runways, he became the first (or at least tied for first) American Meteorologist at Rhein-Main. His job was to advise commanders and pilots on any and all weather-related risks for any and all planned aerial missions. A lot of responsibility.

After the war, he returned home to Michigan and resumed his job at Ford Motor Company and his college studies at Lawrence Tech University. He graduated with a Mechanical Engineering Degree in 1949.

He remained in the Air Force Reserve, making his active duty and reserve duty combine for over 20 years of military service to his country. He retired as a Lieutenant Colonel (LTC) in the Air Force Reserve.

I never met a man who I admired and respected more than LTC Joseph Kennedy.

— Nelson Kennedy '70

William Allen Knowlton Jr. (D-1)

Family Service from American Revolution to Vietnam

It can safely be said that I was born into a military family. The first Knowltons came over from England in 1630, and most Knowltons in the United States and Canada trace their lineage back to that first family of four brothers who arrived in what is now Massachusetts with their mother (the father having died on the voyage).

Within a little more than a century, the first descendant of this family, **Thomas Knowlton**, became a prominent military officer. Thomas Knowlton was from Ashford, Connecticut, and served in the French and Indian Wars before our Nation's independence and in the Revolutionary War that gained that independence. He first came to prominence as a captain commanding Connecticut troops at the Battle of Bunker Hill, playing a pivotal role in that battle. Rising to the rank of colonel, Thomas Knowlton formed a company of Rangers called Knowlton's Rangers and served as Washington's chief of intelligence. He was killed at the Battle of Harlem Heights on September 16, 1776, and undoubtedly would have gone on to higher rank had it not been for his death. There is a statue of Thomas Knowlton on the Connecticut state capitol grounds in Hartford, and the Military Intelligence Branch Knowlton Award is named for Thomas Knowlton.

However, Thomas Knowlton is not a direct ancestor of mine since our line comes from one of the other brothers in that first Knowlton family. From what I can tell, there were no soldiers in our direct line until we get to my father's maternal grandfather.

August Riese was a German immigrant who came over to the United States as a teenager and enlisted in the Union Army in 1855. Although my father didn't discover this until the 1970s when he dug into the records in his grandfather's hometown in Germany, August lied about his age when he enlisted, claiming he was 17 when he was only 14. August served in the Civil War as an artillery sergeant and was wounded at the Battle of Shiloh in 1862. He stayed in the Army after the Civil War and served in a number of coastal artillery units in places like Newport, Rhode Island and the Presidio, San Francisco. He retired as a First Sergeant in the late 1800s.

On my mother's side of the family, there also is a strong military heritage going back to the Civil War. Her great-grandfather, **George Mason Downey**, was a 19-year-old Regular Army lieutenant when the Civil War broke out. He served with distinction in the Civil War, serving in the 14th U.S. Infantry, one of the few Regular Army regiments in the Union Army. He fought at a number of battles, being given brevet (temporary) promotions for valor to captain at the Battle of Chancellorsville in May 1863 and to major at the Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863. His regiment was engaged at Gettysburg on the 2nd day of the battle, where he commanded the color company of the regiment, guarding the unit and National colors. They took heavy casualties advancing and then retreating (under orders to do so) from the Wheatfield. George Mason Downey survived the battle and the war, and after the war, he stayed in the Army and served in infantry units in a number of posts in the Western US during the Indian Wars, retiring from the Army as a major in 1888.

His son (my mother's grandfather), **George Faber Downey**, served as a Quartermaster Corps officer and paymaster, seeing active service as a paymaster in Cuba during the Spanish-American

War and then in the Philippines. As reported in a letter to his parents, in 1900 while a paymaster in the Philippines he fought off bandits/insurgents who were trying to get his payroll:

> "I suppose you have heard of the attempt made by the insurgents to capture me and my money. It happened on the 29th of January. I started from Candon (on the coast) on the morning of the 29th. My escort was composed of 15 men and a Corporal of the 33rd Infantry. Mr. Clark and I were mounted on ponies, and a bull cart was hauling my money. We were only about 3 hours out from town when the road became very uphill work as we started for the mountains. The bull almost gave out at that stage of the game, so we were moving slowly. I knew the insurgents were around there as they had attacked a small party that morning near town, so I was on the alert. I had two men on the point of my advance, about 300 yards ahead, and then three more for connecting files. The rest I had back with the money ($12,000.00). Had left $54,000.00 under guard at Candon.
>
> The bull was so tired they had to stop and sent up word to me. I was about forty feet from the front and instructed the Corporal to attend to the rear guard and I would attend to the advance, and I found it was a good thing I had been there. I did not like to stop there for we were in a bad place for an attack as the ground rose on each side of the road, so pushed on about a half a mile to higher ground. They halted and Clark and I dismounted. There was a turn in the road about 40 feet ahead, so I sent the advance around and told them to halt there. The tropical growth on each side of the road was very dense and one could only see into it occasionally, but it was the only high point in the road.
>
> My advance had only stopped a couple of minutes when the insurgents jumped out and opened fire right in the middle of them, some firing at not over <u>20</u> feet away. My men were so taken by surprise that they commenced firing and started back around the turn running and firing. It looked mighty bad for a second, but I jumped out in the middle of the road, whipped out my revolver and hollered at them to hold their ground. They all swung around me and commenced to pour it into them as fast as their guns would work. I was deaf for some time they shot so close to my ears. The air was full of bullets, but all were going high and cutting the brush over our heads. But the one and only thing that seemed to be on my mind was to hold that road and keep them back from the money. In the meantime, I had gotten hold of my Savage rifle and Clark his carbine and we were pumping away in good shape. The firing quieted down for a few minutes, so I told the men to save their ammunition. Off to my left I could hear the insurgents moving through the brush and orders being given in Spanish. The rear guard were working the cart up to me. So I called to the Corporal to look out to the left for they are getting around on our left flank. He took the tip in good shape and soon saw some of them through an opening in the undergrowth and opened fire. They were surprised for they thought they were out of sight, but they returned our fire and for a few minutes the crack of the Krag [*rifle*] on our side and the Mauser Remington [*rifle*] on the other made things a trifle noisy to say the least.
>
> The whole thing must have lasted about 25 minutes and was good and warm while it did, and as soon as the ball closed, I went on my journey. The road was splattered with blood showing we must have wounded quite a number and three were killed alongside of the road. I did not have a man touched, and most of their shots seemed to go over our heads. They most always shoot high and are not very good shots at best. But it certainly is

wonderful the way we got out of it so well, for it could have crippled me very much to have had three or four men wounded."

That's a bit beyond the normal duties of a paymaster! He also saw service in World War I and retired from the Army in 1923 as a brigadier general assigned as Assistant Quartermaster General in the War Department.

His son (my grandfather), **Fairfax Davis Downey**, served in the Army as a lieutenant and captain in horse-drawn Field Artillery during World War I, receiving a Silver Star for gallantry while acting as an artillery forward observer supporting U.S. Marines at the Battle of Belleau Wood.

He never talked much about his experiences in World War I, but recently I came across this short poem that he wrote which was published in the Kansas City Star, where he was a reporter, in 1921. The poem provides some insights about his frame of mind while in combat in World War I:

Over the Crest

Driving my car through the dusk of the night
Through the shade of a spring-scented wood
I feel the delight of the wind's cool caress,
And knew the tired feeling that's good.
The road stretched before me its misty white length
To home and to supper and rest
My headlights like fingers were pointing the way
Up over the sloping hill's crest.

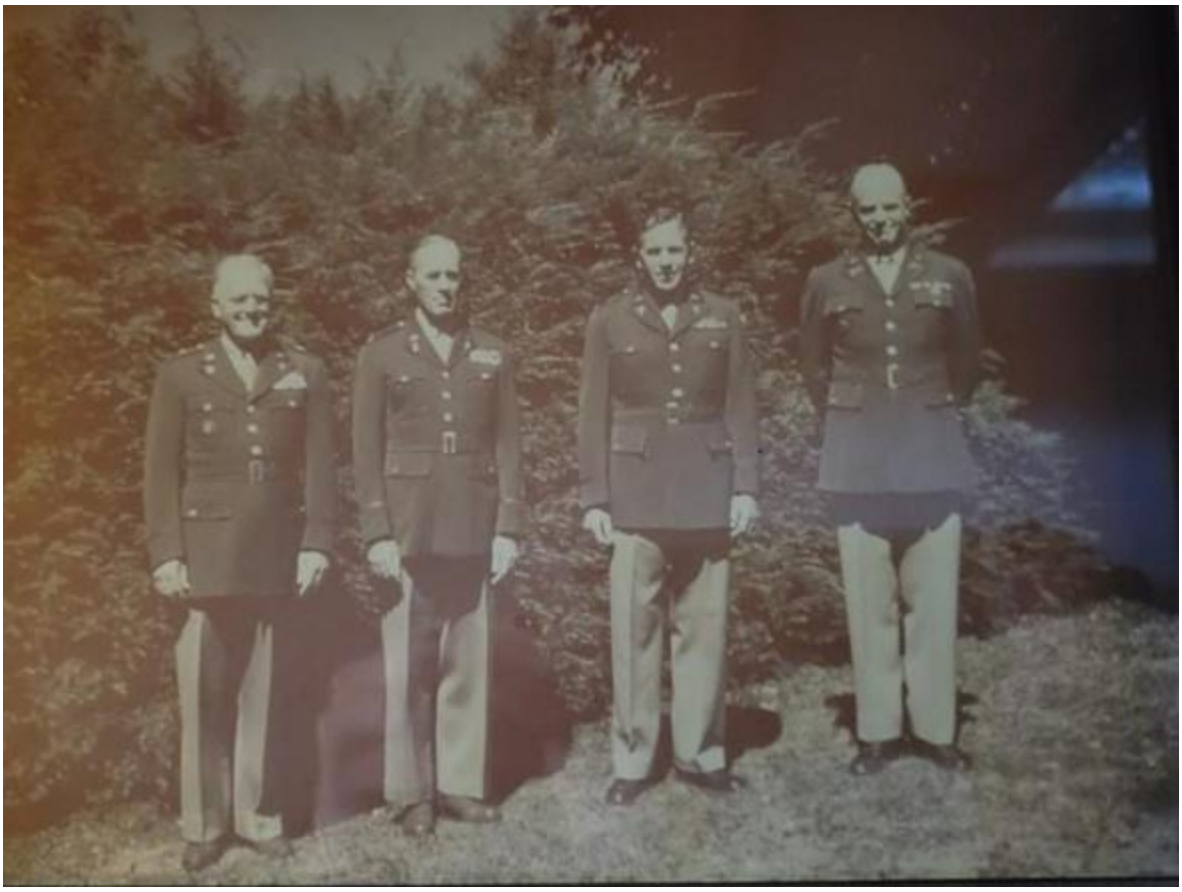
Then sudden the look of that crest took me back, -
Back to France with the battery gray
And the brake and the clutch had the feel of my stirrups
And the seat took my saddle's mild sway.
My knees had a grip on my old sorrel's sides
And my cap like a steel helmet press'd
My chest felt my gas mask as forward I rode
Up over the sloping hill's crest.

The toggle chains rattled, the horses' hoofs clicked
As they dragged on each smooth rolling gun
And the caissons with shrapnel and shell loaded down-
Our hope that the battle be won.
The rumble and ominous flashes ahead
Nerved us to the morrow's great test;
To lay our barrage on the enemy's trench
Up over the sloping hill's crest.

*** * * * ***

The welcoming, beckoning lights of a house
Mean home and a supper and rest
My revery's vanished, as onward I drive
Up over the sloping hill's crest.

He remained in the Army as a reserve officer during the interwar years, was recalled to active duty during World War II, and was in charge of anti-aircraft units in Algiers before illness forced his return to the United States. Below is a picture of my grandfather (on the far right) with my grandmother's brother and two brothers-in-law. All four served in World War II.



My grandfather retired from the Army as a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army Reserves. His primary career was as a newspaper reporter, author, and military historian, writing more than 50 books, most of them related to military history. At one time he was the official historian of the U.S. Army Field Artillery.

I don't know exactly when it was that my father, **William A. Knowlton Sr.**, decided he wanted to become a military officer, but we have home movies that show him at about 11 doing the manual of arms with a rifle while in a uniform with a World War I style helmet. Later in his teenage years (at about 15), he managed to unofficially "enlist" in a horse cavalry unit nearby and he spent at least one summer riding and caring for horses with that unit. That may have been the point where he decided that not only did he want to join the Army, he wanted to be in the cavalry. Although tanks were introduced in World War I and there were the beginnings of the mechanized armored forces during the interwar years, horse cavalry held on until the beginning of World War II, when it became apparent that horses could not survive on the modern battlefield. In the U.S. Army, there was an ongoing conflict between the diehard horse cavalrymen and the proponents of armor until armor finally prevailed around 1940, the horses were put out to pasture, and cavalry units became armored units.

Unable to get an appointment to West Point right out of high school, my father was able to benefit from his stepfather, Colonel Richard C. Burleson, USMA Class of 1906, being assigned to Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, and enlisted in the 298th Infantry Regiment of the Hawaiian National

Guard and attended the West Point prep school in Hawaii. That resulted in an appointment to West Point in 1939 where he joined the Class of 1943.

Graduating from West Point on January 19, 1943 (6 months early in what then became the Class of January 1943) he was commissioned in the new Armor branch. He immediately went through basic officer training and then joined the newly formed 7th Armored Division. After extensive training, a lot of it in the California desert, the division sailed for England and then entered Europe by going across the Normandy beachhead in August 1944, two months after D-Day.

My father fought his way across France, Belgium, The Netherlands, and Germany with the 7th Armored Division, beginning as an assault gun platoon leader and later becoming a troop commander in the 87th Reconnaissance Squadron, the 7th Armored Division's recon unit.

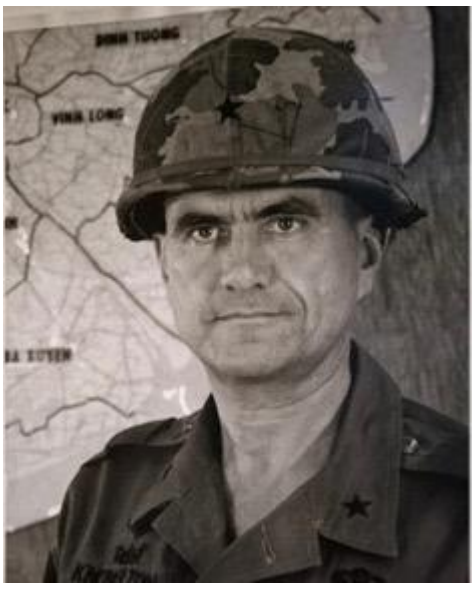
When the Germans attacked in the Ardennes in December 1944 in what became known as the Battle of the Bulge, the 7th Armored Division was thrown into the northern shoulder of the German penetration, and delayed the German advance at St. Vith, Belgium for a number of critical days until they were forced to withdraw by overwhelming German forces. When the 7th Armored Division was defending St. Vith, my father was in the hospital recovering from injuries sustained when his jeep ran head on into a truck during nighttime blackout conditions, killing the machine gunner and injuring my father and the driver. He then "discharged himself" from the hospital and made it to the division's positions just as the 1st Sergeant of B Troop, which was the troop my father was assigned to, brought back about 50 of the troop's soldiers from behind German lines – all the troop's officers and most of the men had been killed or captured. My father took command of what was left of the troop, and gradually they rebuilt it with replacements.

During the last two weeks of the war in Europe in May 1945, he led a daring mission that sounds too fantastic to be true. Attached to the 82nd Airborne Division with his Reconnaissance troop, he was called in by a colonel at the 82nd Airborne headquarters who said, *"Lieutenant Knowlton, we want you to take your troop and go make contact with the Russians. They are rumored to be somewhere between 50 and 100 miles to our east, and I want you to go through the German lines,*

establish contact with our Russian allies, and fight your way back to our lines. You're on your own – there won't be anyone behind you to call on for help if you get in trouble. Good luck!" Probably no one but my father could have accomplished that mission. Fluent in French and German, he realized that his only chance was to bluff his way through the German lines, and that's what he proceeded to do. He knew that many German soldiers realized that the war was lost and almost over, and that they would want to surrender to the Americans rather than get captured by the Russians and end up in Siberia. His strategy was to show absolute confidence, telling the Germans that he was the lead element of an American column following behind him (which of course was a complete fabrication since there were no American troops back there). He had a total of about 65 men in his force, with 3 armored cars and about 10 jeeps.

Over the course of 5 days, he had 300,000 German soldiers surrender to him, rounding them up, disarming them, and sending then west to be taken prisoner by the first American troops they encountered. He made it through the German lines, using his fluent German to convince hard-liners that no one could be so stupid as to drive right up to and demand the surrender of an enemy force that outnumbered him a thousand-fold. The bluff worked, he accomplished his mission with no casualties, and was awarded the Silver Star for his extraordinary valor.

My father missed the Korean War, but in the summer of 1966 (halfway through our Beast Barracks) he went to Vietnam. He would stay in Vietnam for 2 years, coming home in the summer of 1968. For the first 18 months, he worked as the deputy to Robert Komer in revolutionary development/pacification. Revolutionary development was the program to try and secure or "pacify" the entire country under South Vietnamese control, province by province and district by district, and was run by the South Vietnamese with US advisors at all levels. He traveled extensively by helicopter throughout the country and visited every province and almost all of the districts during his time working the program. Some progress was made, but South Vietnam still had too many unsecure districts that may have been under South Vietnamese control during the day but were under Viet Cong control at night.



Having been promoted to Brigadier General in November 1966, in January 1968 my father became an assistant division commander of the 9th Infantry Division, which was deployed in the Mekong Delta south of Saigon, an area of rivers, swamps, rice paddies and wetlands that was mostly under water. Within weeks of his arrival at the 9th ID, the major North Vietnamese/Viet Cong surprise offensive that became known as Tet '68 broke during the Vietnamese holiday. That led to heavy fighting for the 9th ID throughout the Delta, and a major battle later in the spring of 1968 in the Plain of Reeds in the northern part of the Delta. During those operations, my father had operational control of two of the three brigades in the 9th ID and was awarded two more Silver Stars for valor.

After his time as Supe, which covered 4 ½ years from 1970-1974, my father spent his last 6 years on active duty in Europe, first as the Chief of Staff of European Command at Stuttgart, Germany; then as the NATO Commander of Allied Land Forces Southeast Europe in Turkey; and finally, as the US representative on the NATO Military Committee in Brussels, Belgium, the highest military level in NATO. He retired in 1980 with over 37 years of distinguished military service to his country.

— Bill Knowlton '70

If your actions inspire others to dream more, learn more, do more, and become more, you are a leader.

—President John Adams

Timothy Charles Lavelle (G-1)

Lavelle Family Service Heritage

My father, **David James Lavelle**, was a US Navy veteran of WWII. As a native of San Francisco, he was always fascinated by the sea. As a high schooler he rowed in crew races on San Francisco Bay and even swam across the Golden Gate in 1939. With the permission of his mother, a WWI veteran, he enlisted early in the Navy Reserve in 1938 at 17 years old. After graduating from high school in 1939, he went on to the University of San Francisco (USF), where he played football. In September 1940, at the beginning of Dad's sophomore year at USF, President Roosevelt signed into law the Selective Service Act that instituted the draft, and all the armed forces reserve units, including Dad's, were called up to active duty.

David James Lavelle

Poster for the Armistice Day Game
November 11, 1941

He served in the Pacific fleet as a seaman and was assigned to the battleship USS *Oklahoma* based in Pearl Harbor. In the fall of 1941, because he had been identified as a football player, the Navy transferred him out of the fleet and reassigned him to Treasure Island where he joined the Navy football team to prepare for the annual all-enlisted Army-Navy Game on November 11, 1941 (Armistice Day) at Memorial Stadium in Berkeley.

Dad's Navy Football Jacket

He remained stationed on the West Coast after the game, so was not at Pearl Harbor on December 7th when more than 400 of his former USS *Oklahoma* shipmates were lost during the Japanese attack.

The USS Oklahoma Memorial at Pearl Harbor
(USS Missouri in the background)

I visited the Oklahoma Memorial at Pearl Harbor this past summer – very moving. I saw where Dad's name would have been (and of course I wouldn't be here!). The USS *Missouri* is moored today in the same spot as the *Oklahoma* was on December 7, 1941.

In 1943 he was accepted into the V-12 Navy College Training Program. Through this program the Navy sent several thousand officer candidates to college, after which they were assigned to midshipmen school for several months to be commissioned as ensigns in the US Navy Reserve. Dad was sent to the University of Southern California where he was a double major in civil engineering and mechanical engineering. He also played football at USC and played in two Rose Bowl games. The Trojans won the 1944 Rose Bowl against the University of Washington and defeated the University of Tennessee in the 1945 game. (They had invited Army, the number one ranked team in the nation, but Army declined the invitation.) But by far the best thing that happened to him while he was at USC was to meet my mother who grew up in Los Angeles and was at USC at the same time he was.

Dad as USC Trojan

Dad as a Battalion Commander at the Midshipman's School (from the class yearbook "Side Boy")

After completing his studies at USC, he was sent to New York City to Columbia University, which had been converted into the Navy midshipmen's school. Because of his prior service before going to college he was one of the senior midshipmen and was selected to be a battalion commander.

One of incidents that occurred while he was there in New York was when a B-25 bomber accidentally crashed into the Empire State Building. He happened to be looking out of his window in John Jay Hall and heard an airplane flying low over Manhattan and then the sound of an explosion. Needless to say, it was an unforgettable visual memory.

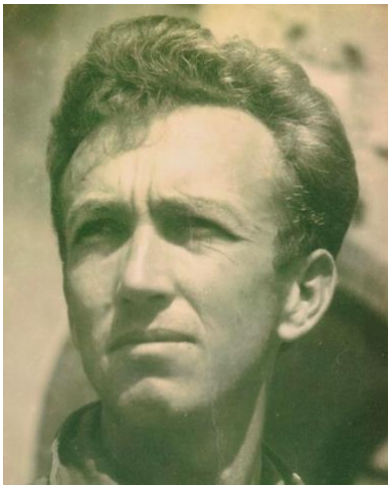
When Admiral Nimitz came to New York City after the end of the war in the Pacific, they held a parade in his honor down Broadway. The front page of the *New York Sun* shows my dad (circled in the photo) leading his battalion down the parade route.

Parade for Admiral Nimitz in New York City

Dad was presented his commission and his ceremonial saber from Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal on November 2, 1945. He immediately jumped on a train and traveled back across the country to Los Angeles, where he arrived in time to marry my mother on November 8, 1945. He was discharged from the Navy shortly thereafter.

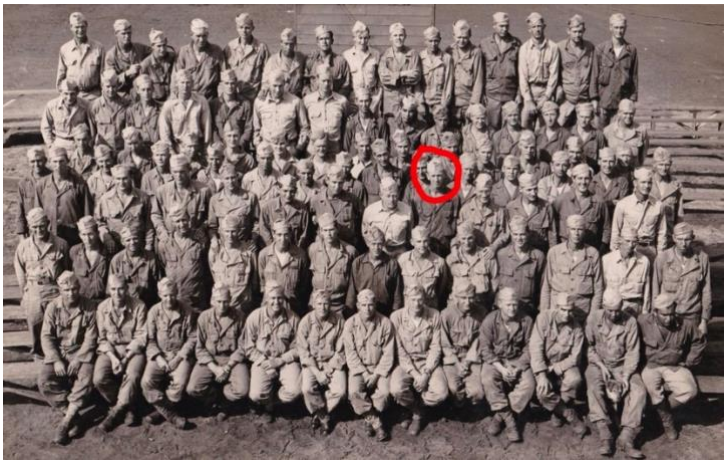
Because Dad was a Navy veteran, he and I always rooted for Navy in the Army-Navy game …until my plebe year at West Point.

My father-in-law, **Ken Deehan,** was born in Oakland, California in 1918. He went to St. Mary's College in Moraga and graduated in 1940. When the United States entered World War II he was drafted into the US Army. He joined the 7th Infantry Division at Fort Ord and their training included, among other things, an amphibious landing at Big Sur and trekking over the coastal mountains to Camp Roberts and Fort Hunter Liggett in central California. He participated in four major campaigns: the Aleutians, Kwajalein, Leyte, and Okinawa. He was the First Sergeant of Company D, 184th Infantry, 7th Infantry Division. In Okinawa he was wounded during intense fighting and was awarded the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star Medal. At the end of the hostilities, his company was assigned to occupation duty in Korea. He finally came home in 1946.



First Sergeant Ken Deehan during Occupation of Korea, 1945

Ken Deehan's photograph in the Seventh Infantry Division Museum at Fort Ord



Ken Deehan with his Company in Hawaii, January 1944

Margaret McElearney Lavelle

My grandmother, **Margaret McElearney Lavelle**, was a veteran of World War I. She was born in San Francisco in 1882. Her family's home burned during the fire that destroyed most of the city following the 1906 earthquake. She graduated from the St. Mary's Hospital nursing school, which is now the University of San Francisco nursing school, in the Class of 1913. She became a Red Cross nurse. When the United States decided to enter the war, the Army drafted the Red Cross nurses and my grandmother entered the US Army Nurse Corps as a lieutenant. She was one of the first 17 nurses to go over to France with the American Expeditionary Forces (AEF). In fact, she was on the same ship sailing across the Atlantic with General Pershing and many of his general staff. The ship was a White Star luxury liner that had been converted into a troop ship.

Grandma's helmet and gas mask displayed proudly in my front hall

In France she was assigned to a field hospital near Tours in the American sector. As a nurse, she cared for any wounded soldier, no matter if he was German, Belgian, French, British, or American. Sadly, she was not a very pleasant grandmother, so it was likely that she suffered from PTSD as a result of all the suffering, death, and blood and gore she had to deal with. She never really talked too much about her experiences in France, but did collect quite an array of souvenirs, buttons, ribbons, maps, flags, postcards and news clippings and kept them in a scrapbook which I possess. I even have a White Star spoon which I assume came from that troop ship.

After the war she returned to San Francisco, got married, had my dad and uncle, and worked as a nurse in St. Mary's Hospital until she retired. She died in 1967 and is buried in Golden Gate National Cemetery near San Francisco.

My maternal grandmother's brother, **Arthur Fischer**, was drafted into the US Army in Los Angeles in World War I. He remained stateside during the war because his father Rudolph Fischer immigrated from Germany. The Army was not confident that soldiers of German descent would fight against the Germans. Below is a photo of Uncle Art with his sister Maud, my grandmother.

Uncle Art with his sister Maud, my grandmother

General Nathan Johnson, my 3rd great-grandfather on my mother's side, was a veteran of the War of 1812. He was born in Southborough, Connecticut, in 1779. He started out as a grave digger for his town in 1794 at 15 years old and he created the first log of people buried in that city. He graduated from Yale in 1802, the same year as the first graduating class from West Point. He joined the Connecticut militia and was a captain during the War of 1812. After the war, he transitioned to the light artillery, and he eventually became a general. He was elected a state senator in Connecticut. When Lafayette visited Hartford in 1824, General Johnson was his escort, and he arranged for a parade to greet Lafayette when he arrived in the city. General Johnson died in 1852.

Silas Parlin, my 5th great-grandfather on my mother's side, was a veteran of the Revolutionary War. He was born in 1760 in Concord, Massachusetts, and joined the Continental Army in 1776. He actually had nine separate enlistments during the war. He started as a private and ended up as a corporal, and he was finally discharged out of the Continental Army in 1779. He died in Concord in 1828.

—Tim Lavelle '70

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"...every post is honorable in which a man can serve his country."
—General George Washington, in a letter, 1775

Patrick James McGoldrick (G-1)

WWII Marine to Korean War Paratrooper

My dad, **James Patrick "Jim" McGoldrick** (1924-1985), was born 1924 in Greenwich Village and raised in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. His father was born in 1868, the year General Grant was elected President, and met Katherine O'Hara in New York. Both had emigrated from Ireland at the beginning of the Twentieth Century to "escape British tyranny," as they would put it.

Cousins Tom Flynn and Jim McGoldrick on R&R, Hawaii, WWII

Jim was 17 when the Second World War came to the United States, and he followed his older brothers by enlisting in the Marine Corps. While the older boys saw the heavy contested beaches in the Pacific Island-hopping campaigns, Jim was stationed on Midway Island for the duration of the war with some R&R time in Hawaii with his first cousin and best friend from Brooklyn, **Tom Flynn**. Surviving from his WWII wartime service are his wartime service medals, photo albums of gooney birds populating Midway Island and his Marine Corps discharge as Corporal and Baker.

Gooney Birds on Midway

Dad's Service Medals

Returning to Brooklyn he married Lydia Stapel of German descent - her parents being emigrees of WWI-torn Ukraine. He paired up with his cousin Tom Flynn, to start two businesses - American Trucking and a lunch counter that served the Greenpoint factories of that neighborhood where I was born. The businesses were no success, and the lure of Airborne Jump Pay must have enticed them to run off and join the 1947 peacetime Army, leaving his new bride behind.

In Peacetime Japan with Cousin Tom Flynn

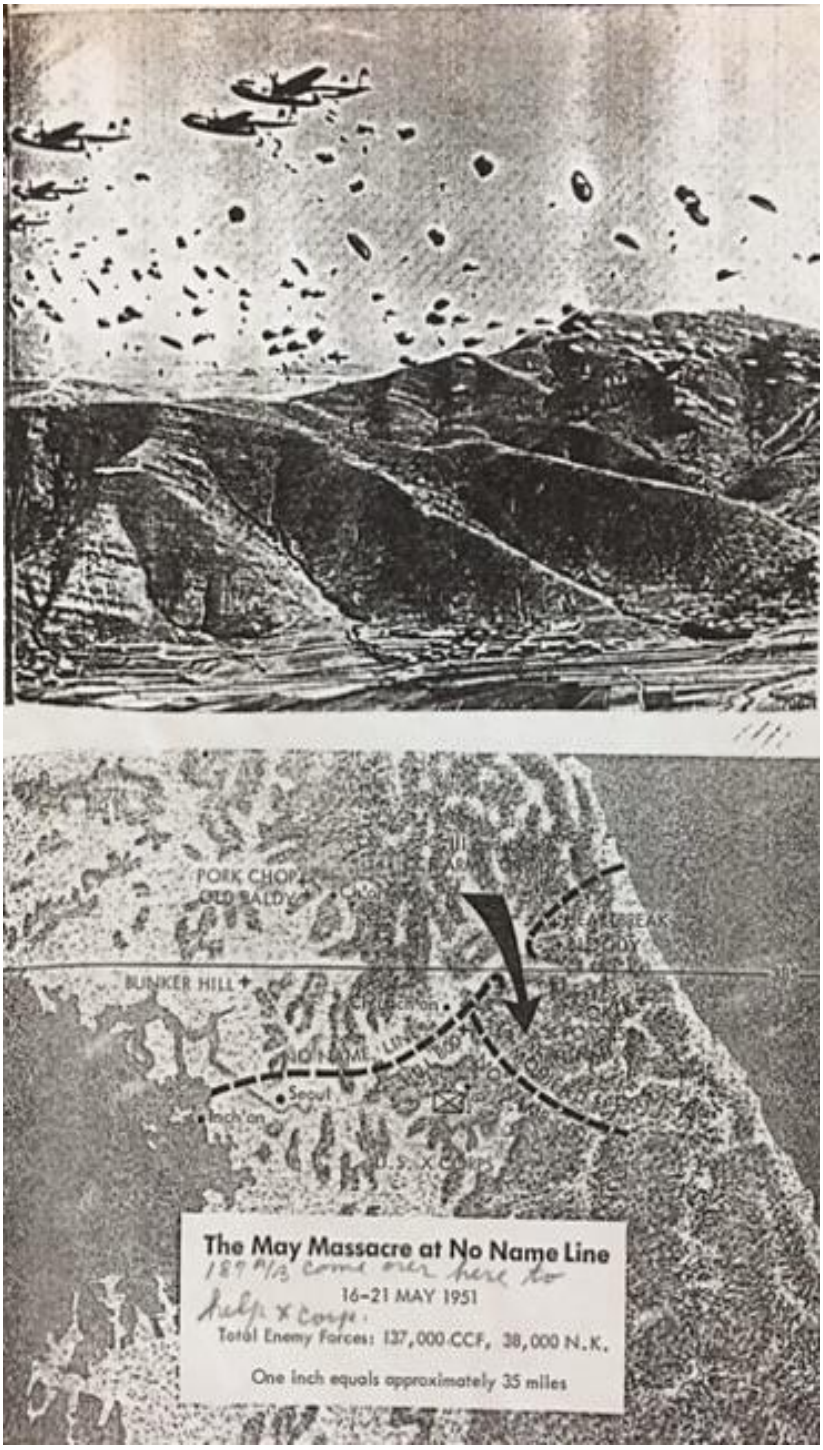
Airborne School Certificate, 1947

They graduated from Jump School in Oct 1947 and saw relaxing service in occupied Japan and Fort Campbell, Kentucky while Mom was birthing two sons. In September 1950, they found themselves suited up over Korea for an airborne assault in support of General MacArthur's Inchon landing.

187th RCT Patch

187th Airborne RCT – Korean War	
Number Assigned	3100
Killed in Action	400
Died of Wounds	49
MIA Declared Dead	17
Died in Captivity as POWs	4
Total Deaths	470
Wounded in Action	1705
Total Casualties	2175

The next year saw heavy action for the 187th Regimental Combat Team with two airborne assaults and four heavy battle engagements. Dad never once described his Korean War experience. The only stories came at my father's wake from Uncle Tom Flynn who presented me with a plaque of Dad's service and then tearfully told of the carnage as wave after wave of the Chinese army tried to overrun their positions. He claimed to have had only two hot meals that winter. They



Assault at Munsan-ni

both came home unwounded to Fort Campbell where Dad must have applied for a reassignment closer to home and out of the Airborne as he was soon reassigned.

HEADQUARTERS X CORPS
APO 909

3 June 1951

TO: Commanding General
187th Airborne RCT
APO 51

CITE X 6783. Please extend my congratulations to the officers and men of the 187th RCT and the attached forces comprising Task Force Baker. Your rapid counterthrust from HONGCHON commencing on 23 May cut through and confused the enemy in the HANGYE area. Your subsequent rapid drive to the SOYANG RIVER, the capture of INJE and later the high ground northwest thereof, intercepted large Chinese Communist Forces which made penetration through HYON-NI to the SAKHA-RI area. Your gallant troops caught the spirit of the pursuit of the enemy in this vital action and blocked the repeated enemy attempts to break out from the trap that was set for him.
All officers and men engaged in this magnificent battle action should be very proud of their participation in this phase of recent X Corps operations. SGD ALMOND

1st Ind

Headquarters 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team, APO 51, 8 June 1951

TO: All Members, 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team, APO 51

1. It is indeed gratifying to receive this congratulatory message.

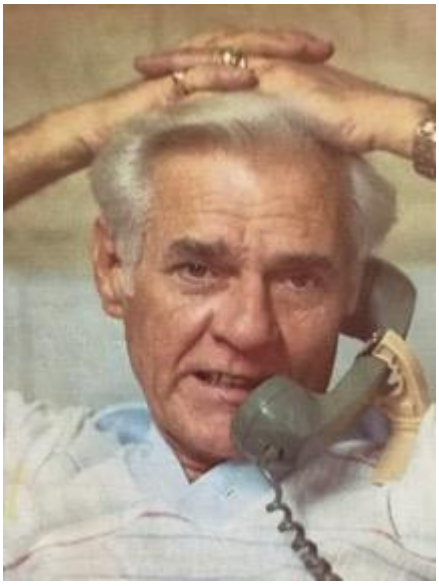
2. The credit for this outstanding feat of arms goes to you - -the individual soldier of the line. It is through your inexhaustible efforts, indomitable spirit and dogged determination, to surmount with speed and alacrity, any and all obstacles that made this phase of victory possible. my experience I have never seen your equal in combat - - valor, pride, courage and esprit-de-corps are but a few of the qualities possessed in abundance. Memories of your gallant performance will brighten the remaining days of my life.

3. For those who are no longer with us I pay homage. Their names stand as an emblem of unusual courage - - their sacrifice is not taken lightly - - nor will it be soon forgotten.

F. S. BOWEN, JR.
Brigadier General, US Army
Commanding

Unit Commendation to 187th Airborne RCT, June 1951

Dad's peacetime assignments as a supply sergeant were enjoyable for his young family of now two sons and a newborn daughter. First was a tour in Manhattan with the Governor's office of the New York National Guard, followed by three lovely years in Southern France. We came home to Fort Monmouth, then Okinawa and finally retirement at Fort Meade in 1965 just as another war was underway.



Dad settled us in Red Bank, New Jersey close to Fortt Monmouth and spent his last 20 years as Purchasing Agent for Red Bank. He was well known in that community, and I should not have been surprised at the large attendance at his funeral or the number of people who related how Dad had helped them in some difficult time for them. He had seen Man's brutality firsthand and now he tried to show Christ's love in his encounters with others.

Dad died of a heart attack at home in bed with his daily prayer reader open by his side to Isaiah 26:3.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

— Pat McGoldrick '70

Dad's Plaque from Uncle Tom

Bruce Charles Michalowski (G-1)

Peacetime Medal of Honor and Multiple Generations of Family Service

MICHALOWSKI Family

John Michalowski (1877-1955) was the first member of the family to come to the US. He arrived in America in 1900 coming from New Village, Warsaw, Poland when he was twenty-three. He married Suzanne Kirij (1885-1920), who came from Domberowa, Russia in 1903. They had eight children. He worked as a laborer in a tannery. When Suzanne died at the age of thirty-six, John raised the children, who ranged in age from fourteen to two. Three of their boys distinguished themselves serving their country. Their names were spelled incorrectly on their military papers, thus the different spellings of the name. Here are their military stories and other family members who honored their country.

JOHN S. MIHALOWSKI (1911-1993), my great uncle, enlisted in the Navy 16 Dec 1927. John trained as a diver from 1933 to 1937 and served on the USS *Falcon* until 1941. In 1940, John was awarded the Medal of Honor for heroism relating to his actions on 23 May 1939. The Navy was working on the development of a diving bell but had not completed their testing in deep waters. The Navy submarine USS *Squalus* sunk in the waters off the coast of New Hampshire. Men were alive and trapped in the hull of the ship. They decided to use the diving bell to rescue the men. It was a decision made even though they were not sure the bell would hold up under the pressure of the deep waters. John volunteered and made numerous trips down to the ship, bringing up sailors who would not otherwise survive.

Torpedoman First Class John S. Mihalowski

It is said that when he was 10 or 11, he decided that he wanted to be a professional deep sea diver. He practiced for his dream by swimming for hours at a time with an inverted bucket over his head, at the Worcester Boy's Club and in Lake Quinsigamond.

John Mihalowski and Walter Harman manned the McCann rescue chamber during the first descent to rescue survivors. They brought up seven crew members. Chief machinist Mate William Badders took the next trip and brought up another nine men. Badders made another trip and then turned control over to Mihalowski and McDonald for the last trip. On this trip, the downhaul winch failed. The chamber had to be lowered to the bottom, the cable was cut, and then the chamber could be hoisted aboard by Falcon's lifting gear. Walter Squire went down to do the job. When the cable was cut, the bell was raised and the last of the *Squalus* survivors were free.

No one knew if there were people in the afterroom. A diver was sent down to attach a new down haul cable. Badders and Mihalowski started down. They reached the after-escape hatch and cleared the water from the space in the chamber skirt. They didn't know what would happen when they

opened the hatch. It was possible that there was a high-pressure air bubble in the space under the hatch which could contain high quantities of carbon dioxide, chlorine, or both. The room could be flooded and under high pressure and could flood the chamber. Badders told Mihalowski to be ready for anything and opened the hatch. A blast of high-pressure air and a stream of water forced their way into the bell. Mihalowski vented high pressure air into the chamber, thus forcing the water back out before the chamber could flood. Unfortunately, there were no more survivors. For this unselfish act to risk their lives to ensure no one was forgotten, Badders, Mihalowski, and McDonald were each awarded the Medal of Honor. They were the first recipients of the medal during peacetime.

Medal of Honor Ceremony
John Mihalowski is third from right.

In 1939, while stationed on the USS *Falcon*, he was involved in the subsequent salvage of the *Squalus*, which later served in WWII. He again performed his duties valiantly during this operation. In 1942, Mihalowski was appointed a warrant officer and became a commissioned officer later in the war. In 1944, he participated in the rescue and salvage operations on six landing ship tanks that had exploded in Pearl Harbor. He also did salvage operations on damaged ships during the Okinawa campaign in 1945. During this time, he was the Executive Officer of the USS *Shackle*.

LCDR John Mihalowski

Following the war, he took part in the harbor clearance in Japan and salvage efforts during the 1946 "Crossroads" atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll. He was Executive Officer of USS *Gypsy* in 1947-48 before transferring to the Fleet Reserve in January 1948. He was recalled to active duty in September 1950 as a Chief Torpedoman and reinstated as a Lieutenant the following year. He served in the Korean War. In 1952, he was assigned to the Naval Gun Factory in Washington D.C. John was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander in 1954, and retired from active naval service on 31 January 1958, after serving his country for thirty-one years.

When Bruce's son, Brian Michalowski was in fifth grade, he had an assignment to write a report. Brian had just seen the documentary about the rescue of the men on the *Squalus*. He knew that Bruce had three great uncles who had served their country and he had met Charlie. He based his report on the documentary and family stories.

CHARLES MAKALOSKI (1914-1988), my great uncle, enlisted in the Navy on 15 Apr 1931 and retired 31 May 1955 as a Boatswain Chief Warrant Officer after 24 years' service.

Charlie's first ship was the USS *Cincinnati*. He did not meet the height requirement, so they listed him at seventeen years as still growing. He never got any taller and was claimed to be, possibly, the shortest man in the Navy (5 foot, 3 inches). His second assignment was on the USS *Blackhawk* and stationed in the Far East and China. They were permitted to bring their wives along on this assignment. He was on a gunboat on the Yangtze River. Charlie was the Asiatic Fleet Bantam Weight Wrestling Champ.

In 1936, he was assigned to the USS *Utah*. It was commissioned in 1909 and by 1941 it was moored in Pearl Harbor. It was used as a target ship, towing other ships which were used for artillery target practice. It had no weapons on board to defend itself. On the quiet morning of December 7th, Boatswain Makaloski who had slept on deck as he did many other nights, was startled by the approaching Japanese planes. The strafing enemy planes swooped so low, he said he felt he could touch them. He needed to do something, so he grabbed some nearby potatoes and began bombarding them with handful after handful. He swore that he would never again serve on an unarmed ship.

The *Utah* was in flames, and with his shipmates he jumped into the sea which was also burning. He wanted to help a friend on another ship, so he swam away from his shipmates. When the *Utah* capsized and he didn't show up with his crewmates, he was reported "missing in action." After several days of not knowing if he had survived, Pauline received word in a standardized message from the Navy that he was alive.

After Pearl Harbor, he served aboard the USS *St. Louis* (1942-1942), the USS *Florikan* (1943), and the USS *General Henry Taylor*, a troop transport which he was on when word of peace was announced. When the war was over Charles lived in Occupied Japan. In October 1948, he was captain of a Navy Hotel Boat, the APL-46 in Tokyo. He was also in charge of the enlisted men's club and any transportation issues which may have arisen.

Boatswain CWO Charlie Makalowski

In 1951, they bought a house on Bainbridge Island which is across from Seattle, Washington. He commanded the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard and the Bangor Munitions Depot in Kitsap County, Washington.

In 1953 Charlie went back to sea and served on the USS *Philippine Sea*. His travels took him to countries all over the world. He went through the Panama Canal and joined the "King Neptune Club" of Equator Crossers. He served on the USNS *Frederick Funston*, a C-3 type troop transport in the spring of 1955. When he retired later that year, he began working for the Todd Shipyard in Seattle.

These decorations and campaign ribbons were listed on Charlie's separation papers: Good Conduct Medal (3 stars), Yangtze Service Medal, WWII – Victory Medal, American Defense, China Service Medal, Asiatic Pacific – Navy Occupation, Korean Service – United Nations, National Defense Medal, European-Middle Eastern-African- Philippine Liberation Medal.

JOSEPH STANLEY MICHALOWSKI (1918-1964), my great uncle, enlisted in the US Army Air Corps on 11 Oct 1940. During his twenty-four-year career, Joe was stationed in twelve different states. He also served in England, Germany, and Japan. I do not have information on his service during WWII, but I found one record of his being admitted to the hospital for a hand wound caused by enemy machine gun fire in 1945. He served at Shaw Air Force Base with the 20th Fighter Wing, Cannon Air Force Base in New Mexico. He served with the 36th Fighter Bomber Wing in Fürstenfeldbruck, Germany in 1950. Joe coached and played on a basketball team called the Eagles which competed in the German Air Force league. In 1957, as a major, he was with the 390th Electronic Combat Squadron. In 1959, while stationed in Turkey, Lieutenant Colonel Michalowski commanded the 429th Fighter Bomber Squadron.

Lt Joseph Michalowski

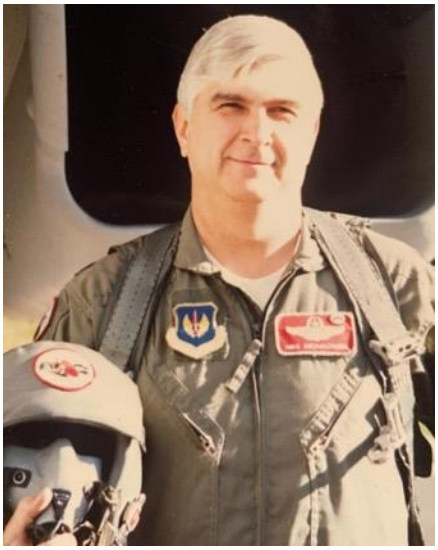
On 13 Apr 1964, Colonel Joseph Michalowski was a wing commander serving in Japan. During a practice exercise, a young pilot made a critical mistake and collided with Joe's plane. The plane crashed and burned on the runway killing Joe. The younger pilot landed safely. The accident occurred in Osan, Korea. At the time of his death, he was stationed at Itazuke Air Base in Japan, where he was Director of Operations of the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing. He was an F-105 pilot and held many honors and awards.

Frederick Michalowski

FREDERICK J. MICHALOWSKI (1928-2010), my father, left home and joined the Merchant Marines when he was sixteen. Because of the war, the Merchant Marines were in much need of seaman and waived the age requirement. His parents signed the form and he went with eight friends from his neighborhood to join. He and one other friend were the only two to pass the physical. In 1946, he was drafted into the Army and was sent to Japan. Before he left, he came home and married Audrey on 9 July. He served eighteen months in the Army from his enlistment on 5 Apr 1946 until his discharge on 16 Sep 1947. While in Japan, he saw some of the effect of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Fred and Audrey Michalowski

ROBERT F. MICHALOWSKI (1931-1969), my uncle, served in the Navy from 13 Sep 1950 until his discharge on 12 Jul 1954.



Joseph Stanley Michalowski Jr.

JOSEPH STANLEY MICHALOWSKI JR. (1948-2023), my cousin, whose father was killed in an Air Force training accident in 1964, also served in the Air Force and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel. He played football for Clemson and played on both the Offensive and Defensive lines. He joined the United States Air Force through the OTC Program, where he was a distinguished graduate. He also has a Master's Degree in International Relations from Troy State University. Referred to as "Gator" throughout his career, he served as the first Commander of the 28th Test and Evaluation Squadron on Eglin AFB, the Inspector General for NORAD and USSPACECOM at Peterson AFB, Deputy Inspector General for the North American Aerospace Defense Command at Peterson AFB, the second Defense and Air Attaché to Ukraine, and countless other commands.

BRUCE CHARLES MICHALOWSKI was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant after graduating from the United States Military Academy on 3 Jun 1970 and served on active duty until he resigned in September 1975. After graduation, he was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia where he completed Airborne School, Infantry Officer Basic Course, Jumpmaster School, and Ranger School. He was then sent to Schweinfurt, Germany where he was in the 1st Battalion, 30th Infantry Regiment, of the 3rd Infantry Division. He later transferred to the Adjutant General Corps where he was a personnel officer.

Bruce and Beth, 1975

Bruce did not spend any time in the war, but there was a lot of tension in Germany at the time. America was in the middle of the Cold War and the Schweinfurt Army garrison was charged with guarding the East German border. Soldiers spent many months of the year training in the field, preparing for the possibility of war with the Russians. They left their families for weeks at a time. As a teacher, Beth saw how hard this was on families. They went on alert at the border when the Russians aimed a missile at Bonn when our President was visiting Germany. There were other threats, also. The American Military had to keep in fighting preparedness during these years. There were terrible drug problems among the enlisted men and the officers had to deal with these soldiers. It was a difficult time. There were also good times, travelling with friends and enjoying the culture.

Decorations Bruce received in Army service include Airborne Wings, Ranger Tab, Expert Infantryman's Badge, Army Commendation Medal**,** National Defense Service Medal, Good Conduct Medal, and Expert Badge – M14 and M16.

Kim Michalowski

KIM THOMAS MICHALOWSKI, my brother, served in the Air Force for almost four years from April 1970 to February 1974. He went to Vietnam from June 1971 to May 1972, working in a Military Scout Dog K9 Unit.

In Apr 1977, while in college at the University of Wisconsin, Kim joined the US Army Reserve. He attended the Army Drill Sergeant School, Basic NCO Course, Advanced NCO Course, First Sergeant's Course, Battle Staff Course, and the United States Army Sergeants Major Academy. He served at various levels of leadership to include Platoon SGT, First SGT, Director of Instruction, Battalion Command Sergeant Major, and finally Commandant of the 84th Division Drill Sergeant School. He retired from the Army Reserve in July 2006 as a Command Sergeant Major.

Kim with wife Yolanda at retirement

Kim worked for the Federal VA Regional Office in Milwaukee for 28 years, retiring in June 2012. His last position was as a Supervisory Veterans Service Representative in the Pension Management Center. He then worked as Director of Wisconsin Department of Veterans Affairs Claims Office in Milwaukee. He retired in May 2015.

Decorations Kim received during service include the Legion of Merit, Meritorious Service Medal (2 OLC), Army Commendation Medal (4 OLC), Army Achievement Medal (Silver OLC), Air Force Good Conduct Medal, Armed Forces Reserve Medal with silver hour glass and "M" device, Reserve Components Achievement Medal (silver OLC), National Defense Service Medal – 2 battle stars, Outstanding Volunteer Medal, Global War on Terrorism Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Viet Nam Campaign Medal – 3 battle stars, Vietnam Unit Cross of Gallantry, Presidential Unit Citation, AF Outstanding Unit Award - V for valor, and Order of Saint Maurice-Primicerius.

Aaron Michalowski

AARON CHRISTOPHER MICHALOWSKI, Kim's son**,** enlisted in the Army in Oct 2000. Following his discharge from active duty in 2004, he enlisted in the Army Reserve. He was discharged from the Army Reserve as a staff sergeant in Apr 2010.

Aaron served a tour of duty in Kuwait and two tours in Iraq. He was with the 2nd ACR. He was deployed as an instructor in 2005 at Fort Knox for eighteen months. When he re-enlisted in 2007, he was assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas in the 5/4 Cavalry of the 1st Infantry Division and was again deployed to Iraq from March 2008 to March 2009. He served with honor. Being in these wars was very hard on him, and his marriage. Soldiers experience terrible things in wartime.

Decorations Aaron received during service include the Army Commendation Medal, Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Global War on Terrorism Medal, Iraqi Freedom Medal, Army Service Ribbon, Army Achievement Medal, Armed Forces Medal (M device), Army Commendation Medal, Good Conduct Medal, and Professional Development Medal.

MALLOY Family (My Father's Mother)

JAMES MALLOY (1833-1910), my great-great grandfather, was born on in Prosperous Parish, County Kildare, Ireland. He immigrated to the United States in 1851 on the S.S. *Parliament*, when he was eighteen. He became a citizen on 19 December 1867 after serving in the Civil War.

His son, Patrick Francis Malloy, was the father of Catherine Irene Malloy who married Stanley J Michalowski in 1926 in Worcester, Massachusetts. (He was nicknamed Steve.) Steve and Catherine were the grandparents of Bruce Michalowski.

James enlisted in Company E of the 25th Massachusetts Infantry Regiment on 2 Oct 1861 and was mustered out on 13 Jul 1865 in Readville, MA.

James's first enlistment was for three months. In March of 1862, he suffered a gunshot wound to the left hand in North Carolina. In October 1862, James contracted southern malaria. In the month of December 1863, he was discharged in Virginia, but reenlisted as a Veteran Volunteer. In May 1864 he was shot again in the right hand, and in August 1864, James was shot in the right foot and broke his wrist in Petersburg, Virginia. He developed rheumatism on the march to Goldsboro, NC, which resulted in heart and kidney problems and chronic diarrhea. He applied for a Civil War pension in 1889 listing himself as an invalid resulting from injuries from the Civil War.

JOHN FRANCIS MALLOY (1900-1975) enlisted in the Navy on 9 Apr 1919 and was discharged on 8 Apr 1924.

ALBERT JAMES MALLOY (1903-1933) was a veteran of WWI, but I have no more information about his service. After the war, he returned to Worcester and worked as a chauffeur, driving a taxi. He was killed in a serious automobile accident when he was only thirty.

FREDERICK M. MALLOY (1907-1975) enlisted in the Army on 31 Mar 1944 at the age of thirty-two and served during WWII. He was discharged as a Tec 5 on 16 Sep 1947.

LEU Family (My Maternal Grandfather)

The Leu family originated in America, with the arrival of Francis Wilhelm Leu in 1885. He was twenty-four years of age. He was born 8 May 1861 in Storkow, Pommern, Prussia. (That area is now part of Poland.) He settled in Fond du Lac where there was a population of other German Lutheran settlers. He married Marie Goldapske (1870-1956) in 1890 and they lived at 66 W Scott Street. They had five girls and ten boys, who literally had their own very successful baseball team. We descended from their son Francis William Leu (1906–1960). Francis Wilhelm and Marie are Bruce's great grandparents. The following people are their children.

Selmer Harry Leu

SELMER HARRY LEU (1912-1944), my great uncle, was thirty years old at the time he enlisted on 19 Dec 1942 and died 17 Dec 1944 in the Malmedy Massacre.

The 3rd Armored Division was activated in April 1941, doing training in various camps in the US. The division arrived in the European Theater on 15 September 1943, conducting pre-invasion training near Liverpool and Bristol in Great Britain. It remained in Somerset England until 24 June 1944, when it departed to partake in the Normandy operations. The 3rd Armored Division fought far north of the deepest German penetration during the Battle of the Bulge. The division worked its way south in an attack designed to wipe out the bulge and bring First Army's line abreast of George Patton's Third Army. The B Battery of the American 285th Field Artillery Observation Battalion was part of the 3rd Armored Division.

Sally, as he was nicknamed, was with an American convoy of about thirty vehicles, mainly elements of B Battery, which was crossing the Baugnez crossroads, two miles south-east of Malmedy, Belgium. They were spotted by the 1st SS Panzer Division who opened fire, immobilizing the first and last vehicles of the column and forcing it to halt. Armed with only rifles and other small arms, they surrendered to the German tank force. The armored column continued west leaving some German troops behind. These Germans assembled the American prisoners in a field, along with other prisoners, numbering about 120 troops. These troops were standing in a field when, as ordered by the *Kampfgruppe* Peiper, the SS troops suddenly opened fire with machine guns.

As soon as the SS machine guns started firing, the POWs panicked. Some tried to flee, but most were shot were they stood. Some dropped to the ground and pretended to be dead. SS troops walked among them and shot any who appeared to be alive. Sally had initially been wounded, and his autopsy showed he was executed with a shot to the back of his head.

A few sought shelter in a café at the crossroads. The SS set fire to the building and shot any who tried to escape. There were 43 survivors of the massacre.

Memorial Wall and Flag at the Malmedy Massacre Memorial

The Baugnez crossroads was behind enemy lines until the Allied counter-offensive in January. On 14 Jan 1945, US forces reached the massacre site. The weather was bitter cold, and the bodies lay frozen where they fell. They photographed and identified the bodies, keeping careful records which were used to prosecute the perpetrators at the Dachau trials, held for persons accused of War crimes. Peiper was tried and convicted, but due to judicial irregularities was released from prison in 1956. No Nazis involved in the Malmedy Massacre were punished.

Marker for Selmer Leu on the Memorial Wall

The memorial later erected at Baugnez, bears the name of each of the murdered soldiers. Each stone embedded into the wall represents one of the victims. Selmer (Sally) H. Leu is one of the brave souls whose name appears on this memorial.

In March 1948, Selmer's wife Genevieve applied to the US government for a flat granite headstone for her husband. She received the stone on 14 April 1948. Selmer's body was put to rest in Estabrooks Cemetery in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. He was back to the place of his family roots in Wisconsin.

Selmer had three brothers who had served in WWI and two nephews who were in WWII.

PAUL O. LEU (1896-1967), my great uncle, enlisted in the Army on 27 May 1918 and served in the 309th Infantry Regiment, Company C during WWI. He was discharged as a PFC on 27 Mar 1919.

OSCAR REINHOLD LEU (1897-1946), my great uncle, enlisted in the Army and served in WWI. He was discharged 28 Dec 1918. Like his brothers, Oscar returned to Fond du Lac after the war.

ARTHUR EMIL LEU (1894-1978), my great uncle, enlisted in the Army on 8 Sep 1917 and was discharged on 24 Apr 1919. After the war, he returned to Wisconsin and worked as a painter and paper hanger.

ARTHUR FREDERICK LEU (1920-1982), the son of Arthur Emil Leu (brother of Selmer), enlisted in the US Army Air Corps on 15 Feb 1942 and served as a pilot.

On 14 Oct 1943, Major Leu was the co-pilot on a B-17 F 42, 3079. They were caught in very heavy bombardment flying over Germany when their plane was shot down. They were captured and held as prisoners of war in the camp named Stalag Luft 3 in Sagan, Silesia, Bavaria. He was eventually moved to Nuremberg - Langwasser. He was with the 96th Battle Group and 339th Battle Squadron. It seems he was held for the duration of the war and returned to military control in June 1945. He was discharged in 1945 as a Lieutenant Colonel.

DONALD LEU (1930-2016), my uncle (a son of Frank Leu, brother of Selmer), served in the Army and was discharged in 1952.

MARVIN W LEU, my uncle (a son of Frank Leu, brother of Selmer), served in the Air Force for 3 years.

EDWARD DOMROEHS (1918-1958), a Leu cousin, enlisted in the Army on 1 Mar 1941 and was discharged 1 Mar 1946 with the rank of Staff Sergeant.

Edward enlisted in the Army before the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He sailed on the USS *President Coolidge* on 8 Sep 1941. It made a stop in Hawaii before sailing on to Manila in the Philippines, landing on 26 Sep 1941. He was part of the 192nd Tank Battalion. They were assigned to build up fortifications and lay communication equipment at Clark Field. They were informed on 8 Dec 1941 of the attack on Pearl Harbor. At 12:25 on that day the Japanese began bombing Clark Air Force Base. After spending some time in Manila, they were loaded on trucks and spent Christmas day travelling to Pilar, Bataan.

On 9 Apr 1942, the Bataan Peninsula was surrendered to the Japanese. Thus began Edward's part in the infamous Bataan Death March. They marched 190 miles in five days with little or no food or water. Many died along the way. Eventually they were sent to Cabanatuan Prisoner of War Camp. The camp doctor examined the prisoners putting them in various categories related to their ability to work. Edward suffered from malaria, beriberi, and numerous other ailments. He was placed on quarters, requiring light duties, and remained there from October 1942 to May 1944. He weighed eighty-three pounds. The camps were liberated in early 1945 and the prisoners received care from American doctors, and nourishment to begin their recovery from starvation.

Edward returned to the United States after the war, but his health was so poor that he spent much of the rest of his life in Veterans hospitals and died on 1 April 1958.

LEPINE Family (My Maternal Grandmother)

Edelbert "Deb" Lepine (on right)

Edelbert Louis Lepine (1897-1963) (Great Uncle "Deb") served in the Mexican Expedition against Pancho Villa.

Leo Lepine with sister Leone and her husband Charlie Brotherson
(Note overseas service stripes on Leo's sleeve.)

Both he and his brother, **Leo F. Lepine** (1894-1962) (Great Uncle Leo) served in WWI. They were in Company E, 2nd Wisconsin Infantry, Wisconsin National Guard, of Fond du Lac when it was federalized to form Company B, 150th Machine Gun Battalion, 83rd Infantry Brigade of the 42nd Rainbow Division on 16 August 1917. (Company G from Appleton and Company F from Oshkosh became Companies A and C, respectively, of the 150th MG Battalion. The 42nd become known as the Rainbow Division because it was formed by combining National Guard units from 26 states and the District of Columbia.)

Start of farewell parade of the 150th MG Bn departing to join the Rainbow Division in New York

After the division assembled in Camp Mills, New York, it shipped overseas in November 1917. Following training in France, the 42nd Division moved to the front lines at Baccarat and Lunéville in February 1918, six months after being called up. From then until the Armistice on 11 November 1918, the 42nd Division was in combat in four major operations: the Champagne-Marne, the Aisne-Marne, the Battle of Saint-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. The 150th Machine Gun Battalion had heavy casualties while on the front lines. Uncle Deb was among those awarded a Purple Heart.

— **Beth and Bruce Michalowski '70**

Charles Arthur Morris (F-1)

Our Family's Collective Military Service

Like many of my classmates, my dad was my hero. He was always present to support my mother and my two sisters and me. A postal letter carrier by day, Dad worked other jobs at night and on the weekends to make certain that we all had what we needed whether it be for school, extracurricular activities, or for life in general. We children will always be indebted to both of our parents for the love of family and the values that they instilled in us during our developmental years.

I am very proud to carry the first name Charles after both my father and his father and my middle name Arthur from my maternal grandfather. All were very private when it came to military service; it was very seldom that they would speak of their military experiences during our nation's two world wars.

My maternal grandfather, **Arthur E. Calhoun**, was an infantryman who voluntarily fought with the Allied forces in France during World War I.

Arthur E. Calhoun

Grandpa Calhoun WWI souvenir pin

My paternal grandfather, **Charles Morris**, was in law enforcement and as best I can recall he did not serve in World War I. However, he and my father's mother raised six sons, all of whom volunteered to serve our nation.

During World War II, **Uncle Danny** served with the Army in Europe, **Uncle Bobby** and my dad **Charlie** served in the Navy and Army respectively in the Pacific theater.

Grandpa Calhoun's WWI bayonet and hand-carved baggage tag

Here is a photo of the Blue Star Mother's Service Flag that my grandparents proudly displayed to recognize the service of three of her sons.

Uncle Frank, **Uncle Lloyd** and **Uncle Billy** all served in the Army during the Korean War.

My father's sister Lucille's husband, **Uncle Ted Walters,** also served in the Army during the Korean War.

My mother**, Helen E. Calhoun,** also played a vital role during World War II. While in nursing school to become a registered nurse, she volunteered for the Cadet Nurse Corps. After the United States entered the war there was a severe shortage of nurses and the Cadet Nurse Corps worked in American hospitals to fill the void left by nurses deploying to support our military in the European and Pacific theaters.

Form 300—Federal Security Agency
U. S. Public Health Service
United States Cadet Nurse Corps

Serial No 143694

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

Miss (~~Mrs.~~) Helen E. Calhoun is a member of the UNITED STATES CADET NURSE CORPS and is enrolled at St. Luke's Hospital (School of Nursing) of Newburgh (City) New York (State)

Thomas Parran
Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service

Lucile Petry
Director, Division of Nurse Education, U. S. P. H. S.

Helen E. Calhoun
(Signature of Cadet Nurse)

Director, School of Nursing

DATE ISSUED

(1400) THIS MEMBERSHIP CARD IS NOT TRANSFERABLE (OVER)

Our family's service to the nation did not stop here. On my mother's side, her only sister's husband, **Uncle Tom Pines**, also served in World War II during the liberation of the Philippines.

During the Vietnam era, each of my two sisters' husbands also served. Cindy's husband, **Dennis Holohan,** was with the Army's 6th Special Forces Group and my sister Judy's husband, **Walter Schartmann,** retired as a Lieutenant Colonel after a distinguished career in the Marine Corps.

My wife Diane's father, **Zenas "Bart" Bartlett**, also had a distinguished military career. After serving in the Navy during World War II, Bart served in the Army during both the Korean and Vietnam Wars as a Field Artillery meteorologist. Bart retired as a Chief Warrant Officer 2.

Father-in-law "Bart" Bartlett: WWII (17 years old), Korea (1951), and Vietnam (1969)

My dad, **Charles J. Morris**, served in the Pacific theater during World War II. Like many of his comrades he left high school early to join the Army. Dad ultimately was assigned to Alpha Battery, 506th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Gun Battalion, Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command, Pacific Area Command. After a lengthy ship trip from the west coast, through Hawaii, Dad and his battalion were attached to the 5th Marine Division, V Amphibious Corps, during the battle for Iwo Jima. It

saw one of the highest casualty battles in our nation's history. The capture of this strategic island has been memorialized in countless books and movies. Here are photos of Dad both during happier moments and while manning his gun position on the shores of Iwo Jima.

In February 1995 I had the honor and privilege of accompanying my dad to Washington, DC for a three-day reunion with some of the surviving members of his battery who were attending the Marine Corps 50-Year Commemoration of the battle and capture of Iwo Jima.

It was a very awe-inspiring trip to be in the presence of these national heroes, the memories of which I will never forget. In addition to social moments and stories, there was a memorial service at the Washington National Cathedral, and the weekend culminated with President Clinton addressing the veterans at the United States Marine Corps War Memorial adjacent to Arlington National Cemetery. Dad and his battery mates were honored to be sitting in the row immediately behind the Chairman and the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Dad's dog tag and mementos from the Iwo Jima 50th Anniversary, including Iwo Jima beach sand.

It goes without saying that our family is very proud of its collective military service to our nation.

God Bless America!

— Chach Morris '70

Michael Thomas Murphy (F-1)

Dad in the 2nd ID in WWII

My father, Ray Murphy, during the post-WWII Europe occupation. (Temporary assignment to 60th Inf Regt, 9th ID. He left Germany in Dec 1945.)

My father, **Ray E. Murphy**, from Vermont, was an infantryman in the 23rd Inf Regt, 2ID. They were supposed to land on Omaha beach on D-day, but I believe the horrific situation caused them to be delayed until the 7th. He had basic training as an infantryman and subsequent training as an infantry "linesman." His primary function was to lay commo wire between Regimental headquarters and the maneuver battalions, as well as to division headquarters. Obviously, unit movements were frequent. The 2nd ID headquarters documented that they moved at least 45 times in the 11 months of combat. (I could not find movement information for the Regiments). My father was awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge on 18 July 1944.

I have built a fairly detailed narrative of events for my father from his quitting high school, as well as his time in the 2ID, until May 1945. I used 22 letters to my grandmother as well as a 2ID unit history. Here's a high-level summary of major battles that the 2ID participated in: They saw significant action in the Saint-Lo breakout, capturing Brest, the Battle of the Bulge and many other battles, ending up in Czechoslovakia in May of 45.

Like many other US Infantry Divisions, the 2ID had its fair share of combat. Based on the casualty information below, it must have been a nightmare, but my father "never" talked about it. (He died in 1973.) The one time I can recall that he spoke of the war was when one day he said his greatest thrill was peeing in the Rhine on his birthday. He was 20 years old.

2nd ID facts from their unit history June 1944 to May 1945:

- Days of combat: 337
- Days in contact with the enemy: 320
- Longest period continuously in contact-Days: 209
- Prisoners captured: 70,307
- Miles traveled in combat, Omaha Beach to Pilsen: 1750

2nd ID Casualties (Infantry Division strength in WWII varied. Typically, between 10,000 and 15,000 men).

- Total battle casualties: 16,795
- Killed in action: 3,031
- Wounded in action: 12,785
- Missing in action: 193
- Prisoners of war: 786

My father's final medals and ribbons (shown at left) include the Bronze Star that caught up with him in the late 1940s.[5] His European campaign ribbon shows campaign stars for Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes-Alsace, and Central Europe.

Dad swearing me in before WP graduation. He was activated while in the Vermont NG for one day to swear me in.

Dad and me after graduation

— Mike Murphy '70

[5] Editor's note: The World War II regulations did not formally prescribe a specific combat service period establishing the infantryman's eligibility for being awarded a Combat Infantryman Badge. In 1947, the U.S. government implemented a policy authorizing the retroactive awarding of the Bronze Star Medal to World War II veteran soldiers who had been awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge, because the CIB was awarded only to soldiers who had borne combat duties befitting the recognition conferred by a Bronze Star Medal. Both awards required a commander's recommendation and a citation in the pertinent orders. (Wikipedia contributors. "Combat Infantryman Badge." Wikipedia, 12 Jul 2022. Web 12 Aug 2022.)

Michael John Pearce (G-1)

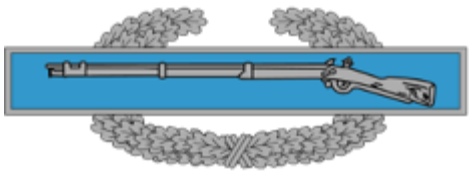
Army Engineer in WWII, Korea, and the Cold War

My father, **William Walter Pearce**, was a first-generation American born of English parents who immigrated to the United States in the early part of the 20th century and moved to Bingham Canyon Utah. That location was on the west side of the Salt Lake Valley. It is where my grandfather worked in the Open Pit Copper Mine for Kennecott Copper Corp. My father graduated from Bingham High School at age 16 and went to college – a year at Rose Institute in Indiana and a year at Westminster College in Salt Lake City. Then tragedy struck and my grandfather died in 1938. So, it took 5 more years for my father to get his degree in Mining Engineering – given his need to also work to support his mother. In the spring of 1943, he got his diploma and a draft notice. He was quickly inducted into the Army as a private at Fort Douglas, Utah (contiguous to the University of Utah and where I lived when I went to Graduate School).

Given his background and education ....and quite frankly the Army's needs, my father was selected to go to Engineer OCS at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. He was commissioned as a second lieutenant. The additional time in school getting his commission put him outside the window of joining the forces committed to the Normandy invasion. He deployed to the European continent in fall 1944. He was assigned to an Engineer Battalion in Patton's Third Army. My father never talked about WWII but from what I have researched he was in the Battle of the Bulge and the march to the end in spring 1945. He ended up in Landsberg/Lech where he met my mother. At the end of the war there was a point system based on how long you had been in combat which drove your redeployment home. My Dad was further back in the pack, so he had to wait for a while.

Like so many thousands he went home and separated from Army service but unlike so many he came back in. Most of his career was spent split between Fort Belvoir and Germany except for a deployment to Korea. My last two years in high school were in Karlsruhe, Germany, where he was a battalion commander. Thereafter, he was sent to Vietnam from 67-68. He returned to Germany to command an Engineer Group at Heidelberg/Schwetzingen. He was subsequently assigned as the Deputy Brigade Engineer for the V Corps engineer brigade. He finished out his service on the USAREUR staff in Heidelberg and retired with nearly 30 years of duty. Thereafter he spent a short time teaching high school in the Fairfax County School System (Virginia) but ultimately ended his professional life doing engineering work at the Army Materiel Command.

You might note in his picture he has a CIB. The obvious question is why an Engineer officer would get this Infantry award. I think the answer to this is mine-clearing operations. Nowadays that is an engineer mission. Back in '44 the mine-clearing teams were infantrymen with



specialized training. They got the CIB. At some point my father was assigned as a Reconnaissance Officer supervising those operations in the zone his unit was responsible for. The command awarded him the CIB and sometime after the war was over all those not Infantry had the award revoked. I remember as a child seeing my father's CIB in amongst his military things in a jewelry box.

In my family, my brothers also served: **Bill** - Class of 73, Corps of Engineers and **John** - Central Intelligence Agency. My son **Rob** is a Lt Col in the USAF and takes over the C17 Squadron in Charleston. His most recent high adventure was a mission in Kabul in the evacuation in August 2021.

— Mike Pearce '70

Calvin O'Neal Purdin (E-1)

From NFL to Flight School and Back

My father, **Calvin O. Purdin**, graduated from the University of Tulsa in May 1943. He immediately joined the Navy and signed up for Naval flight training. His reporting date for boot camp and flight training was early 1944 which allowed him to accept a National Football League draft position with the Chicago Cardinals for the 1943 season before starting Naval training.

Ensign Calvin O. Purdin, 1945

He completed Naval flight training and was commissioned an Ensign at Pensacola, Florida, and immediately transitioned into the F6F Hellcat, a carrier-based fighter. He was ordered to Newport News, Virginia, for qualification training aboard the USS *Solomons* where he deployed into the Atlantic until war's end.

F6F Hellcat

Upon release from the Navy, he returned to the Chicago Cardinals but was traded to the Brooklyn Dodgers football team where he played two seasons before returning to Kansas to run the family business.

My uncle, **Dan Carter**, also served in WWII. After graduating from Tulsa Central High School in 1944, Dan joined the Marines. Upon completion of boot camp, he deployed to the Pacific in preparation for the battle for Iwo Jima. In February 1945, at the age of 18, he was in the second wave of landing crafts to hit the beaches.

Iwo Jima

After the war, Dan returned to Tulsa and attended the University of Tulsa. He would never share stories or experiences; all I could ever learn was that it was horrible, and he just didn't want to talk about it.

— Cal Purdin '70

Joe Robert Reeder (E-1)

Family Service to the Nation

Our family's military heritage starts with heroics during the American Revolutionary War. According to family lore, an ancestor is said to have "deprived" British General Charles Cornwallis of his horse before battle. More recently, four immediate family members have served in the U.S. Army during and after World War II.

During WWII, my wife's father, **Major Wallace C. Boyce,** commissioned in the Corps of Engineers, served as an intelligence officer in General George S. Patton's Third Army in France. Upon learning that Major Boyce had a PhD in French from Princeton, Patton engaged him in "intelligence" operations. Five decades after the war, in 1994 my father-in-law returned to France and participated in the D-Day 50th Anniversary of the Allied invasion and liberation of southern France. My wife Kate and I were able to attend, with me representing the Department of Defense during my four-year tenure as the U.S. Army's 14th Undersecretary.

My Father-in-Law
Major Wallace C. Boyce

My Grandfather
Chief Justice Glenn Parker
Wyoming Supreme Court

During WWII, another family member served in the Army. My mother's father – my grandfather **Glenn Parker** – was a Wyoming lawyer who moved his family to Washington, DC, for his commissioning in the Army. There he served as a full Colonel under Lt. Gen. Lewis Blaine Hershey, Director of Selective Service, with responsibilities for the drafting of U.S.-based aliens. After the war, he returned to his law practice in Wyoming and became a state district judge. From 1955 to 1975 he served on the Wyoming State Supreme Court and twice as the Chief Justice for six years.

During WWII, my grandfather's son – my uncle **William Robert ("Bill") Parker--** attended West Point with the Class of 1946 and was commissioned in the Coast Artillery Corps. He served with the artillery in Japan and with the 11th Airborne Division Artillery in Augsburg, Germany. Bill's younger sister, **Marilyn Ruth Parker,** met and fell in love with Bill's classmate, my father.

My Uncle
1LT William R. Parker 1948

My father, **William Thomas ("Tom") Reeder**, hailed from very modest beginnings in Fort Worth, Texas, raised by a single mom on a meager income from teaching piano. At Pascal High School, one of the largest and best in Fort Worth, Tom used his smarts and leadership skills to become president of his senior class. After two years at the University of Texas, he moved on to West Point.
Here is a little known fact in which Dad took pride: His Class of 1946 included two Heisman Trophy winners (Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard), and several Olympians and national championship athletes. But, when it came to calisthenics and endurance, Dad could be merciless. While never a Corps squad athlete, he was one of the top two cadets in all the physical fitness exams during his three years at West Point. (Due to WWII, academic years were then 11 months.)

My Father Tom Reeder as a cadet in 1945

At the 1945 Army Navy game his first-class year, my determined father "stole" my mother's heart away from the top running back for the U.S. Naval Academy, Clyde "Smackover" Scott, (nicknamed after the tiny Arkansas town of his birth). While Scott and Navy were taking a drubbing on the field at the hands of national champion West Point and Army's Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, my USMA-uniformed Dad snuck over to the Navy side where the dates of the Navy Football players were sitting, and conspicuously wooed my mother. The rest is history. After graduating USNA, "Smackover" won the silver medal in the low hurdles in the Olympics but had lost his date's heart.

Lt Tom Reeder

Just after WWII, as a lieutenant, my dad married my mother, and they moved to his first duty station at Fort Lewis, Washington, where I was born. Five weeks later we posted to Nara, Japan, near Kyoto where my brother Glenn was born. My brothers Tom and John arrived thereafter at Fort Bliss and at the Jacksonville Naval Hospital, while Dad was in grad school at the University of Florida.

Dad was a proud field artilleryman whose 28-year career in the Army also included service in Korea, Okinawa, and Germany. His post in Korea was as the Division Operations Officer (G-3) of the 7th Infantry Division. His last duty post before retirement was Commander of SAFESEA at White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico, which was the ultimate in exotic field artillery. This command included far-flung elements and missile ranges worldwide; e.g., Huntsville, Alabama; Kwajalein Island Atoll; Johnson Atoll; and Guam—where we had ICBMs based. Many iconic scientists were part of this command (some later migrating to NASA), including Dr. Wernher von Braun and other famous alumni of post-WWII Operation Paperclip.

Colonel Tom Reeder

Following retirement, Dad earned his PhD in 1974 at the University of Texas, where he launched a new career on the University of Texas School of Engineering faculty in Austin.

One lasting lesson he taught me (I'm also an artilleryman) was that the overriding justification for the very existence of the field artillery was to support the infantry soldier. That stuck with me serving in the 82d Airborne Division when I encountered a small handful of fellow cannoneers—great cannoneers, but misguided in thinking the King of Battle was an end unto itself. That lesson was re-pounded into me by a great infantryman (and West Point graduate): **Major General (later 4-star) George Blanchard**, who then commanded the 82d.

The Army moved my parents with four sons 27 times, overseas and around the US. We could not have been more blessed by two wonderful parents who loved us, and each other deeply. Thanks to those moves, I attended five different high schools – three in Germany, one at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and senior year at Mount Vernon High School near Fort Belvoir in Virginia. While at Mount Vernon, I met two brothers, Ernie and Walt Oehrlein, who were alums from the tennis team who had gone on to play for West Point. Both were inducted into the West Point Sports Hall of Fame, and Earnie and Walt recruited me to try to follow in their mighty footsteps—too big for me to fill --on the tennis courts at West Point, but I owe them a lot for being great mentors.

My father, father-in-law, uncle, and grandfather in many ways were my role models. Thanks to these veterans, I learned many lessons that were put to good use when I had the opportunity to serve as the Army's Undersecretary (Oct 1993 - Oct 1997). One worth sharing is that all Army officers and their families, wherever posted, also serve as goodwill ambassadors of the United States. Throughout the four years Dad was stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the world's capital for field artillery training, our parents welcomed into our home and introduced us to countless foreign officers—from all over Europe, from Latin America, from Japan, and elsewhere. It was the same wherever we lived overseas. All of us took to heart that many of the friendships cultivated lasted a lifetime, but more important, our parents' hospitality endeared these guests to the United States (one of those was later Pakistan's Army Chief of Staff).

Sworn in as Undersecretary of the Army Nov 1993

With Panama President Ernesto Balladeres (R) 1996

These experiences stuck with me while serving as the Army's Undersecretary in interacting with Army leadership and foreign dignitaries, and serving as Chairman of the Panama Canal Commission Board of Directors. My job to prepare for transition of the Canal to full Panama

control would have been nearly impossible for me without first making a serious investment in befriending Panama's leadership. And thanks to West Point, an early ally of mine became a Class of 1961 graduate, **Kaiser Bazan**, former Vice President of Panama (and one of West Point's few consensus All-American soccer players). Other West Point graduates and friends whose service touched and were touched by Panama include **Generals Barry McCaffrey**, **George Joulwan** and **Wesley Clark**—all three having served as Commander-in-Chief, Southern Command.

Having hosted our Friday night before the game Beat Navy 1970 classmate party for over 43 years, Katie and I have stayed very close to classmates over the years and count them as our dearest friends. We will remain eternally grateful for these warm and unbreakable bonds of friendship. We also treasure the many trips back to West Point, and maintaining close relationships with cadets, in sports, in cybersecurity, and with kids of family friends.

— Joe Reeder '70

Relationships are the foundation of leadership.
— John C. Maxwell, American author, speaker, and pastor

Philip Walter Richard (C-1)

In the Air and Under the Sea in WWII

Captain Albert Richard

My father, **Albert L. Richard**, left college and joined the Army Air Corps shortly after WWII broke out. After flight school, he was assigned as an instructor for about a year, then reassigned to the Air Transport Command. His job was to deliver new aircraft from the factories to the European theater. He logged a lot of time in C-54s, B-17s and B-24s, none of which could carry enough fuel for the trip to Europe.

The usual route left Grenier Field in Manchester New Hampshire, to Keflavik or Reykjavik, Iceland, then on to England. At the time, Grenier Field (now Manchester Regional Airport) had the longest runway in the country and was the preferred departure point.

B-17 Flying Fortress

The bombers were manned with skeleton crews and had only one, 90-round belt of ammo for each machine gun. The only enemy he saw was a lone BF-109 fighter which, thankfully, passed by and ignored his B-17. Deliveries were normally made to various Allied bases in Europe, from which locations a different crew would pick up the plane. Dad would then hop a flight back to the States to get another one.

At some point Captain Richard, being fluent in French, was reassigned to command the Allied air base at Marrakech, Morocco, where he finished out the war. While there, he was treated like a prince by the local people and was given a camel to help him get around the area. He was "adopted" by a young Moroccan lad who would see to his laundry, polish his boots and sleep on the floor outside the door to his quarters. He mustered out at Ft Devens, Massachusetts, after about four years of honorable service.

Coxswain Roger La Rouche

My uncle, **Roger Joseph La Rouche**, enlisted in the US Navy from Atlantic City, New Jersey, shortly after war with Japan was declared. He was one of three brothers who joined the Navy. He joined the submarine service, was trained as a coxswain, and was attached to the newly launched submarine, USS *Cisco*. He was with the *Cisco* during sea trials and passage to its new base in the Pacific.

USS Cisco

During *Cisco's* first war patrol, the boat reportedly (Japanese Naval records) developed an oil leak that was easily seen from the air. On September 26, 1943, while in the Sulu Sea off Mindanao, *Cisco* was attacked and sunk by a coordinated Japanese air/sea operation. There was only one survivor. According to Navy tradition, Coxswain La Rouche is still at sea.

— Phil Richard '70

Herbert Ray Roberts (C-1)

Army Pistol Team Coach: A Career Infantryman

Herb Roberts Jr.

Herbert Roberts Jr. was born 11 July 1921 in Sparta, Tennessee, to Herbert Roberts Sr. and Edwina Brock Roberts. Before joining the Army in 1941, he was a lineman for the Southern Bell Telephone Company at Sunbright, Tennessee.

During World War II, following a non-combat landing on the island of Leyte, he first saw action when the 503d Regimental Combat Team (RCT) made a major amphibious landing on Mindoro Island in the central Philippines on 15 December 1944. He also participated in the parachute invasion of Corregidor.

The following is from a War Department press release from 1945 upon his return stateside:

> Veteran of the parachute invasion which brought American troops back to Corregidor after almost three years, Technical Sergeant Herbert Roberts, of Sunbright, Tennessee, has returned to the United States for discharge under the Army point system.
>
> His awards include the Distinguished Unit Badge, for the citation given the 503d Parachute Infantry Combat Team on its Corregidor performance.
>
> "Corregidor," he said in an interview at a West Coast port, "was about the hardest jump the 503d made. I was on two other operations with them, but it was my first combat jump. The Infantrymen who had made the others, though, rated Corregidor the toughest.
>
> "There was a strong crosswind. Some of the men were carried off into Manila Bay. The island had been given such a terrific bombardment that the ground was torn up pretty bad. A lot of fellows were injured hitting the ground. And of course, the Japs shot some of them, too.
>
> "Twelve of us had to go out after an officer who broke his leg when he came down in the second wave. He was under heavy machinegun and rifle fire, but he had been there a couple of hours and had to be evacuated.
>
> "While I was getting his pants leg cut off, the patrol killed 13 Japs. We found a sheet of tin, a piece blown off a building, and used it as a litter to carry him on."
>
> Overseas 17 months, the sergeant saw his first action on Mindoro, where he said his unit once went through 27 air raids within 24 hours.
>
> After Corregidor, the combat team reinforced an Infantry division on Negros, in the southern Philippines. He was there more than two months.

T/Sgt Roberts remained in the Army and also served during the Korean War. *[Unfortunately, we have no detail on this period other than his campaign and service awards. – ed.]*

In the 1960s, he served as the Coach of the Army Pistol Team at USMA. During this period, he led the team to multiple National Championships and had 24 of his shooters recognized as All-Americans.

It's said that SGM Roberts had been offered a chance to finish his Army career as Coach of the Army Pistol Team by GEN Westmoreland. However, SGM Roberts chose to answer the call of duty, shipping out for Vietnam on 25 August 1967.

In Vietnam, he served as Sergeant Major[6] of 3d Battalion, 8th Infantry Regiment, 4th Infantry Division in Kon Tum Province. He was killed in a helicopter crash when the tail rotor of the UH-1H struck a tree, 20 December 1967. He is buried at the post cemetery at West Point.

SGM Roberts's awards include the Combat Infantryman Badge (3), the Bronze Star Medal, the Air Medal (2), Army Commendation Medal (3), Good Conduct Medal (7), and WWII, Korean War, and Vietnam War campaign and service medals.

—For Herb Roberts '70

[6] Editor's note: In the 1967-68 timeframe, the Army transitioned to identifying the rank and position of the senior enlisted member of a battalion or higher as a command sergeant major (CSM). A unique rank insignia for a CSM was identified in 1968. (Wikipedia contributors. "Command sergeant major." Wikipedia, *The Free Encyclopedia*, 27 August 2024.) Nowadays Roberts would be identified as a CSM.

Cesare Francis Rosati (G-1)

Serving in Italy and in the United States

Cesare Ranalletta

My maternal grandfather, **Cesare Ranalletta**, (18??- 1915), after whom I am named, served in the Italian Army in WWI.

Italy was an ally of the United States and during WWI, the Allied Forces included France, Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Japan and later, the United States.

While serving in northern Italy on the Austrian front, Cesare was shot in the knee and the doctors could not get the bullet out, so they sent him home. Once it healed over, he insisted on going back to the front. He was killed shortly thereafter in 1915.

My grandfather is memorialized on the WWI memorial (at left) in my hometown in Italy (Celano). He is buried in the WWI memorial at Cortina D'Ampezzo. His wife, my maternal grandmother, died shortly afterwards, leaving my mother (the baby seated on her lap) and her older sister (the other girl in the photo) orphaned and left to be raised by my grandfather's sister (older woman standing).

My mother Ada as a baby held by her mother.

My father, **Remo Rosati** (1907-1976), served in the Italian Army in WWII. All I know about it is that when Italy switched sides to the Allies, he was captured by the Germans but escaped and made it home. When the Germans came looking for him, my mother (**Ada Z. Rosati**) and her sister hid him in the fireplace behind the wood. When the Germans threatened to kill people if prisoners weren't returned, they had to surrender him. He was later liberated by the Americans.

My older brother, **Corrado Rosati** (b. 1943), served in the US Army and is a Vietnam vet. My younger brother, **Dino E. Rosati** (b. 1948), served in the US Army. My youngest brother, **Robert J. Rosati** (b. 1958), served in the US Air Force. My sister Sylvia's husband, **William H. Miller,** was a Vietnam veteran.

Brother Dino, sister Silvia, brothers Robert and Corrado, and me

— Cesare Rosati '70

David C. Rosenblum (A-1)

Dad's "Uplifting" WWII Experiences

Victor Rosenblum, 1942

The following is based on my memory of stories that my dad told me over the years. I have not been able to find any of the paperwork from his time in Army prior to and during WW II. Sadly, I have also not found his Purple Heart or the Japanese bayonet that he once lent me as child, over the strong objections of my mom, which I used to cut blocks of snow/ice to make an igloo in the back yard.

My dad, **Victor S. Rosenblum** (1918-2005), was a student at NYU in the first half of 1940 when he decided to leave college and enlist for one year in the US Army. Soon after, he was assigned to the base hospital at Ft. Hancock, NJ a short distance from where he grew up in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, NY. During his year in the Army, he worked in hospital supply. He was discharged after his enlistment was up in 1941 and went home to Brooklyn.

Of course, shortly after Pearl Harbor was attacked in December 1941, Dad was called back to the Army. He reported to an Armory in Manhattan along with thousands of others. The Army staff was overwhelmed with the sheer number of new recruits. Any draftees who were able to type were set up with typewriters to fill in the blanks on the orders for each new soldier. An NCO was assigned to supervise 5 or 10 (or more?) of these drafted typists. On that day all the new soldiers were being assigned to the 42nd Infantry Division (Rainbow Division) of the NY National Guard. When Dad got to the front of the line the draftee typist started to fill in the 42 ID and Dad stopped him and informed the draftee that he had prior service, and he should be assigned to the base hospital at Ft Hancock. After some debate, the typist called, "Hey Sarge, this guy says he has prior service and should be sent back to Ft Hancock." The reply was "What the hell, send him to Ft Hancock." So, my father started his WWII service by assigning himself close to home at Ft Hancock.

Dad with Julie Kessler, his future bride and my mom, at NYC nightclub, 1942 or -43

This strategy would have probably worked for the entire war except for one twist of fate. He had turned down an opportunity to go to OCS so he could stay at Ft Hancock; however, he met my mom on a blind date in NYC and after some months of dating they decided to get married. Dad felt like he needed to be earning more money, so he accepted OCS and thus ended the Ft Hancock assignment. After getting married in June 1943, he went to OCS in St Louis. The only OCS story I ever remember was it was hot and humid during the summer of 1943 and the only upside was that

all the soldiers were given free beer at the Budweiser brewery after class each day. When Dad finished OCS, Mom took the train to join Dad in St Louis and then they trained to the panhandle of Texas for his first assignment at a POW camp housing Nazi soldiers of the German Africa Corps in McLean, Texas.

McLean, Texas - the Uplift Town

Dad and Mom were billeted in the only hotel in McLean; however, all of the hotel's rooms were already full, so the hotel had walls built in the lobby to make a new room for them. As newlyweds, this was their very first home. They told me several stories from their time in McLean and in 1970 when I was driving from NY to Ft Bliss, I went through McLean, and Dad asked me to take some pictures for them. The hotel was still there and open, although most of the rest of the town was shuttered and closed. When I went inside, one of the men having a beer at the bar in the lobby asked why I was taking pictures. When I told him, he said, "Oh yeah, I think I remember them!" I took a picture of the billboard on the way into Mclean, which identified it as "The Uplift Town." You can't quite make it out on this 1970 photo, but the nickname comes from the town having a bra factory, the largest women's employer in town.[7]

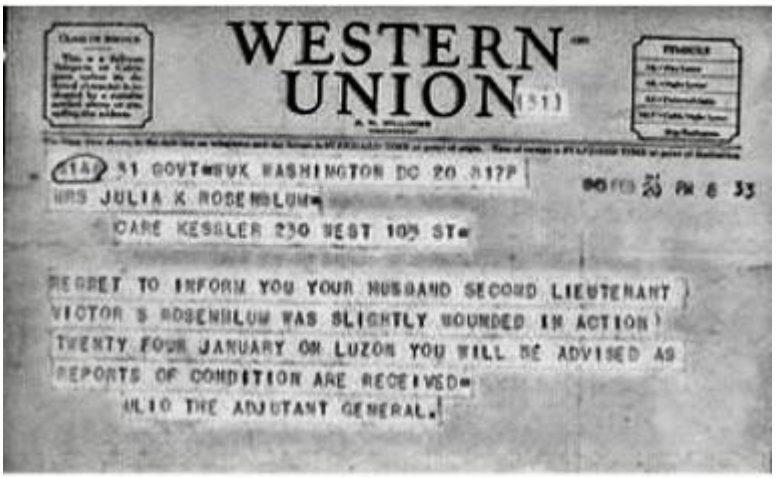
Dad, Luzon, Philippines, 1945

I remember a couple of anecdotes from Dad's time at the POW Camp. One involved a particularly tough Nazi soldier who refused to take any orders from Dad because he was Jewish. The Camp Commander assured Dad he knew how to take care of this. From that day on, this guy's assignment was to stand in the back of a truck up to his waist in garbage spreading it evenly in the bed of the truck. Dad was also told by one German soldier that the camp should be in violation of the Geneva Convention because he could run for 3 weeks and still be in sight of the guard towers.

Dad only spent a short time in Texas before he received orders that sent him overseas to New Guinea. I don't know much about his time in New Guinea except at some point he had a collapsed lung and ended up in his own hospital. However, that turned out to be better than his next adventure. His unit was put on a ship and became a part of the invasion of the Philippines. After landing in the Philippines, Dad's field hospital supported the invasion forces. For most of his life Dad never said much about his time in the Philippines. The only story I remember was about him assisting in a surgery when a soldier nearby yelled,

[7] Editor's note: According to the town's website, the building that once housed the bra factory now hosts the Devil's Rope Museum, dedicated to the history of barbed wire, and the Old Route 66 Museum, containing artifacts from the heyday of Route 66, the "Mother Road." A version of the billboard is in the Old Route 66 Museum.

"Hey, there's MacArthur." The surgeon told him, "F___ MacArthur. Pay attention to the surgery." So having been within a few yards of MacArthur, he never saw him.



WESTERN UNION

51 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC 20 317P

MRS JULIA K ROSENBLUM=

CARE KESSLER 230 WEST 105 ST=

REGRET TO INFORM YOU YOUR HUSBAND SECOND LIEUTENANT VICTOR S ROSENBLUM WAS SLIGHTLY WOUNDED IN ACTION TWENTY FOUR JANUARY ON LUZON YOU WILL BE ADVISED AS REPORTS OF CONDITION ARE RECEIVED=

ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

It was not until Dad was in his 80s that he told me any of the details of how he was wounded although I always knew a fragment from a Japanese artillery shell took off the tip of his nose, a wound I always said was a "Japanese nose job." In any case, an inch or two closer to Dad's skull and there would have been no me. Late in his life Dad told me more details. His unit was on the move, heading down a road when they came under artillery fire. Everyone dove into ditches on the side of the road; however, one soldier was wounded in the legs and laying in the middle of the road. Dad left the ditch to bandage the wounds. He was straddling the wounded soldier when the next round arrived, and he was hit by shrapnel. While bandaging the injured leg, the bandage kept getting soaked with blood, until at one point the injured soldier said, "God sir, you don't have a nose." At which point he figured the blood soaking through was his. It turned out to be a million-dollar wound because he was evacuated and sent back to the US for treatment. He was just out of the hospital in the US when the A-bombs were dropped, saving him from a return to the Pacific and the invasion of the Japanese homeland.

— **Dave Rosenblum '70**

Dad (center) with brothers Lester and Saul, 1943

Robert Ayres Walton (G-1)

"He's Got Guts"

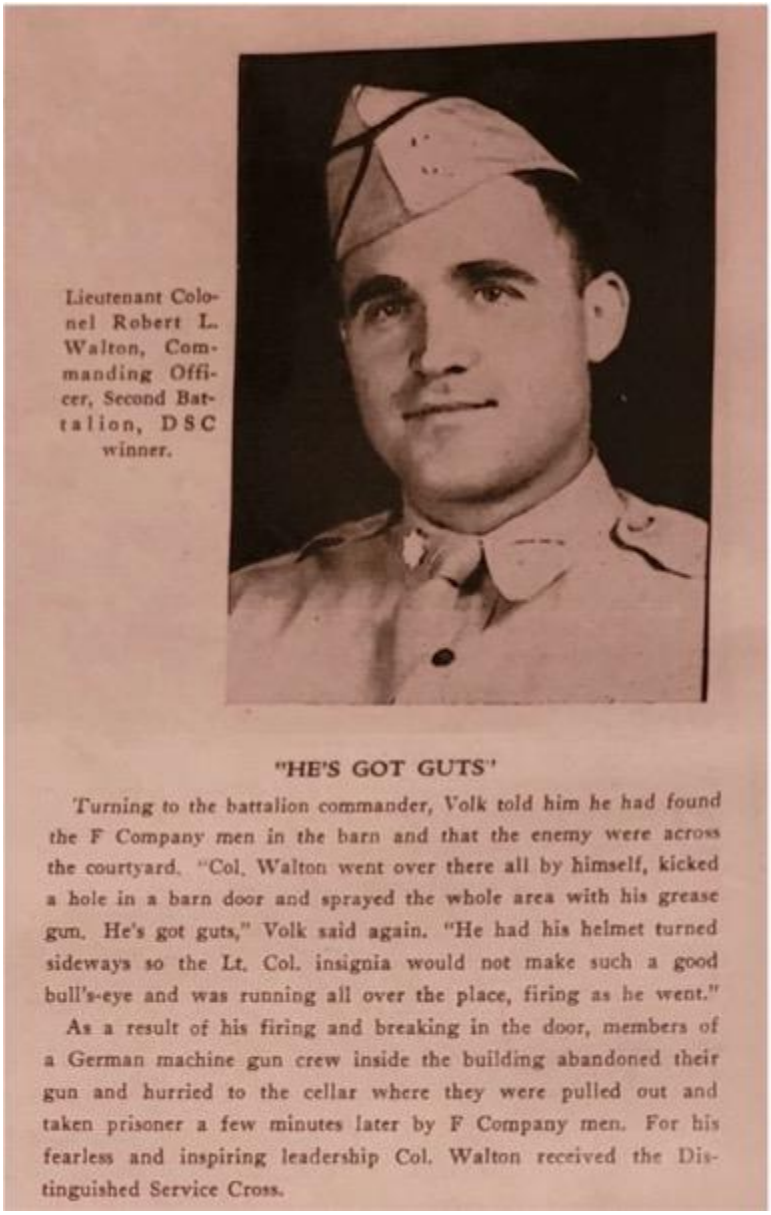
The Walton Brothers - Pelham, Robert, and Hugh

My dad, **Robert L. Walton**, and his two brothers fought in Europe in WWII. All survived and retired as colonels – two from the Army Reserve, and Dad from active duty. **Pelham** was an engineer CPT in the Normandy invasion. **Hugh** was a paratrooper who broke his leg in a jump before the invasion, so he ended up operating an amphibious landing craft during the invasion. Dad was battalion commander of 2d BN, 377th INF RGT, 95th INF DIV, XX Corps. He led his battalion from Texas to England, through France, Belgium, and into Germany. I will attempt to summarize his actions and some lessons learned that I gleaned from conversations with him, the *Washington Post*, and 377th history.

Tactical Map of Metz

By Oct 1944, XX Corps (commanded by MG Walton Walker[8] to whom, I believe, our classmate, Tom Walker, is related), under LTG Patton's Third Army, was part of a new offensive which included seizing well-fortified Metz on the Moselle River. Patton chose XX Corps to make the main effort, with the 377th assigned the first offensive action in the 95th sector, including a night assault, crossing the Moselle River, and a night attack by all three battalions north of Metz. According to Dad, the XX Corps was originally to conduct the feint attack, but Patton changed that to conducting the main attack and they had about 4 1/2 hours left to prepare for it. Dad felt most fortunate to have been visiting Corps Headquarters when he overheard Patton make the change which gave Dad more time to implement it.

[8] Editor's note: More about LTG Walton Walker (USMA 1912) in the Korean War is attached after Bob's story.



Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Walton, Commanding Officer, Second Battalion, DSC winner.

"HE'S GOT GUTS"

Turning to the battalion commander, Volk told him he had found the F Company men in the barn and that the enemy were across the courtyard. "Col. Walton went over there all by himself, kicked a hole in a barn door and sprayed the whole area with his grease gun. He's got guts," Volk said again. "He had his helmet turned sideways so the Lt. Col. insignia would not make such a good bull's-eye and was running all over the place, firing as he went."

As a result of his firing and breaking in the door, members of a German machine gun crew inside the building abandoned their gun and hurried to the cellar where they were pulled out and taken prisoner a few minutes later by F Company men. For his fearless and inspiring leadership Col. Walton received the Distinguished Service Cross.

Extract from the 377th Regt History on Dad in Battle at Metz

Stiff enemy resistance resulted in furious battles with heavy casualties on both sides. On 12 Nov, as the 2/377th was attacking Metz from the north, Dad was wounded by enemy mortar shrapnel and continued to fight until his wounds became infected 14 Nov. His XO, MAJ Albert L. Sebesta, took command, leading 2/377th into Metz until he was wounded. On 23 Nov, CPT W. G. Neel (former S-3), led the battalion to successful conclusion of the Metz operation and then crossed the Nied River, onto Saarlautern and Ottonville Woods (near the Maginot Line) where heavy fighting ensued. On 25 Nov, CPT Neel was severely wounded and replaced by the 3d Battalion's XO, MAJ Albion C. Mulcock who took the battalion north to Bouzonville, France. Then on to Rammelfangen, Guisingen, Oberlimberg, Niedaltdorf, Kerprich-Hemmersdorf, and Itzbach.

Around the end of Nov/early Dec, Dad, having recovered from his wounds, reassumed command of the 2/377th. They encountered bitter house-to-house fighting in Fraulautern on the Saar River. On 17 Dec, Fifth Division troops replaced the 2/377th which traveled to Hargarten, France, for a short R&R. Then 1st and 3d Bns moved to Fraulautern, and 2d Bn (Dad's) moved to Lisdorf, south of Saarlautern. Heavy enemy fire, including *Luftwaffe* and heavy artillery, ensued in the 95th area. Active defense mission continued. On 26 Jan 1945, the Regiment proceeded to Belgium and became VIII Corps reserve, still under Third Army. On 3 Feb, the 95th transferred to Ninth Army. 2/377th billeted in Millen, Belgium, for R&R. On 13 Feb, the 377th came under British Second Army in Holland. On 14 Feb, the 2/377th relieved the Fifth King's Own Scottish Borderers (KOSB) vicinity of Deurne, Holland. On 2 Mar, the 377th moved to Mersch, Germany, holding positions along the Rhine River with 2/377 in reserve vicinity Homberg and Rheinhausen, with German sporadic artillery fire from the other side of the Rhine. On 10 Mar, the 377th moved to Kaster, Germany, to a large reserve area; then the 2/377th moved to Kirchherten. Subsequently, 2AD initiated a 130-mile drive into the heart of the Reich to help isolate the Ruhr. On 30 Mar, 2/377th, as part of Task

Force Baker from 2AD, in the vicinity of Peddenberg, Germany, crossed the Dortmund-Ems Canal on their race to Berlin. Then through Aschberg, Drensteinfurt, Rietberg (Apr 1, my sister's birthday), and Augustdorf, where they underwent stiff *panzer* and self-propelled artillery resistance. Then on to the "Ruhr Pocket," vicinity of Rhine, Ruhr, Mohne, and Lippe rivers. Then the 2/377th was attached to 278th Regiment to take a sector of Dortmund. On 13 Apr, the Seventeenth Cav Squadron relieved the 377th amidst news that FDR had died. By 16 Apr, the Ruhr Pocket was entirely under American occupation.

On 19 Jun 1945, the 377th was shipped to Norfolk, VA. On 11 Oct 1945, the 377th was inactivated, followed by the 95th on 15 Oct 1945, ending its brilliant record as one of the outstanding WWII combat divisions in the US Army, just 3 years and 3 months after its birth.

From 1946-1951, Dad, with his family, was part of the occupation forces in Linz/Vienna, Austria. He told me years later that his civil engineering background helped him prepare a detailed evacuation plan for us through the underground sewer systems if Russia attacked.

After the War, he joined the 11th ABN Div; then Naval War College; MAAG in Matsu, Quemoy, and Dachen where he was missing in action (MIA) as he escaped with an NCO and "hitched a ride" on a Chinese "junk" to Taiwan, just in time to greet his family as they arrived. (Another story… Then Pentagon, Korea, and 82d Abn at Ft Bragg during Bay of Pigs, and Dominican Crisis).

I mentioned the details on the 377th History to provide a broad overview of the intense battles, innate teamwork, impact of expert training, resolve, stick-to-itiveness, and shear guts these men had in order to succeed – first major lessons. The 377th history is filled with heroism, personal sacrifice, top-notch leadership at all levels, often to the point of self-sacrifice, to ensure continued success.

Star, Jan. 28, 1955

Radio Tells of Night Escape Of D. C. Colonel From Tachens

Col. Robert Walton Was Football Star At Maryland U.

The evacuation of a Washington-born Army colonel from the Communist-attacked Tachen Islands has been reported in a radio broadcast.

The report said Col. Robert L. Walton, 39, son of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Walton of 6318 Thirty-third street N.W., had been safely taken from the island with another soldier of this area, Sergt. Charles Evans of Richmond, Va.

Col. Walton has spent most of his time in uniform since his graduation from the University of Maryland in 1938. On the two previous years he made his mark as a scrappy, 168-pound center on the Maryland football teams and a middleweight boxer on the boxing teams.

Made Night Escape.

CBS Correspondent Robert Pierpoint reported meeting Col. Walton and Sergt. Evans and learning how they made a night escape in a Chinese junk protected by a band of heavily armed guerillas.

Col. Walton described the heavy bombing of the islands by the Chinese Reds, observing that dust thrown up in the operations reached a height of 100 feet.

The evacuation was accomplished with the aid of nearly 100 F-86 Saberjets flying a cover.

COL. ROBERT L. WALTON.

Served Under Patton.

Col. Walton commanded a battalion of the 95th Division under General Patton in World War II. He was wounded in the attack on Metz, but before that won the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star.

Col. Walton in 1940 married Miss Shirley Shaw, his Chevy Chase High School sweetheart. She and their four children have been living in Monterey, Calif., since Col. Walton's overseas assignment.

Evening Star Article on Dad being MIA in 1955

Dad's WWII and other Army experiences encouraged many friends and relatives to strive to be like him. He also had his moments, like the time he, as Post Commander of Ft Myer, called Main Post and chewed them out for playing Taps at 0200 hrs only to find his son (oops—me), on Christmas leave from USMA, was watching Taps being played on a frontier western on his TV! I learned how to keep cool during real, potentially dangerous situations…

I also learned another major lesson about how the Good Lord prepared Dad's generation for toughness to overcome such major obstacles as WWI, the Great Depression, WWII, and, later, the Korean War. Dad grew up in Washington, DC. As the son of a chemist, Depression life was tough. He started Golden Gloves boxing at 12. He learned Joe Lewis-style boxing which helped protect him later in war, as did football and lacrosse. In 1938, he graduated from the University of Maryland as senior class president and ROTC colonel. When I asked him why he had not applied to USMA, he explained that his high school had a junior ROTC program so when he was offered an appointment to West Point, he turned it down because he was not interested in doing that again.

Dad and Bob

— **Bob Walton '70**

Brief Overview of USMA Graduates in the Korean War

The Korean War began suddenly in June 1950 when North Korean forces attacked across the 38th Parallel and made rapid advances into South Korea. In response, the Eighth U.S. Army, commanded by Lieutenant General Walton Walker (USMA 1912), deployed to South Korea from Japan. Walker's soldiers waged a heroic withdrawal to the Pusan perimeter. Their efforts bought the time necessary for the United Nations commander, General Douglas MacArthur (USMA 1903), to conduct a brilliant counterstroke at Inchon in September. Allied forces then drove the retreating Communists north to the Yalu River, the border with Communist China.

In November 1950, Chinese Communist forces launched a massive counterattack that pushed the Allies south of the 38th Parallel by the end of the year. Within a few months, the new Eighth U.S. Army commander, Lieutenant General Matthew Ridgway (USMA April 1917), had pushed the Communists north of the 38th Parallel, stabilized the battlefield, and forced the enemy to begin peace negotiations. During the next two years, Allied and Communist forces fought bloody engagements at places like the Punchbowl, Heartbreak Ridge, and Pork Chop Hill in an effort to influence the peace talks, Allied forces held firm, and in July 1953 the Communists signed an armistice that recognized the futility of their efforts to conquer the South.

During the Korean conflict, West Point graduates served in every leadership position from platoon leader to theater commander. Their collective efforts helped contain communism and permit the development of a stable, peaceful South Korea that remained a key American ally for the remainder of the twentieth century.

James Randall Ward (B-1)

Dad's Lifetime of Service

James C. Ward

On the day following his graduation in May 1942 from Egbert High School in Egbert, Wyoming, my father, **James C. Ward**, and most of the boys from his graduating class drove to Cheyenne, Wyoming and enlisted in their selected armed service. My dad enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He left in June 1942 for Camp Pendleton, California, for basic training. Following boot camp, he shipped out to the 5th Marine Division, part of V Amphibious Corps.

My father spoke very little about his combat in World War II. I know he was involved in amphibious landings in the Pacific at Guadalcanal, Saipan and others. The only time I remember him speaking about his experiences was in November 1964 during the 10th anniversary of the Marine Corps Memorial in Washington, D.C. He talked a little about being on Iwo Jima and witnessing the raising of the American Flag on Mount Suribachi. He talked about the inspiration the flag raising had on the Marines on the island, and that he knew two of the Marines involved in the original flag raising.

He was discharged from the Marine Corps in December 1945 and joined the Wyoming Highway Patrol in September 1946. He married his high school sweetheart in January 1947. He was recalled to the Marine Corps on November 11, 1950. Following training in Camp Pendleton, he was assigned to the 1st Marine Division in Korea. He was discharged from the Marines in April 1952 as a Gunnery Sergeant. As with his experience in WWII, my dad never spoke about his service in the Korean War. Unfortunately, by the time I graduated West Point in 1970 and started to appreciate and become curious about his service in WWII and Korea, my father died at age 50 from complications of lung and colon cancer. He served 25 years on the Wyoming Highway Patrol.

I know that part of my learning to serve with integrity was because of the example set by my father. One experience I never forgot was my father taking our family to visit a Japanese American family in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The family had been friends of my father from his small hometown. That family lost their business and home after being sent to a detention camp during WWII. Despite having fought bitter battles with the Japanese soldiers, my father felt compassion and kindness towards the Japanese-American family. At the time I was too young to understand the importance of his generosity, but I came to understand and appreciate his integrity as my military experience grew.

— **Jim Ward '70**

Dennis Edward Williams (G-1)

Army Air Corps Dad and Women's Army Corps Mom

My father, **Thomas J. Williams,** and my mother, **Vivian A. Martin**, both served in the military during WW II.

Dad graduated from high school in 1941 just prior to the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He was attending junior college in Detroit, Michigan, at the time the war broke out. He enlisted in mid-1942 in the U.S. Army Air Corps and was sent to flight engineer training following basic training.

U.S. Army Air Corps

His first field assignment was a deployment to Hawaii at Hickam Field prior to being stationed in Burma. At Hickam he worked primarily in B-25 support where he was involved in both maintenance/engineering and gunnery skills.

He deployed to the Burma theater in early 1943 supporting B-25s flying out of Myitkyina Airfield, Burma, as part of the 10th Air Force. During the later part of 1943 on a routine B-25 engine check flight, his B-25 developed engine problems and crashed behind Japanese lines. They crashed into a small lake with no serious injuries to anyone on the crew. Luckily for them as my Dad would tell me, the lake was only 3-4 feet deep. It looked a lot deeper during their nearly free-fall descent before they ditched. They managed to get back across the Japanese lines without being captured. They were in the jungle three nights evading Japanese patrols before they returned to their base.

C-47

My Dad's next deployment in mid-1944 was to New Malir Airfield near Karachi in western India flying C-47s over the Himalayas supporting Chiang Kai-shek's forces fighting the Japanese in southern China. The 14th Air Force in China was dependent on the fuel and supplies from these flights over "The Hump" to be able to fight the Japanese effectively.

My Dad flew "The Hump" until the war ended in 1945. The C-47's ceiling when flying fully loaded was not high enough to get over the taller Himalayan peaks, so they flew mostly through valleys to get into China. The loss of aircraft from the "death valley flying" was very high and there was no rescue once you went down in these mountains. Even flying the valleys required getting over a final 15,000 foot ridge before beginning any descent into China. Needless to say, a lot of prayers were said before these missions.

Having survived the war in the Pacific, my Dad continued flying for another 17 years. He flew a range of piston-driven aircraft — the DC-3, C-119, C-124, C-46, C-47, B-25, B-36, and finally C-54 — accumulating over 20,000 flight hours.

His final Air Force assignment was with the Air Defense Command in early 1960 based in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he lived after his retirement. He retired from the Air Force in 1962.

My Dad met my Mom in 1945 at Andrews Field near New York City in 1945. They met in a mess hall line when my Dad introduced himself asking for a date and the rest is history.

Vivian A. Martin

My Mother, **Vivian A. Martin**, was born in 1922 in Tifton, Georgia. After high school she attended Montreat College in Asheville, North Carolina, and got her associate degree in English in 1942. She joined the Women's Army Corps (WAC) in late 1942 and served as a senior stenographer in Washington, DC, on the office staff of General Leslie Groves as part of the Manhattan Project.

She had no idea at the time what the end goal of the Manhattan Project was and didn't find out until the war ended like most of the people she worked with on the support staff. She left the WAC in late 1945 when she married my father.

Women's Army Corps

Her favorite war stories she shared with us were the many strategy meetings she attended as primary minutes taker. Several involved the initial targeting decision for the first atomic bomb dropped on Japan. She was very familiar with sites like Hiroshima and Nagasaki but had no idea why these sites were being analyzed. Her assumption was some type of US land or airborne invasion planning. Her final typed notes from these meetings were taken from her at completion, and she was not allowed to keep any copies. She had the highest security clearance in place at that time and when often asked what these meetings were about, she could not talk about any of the attendees or meeting topics. She probably knew a lot more about what was going on but never shared those details with me.

— **Dennis Williams '70**

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Women who stepped up were measured as citizens of the nation, not as women.
This was a people's war, and everyone was in it.
—Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, Director, Women's Army Corps, 1942-1945

Bernard Alan Zeper (C-1)

Our Family's Service During WWII, Korea, and Peacetime

Thelma J. Zeper, US Navy WAVE
Born May 23, 1925, in Altoona, Pennsylvania Died September 14, 2003, in Las Vegas, Nevada

My mother, Thelma, entered military service as a member of the US Navy WAVES (Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service) on her 20th birthday on May 23, 1945. She served as a Storekeeper 3rd Class and received her honorable discharge from the service on July 8, 1946. She was awarded the Victory Medal.

Although my Mom was only on active duty for 14 months, she somehow managed to be featured on a recruiting poster. She is the first WAVE in the picture to the right.

She married my Dad on May 19, 1946, shortly before her discharge. They had met, believe it or not, at a USO dance in Pittsburgh and were married within a year.

Mom was an Army wife through and through. She raised four children while moving often – from Pennsylvania to West Germany to New York back to West Germany and finally to Seattle, where Dad retired from the Army in 1965. She took care of us on her own while Dad was overseas fighting in the Korean War. When he was transferred to West Germany, she took care of us each time for the 3 to 4 months until quarters were available. Yes, Mom was a hero to us kids.

Philip Zeper, Lieutenant Colonel, US Army (Retired)
Born Nov. 19, 1919, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Died Dec. 21, 2003, in Las Vegas, Nevada

My father **Phil** personified what America is all about. His father Ben passed away when he was just a boy, so his mother Anna had three young boys to raise. All three brothers served our country in the Army and saw extensive combat in WWII in Europe. **Milt**, the oldest, served as a lieutenant in the Transportation Corps. **Louis**, the middle brother, was a sergeant. And my Dad, the youngest, was an Infantryman and the only one to fight in Korea and make the military a career.

L to R: Milt, Anna, Louis, and Dad

Dad graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1942 with degrees in economics and accounting. He went into the Army on October 5, 1942, as a private. After basic training, he was selected for Officer Candidate School (OCS) and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry on March 31, 1943, at Fort Benning, Georgia.

Dad fought in Germany during WWII as a member of the 327th Glider Infantry Regiment with the 101st Airborne Division. His units fought at the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium and Luxembourg, fought in the Rhineland, and took Berchtesgaden in the Bavarian Alps and the Hitler's famed Eagle's Nest retreat nearby.

Dad (far left) with officers in his unit

Dad (left) with brother Milt in Berchtesgaden and at Hitler's Eagle's Nest retreat, June 1, 1945

By coincidence, although in different units, Dad and his brother Milt were in Berchtesgaden at the same time. They ran into each other after my Dad's company had taken this town on the march through Bavaria and his brother Milt's transportation company came rumbling into town with a bunch of, by then, empty deuce and a half ton trucks. It so happened that in town there was a large wine cellar. Dad's infantry company had received orders to move on since the Regimental Commander and support staff were coming in to use the town as its command center, Dad and his men got a "ride" out of town and took the wine with them. When asked about it a day or two later, my Dad played dumb and said they were a combat infantry company so how could they possibly carry cases of wine.

After WWII, Dad came home, met Mom, married her in May of 1946 and was discharged as a captain in November 1946. He and an older brother opened a successful men's clothing store at Penn State, but that business was short lived as my Dad got recalled back into the Army to go fight in Korea.

In Korea, Dad served in the 1st Battalion, 9th Infantry in the 2d Infantry Division. After Korea, he decided to stay in the Army and served at various bases in the US and West Germany. He retired from the Army on June 30,1965.

Dad was a warrior. His decorations include the Combat Infantryman Badge and the Bronze Star awarded in 1944 as a second lieutenant during the Rhineland Campaign in Germany. As a captain in the Korean War in 1950, he earned the Silver Star for gallantry at Kunu-ri. He had led several patrols through enemy lines to safety. He was also awarded the Purple Heart, not just once but with two Oak Leaf Clusters.

My siblings and I were brought up in an Army family with many unique and meaningful experiences. In the 1950s in Pittsburgh, our Mom really had to step up while Dad was fighting in Korea. My older sister was three, I was one, and our youngest sister was born in 1951 while Dad was gone. Yep, our Mom got pregnant just a little while before he deployed!

Once Dad came home in 1954, we ended up going to West Germany. I can vaguely recall going to 1st, 2nd and 3rd grade in Stuttgart (Ludwigsburg). We left in the summer of 1957, almost a year after our youngest brother was born there. I remember the bombed-out buildings and bullet holes in the buildings, especially in Nurnberg, where we lived from 1960 to 1964.

From 1957 to 1960, we lived on Long Island while Dad was a ROTC instructor at Pratt Institute in New York City. In December 1960, it was back to West Germany and I went to 7th through 10th grade in Nurnberg. In 1961 I had my Bar Mitzvah there in the Palace of Justice, site of the Nurnberg War Tribunals after WWII. I have been told I was the first Jewish male to do so. Ironically, the Jewish Chapel was located in the Palace of Justice, probably intentional on the part of the United States Army. Also interesting is that our Nurnberg High School football stadium was Soldiers Field, yes, where Hitler held huge rallies to review his troops.

In 1964 Dad was transferred to Fort Lawton, Washington, and retired in 1965. Our Army family life came to an end. In 1966, I carried on the family tradition of service when I left for West Point.

In 1970, like Mom and Dad, my wife Candy and I married and carried on the tradition of Army family life. Two remarkable coincidences occurred while Candy and I were stationed in Stuttgart, West Germany. First, in 1973 our son was born in the same Army hospital as my younger brother in 1956. What's more, the Army Rabbi who performed the Bris on our son in 1973 was the one who had performed my Bar Mitzvah 12 years earlier.

It was because of people like Mom and Dad that we Americans enjoy everything we have today. They were the UNSELFISH generation that had to work hard and were willing to work hard and make extreme sacrifices to give our generation a chance to thrive. I will love them always and still, to this day, thank the Lord they were MY PARENTS.

— **Bernie Zeper '70**

Second Regiment Stories

The veterans of our military services have put their lives on the line to protect the freedoms that we enjoy. They have dedicated their lives to their country and deserve to be recognized for their commitment.

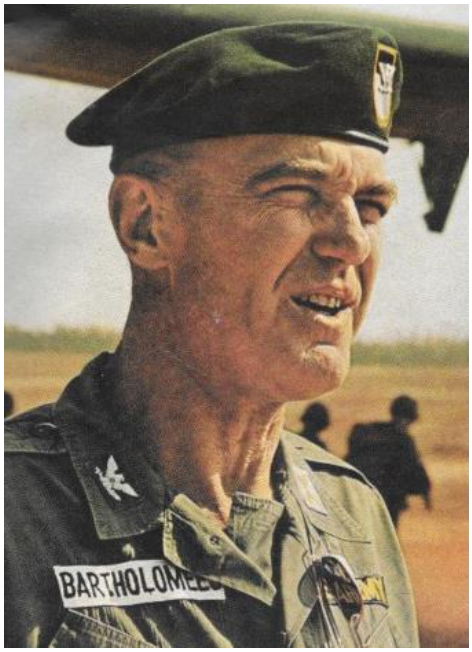
— Judd Gregg, US Senator, New Hampshire, 1993-2011

James Boone Bartholomees Jr. (G-2)

We Come from Army Families

My wife Sharon and I come from Army (and West Point) families. My father and two grandfathers answered the call to service; Sharon's father and two grandfathers did the same. Our family tradition of military service continues with our son, **Major General James B. Bartholomees III**, USMA 1995.

Much of the information below comes from obituaries written by USMA classmates and has not been verified by rigorous research. Some of that has been edited; some has not. The rest is family lore and thus automatically suspect in general, though I believe it captures the service of these individuals, all of whom responded when their country called.



From a May 1966 Fortune magazine article on the USMA Class of 42

My father, **James Boone Bartholomees,** USMA 1942 (1916-1998), "B-mees" to his classmates, entered West Point after three years in the less hectic atmosphere of the University of Missouri. He was never very specific about why he left Missouri for the Academy; it was just something he had to do as war in Europe approached. Both colleges were significant changes from life in the tiny town of Sheldon, Missouri, where he grew up. The pace there had been measured. The world he entered was moving at an ever-accelerating rate, and getting into West Point was not straightforward. The entrance physical determined that Jim was colorblind, but further investigation revealed that the tester actually was colorblind. The delay was frustrating. Getting out of West Point was even more difficult. Despite the unusual length of his college education, B-mees was a better mule rider than a scholar and had difficulty with West Point's rigorous curriculum. Nevertheless, he graduated in May 1942, was commissioned, and headed for WWII with the rest of his class. En route, there was just enough time to marry his sweetheart, Dorothy Sue Wells.

WWII was well underway when the Class of '42 entered the lists, so assignments came fast. For Jim Bartholomees, Officer Basic Training at Ft. Knox preceded a brief stint with the 6th Armored Division at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, before his unit was reorganized as the 773d Amphibious Tank Battalion and moved to Ft. Ord, California. The amphibious tanks were a decided flop, so the battalion was re-equipped as an Amphibious Tractor Battalion to haul troops ashore in the initial waves of an amphibious assault.

By June 1944, B-mees had become the battalion commander and supported the Marine landings on the islands of Saipan with the 25th Marines and Tinian with the 6th Marines in the Marianas. After returning to Hawaii, Jim was assigned as the executive officer of the 391st Infantry

Regiment, 98th Infantry Division, in preparation for the invasion of Japan. As part of the occupation force, B-mees entered Japan peacefully, although still over the beaches. Jim organized and operated a repatriation center capable of processing, including interrogating, 3,000 Japanese soldiers a day at Maizuru, Japan. Jim returned to the states in October 1946 and reported for duty with the 66th Tank Battalion at Ft. Hood, Texas.

In August 1947, he was assigned as a student and later an instructor at the Infantry School at Ft. Benning, Georgia. Then a tour at the Command and General Staff College (CGSC) at Ft. Leavenworth followed, but the peacetime routine of schooling and garrison duty was about to end. In September 1952, Jim headed for Korea as commander of the 1st Battalion, 38th Infantry, operating in the Old Baldy area. He had barely assumed command when the outpost on Pork Chop Hill was cut off and overrun. Jim received the Silver Star for personally leading the counterattack that reestablished the position. In November 1952, he was severely wounded. After two months in the hospital, he returned to duty as successively the G-1, G-3, and chief of staff, 2d Infantry Division.

In October 1953, B-mees headed home to spend almost four years in the Career Management Division at the Pentagon. Assignments at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, and the Army War College (1958) followed.

In August 1958, the Bartholomees family packed up and moved to Heidelberg, Germany, where Jim served as the chief of Plans Branch in G-2, Headquarters, US Army Europe (USAREUR). After two years, he moved to Gelnhausen, Germany, to assume command of his third battalion, the 2d Armored Rifle Battalion, 48th Infantry. After two years in Gelnhausen, Jim opted for a career change.

The Special Forces were still fairly new in June 1962 when newly promoted COL Bartholomees became director of instruction at the U.S. Army Special Warfare Center, later renamed the John F. Kennedy Center for Special Warfare. B-mees learned about special operations as he supervised the instruction of U.S. and foreign students. In December 1963, he organized and was the first commander of the 3rd Special Forces Group. In 1965, he became the deputy commander of the J.F.K. Center before departing in spring of 1966 for his third war in the Pacific region as senior advisor to the Vietnamese Airborne Division. Another assignment in the Pentagon followed Vietnam, but Jim eventually returned to Ft. Bragg and resumed duty as J.F.K. Center for Special Warfare deputy commander. In June 1972, he retired after 30 eventful years of service and settled down to civilian life in Fayetteville, NC.

When B-mees retired, he retired. He worked for a while with Guarantee Savings and Loan in Fayetteville, but the salary was throwing off his taxes, so he quit and concentrated on hunting and managing his stock portfolio. There might have been better ways to spend a retirement, but Jim couldn't think of any. In September 1998, he passed away quietly in his sleep at home as he desired. For the son of a rural Missouri veterinarian, Jim Bartholomees went far and left a broad trail behind him. In the professional arena, the trail was the myriad young officers and soldiers who served with or for him: GEN Colin Powell, GEN Norman Schwarzkopf, and GEN Carl Steiner, to name just a few.

George E Bartholomees

My paternal grandfather, **George Ernest Bartholomees** (1888-1972), was a large-animal veterinarian in southwestern Missouri. He had graduated from college in 1911 and married Mary Lee Boone in 1914, so he was a young man with a young family when the US entered World War I. George volunteered to serve and was assigned as a veterinarian at a remount depot in Louisiana that shipped horses and mules to the still largely horse-drawn army overseas. After the armistice, he returned home to Sheldon, Missouri, and resumed his veterinary practice. He was eventually recognized as veterinarian of the year by the Missouri veterinarians' association.

My maternal grandfather, **John Lyle Wells** (1891-1955), was another Missouri veterinarian also recognized as veterinarian of the year in Missouri. Similarly, he volunteered to serve when the US entered World War I. Dr. Wells deployed to France with the American Expeditionary Forces (AEF). By the end of the war he was a Major and the chief veterinarian of the AEF. He returned to the states after the war and resumed his practice in Blue Springs, just east of Kansas City. Sometime before his untimely death he gave up his practice to work for a veterinary pharmaceutical company in Kansas City.

Richard Sharon Pohl

My wife Sharon's father, **Richard Sharon Pohl,** USMA 1946 (1925-1968), was born into a typical Army family. At West Point he excelled as a star performer on one of Army's best swimming teams. In 1945, his natural style and strength were important factors when Army dealt Yale its first defeat in dual competition in ten years. Following graduation in 1946, Rich became an Artilleryman. During the next twenty-two years, he added luster to a family tradition of outstanding service combined with the enjoyment of the finer things of life.

On the completion of the Artillery basic courses in 1947, Rich Pohl married Anne McMorrow, who also came from an Army family. Professionally, Rich Pohl was an accomplished airborne Artilleryman. As a combat soldier, Rich was a pro, having seen some of the toughest fighting in both Korea and Vietnam. His calmness, knowledge, and assured manner added stability to the combat situation, regardless of how difficult or chaotic it might be. He was

an inspiration to his men. His outstanding conduct in the heat of battle won for him the Silver Star, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star Medal (four oak leaf clusters), the Air Medal for Valor (three oak leaf clusters), the Army Commendation Medal (two oak leaf clusters), and the Vietnam Cross of Gallantry, with Silver Star.

As a junior officer he served as a battery commander of an Honest John battery in Germany, an aide-de-camp and staff officer in Panama, and an airborne artillery battalion commander and division G-3 at Fort Bragg.

Rich Pohl's dedication to duty and great professional competence earned him the prized assignment of 101st Airborne Division Artillery Commander in July 1967. Knowing that deployment to Vietnam was imminent, he worked tirelessly to prepare his officers and men for combat. Col Pohl was killed in action when his helicopter was shot down in Thua Thien, Vietnam, in June 1968.

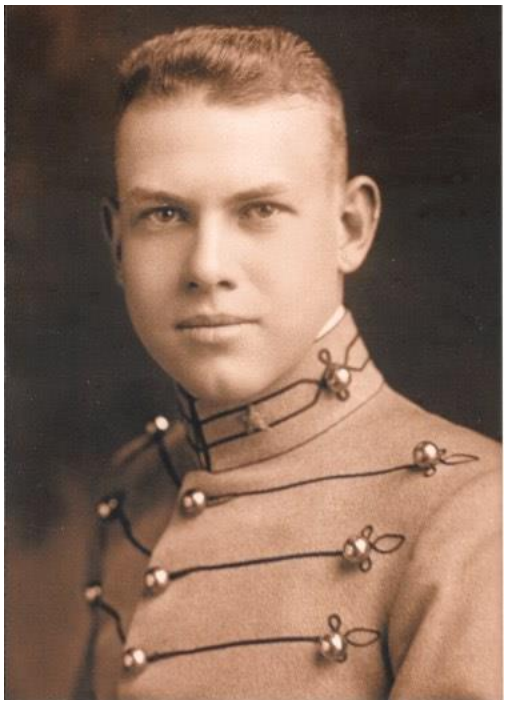
On 30 September 1968, at the dedication of Pohl Bridge across the Huong River in Nam Hoa District, Thua Thien, South Vietnam, close to where Rich was killed, Major General Melvin Zais, Commanding General of the 101st Airborne Division, said:

> *Colonel Pohl was an extremely able, sincere, and dedicated Army Officer. His twenty-two years of military service reflect his dedication to his country, his high sense of honor, and his complete devotion to his soldierly duties. This remarkable and brilliant officer was truly destined for very high positions of responsibility in the Army.*
>
> *His loss has been deeply felt by the 101st Airborne Division, the Army and his Vietnamese comrades. He loved the people and soldiers of the Vietnamese province in which he worked. It was his belief that we must free the people from aggression so that they may press ahead with the task of building their nation.*
>
> *His service in Vietnam impressed upon the minds and hearts of all the men who knew him, that he was brave, honest, and gallant. Colonel Pohl will always be remembered as an outstanding American soldier, a gentleman, and a friend of the Vietnamese people. This bridge will help his memory to live.*

General Andrew P. O'Meara, who was Rich's boss for three years, best expressed the feelings of all who knew him when he wrote of Rich:

> *He was at the height of his powers, doing a job for which he was superbly equipped, and doing it in a fashion which was recognized as magnificent both by his superiors and his subordinates. The future was bright indeed and the present was full of satisfaction.*

My wife's paternal grandfather, **Herman Henry Pohl,** USMA August 1917 (1896-1956), graduated first in his West Point class. He was born in Alexandria, Virginia, and attended Lehigh University before entering West Point. Made Captain of Engineers upon graduation he served in the 6th Engineers and actively participated in the Battles of the Somme, Marne, Meuse and Argonne Forest. He saw service in the Army of Occupation in Germany. After the war, he was posted to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he graduated in 1921 with high honors in Civil Engineering. He served as White House Aide-de-Camp under both presidents Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge.
Various assignments with the Corps of Engineers marked Herman's progress from 1923 to 1942. They included a tour of duty as Instructor of Engineering at West Point. He was engaged in engineering work in development projects on the Illinois and Ohio Rivers and worked with the District Engineer in Honolulu, Hawaii. He commanded the 3rd Engineers in Hawaii and the 96th Engineer Brigade at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.



Herman Henry Pohl

In 1942 he made surveys for air routes across Central Africa and the Indian Ocean to Australia and later served as Engineer in charge of Allied Air bases on the Gold Coast of Africa, the Belgian Congo and British East Africa.

In 1944, Herman's Engineer command crossed into Normandy in conjunction with the Allied invasion of Europe. His unit was part of General Patton's Third Army, which made the break-through from the French ports and advanced across France into Germany. He finished the war as Corps Engineer, XV Corps. Among his medals are numbered the Bronze Star Medal and the French Croix de Guerre.

Herman retired in 1948 and lived in Leesburg, Virginia, until 1954, when the Pohls bought a place in Watch Hill, Rhode Island, where they had previously been summer visitors.

Hubert Augustine McMorrow

My wife's adoptive maternal grandfather, **Hubert Augustine McMorrow** (1888-1981) was born in February 1889 in Vermont. He joined the Massachusetts National Guard as a coast artilleryman at an early age (perhaps in 1906 at 17) and rose from private to non-commissioned officer (although there is some debate as to his final NCO rank). Through uncertain channels he was commissioned in the Regular Army in August 1917. With no real threat to the US coast, the Coastal Artillery became available for other duties, especially those involving big guns. CPT McMorrow thus commanded a railroad artillery battery (one huge gun and two trains—one for the fire direction center and one with the gun mounted) in France. He claimed the battery lived in a chateau and went forward daily just long enough to fire a few rounds and run.

"Col Mac," as everyone called him, spent the interwar years in typical peacetime assignments in traditional cannon and anti-aircraft artillery units in the US and Hawaii. When WWII erupted, Col Mac deployed to the Pacific theater where he designed and conducted ground air defense support for the South Pacific offensives. His proudest moment occurred on Penrhyn Atoll in the Cook Islands when he twice temporarily gave up his tent to visiting dignitaries First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt and starlet Una Merkel.

After the war he was stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, in command of the newly activated 267th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Group. He retired from that position in October 1947 and moved to Rome, Georgia, where he worked for an accounting firm, taught accounting at the local college, and wrote voluminous letters to the local newspaper.

— Boone Bartholomees '70

Don Beale Blakeslee (A-2)

My Godfather: Hill 400 Survivor

Fred Trenkle was my godfather. Fred and his wife, Lois, were best friends of my parents and long-time bridge partners. I knew enough of Fred's history to be impressed. He was a graduate of Northwestern University '39, captain of the Wildcat basketball team, an Army Ranger during WWII and President of Agar Hams in Chicago, Illinois. A portion of my summers while growing up were spent visiting the Trenkle family in Western Springs, Illinois and playing with their children—Hank, Tim and Patty. Fred loved his family, but I was aware he could be a stern and demanding father. He never spoke of his war experience.

I graduated from the USMA at West Point in 1970 and Fred and his wife traveled from Illinois to attend my graduation. Three days after graduation, Betsey and I were married in Hanover, Massachusetts. I then successfully completed Airborne, Ranger and Officer Basic and was assigned to an artillery unit in Baumholder, West Germany. I got accepted to Northwestern Medical School in Chicago and became an Army doctor after completing my residency at Walter Reed. Over the years, my family kept me updated on my godparents and their close friendship.

1st Lieutenant Trenkle: Survivor Hill 400

Fifty years later, my sister sent me a packet of letters that had been stored in her closet after the death of my mother at age 93; one was a letter of recommendation from Fred supporting my application to the Academy. It was the first time I had ever seen it. Fred mentioned he was an officer in the 2nd Ranger Battalion Echo Company that captured Hill 400 in the Hurtgen Forest in 1944. My curiosity was aroused. I had always admired that Fred had served in the military, and he was an inspiration to me, but I had no idea about the specifics of his service as an Army officer.

I was overwhelmed when I learned through the internet the background information of this bloody and costly battle. I learned more details when I read the book *The Last Hill* written by Drury and Clavin which was published in 2022. The Battle for Hill 400 was the longest ground battle in WWII. Further research revealed a most interesting article written by Fred's son, Tim Trenkle, for the Telegraph Herald in 2022 and entitled "Trenkle: A tale of a father—both hero and soldier." This article told the story of a troubled father and a family that struggled to understand him. Tim further explained how Fred had survived the battle on Hill 400 which was the key terrain feature that was finally captured in early December 1944. Fred then participated in the Battle of the Bulge which started in late December. He then spearheaded his unit across the Rhine encountering more furious fighting. Germany surrendered in May 1945. Fred was promoted to Captain, awarded the

Bronze Star and assigned to the Dachau Concentration Camp as the Commander in charge. It was his responsibility to restore the health of camp victims so they could be relocated and eventually go home. Fred was eventually discharged from the Army and returned stateside to start his civilian career at Armour Meat Packing Company. Fred would eventually become president of Agar Hams in Chicago.

After 50 years I finally understood the heroic and traumatizing story of his Army service. My appreciation for his wartime efforts was immense. Fred died March 20, 1984, and his marker was inscribed only "US Army WW II." Fred Trenkle played his part as a hero of the Greatest Generation. He fought and sacrificed for the freedom of the world. He helped me win an appointment to West Point. His family and I have a hero and father/godfather whom I was honored to know.

Betsey's Dad: Merchant Marine

My father, **James Garnet Sylvester**, served in WWII in both the Pacific and the Mediterranean. His mother, my grandmother, Jessica Meadowcroft was a WWI war bride from Halifax, England who married my grandfather **Garnet Sylvester** who served in WWI. My other grandfather, my mother's father **Ernest LaBonty** served in Russia during WWI as well. They took the entire Munising baseball team from the upper peninsula of Michigan and stationed them in Archangel (Arkhangelsk), Russia since they were experienced with cold weather and snow.[9]

My grandmother Jessica (my Dad's mother) died at age 28 of scarlet fever leaving three small children. Two young daughters went to live with extended family, but my father was raised in an orphanage starting at age four where he contracted polio.

He met my mother, Betty LaBonty (age 12), when she was at Whitefish Point, Michigan while visiting from Munising, her hometown. Her uncle Tom owned a successful fishery on Lake Superior. Later it would be Dad's grandmother who saw an ad in the newspaper and told my father Jim that there was a new military academy opening on the east coast (Kings Point – the Merchant

[9] Editor's note: Ernest LaBonty was in B Company, 1st Battalion, 339th Infantry Regiment "Polar Bears." See the sidebar on the AEF in North Russia (also known as the Polar Bear Expedition) following this story.

Marine Academy) and that he should apply even though he had a slight limp from contracting polio in the orphanage at age four.

He applied and was accepted to Kings Point and graduated as "First Captain" senior year in 1942. After graduation he was to be deployed in four weeks as chief engineer on a Merchant Marine Liberty ship. Before deploying he took a train back to Michigan and immediately proposed to my 19-year-old mother who was a newspaper reporter. They came back to New York on the train three days later and were married in NYC just prior to my father's imminent deployment.

United States Merchant Marine Academy

To all persons to whom this may come

Greeting

Be it known that we, by virtue of authority of the Merchant Marine Act 1936, as amended, and in recognition of the successful completion of the requisite course of study and training in the

United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps

do award

James Garnet Sylvester

this

Diploma

In witness whereof we have caused this diploma to be signed and dated in the City of Washington, D.C. and at the United States Merchant Marine Academy, in Kings Point, New York, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-two and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and sixty-sixth.

Betty and Jim Sylvester having dinner after their wedding at a Catholic church in NYC just before my father's deployment.

My older brother Bruce was born precisely 9 months later with my father deployed and my mother by herself in a hospital in New York with every window taped over in the blackout.

My father served as chief engineer on Merchant Marine ships in both the European and Pacific theaters. Don and I have items in our house that he brought back from both places. My father's ship was on its way to Normandy when it was bombed, and he suffered a serious head injury. He also contracted scarlet fever. When he got back to the States and recovered, he was made a professor at Kings Point for several years instructing Merchant Marine cadets.

After the war my father started a successful engineering company in Massachusetts and became known throughout the region as an expert metallurgist engineer analyzing ships, airplanes and bridges for faults. When they first started his business and didn't have a building, I remember as a five-year-old that he and my mother would X-ray submissions that had been delivered to the front

door of our little house in South Weymouth. The whole basement was full of X-rays, but my father's business (J.G. Sylvester Associates) was launched.

A few years later they got a building and by the time I was in college all five children had graduated from - or were attending - Thayer Academy in Braintree, Massachusetts. My father was assigned to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission while he ran his company. My father was also National president of the U.S. Waterskiing Association for several years.

Many years later I figured out that I had been raised in a "military" family because there was no discussion when my father gave you an order. Just make it happen! Sadly, my father died at age 52 of a brain tumor.

When I was a freshman at Marymount College my roommates told me there was a dance at West Point in October and we needed to go on a bus. I refused to go because I didn't want to meet a military guy who thought he was going to give me orders like my Dad. And besides, I had had a poster of Roger Staubach (Annapolis) on my bedroom wall throughout high school!

After a lot of pressure my girlfriends dragged me on the bus, and I found myself at West Point outside Cullum Hall with masses of salivating plebes creating a narrow passageway into the building. I refused to get off the bus and told the bus driver I would just wait in the bus until the dance was over. He said that was illegal and I had to get off.

By that time the masses had cleared, and I went directly to the lady's room on the first floor. I waited in there for about 20 minutes and got bored so figured I'd just take a look at the building. I was walking up the stairs and there was one cadet ahead of me with a red sash on. I figured that meant he was an upperclassman, so I asked if this was the way to the dance. He turned around and with a big smile said, "Hi, my name's Don," and I said "Hi, my name's Betsey," and the rest is history. He was a plebe and wore a red sash as a hop manager. That night he told me his goal was to be an Army doctor.

He took me on a short tour of West Point and the first thing I saw was Kosciuszko's Monument which would play a big part in our lives many years later. He took me over to the see the Supe's house and on the way showed me a statue of Sylvanus Thayer. I asked why there was a statue of Sylvanus Thayer at West Point. My knowledge of Sylvanus Thayer was that he founded the co-ed prep school my siblings and I had all graduated from. I was informed that he was the "father" of West Point. I then vaguely remember being told that at prep school. Stars were aligning.

Firstie year Don surprised me by saying he had to give blood in Cullum Hall which I found irritating. So, we walked over, and he proposed to me on the same step where we had met. Fortunately, my dad was able to attend several Army / Navy games as Don's guest before he passed away. He thoroughly enjoyed our "military" wedding in Massachusetts with Don's classmates creating the canopy with the original West Point swords.

I have all the letters my parents wrote to each other during the war which were given to me just before my mother passed away at age 94. It's been an emotional challenge to begin reading them and to learn even more about my father's experience in WWII and of their lives together. I owe it

to my Dad that I was prepared to be a military wife for 28 years and I am grateful. I learned how to both take orders and give orders!

Many times, on my way to West Point from Tarrytown, I would go over the northern bridge and see the drydocked Liberty ships from WWII. Only recently while researching my father's life did I learn that 142 midshipman of Kings Point died during active duty in WWII. During the war over a quarter of a million American Merchant Mariners served, and nearly seven thousand died. Sadly, there were no VA benefits given to those who served in the Merchant Marine in WWII.[10]

— **Betsey and Don Blakeslee '70**

The Polar Bear Expedition

During July 1918, the 85th Division, made up primarily of men from Michigan, completed its training at Fort Custer, outside of Battle Creek, Michigan, and proceeded to England, bound for the Western Front in France. Meanwhile President Wilson was receiving requests from Great Britain and France to join the Allied intervention in northern Russia. The British and French had two objectives for this intervention: (1) prevent Allied war material stockpiles in Arkhangelsk, originally intended for the recently collapsed Eastern Front, from falling into German or Bolshevik hands; and (2) mount an offensive to rescue the Czechoslovak Legion, which was stranded along the Trans-Siberian Railroad. President Wilson agreed to limited participation by American troops in the Allied intervention provided that they would only be used for guarding the stockpiled war material.

While the rest of the 85th Division was preparing to enter the fighting in France, troops of the 339th Infantry Regiment and support units (1st Battalion, 310th Engineers, plus the 337th Field Hospital, and the 337th Ambulance Company) were issued Russian weapons and equipment and sailed for Arkhangelsk, a Russian port on the White Sea, 600 miles north of Moscow. They arrived in Arkhangelsk on September 4, 1918, joining the Allied force under British command. The British forces had arrived in Arkhangelsk in August and discovered that the Allied war material had already been moved by the retreating Bolshevik forces. Therefore, the American troops were immediately used in offensive operations to aid in the rescue of the Czechoslovak Legion. The 339th Infantry moved up the Dvina River and the Vologda Railroad engaging and pushing back the Bolshevik forces for the next six weeks.

The front became extremely long and difficult to maintain. By the end of October 1918, the Allied forces, acknowledging their situation and the rapid onset of winter, adopted a defensive posture. The Allied commanders were also unable to raise an effective local force of anti-Bolshevik soldiers. Thus, they gave up the goal of linking up with the Czechoslovak Legion and settled in to hold their gains over the coming winter. During the winter, the Bolshevik army, reinforced with additional men and equipment, went on the offensive, inflicting casualties and causing the Allies to retreat a considerable distance.

Following the Allied Armistice with Germany on November 11, 1918, family members and friends of the soldiers began writing letters to newspapers and sending petitions to their congressmen, asking for the immediate return of the force from northern Russia. Meanwhile, aware not only of the change in their mission, but also of the Armistice on the Western Front and the fact that the port of Arkhangelsk was now frozen and closed to shipping, the morale of the American soldiers plummeted. There was no clear answer why they were fighting Bolshevik soldiers in Russia, other than that they had to fight to survive and avoid being pushed into the sea.

A new American commander, Brigadier General Wilds P. Richardson (USMA 1881), arrived in Arkhangelsk aboard the icebreaker *Canada* on April 17, 1919, with orders to organize a coordinated withdrawal of American troops "at the earliest possible moment." In June 1919, the bulk of the AEF in North Russia sailed for Brest, France and then for New York City and home—which for most was in Michigan. During the withdrawal, the men of the AEF in North Russia decided to call themselves "Polar Bears" and were authorized to wear the Polar Bear insignia on their left sleeve. The AEF in North Russia officially disbanded on August 5, 1919. *[Wikipedia contributors. "American Expeditionary Force, North Russia." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 17 Feb. 2024. Web. 6 Jul. 2024.]*

There is a Polar Bear Memorial in White Chapel Cemetery in Troy, Michigan, that was dedicated on Memorial Day in 1930. Polar Bears who died in Russia are buried around the memorial and other Polar Bears who returned home in 1919 are also buried nearby. There is a service held there annually on Memorial Day. – *ed.*

[10] Editor's note: Men who served in the Merchant Marine during World War II were denied veterans' status and benefits until 1988, far too late for many. [See the story provided by John Bryant (C-1).]

Paul Vance Campbell (D-2)

CCC to Ordnance Corps

Earl Malcolm Campbell was born in Independence, KS, in 1912 to a baker (Edgar) and a schoolteacher (Olive), the youngest of three kids. By high school, Earl was a trombonist, a pretty good shade-tree mechanic, and a local cut-up. The Depression and Dust Bowl cut short his two years at Oklahoma A&M, so he went into the Civilian Conservation Corps, working out of Gunnison, CO. By 1940 he was a supply clerk at Lowry Army Airfield, in Denver. After Pearl Harbor he joined up and went to OCS and became a 2LT in Ordnance Corps, soon to be sent to Camp Beauregard, LA. Married under an arch of sabers, in only 28 days later he shipped out to New York, then to the invasion of North Africa. His first Purple Heart came in Tunisia when his jeep hit a mine, killing three and putting him in the hospital, scheduled for a leg amputation. His First Sergeant stole him out of the hospital and got him to a nearby British hospital where they saved his leg. Eventually he joined his unit in Sicily, then at Anzio. He was the first Ordnance officer to inspect the German "Anzio Annie"[11]. His Silver Star and second Purple Heart came from stopping a burning Sherman tank in a fuel dump. Moving up the Italian campaign, Earl stayed there at war's end, assigned to marshal convoys of surplus equipment over the mountains through Yugoslavia into Greece for refugee relief.

Home from WWII in 1946, his Ordnance career took him to Lowry, Fitzsimmons, Ft Leonard Wood, Ft Sheridan, Taiwan, Denver, Dallas, Aberdeen (for school, then as an instructor), then to Iraq. In Baghdad he escaped a street mob and took refuge in the Embassy until the Army sent him to Balikesir, Turkey, to set up their Ordnance School. He headed the Procurement office in Cleveland, retiring a LTC in 1962. At the same desk on Monday as a DAC, eventually he then went to Joliet Arsenal. His last assignment was Rock Island Arsenal, ending his 20-year active duty and 8-year civilian career for the Army.

I was proud to have him pin on me his original 2LT bars on the Plain on our day, and he cried when I presented him with my Cadet Saber.

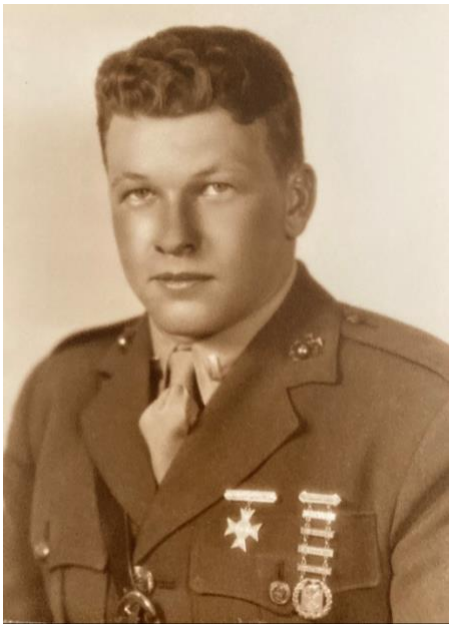
Dad passed away at 72, in 1984 and is interred at Ft Donelson National Military Cemetery near Dover, TN. His gravesite is surrounded by Master Sergeants and Sergeants Major, just where he should be.

— **Paul Campbell '70**

[11] Editor's note: Anzio Annie was a Krupp K5 heavy railway gun used by Germany during WWII. It was discovered at a railway siding after the Allies had liberated Rome. It is currently displayed at the US Army Ordnance Museum in Fort Gregg-Adams (formerly Fort Lee,. (Wikipedia contributors. "Krupp K5." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*.)

Raymond Paul Cossette (H-2)

My Dad's Service as a Marine Officer in WWII



Paul O Cossette, USMC

My military service heritage begins with my father, **Paul Oliver Cossette** (1922-1997), a WWII Marine Corps officer. He fought at Saipan, Titan, and finally on Iwo Jima. His unit was on the second wave to hit the beach at Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945. For 34 days straight they fought fiercely and defeated the Japanese forces occupying the island. He saw the loss of two-thirds of his company including his closest friend. Wounded three times, he needed healing for his body and his soul as he grieved for the lives of his lost men.

I admired my father for his service and dedication to our country. At age 13, I told him I wanted to be a military officer like him. He said, "In that case you should go to West Point." I did, and 10 years later I was also on an Asian beach in an American armored cavalry unit patrolling the rice paddies on the South China Sea.

After an honorable discharge, I traveled to New Zealand to process what I had experienced. I began to see some shortcomings in my life: in how I treated other people, how everything was all about "me." I met some Christians in New Zealand who explained to me the way of the Cross and why Jesus died for us, demonstrating God's love for us. What I needed to do was to have faith and believe it. I did. When I returned home, I was amazed that my father had made a similar commitment to the Lord Jesus Christ.

— **Ray Cossette '70**

Ray Cossette

Editor's note: Ray passed away on 30 March 2023. This article is drawn from Ray's input in the class book published for our 50th reunion, *Legacy of the West Point Class of 1970*, his email to the Service Heritage Project team, and his e-book, *Serving with Integrity in Viet Nam.*

Harold Halsey Dunwoody (A-2)

Continuing a Family Tradition

Our classmate Buck Dunwoody was a fourth-generation West Point graduate. His Dunwoody family service heritage history goes back to the Revolutionary War.

Brigadier General Henry H. Dunwoody

Buck's great-grandfather, Brigadier General **Henry Harrison Chase Dunwoody** (1842-1931, USMA 1866), was commissioned in the 4th Artillery after graduation, but spent most of his career in the newly formed Signal Corps. As part of the national weather service established by the corps, he was the chief weather forecaster and created a system of distributing storm warnings. With the outbreak of the Spanish–American War he organized the Volunteer Signal Corps, serving as Chief Signal Officer, United States Volunteers, as a colonel, from May 20, 1898, to July 20, 1898, when he retired from volunteer service to return to regular duty in the Signal Corps. He served as Chief Signal Officer in Cuba from 1898 to 1901, having charge of the reorganization of the telegraph service on the island and control of all telegraph lines.

In August 1902 while serving as the Signal Officer, Department of the East, Governors Island, he accepted a bid from the DeForest Wireless Telegraph Company for connecting Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hancock by wireless, replacing the telegraph cables connecting the forts and headquarters on Governor's Island which had frequently been severed by anchors and current. After he retired from the Army in 1904, he continued to work with the DeForest company on wireless technology and patented the first crystal receiver for the radio.

Colonel Halsey Dunwoody

Buck's grandfather, Colonel **Halsey Dunwoody** (1881-1952, USMA 1905), was assigned to the Coast Artillery upon graduation, where he saw service with a 12-inch mortar company, commanded a submarine mine company and became a member of the Coast Artillery Board. A few years later he was an instructor in the Department of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Military Academy, and he later became Director of that Department. In June 1917, he was relieved at his own request to go to France with the Air Service.

In France, Halsey, was Chief of Supply and Assistant Chief of Air Service. Throughout World War I he was responsible for supply, production, transportation, and relations with the Allies on all business matters pertaining to the Air Service. He was also the American Representative on the Inter-Allied Aviation Commission, and built Orly Field, which is now the great international airport for Paris, France. For his services in WWI, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the Commanding General, AEF.

In October 1919, Colonel Dunwoody resigned from the Army to accept the management of the European office of the Finance and Trading Corporation and remained in France. He returned to the United States in 1925 to accept a position as Assistant to the President and General Sales Manager, Gardner Motor Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri. In 1928, he became Executive Vice-President and General Manager of the newly formed Universal Aviation Corporation. He organized this company and administered it and its seventeen subsidiaries until they were merged to form American Airlines. As Vice-President of American Airlines in charge of Transcontinental Operations, he established the first transcontinental Air Line in the United States in June 1929.

In World War II Halsey gave up his civilian position in 1942 to act as a consultant to the newly organized Transportation Corps. He remained with the Transportation Corps until his death and filled many important positions and assignments. For his work with the Transportation Corps, he was awarded a commendation for Exceptional Civilian Service.

Halsey thus has the unique distinction of having his services to his country and his ability recognized by the military award of the Distinguished Service Medal for World War I and the civilian Exceptional Civilian Service Medal for World War II.

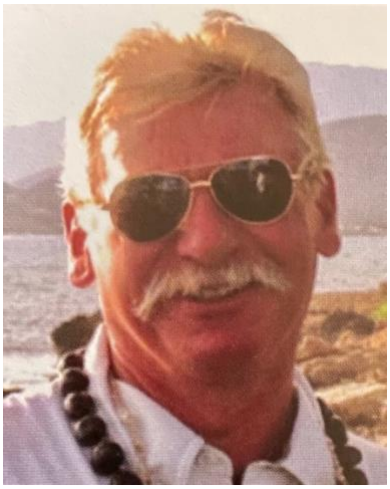
Buck's father, Brigadier General **Harold Halsey Dunwoody Sr.** (1919-2015, USMA June 1943), served in the US Army for 31 years. He was a three-war veteran having served in WWII in Europe, the Korean War and in Vietnam. He was twice awarded the Purple Heart in addition to many other awards, decorations and citations. He was badly wounded in France during World War II and earned the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery while serving as a battalion commander in the Korean War. As a brigadier general, he commanded the 1st Brigade, 5th Infantry Division (Mechanized) during the Vietnam War.

Brigadier General Harold Halsey Dunwoody Sr.

The citation for his Distinguished Service Cross reads:

> "… while serving as Commanding Officer of the 3d Battalion, 17th Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division. Major Dunwoody distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in action against enemy aggressor forces in the vicinity of Chupari, Korea, during the period 31 August 1951 through 3 September 1951. During this period the 3d Battalion of the 17th Infantry Regiment under the command of Colonel Dunwoody seized enemy-held Hills 820 and 851, key objectives of the 7th Infantry Division, against repeated enemy attacks. Early in the morning of 2 September 1951, Hill 851 was subjected to unusually heavy artillery fire followed by an intense enemy attack. Elements of the 3d Battalion defending Hill 851 gallantly resisted the attack but were forced to move to the rear to reform. Realizing that communication facilities were seriously disrupted and that the enemy had taken a heavy toll, Colonel Dunwoody personally reorganized and encouraged the battalion, frequently exposing himself to hazardous enemy fire in traveling from place to place. To maintain maximum observation and coordination with all elements of his battalion, he established himself in a forward exposed position on Hill 820 and remained there to direct his troops despite numerous fanatical charges by heavily outnumbering enemy forces. On one occasion, attacking enemy troops advanced to fifteen yards of Colonel Dunwoody's observation post, threatening to overrun the forward defenders of Hill 820. Displaying superior intrepidity and coolness under fire, he personally

participated in repulsing the attack with grenades and rifle fire, inflicting heavy losses to the enemy, while continuing to direct his men with exceptional insight and military skill."



Buck Dunwoody

Harold Halsey "Buck" Dunwoody Jr. (1948-2018, USMA 1970) was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 4th Infantry in Germany following graduation and branch school. He left the Army in 1975 and remained in Germany as a Senior Sales Representative for Pioneer Electronics for thirty years. In 2002, Buck retired and returned to the United States to care for his ailing father.

Buck loved his family and was especially proud of the Dunwoody service legacy continuing with his sisters, Susan and Ann.

Buck's sister, Lieutenant Colonel **Susan M. Schoeck**, was the third woman in the Army to become a helicopter pilot, flying UH-60s. Her husband graduated from the Air Force Academy in 1974 and flew MH-53s and A-10s. Their daughter, **Jennifer Schoeck**, graduated from USAFA in 2001, became an A-10 pilot, and served a combat tour in Afghanistan. (Side note – Jennifer was a member of the USAFA soccer team while a cadet, just as her Uncle Buck was at West Point.)

Buck's sister, General **Ann E. Dunwoody**, was the first woman in the Army, and all of the armed services, to reach four-star rank in 2008. She joined the Women's Army Corps in 1974 during her junior year at the State University of New York at Cortland. Upon her graduation from college, Dunwoody was commissioned as a second lieutenant with the Quartermaster Corps.

General Ann E. Dunwoody

Her first assignment was as a platoon leader with the 226th Maintenance Company, 100th Supply and Services Battalion at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, a company she later commanded. In her three-plus decades as a Quartermaster Corps officer, she achieved several notable "firsts," including being the first woman to command a battalion in the 82nd Airborne Division; the first female general officer at Fort Bragg, North Carolina; and the first woman to command the Combined Arms Support Command at Fort Lee, Virginia. Dunwoody also deployed overseas for Operation Desert Shield/Operation Desert Storm and, as 1st Corps Support Command commander, deployed the Logistics Task Force in support of Operation Enduring Freedom I.

In her last assignment, GEN Dunwoody led and ran the Army Materiel Command, the largest global logistics command in the Army, comprising 69,000 soldiers and civilians located in all 50 states and more than 140 countries.

GEN Dunwoody's husband, Colonel **Craig Brotchie**, served 26 years in the United States Air Force primarily in the Joint Special Operations arena as a Combat Controller and Special Tactics Officer until retiring in August 2000. Col (R) Brotchie was a part of the original cadre to stand up

the Combat Control unit that supports Joint Special Operations Command in Fort Bragg. Several years later, Col (R) Brotchie commanded the 24th Special Operations Wing, where he was involved in Operations Just Cause in Panama and Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm in Kuwait and Iraq.

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A final note: On March 2, 2012, a rededication ceremony of the Brig. Gen. Henry Harrison Chase Dunwoody Monument and the Signal Corps Time Capsule was held at the Myer Mall in Fort Gordon, Georgia. The monument and time capsule were previously a part of Dunwoody Park in Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The move of the memorials occurred after Fort Monmouth was closed due to the Base Closure and Realignment Commission (BRAC) initiative. Members of the Dunwoody family attended, and GEN Dunwoody spoke at the ceremony. Buck's sisters, Susan and Ann, unveiled the monument dedicated to their great-grandfather.

Susan Schoeck and GEN Ann E. Dunwoody, AMC commanding general, unveil the memorial dedicated to their great-grandfather, Brig. Gen. Henry Harrison Chase Dunwoody during the rededication ceremony, Fort Gordon, Georgia, 2012

— For Buck Dunwoody '70

****

Over the last 38 years I have had the opportunity to witness women Soldiers jump out of airplanes, hike 10 miles, lead men and women, even under the toughest circumstances.
And over the last 11 years I've had the honor to serve with many of the 250,000 women who have deployed to Iraq and Afghanistan on battlefields where there are no clear lines, battlefields where every man and woman had to be a rifleman first.
And today, women are in combat, that is just a reality.
Thousands of women have been decorated for valor and 146 have given their lives.
Today, what was once a band of brothers has truly become a band of brothers and sisters.

—General Ann E. Dunwoody

John Frank Epley (F-2)

Army and Korean War Service

Dad (right) with MG Keiser, CG of the 2nd ID

I wanted to honor my father, **Gerald G. Epley**, USMA '32, for his Army and Korean War service. Commissioned at the height of the Great Depression, Gerald Epley spent four years as a second lieutenant and four years as a first lieutenant. There was even one month in 1933 or '34 in which the Army could not afford to pay its officers! LT Epley's first assignment was in a machine-gun company in an infantry regiment at Fort Crook, Nebraska (later Offutt AFB).

In the summer of 1939 my dad, accompanied by my mother, was sent to Paris to study French at the Sorbonne so he could come back to West Point and teach it. Of course, WWII began at the end of the summer and my dad had to send my mother back home after only a few months in country. Gerald Epley watched as the German army marched down the Champs Elysees in Paris in June 1940. One of his additional duties was to interface with German officers on behalf of the International Red Cross, to ensure that French military POWs were being treated in accordance with the Geneva convention. Not knowing German at this time, he had to converse with the German military personnel in French. Returning back stateside in August 1940, my dad began his three-year assignment in the Department of Foreign Languages at USMA and was there when the U.S. entered WWII.

As the end of his duty at USMA approached in 1943, my dad requested a combat assignment overseas. This was not to be however, as a higher-level officer working in the G-3 office in the Pentagon wanted my dad working for him. Two years later in June or July 1945, Gerald Epley, by then a colonel, was released from duty at the Pentagon and given command of an infantry regiment in the 32nd ID (Red Arrow), assembling on Okinawa for the upcoming invasion of Japan. Of course, the war ended before the invasion could occur and COL Epley was assigned as a member of the occupation forces in I Corps in Kyoto, Honshu. This enabled me to be born in Kyoto about two years later. Like all regular army officers after WWII, COL Epley was reduced in rank one grade back to lieutenant colonel as the Army shrank in the post war years.

Fast forward to 1950, LTC Epley was serving as G-2 of the 2nd ID in Ft. Lewis when the Korean War broke out. The division deployed to the Pusan perimeter in south Korea. By September, my dad was appointed as the Division Chief of Staff, later promoted back to colonel, and served in that capacity until July 1951. In the photo above, he is conferring with MG Keiser (USMA April '17), CG of the 2nd ID, close to the time of the breakout from the Pusan perimeter. My dad is not

wearing any combat gear because I think the CG pulled him out of the TOC to confer with him privately.

Framed Letter of Gratitude from the President of the Republic of Korea for Dad's Service during the Korean War

Section IV

AWARD OF THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL --- By direction of the President, under the provisions of Executive Order 9419, 4 February 1944 (Sec II WD Bul 3, 1944) and pursuant to authority contained in AR 600-45, the Bronze Star Medal with "V" Device for heroic achievement in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States during the period indicated is awarded to the following named officers and enlisted men:

COLONEL GERALD G EPLEY, 018770, General Staff Corps, United States Army, a member of Headquarters 2d Infantry Division, distinguished himself by heroic achievement against an armed enemy on 30 November 1950 in the vicinity of Kunu-ri, Korea. On this date the enemy had, in overwhelming strength, broken through our defenses and encircled the command group of the 2d Infantry Division by employing a strong roadblock on the route of withdrawal to the south. In this situation the mission of the Division was to withdraw south to an assembly area in the vicinity of Sunchon. Colonel Epley, the Division Chief of Staff, moved with his section in convoy, under heavy enemy fire, to a point near a draw when the column was halted by enemy fire. During the ensuing two hours he personally supervised the actions of patrols sent out to cover the column's flanks and to protect the vehicles, all the time exposing himself to heavy small arms and machine gun fire in order to expedite the movement of the convoy. Disregarding his own safety, he ordered his own vehicles to the side of the road, whereupon he took charge of bringing up the vehicles which still remained in the rear. He turned back a tank from the column and ordered it into a position to neutralize the enemy fire. He then expedited the movement of the stalled vehicles under cover of our tank's fire. With the vehicles again moving, one jeep driver was hit causing him to roll off the side of the road and again hold up the column. He again exposed himself to the heavy enemy fire, directed the dazed driver of the next jeep to move, thus eliminating another roadblock. The heroic conduct displayed by Colonel Epley on this occasion reflects great credit upon himself and is in keeping with the high traditions of the military service. Entered the military service from Nebraska.

Dad's citation for his Bronze Star with "V" device for valor during the conflict. He told me that the "tank" referred to in his citation was actually a half-track with quad .50 cal AA guns mounted.

— John Epley '70

Robert Lee Heaton (C-2)

World War II Service in the CBI Theater, Followed by an Air Force Career

My Dad, **George Leo Heaton**, was born in the early October 1917 in Centralia, Illinois. His dad worked for the US Postal Service and was transferred to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Buddy Lee, as Dad's mother called him, grew up in a state with more antelope than people. He went to the University of Wyoming in 1935, where he thrived. He was in Army ROTC and joined the Sigma Nu fraternity. He made the national scene when his photo appeared in *Life* magazine, 6 February 1939. The ladies at the U of W were celebrating Sadie Hawkins Day, a mythical holiday from the comic strip Li'l Abner. In that *Life* issue Dad is dressed as Li'l Abner himself who has just been caught by Daisy Mae. And no, that is not my mother. She would not arrive in Wyoming until 1946, as a registered nurse in charge of the infectious disease ward, ten polio patients in irons lungs.

After that the next event was WWII. He was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Infantry Reserves in December 1940 and started active duty in September 1941. He was a Captain when he was transferred to the China Theater in 1943. He was to spend over two years in Burma and India. He never really talked about his war time experience, except that it was in India, and he flew in the back of a C-47, flying over the "Hump", the Himalayas, to China. There he would push supplies out the door to resupply groups like Merrill's Marauders. That is about it. I learned more in the first chapter, "Prelude", in the new book, *Skies of Thunder*, by Caroline Alexander. The book is about the "deadly World War II mission over the Roof of the World". Dad never talked about this time when over 1700 American airman crashed and died supplying China, given that the Japanese were blockading that country. He left the Indian Theater as a Lieutenant Colonel.

Dad did get out of the military after the war in 1945, as most did. Jobs were not plentiful in Cheyenne. As he once told me, he did work for a "general", General Mills that is, selling Wheaties. He did get a job with the Veterans Administration from 1946 to 1949. He then went back into the military, into the US Air Force, as a training instructor stationed at F E Warren AFB in Cheyenne from 1949 to 1951.

After completing Air Command and Staff school at Maxwell AFB, he was stationed overseas in Wiesbaden, Germany. Mom, my sister, and I joined him in Germany, crossing the North Atlantic in February 1953, in a converted Navy troop ship. We were fortunate to be denied our "Titanic Moment". The ship was stopped at night because the Captain was unsure that the radar would show the icebergs. Of course, Mom didn't tell us of that until many years later, explaining that all those white things we saw floating around us were in fact icebergs. So that is why we slept in our

life jackets – now I know. We joined Dad in Germany for several years, following him to Wright-Patterson AFB (WPAFB) in Dayton Ohio until 1957. During that time, I was with Dad in a strip mall across the road from WPAFB runway. We watched a helicopter lose its top rotor and crash about 200 feet from where we were standing. We could see the pilot as he struggled to get his damaged helicopter over the runway area, away from the strip mall. Witnessing that crash was the motivation for my first assignment after graduate school - I was assigned to "Crash Survival and Stationary Seats". Besides stationary seats, like those in cargo or passenger aircraft and those "side facing troop seats", I also was involved in ejection systems - ejection seats (fighter aircraft) and capsules (B-1 and the F-111). I even was involved in a proposed escape system for helicopters, a bit of an homage to that pilot I saw in the horrific helicopter crash when I was a boy. And yes, we did remove all the blades in one revolution with a shaped charge before the ejection sequence was initiated, and no, it never went into production. I also become an aircraft crash investigator and testified at crash investigations on ejection seats.

After WPAFB, we moved to Norton Air Force Base (NAFB) in San Bernardino, California. Here Dad was in charge of the logistics for deploying the sixty Thor Intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBM) in Great Britain. At a party at our house there, I remember someone mentioned to my Dad that "he would rather be right than Jesus Christ". For some reason, that one comment stuck with me. I think that it was my first exposure to the concept of DUTY. To me it meant that my Dad would do what he felt was right and not what would be easier or help him in the Air Force.

I carried that idea with me through West Point, where the idea of DUTY was amplified. After I was in the USAF for several years, I took part in one major source selection. I was evaluating a proposed design to meet the performance criteria that I had developed, having had written a computer program (in FORTRAN, not CADETRAN) using one of my engineering courses from Purdue University. One contractor met the performance in their design. The other contractor had major problems with the requirement and reduced it by almost half to meet the design criteria. I asked them about it but was told that it was in a classified report and my Top Secret clearance would not be enough to see it. I rated the proposal as not acceptable. Knowing that a rating of failure could be important, we briefed my colonel on this area, so he could explain it to the general who was running the source selection. The evaluation criteria for all areas of the source selection were presented in one colored matrix chart, Red for "Unacceptable", up to Blue "Exceeds criteria". Mine was the only red on the entire chart. The general certainly wanted an explanation. So, the colonel got up and said, "Captain Heaton will discuss this." I was right, so I explained how I derived the criteria and how this contractor's proposal was totally deficient. Thanks, Dad, for being "right".

After Norton AFB, we spend 18 months in France and then 18 months back in Wiesbaden. There I went to school with Priscilla Beaulieu, the future wife of Elvis Presley. Then it was back to WPAFB and Fairborn, Ohio. There I graduated from high school, after only six schools, elementary through high school – no big deal. I thought everyone moved around every couple years. At least all my other dependent friends did.

One more transfer with the family, this time to Cheyenne, WY, back to F E Warren AFB. Dad spent two years as a Lt. Col. commanding a Supply Squadron. He retired in the summer of 1967, while I was there on summer leave. What I did not notice at the time, was that he was awarded an AF Commendation Award upon retirement. Later in my Air Force career, I was the awards and

decoration officer at the USAF Academy, Department of Aeronautics, writing awards for all departing officers. That award that Dad was given was more in line for a junior officer moving to their next assignment, not to one of the highest-ranking Lieutenant Colonel in the USAF on his retirement. That bothered me. So, I took it upon myself to upgrade his award to a Meritorious Service Medal (MSM). Sadly, Dad was in the hospital, suffering from terminal cancer. I contacted the commander of F E Warren AFB and he agreed to present this MSM to Dad. We had the doctors taper Dad off the pain medication for just an hour while the award was presented to him. He had tears in his eyes when the MSM was pinned to his hospital gown by the base commander. It really meant so much to him, but he never said anything about it to me before he died several weeks later and was buried with that medal.

One lasting effect from Dad was his medical challenges and how they made me aware of what I would be looking forward to. First is skin cancer. He got his first diagnosis in his early forties. I had my first skin cancer removed when I was 42. I mentioned that to Mom, and she said, that was when Dad had his first diagnosis. And because of that, I have been very attentive to any suspicious things on my skin. One other medical challenge was that I believe that Dad died of metastatic prostate cancer. Because of that I have been very vigorous in that care, including yearly testing, two biopsies and even a TURP procedure when the second biopsy showed something unexpected. Thanks, Dad, for a heads-up and warnings of medical challenges we would have as you and I moved into our mature years.

Remember that Dad was born with a middle name of Leo? Because his mom called him "Buddy Lee", he felt that Lee was his middle name and used that throughout his adult life. The mix-up showed itself when he applied for Social Security. His birth certificate, George Leo Heaton, did not match his George Lee Heaton on all the other documents, driver's license, etc. So, no social security. It was fixed in the end. Thanks, Grandmother!

This has been an interesting journey looking back at my Dad and my life with him. I have two large boxes of information from my Dad. Those boxes contained everything that Mom had saved through the years of everything that happened in her life with Dad – pictures, recipe booklets from the Officers Wives Club, catalogs of trips to various ceramic factories, picture booklets of Berlin in 1954, tons of 8 x 11 black and white official photos of Dad. But almost all those photos were not dated and had no description on the back as to who or what the photo was about. There is one photo that appears to be Dad in India, feeding the troops. Another was of Dad and some award being presented to him. What was that about?

All I can say to anyone that had gotten this far in this is to talk with your kids and annotate all the memories, photos, documents as to what, where and why, even if the kids show little interest. They will in later life, I'll bet. I would have loved to find out more about Dad in India. Details of that IRBM deployment would have made interesting talk. I also had some experience with a major ICBM deployment. We had almost parallel careers. He went to the University of Wyoming, and joined Sigma Nu fraternity, and was in ROTC. I did all three until I until I left Wyoming to attend West Point. I was stationed at Norton AFB as well as Wright-Patterson AFB, as was Dad. While I started my USAF career in Systems Command, I did finish my career in Logistics as he did, and I did get an MSM, as he finally did receive. Thanks, Dad.

— Bob Heaton '70

Jay Wallace Kaine (F-2)

From Private to CG in the 77th ID

77th Infantry Division

John W. Kaine grew up in New York City and joined the 77th Infantry "Statue of Liberty" Division (an Organized Reserve division) as a private in 1935. He was commissioned as a 2d Lieutenant in 1937. He entered on active duty in November 1940, serving successively as an Infantry Platoon Leader, Company Executive Officer, Company Commander, Battalion S3 and Battalion Executive Officer at Camp Wheeler, Georgia. He later commanded the 3rd Battalion, 5th Training Center at Fort Benning, GA., and the 102d Battalion of the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Robinson, AR. Subsequently, he was assigned to the 45th Infantry "Thunderbird" Division for duty in Europe where he served as Commander of the 2d Battalion and later the 1st Battalion of the 180th Infantry Regiment. Though he was wounded in action while leading his battalion through the Siegfried Line in Germany, he remained with the 45th Infantry Division until its deactivation in December 1945.

45th Infantry Division

Lt Col John W. Kaine (2nd row, 3rd from left), Commander, 1st Bn, 180th Inf Regt, 45th Inf Div, with staff, Germany, 1945

Kaine rejoined the 77th Infantry Division in May 1948, serving successively as Chief of Staff; Commanding Officer, 306th Infantry Regiment; Chief of Staff and, as a Brigadier General, Assistant Division Commander. He attended several service schools including Command and General Staff College. Appointed Commanding General in January 1958, promoted to Major General on 12 May 1958, Kaine remained in command of the Division until it was inactivated on 30 December 1965.

He was the principal member from the First U.S. Army and Chairman of the Department of the Army General Staff Committee on Army Reserve Policy. He was also Chairman of the Joint Committee of the Army National Guard and Army Reserve Policy Committee, Department of the Army. On 30 December 1965 Kaine was assigned as Deputy Chief, Army Reserve, Department of Army.

Kaine was reassigned from Deputy Chief, Army Reserve, to Commander, 77th USARCOM on 22 December 1967 where he served with distinction until his retirement on 10 December 1972 after completing 37 years of service in the Army. During his tenure as Commander, 77th USARCOM,

the command was mobilized during the 1970 Postal Strike. Kaine also served a brief tour of duty in Vietnam visiting USAR units that were called to active duty.

Kaine has been awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster and V Pendant, Purple Heart, various Theater and Service Ribbons including the ETO Ribbon with three Battle Stars. He has also been awarded the French Legion of Honor and the New York State Conspicuous Service Cross.

— **Wally Kaine '70**

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Be just and merciful and brave.
— C. S. Lewis, 1898

Henry Alden Leonard (G-2)

To Those Who Served

My direct military lineage includes one great-grandfather, both grandfathers, and my father. I also have numerous uncles, brothers, brothers-in-law, and cousins with military records. I will confine the discussion here to my direct lineage and uncles.

To them, to all my other connections, and to all who have served, I offer this tribute, borrowed and slightly paraphrased from Rudyard Kipling:

Beyond the path of the utmost sun, through utter darkness hurled
Further than ever comet flared, or vagrant stardust swirled
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness hurled
Further than the rebel comet dared, or hiving star swarm swirled
Sit they with those that praise our God for that they served His world.

My great-grandfather, **Colonel Henry Alden Shaw** (1867-1958), was born in New Salem and grew up in Worcester, Massachusetts. He served a full career as an Army surgeon. A Harvard Medical School graduate, he was appointed in the Army as an assistant surgeon in 1891 and then served in various medical assignments throughout the US and in the Philippines. Noteworthy parts of his record include medical positions in the Spanish-American War and service as the USMA Chief Surgeon (1914-1917). In that role he was part of the medical board decision process that allowed Dwight D. Eisenhower (USMA 1915) to be commissioned.

During WWI, he served with distinction as Surgeon of Base Section 2 in the American Expeditionary Forces, earning the Distinguished Service Medal for his achievements in that role. He retired in 1921 and went on to spend time after that teaching at Harvard and working as a psychiatrist in private practice.

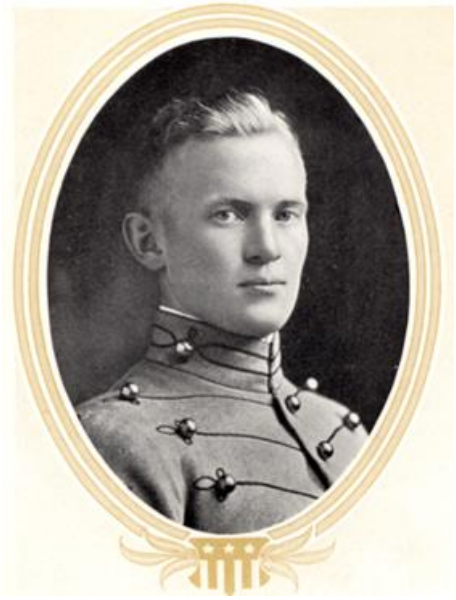
My paternal grandfather, **Colonel Charles F. Leonard** (1876-1959), grew up in Boston and enlisted in the Army in 1898. His initial service was as a soldier in Cuba and the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. While in the Philippines he earned his commission.

He went on to serve a full career as an officer in various assignments in the US and abroad, including service in WWI in the 5th Division, on the War Department staff, as Professor of Military Science at Ohio State University, commander of the 13th Infantry Regiment, and commander of a reserve command in Boise, Idaho.

Grandfather Charles F. Leonard and family.

L to R: Uncle William N., Hannah Margaret (my grandmother), holding Aunt Hannah, Aunt Clara, Uncle Theodore, Charles F., holding Uncle John W., and Charles F. Jr. (my father).

Aunt Clara would marry Allen D. Raymond, and Aunt Hannah would marry John L. Merrick. My father and all my uncles are discussed later.



My maternal grandfather, **Brigadier General Herman Beukema** (1891-1960) (USMA 1915), grew up in Muskegon, Michigan. He married Margaret Alden Shaw, daughter of my great-grandfather Henry Alden Shaw, in 1916. His career included service in General Pershing s expeditionary force on the Mexican border and combat assignments as a field artillery officer in WWI. Subsequent to WWI, his career path took him to Panama and the Field Artillery School, first as a student and then as an instructor.

This path included attendance at the Command and General Staff College and led to his assignment to the USMA Department of Economics, Government, and History in 1928. He became head of that department in 1930. He later had it renamed as the Department of Social Sciences, which inspired one colleague to quip that "now he can teach anything he wants."

During his tenure at West Point, he wrote numerous works on strategy and politics, and continually advanced his fundamental belief that officers must be broadly educated. During WWII he was also detailed away from West Point for two years to design and institute the Army Specialized Training Program.

He retired in 1954 and went on to serve as Director of the University of Maryland s Overseas Program, living in Germany until he died in 1960. He is memorialized in many ways, probably most notably at West Point by the Herman Beukema Memorial Award, given each year to the cadet who demonstrates the best performance in political science.

My father, **Major General Charles F. Leonard Jr.** (1913-2006), graduated from West Point with the Class of 1935 and was commissioned in the Infantry.

Soon thereafter, he distinguished himself as a member of the US 1936 Olympic Team in Berlin, winning the Silver Medal in the Modern Pentathlon, which included competition in fencing, swimming, riding, pistol shooting, and cross-country running.

In the Modern Pentathlon pistol event, he set a record of 200 out of 200, a perfect record that can never be broken and has since been tied only once.

He came home to an assignment in the 14th Infantry Regiment in Panama. He married Brigadier General Beukema s daughter, Margery Alden Beukema, at West Point in 1937, pictured below in the garden of Quarters 106 (now 105B).

My father's career included assignments as a tactical officer and then S3 at USMA.

He served in corps-level staff assignments in the Pacific and Japan. He was a battalion commander in the 3rd Armored Division at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and commanded the 27th Infantry Regiment during the Korean War.

He returned to serve as Director of the Weapons Department in the Infantry School. Posted next to Germany, he commanded the 1st Battle Group, 15th Infantry and then was G2 of Central Army Group.

Promoted to Brigadier General, he moved on to serve as Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence on the Army Staff. On his promotion to Major General, he commanded the 1st Cavalry Division in Korea. Following that, he commanded the Army Intelligence School and Intelligence

Corps at Fort Holabird, Maryland. For his final assignment, he commanded X Corps at Fort Lawton, Washington.

My dad retired in 1967 and served as director of security and facilities at the University of Washington until 1971.

Mom and Dad were devoted parents and grandparents. They lived a long and exemplary partnership, revered by all their descendants and their husbands and wives.

Father and Son

Commanding General
1st Cavalry Division
Korea, 1963

501st Engineer Company
3d Brigade (Sep), 1st Cavalry Division
Vietnam, 1971

This brings us to my uncles. My father had three brothers and four brothers-in-law who served during and after WWII. That includes my mother s brother and brother-in-law. A little on each follows. Note the range of services—my family was joint when joint wasn't cool.

Colonel Allen D. Raymond Jr. (1901-1977) graduated from West Point in 1923 and was commissioned in the Infantry. He served a full Army career, including command of the 1st Battalion, 272nd Infantry Regiment in Europe in WWII. In this role, he earned two Bronze Stars and the Purple Heart. The 272nd played a key role in the linking of US forces with the Soviet Union's Red Army along the Elbe River in Germany in the closing days of the war in Europe.

My dad's first brother, **Rear Admiral William Nicholas Leonard** (1916-2005), graduated from the US Naval Academy in 1938. He served as a carrier-based fighter pilot and won the Navy Cross at the Battle of the Coral Sea and again at the Battle of Midway. He went on to complete a full career in the Navy, including aviation commands at several levels and command of the aircraft carrier *Ranger*.

The second of my dad's brothers, **Colonel Theodore Leonard** (1917-1983), joined the Army in 1943 and served with distinction in WWII, including award of the Silver Star for gallantry in the Battle of the Hürtgen Forest. He commanded US Army Special Forces, Vietnam (Provisional) (USASFV(P)), until it was integrated with the 5th Special Forces Group.

Dad's third brother, **Lieutenant Colonel John Wallis Leonard** (1920-1945), graduated from West Point in 1942 and joined the Army Air Corps. He went on to serve as a fighter pilot in the European Theater. He and his squadron flew close air support for ground units at Normandy on D-Day and for the remainder of the war. He rose to the level of Lieutenant Colonel and squadron commander but was shot down and killed in action over Germany in 1945. Uncle Wallis won two Distinguished Flying Crosses, 22 Air Medals, and the French Croix de Guerre avec Étoile de Vermeil.

My uncle, **Captain John Leighton Merrick** (1922-2006) (on the left in the picture here), was a native of San Antonio, Texas. He served in the Marine Corps from 1942 until 1944, when he was commissioned as an ensign in the Navy Reserve. He served in the Pacific Theater of Operations during WWII and participated in various combat operations including the Okinawa invasion and the subsequent Japanese surrender.

He was commissioned in the regular Navy in 1946 and took part in the atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll. He went on to serve in various units of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets and on the Atlantic Command, Navy, and Joint Staffs. During his career he commanded the destroyer USS *Sampson* (pictured here), the amphibious ship USS *Cleveland*, and Amphibious Squadron 7, the latter during the Vietnam War.

My uncle, **Colonel Joseph Gorrell Kearfott Miller** (1920-1994) (pictured here at his retirement ceremony at the US Army War College), married Herman Beukema's daughter Alice. Uncle Kearf served a full career in the Army, including service in the 8th Infantry Division in WWII, where he earned the Bronze Star for Valor. He subsequently served in Korea, as an instructor in the Social Sciences Department (1954-1955), and on the Army Staff. Moving on, he commanded the 212th Field Artillery Group, a position that also included command of the US military community in Fliegerhorst, Germany.

My mother's brother, **Major Henry Shaw Beukema** (1924-1954), graduated from USMA in 1944 and joined the Army Air Corps. He served in the Army Air Forces and then the Air Force in various training, instructor, and operational assignments, including the staff of the US command in Berlin and the Air Force Staff Directorate of Plans in the Pentagon. His final assignment was with the 511th Fighter-Bomber Squadron at Langley Air Force Base, Virginia. There in 1954 he was tragically lost in a crash of his F-84G. He is memorialized by the Hal Beukema Memorial Award, presented each year to the outstanding player on the hockey team.

— **Chip Leonard '70**

Roger Lee McCormick (H-2)

Over Forty-six Years of Army-Related Service

My father, **Everett Lee McCormick** (1925-2020), was a rural Missouri farm boy, son of a railroad machinist whose farmstead and hard work by all the family saw them through the Great Depression (1929-39). When Lee graduated from high school in June 1943 at age 17, he began attending junior college, apprenticing in the local railroad roundhouse, continuing with family farm work, and courting his high school sweetheart, Wanda Lou May.

In September 1943, having turned 18, he reported to the Jefferson Barracks Induction Station, St. Louis, MO, was declared "4F" for dental problems and was sent home for a year to complete dental repairs.

On 9 November 1944, Lee boarded a school bus at the county seat with other young men from the county and the next day arrived at Fort Leavenworth, KS, where he took the enlistment oath on 10 November. After initial processing and basic uniform/equipment issue, a two-day train trip took the group to Camp Joseph T. Robinson, North Little Rock, Arkansas, for 16 weeks of infantry basic training.

His next destination was Fort Ord, CA, for additional infantry and embarkation training prior to boarding the USS *General S.D. Sturgis* (named for a USMA 1884 graduate) at Fort Mason, CA, for transport across the Pacific until reaching Manila Bay, PI, on 6 April 1945. At the replacement depot he was assigned to Company B, 1st Battalion, 103rd Infantry Regiment, 43rd Infantry Division and joined that unit in action near the Ipo Dam, Manila's primary water supply. His duties against Japanese forces as a platoon assistant machine gunner involved combat patrols, resupply missions, perimeter defense and unit repositioning leading to the intact capture of the Ipo Dam on 19 May 1945. He was awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge and Bronze Star upon completion of combat operations in the Philippines.

After training as a wireman, Lee was transferred to the 2nd Battalion Communications Platoon and then hospitalized for treatment of conditions causing yellow jaundice. When he got word that his unit was shipping out for occupation duty in Japan, he persuaded Army doctors to release him and he rejoined his unit near Cabanatuan, Luzon. The voyage to Yokohama, Japan, took from 10-15 September 1945.

During unit deactivations and reorganizations for occupation duty in Japan, Lee was assigned as a communication lineman to HQ Troop, 1st Squadron, 7th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division. As soldiers with more service/combat points began returning to the USA, he steadily advanced in rank from Private to Technician Fifth Grade and then to Sergeant (SGT, E5) to become the Squadron Operations Sergeant. His good performance and junior college education motivated his superiors to promote him to Staff Sergeant (E6) as a reserve soldier and recommend him for a Reserve Armor Officer commission. He was accepted and enrolled in Armor Branch Basic correspondence courses. In June 1946 he re-enlisted to become a Regular Army Staff Sergeant

(SSG, E6). Upon promotion to Sergeant First Class (SFC, E7), he became the 2nd Squadron Sergeant Major.

As more troops rotated back to the USA, General MacArthur's Japan occupation staff developed his plan to recruit new soldiers from the USA specifically for duty in Far East units. A Senior NCO was selected from each Division stationed in the Far East (1st Cav, 6th ID, 7th ID, 11th Airborne, 24th ID and 25th ID) to form that recruiting team. Aware that SFC Lee McCormick wanted to return to the States to marry the girl, Wanda Lou May, who was waiting for him, the 2nd Squadron Commander championed Lee's selection to represent the 1st Cavalry. He was home in Missouri for Christmas 1946, married Wanda Lou on 30 December 1946 and began introducing her to Army life.

On 2 January 1947, Lee and Wanda Lou met the rest of the Far East Recruiting Team at Second Army HQ, Baltimore, MD, and began a four-month, seven state, thirty-four city recruiting tour that enlisted 825 men to serve in Far East units. Then, Lee accompanied Wanda Lou to their hometown in MO and went back to Tokyo.

In late 1947, Lee requested the 90-day leave that had been deferred from his 1946 re-enlistment and was able to be home for Thanksgiving 1947, the birth of their first child Roger, Christmas and Wanda Lou's 22nd birthday - then, back to Tokyo. **(A popular soldier's ditty at the time was: "Hey, Mom, I want to go, not back to Tokyo. Hey, Mom, I want to go home!")**

1948 began a rapid series of permanent changes of station (PCS) as the Army implemented a new air defense plan for CONUS into which Lee was absorbed. He was reassigned to:

Fort Knox, KY, (mid-1948) for 30 days, but there was no family housing available for most enlisted and junior officer personnel so Lee bought, with his father's help, a 24' house-trailer, which became their home, and a suitable vehicle to pull it.

Fort Bliss, TX, (mid-1948 to late-1949) as Sergeant Major of the newly formed 502nd Anti-Aircraft Artillery (AAA, 120mm) Battalion and birth of second son Richard.

Fort Ord, CA, (late-1949 to early-1950) with the 502nd AAA Bn for air defense of the Fort Ord garrison.

Eielson AFB, Alaska Territory, (early-1950 to Jun 1951). The 502nd moved by sea to Whittier, Alaska, and rail to Eielson AFB/Fairbanks. The 120mm AA guns did not tolerate the -40 to -50 degree

temperatures and the unit transitioned to 90mm guns. (Lee flew USAF Space-A and commercial to Missouri in June 1950, retrieved the family and their 24' trailer and drove the 4,400 miles with Wanda Lou and the two boys to Fairbanks during a two-week period over marginal roads including the boulder-strewn Alaska Highway under construction by Army Engineers).

In Feb 1951, Lee was commissioned as a Coast Artillery-AAA Branch Reserve 2LT (O1) and was reassigned to Battery C, 867th AAA Bn (40mm/Quad .50 Towed) at Eielson. [Without a full college degree, he remained an Army Reserve officer on active duty until his retirement in 1966.] March 1951, third son Donald was born at Ladd AFB Hospital/Fairbanks. As duties and weather permitted, another solo trip to MO was made for a larger 36' house trailer for the family of five and an upgraded vehicle to pull it. **Family housing for enlisted and junior officer personnel remained a constant need in the Army for many years.**

Elmendorf AFB, Alaska Territory, (Jun 1951-Nov 1952). C/867th AAA Bn relocated to Elmendorf AFB near Anchorage. The family sailed from Anchorage to the "Lower 48" on the USNS Frederick Funston. **Army life involves the soldier and all members of the family as well.**

Fort Bliss, TX, (Nov 1952-Sep 1955). 1LT (O2) McCormick, now part of the Army Air Defense Artillery (ADA) Branch, was ordered to the ADA Officer Advanced Course. (On-post family housing, a Quonset Hut in primitive condition, was offered to the family and declined. A short-term apartment in El Paso was rented and a brand-new 46'x8' house trailer and a vehicle and hitch strong enough to pull it were acquired.) Lee also completed the ADA electronics course, was promoted to Captain (CPT, O3) and became the ADA School Basic Electronics Branch Chief.

Fort Knox, KY, and Germany, (Sep 1955-Jun 1959). CPT McCormick was assigned as the Communications Officer for the 57th AAA Bn (Automatic Weapons, Self-Propelled) [M42, Twin 40mm "Dusters"] training with the 3rd Armored Division, one of the early division-size units in Operation Gyroscope, the goal of which was to replace entire divisions in Europe rather than replacing individual soldiers piecemeal. In May 1956, daughter Mary Kay was born at Fort Knox. (The family's 46' trailer was parked on the family farm in MO for the three years in Germany.) On 15 June 1956, the family boarded the USS *General H.F. Hodges* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, NY, along with other families and elements of the 3AD headed to Bremerhaven and on to Hanau, Fliegerhorst Kaserne, West Germany (Federal Republic of Germany), for a three-year assignment 100 km from the Iron Curtain. **The Cold War was fully "In Progress".**

Fort Bliss, TX, (Jun 1959-Nov 1961). CPT McCormick assumed duties as a purchasing agent for anti-aircraft guided missile system components for the Army's 1st Missile Brigade. (The family with four children continued to live in the 46' trailer which was pulled from, and back to, the farm in MO prior to the next overseas assignment.)

MAAG-China, Taipei, Taiwan, Nationalist Republic of China/ROC, (Nov 1961-Jul 1963). Lee McCormick served as a Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) air defense advisor to

the Nationalist Chinese Air Force which had air defense units stationed in Taiwan and the offshore islands of Quemoy/Kinmen and Matsu in the Taiwan Strait. He was promoted to Major (MAJ, O4) in July 1962. His duties involved assistance visits to the Chinese Air Defense School at Hualien on the East Coast of Taiwan and periodic seaplane flights at wave-top level to the offshore islands where defensive positions were in caves and well-fortified emplacements that often were shelled by Communist Chinese artillery. Wanda Lou May McCormick, age 37 and nine months pregnant with a son in her womb, died on 6 July 1963 from the sudden onset of a fulminating tropical virus that flooded her lungs in a period of hours and suffocated them both. The Army transferred the remaining family stateside within ten days. **In an Army family, everyone is in the Army. Two of our family, Mom and infant brother, were our irreplaceable casualties.**

Richards-Gebaur AFB, MO, 2nd Region HQ, US Army Air Defense Command (Aug 1963-30 Jun 1966). The Army reassigned Lee to air defense duties as close to the family home area in Missouri as possible. The ARADCOM 2nd Region was responsible for the air defenses for a 15-state area in the Central U.S. The Army dangled a promotion to LTC (O5) if he would accept an assignment to Vietnam but it was not possible given his family situation of four children at home and no Mom.

On 5 June 1966, Lee married a wonderful Christian, Missouri widow, Geneva Whisman Minor, whose daughters were Carolyn (married) and twins Denise and Diane who were the same age as Mary Kay. Now Lee's family commitment grew to include Geneva and six children at home and attention to the needs of both their parents.

After 21 years and 7+ months of Army service, Major Everett Lee McCormick retired on 30 June 1966, the day before the USMA Class of 1970 was sworn-in as New Cadets at West Point, NY. He donned his Army uniform again on 3 June 1970 when he administered the Oath of Office to Roger at West Point with many of the family present.

Kansas City, MO, U.S. Department of Labor, Kansas City Regional Headquarters (Aug 1966-Dec 1990). During his last Army assignment and afterwards, Lee and family resided in Grandview, MO, and did not live in a trailer again. He worked as a Training Administration Monitor for 24 years in national programs such as the Job Corps, Native American Activities, Migrant and Seasonal Farm Worker administration, and Alien Worker Immigration covering the states of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska.

St. Louis, MO, U.S. Army Reserve Center Headquarters (Jan-Sep 1991). Nearly twenty-five years after military retirement, Major Lee McCormick was recalled to active duty and wore Army Green once more as he served for eight months assisting Army Reserve Component soldiers

activated for Operations Desert Shield/Desert Storm and their families with issues related to their activation. (Together, Lee and Roger had 46+ years of Army-related service including this assignment.)

Kansas City, MO, U.S. Department of Labor, Employment and Training Administration (Spring 1992, six months). Lee was recalled to the Department of Labor Regional Office to assist with a large backlog of Alien Employment Certification Applications. **The number of times Lee was asked to return to jobs by previous employers was a good indication of the high quality of his work and his excellent character.**

1995-2020. Lee and Geneva returned to the Missouri farm town where he had been raised and which was the home area for both of them. Lee died in 2020 at age 94+ at the end of an earthly life well-lived. He loved and provided well for Geneva who lived to be 100 years of age (1922-2022).

Through all of life, in good times and hard times, Lee was a faithful believer in Jesus and Jesus' promises to all who will follow Him:

Come to Me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. (Matthew 11: 28)

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life. (John 3: 16)

Truly, truly, I say to you, whoever hears My Word and believes Him who sent Me has eternal life. He does not come into judgment, but has passed from death to life. (John 5: 24)

It is my prayer, Class of '70 Brothers and all others who may read this, that you will consider the Lord's plan and assurances in the Bible and choose eternal life with Jesus!

— **Roger McCormick '70**

Eddie Mitchell (H-2)

An Honor to Serve

My family's heritage serving this country began with my grandfather seven times back. Private **Abraham Mitchell** was a Baptist preacher who fought in the Revolutionary War in the North Carolina Militia. He successfully fought in the Guilford Courthouse battle. Then, he marched with his Infantry unit north and became part of the Battle of Yorktown.

Generations later, I was born in 1947 after WWII ended. I was the third of three boys who grew up in a family with a mentally ill mother who was institutionalized most of the time. Luckily, we had a Dad, **Schuyler Glynden Mitchell**, who scrambled to keep us clothed and fed.

I was around seven years old, alone at home, looking forward to Thanksgiving when I heard a noise at the front door. Upon opening the door, I saw a car driving away. At my feet, I discovered a big basket stacked with turkey, bread, fruits, and vegetables. I grabbed an orange, happy about the surprise bounty. Then, . . . I realized we were poor. So poor that people had to give us food.

Being poor became one of the reasons I joined the Army as soon as possible. Along the way to that decision, I learned my father served in the Army during WWII, sending supplies overseas. Like my brothers, I listened to the radio and watched TV shows about America's brave soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen.

SGT Raymond J. Mitchell

We grew up in a patriotic America, and each of us enlisted immediately after graduating high school. In 1957, my oldest brother, **Raymond Jess Mitchell**, became an enlisted engineer and eventually served in Vietnam. After his duty there, Ray was medically released from service, but he was never the same. Through his pain and difficulties, and years at the VA, I better learned the true cost of war to veterans.

Subsequently, I documented that Ray suffered the effects of Agent Orange. With that proof, I contacted the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Foundation (VVMF) requesting recognition of Ray's service.

Honor Roll Ceremony at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial

That ceremony occurred on 12 June 2012, when I and other families assembled at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. Most, with tears in their eyes, read the names of their family members into the *In Memory Honor Roll.* The honor roll was established for veterans who died after leaving Vietnam, from complications suffered while serving in-theater.

Schuyler (Sandy) R. Mitchell

My middle brother, **Schuyler Robert Mitchell**, joined the Air Force in 1961. During the Cuban Missile Crisis, he served near Washington D.C., in a top-secret communications unit. After leaving the service in 1968, he worked at a West Coast company that produced military rivercraft destined for use in Vietnam.

While growing up, I learned the American dream. I was free to try to be anything I wanted. But it was up to me to make something of myself. And I would only be judged on my performance — not on my race, color, or creed. Nor would I be judged on how my parents, grandparents, or any relative behaved in the past. And if anyone charged me with a crime, I'd get a fair trial. And, if I were a juvenile, the transcript would be sealed.

Those last beliefs became important after my Dad remarried, and none of us boys got along with her. In my case, the state took me away and placed me in Juvenile Hall. I spent 41 days there until a super social worker got me into a great foster family. Harry and Hilda Hoseney kindly accepted me into their home. Simultaneously, they opened a door of opportunity that allowed me to determine my goal in life.

Foster parents Hilda and Harry Hoseney

That started as a high school freshman in Battle Ground, Washington. There, I learned I could compete to attend the United States Military Academy. To get in, I just had to be better than the competition. Game on!

It took me three tries. That means I was a loser two times but did well enough attending the USMA Preparatory School that I was accepted into the Academy in 1966 and graduated in the Class of 1970.

I went on to become an Airborne Infantry Ranger, and for ten years served in Airborne, straight-leg, and Mechanized Infantry; Air Cavalry, and Armor units. My first tour was in Alaska where I jumped 209 miles offshore onto the ice pack. Later, my second South Korea assignment included defending the Demilitarized Zone when President Reagan became the first U.S. President to visit the DMZ.

During the following ten years, I helped develop the Army's command and control portion of President Reagan's National Missile Defense. Next, I was selected as an Army Fellow to have a tour at the RAND Corporation think tank. At RAND, I wrote a text for the Command and General Staff College about the history of the U.S. Army in space. My subsequent and terminal assignment

in the Army was as the first Space-Ground Combat Analyst within the newly formed Joint Space Command in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Months before the War in Iraq, I analyzed U.S. combat operations in that theater. I was right. Space-supported forces easily defeated a nation without space-assisting assets.

LTC Eddie Mitchell

I am proud to say that my family's heritage of military service to this grand nation was an honor. We served and protected the belief that Americans as free men and women, can try to be anything they want in life no matter their race, color, or creed. In our small way, my family protected with musket, rifle, radio, and nuclear defense missiles.

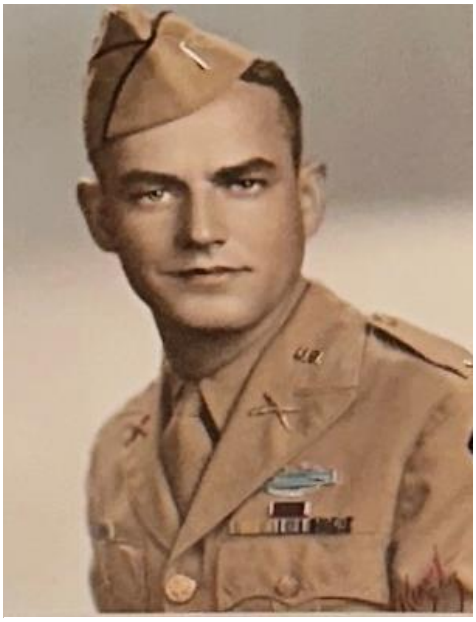
To commemorate my brothers' and my contribution, the following paver stone is displayed at the National Museum of the United States Army at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia.

— Ed Mitchell '70

William Neal Patterson (C-2)

My Father's Combat Experiences in China, WWII, and Korea

My father, **Edwin H ("Pat") Patterson,** was born in Walla Walla, Washington, in 1918. He graduated from 6th grade and then went to work. Pat Patterson never finished high school but was a very smart man. He joined the Army the first time in 1938 because he "could not get enough to eat." Before he enlisted, he practiced tying his shoes with one hand in case he lost an arm. He said he served in the 15th Infantry in China in 1938 when the Japanese were invading and he had a tattoo of a swallow on his arm from China.



My father, Edwin H Patterson, as a lieutenant in 1945

He left the Army about 1940 and then re-enlisted in 1941-42. He joined the 1st Ranger Battalion in time to train at Achnacarry, Scotland. I found the records of his graduation from Officer Candidate School (OCS) at Fort Benning, Georgia.

On 19 August 1942 as a lieutenant, he said he a was part of a courageous but disastrous Allied amphibious attack on the German-occupied port of Dieppe in northern France. He remembered some Brit giving him a shot of rum when he got back on board after the attack.

Dad's Ranger Shoulder Sleeve Insignia and his Combat Infantryman Badge

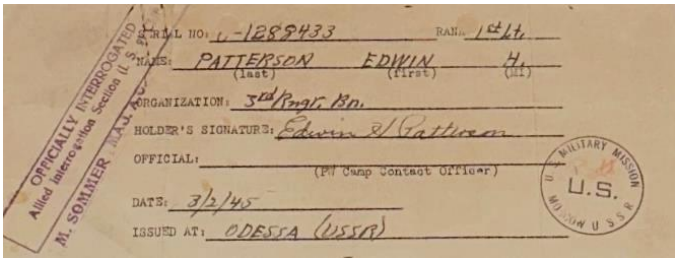
An additional 1942 experience, he flew with Jimmy Doolittle from Basra to Tehran. I have the autographed $1 bill, called a Short Snorter, from that flight. Later, again with the 1st Ranger Battalion, he participated in the invasion of North Africa. The battalion's successes led to the creation of the 3d and 4th Ranger Battalions. As a result, Dad fought in Sicily and Italy with the 3rd Ranger Battalion. He said that when they invaded Sicily, he did not get food after receiving his assault rations but instead the Army gave him a $20 gold piece to buy food. It was taken out of his pay in 1949 since he did not return it.

After the Salerno invasion in September 1943, the 3rd Rangers were used as infantry in December 1943 to attack Hill 950 during the Battle of San Pietro. In 1961, our family watched a video (available online) of that battle, and Dad narrated his fight for Hill 950 to me, his then-12-year-old son. His battalion then moved to the Anzio perimeter.

In January 1944. the 3rd Battalion attempted an infiltration of German lines. His quote to me about the infiltration was that "sentries' faces are very white in the dark." Almost all of the 3rd Ranger Battalion soldiers were killed or captured in the Cisterna battle with Herman Goering's panzer

division. There is a memorial in Seattle with his name on it as KIA. But the fact is that he was captured, sent to Moosburg, Germany, and then to Oflag 64 prison camp.

One year later, as all prisoners were being moved ahead of Russian attacks, he and a friend escaped during a night march. They joined the Polish resistance and for several months fought in Poland and entered Russian lines. I have letters from resistance members after the war and a shotgun he used while in the resistance. Most interesting, I have a record of a radio show made in spring 1945 about the escape.


OFFICIALLY INTERROGATED
Allied Interrogation Section II
M. SOMMER
SERIAL NO: 0-1289433 RANK: 1st Lt.
NAME: PATTERSON (last) EDWIN (first) H. (MI)
ORGANIZATION: 3rd Regt. Hq.
HOLDER'S SIGNATURE: Edwin H Patterson
OFFICIAL: (PW Camp Contact Officer)
DATE: 3/3/45
ISSUED AT: ODESSA (USSR)
MILITARY MISSION U.S.S.R. U.S.

Record of Dad being interrogated by the Allied Interrogation Section in Odessa, USSR, March 3, 1945

He met my mother, **Virgina Dougherty,** when he was assigned to Fort Mason in 1947 in San Francisco. She worked in the Red Cross at Fort Bragg in 1943, then joined the Navy. Her OCS class was at Smith College, Massachusetts, and she served as a WAVE in Key West, Florida and Long Beach, California. After WWII, she was assigned to Alameda Naval Air Station, Oakland, California, where I was born.

Virginia Patterson, 1943, Ft Bragg

Post WWII, my father served in Alaska, in Korea with 3ID, in the 101st at Fort Campbell, at Fort Bragg with Corps Headquarters, and then in Cambodia. In 1966, he retired as a lieutenant colonel with 26 years of service. He passed away in 1998 in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and his remains are in Arlington National Cemetery Columbarium with my Mom.

My daughter, **Dana M. Crigger,** has continued my Mom's family tradition of service. She is a West Point graduate, Class of 2006, with four tours in SW Asia, and currently is a lieutenant colonel serving in the Military Intelligence branch at the Department of Defense Inspector General office in Alexandria, Virginia.

In 1995, Dad visited Fort Benning to be part of a Ranger 50-year memorial service. As we walked to our seats, Bing Evans, his Ranger first sergeant, stood up, looked at him, and said, "Pat, I thought you were dead!" and I got to hear a lot of war stories.

What he learned and I learned: Take risks, be smart, stay tough, keep fighting.

— **Bill Patterson '70**

Steven Roberts (D-2)

Service Legacy: Fathers to Sons

As a boy, I was too wrapped up with friends and baseball to think of inquiring about the war experiences of my relatives; they rarely voluntarily discussed that aspect of their lives. After most of them had passed, about a year before his death I finally asked my elderly Uncle Perry about his numerous medals.

I idolized my grandfathers. On my mother's side, my **Grandpa Charlie** emigrated from Eastern Europe during World War I and did not serve in the military. During World War II, his sons – my **Uncles Izzie** and **Joe** – served, while his daughters – my mother, **Sylvia**, and my **Aunt Ruth** – worked at the Brooklyn Army Base. Uncle Izzie became an officer and instructed soldiers in the Army Air Corps in CONUS. His younger brother, Uncle Joe, served in the South Pacific. A few years before Uncle Joe's death, I spoke with him about a cruise I had recently taken. He told me that he never went on a cruise because of his awful memories of seasickness while aboard the transport ship USS *Ankoron*, which dodged submarines for two straight weeks during the Battle of the Coral Sea in May 1942.

Photo from The New York Sun, Mar 1945, (l-r) Uncle Perry; my father, Lawrence; Grandpa Mike.

On my father's side, my **Grandpa Mike** was a tough, feisty, affable, and highly patriotic little guy with a great sense of humor. He served with the American Expeditionary Forces under General Pershing and saw action in Europe. The only story he mentioned to me when I was a boy was playing rugby while serving overseas. I suspect that he would have told me a lot more, but regrettably I never asked. Grandpa Mike's two sons were my **Uncle Perry** and my father, **Lawrence**, who was wounded at the Battle of Kasserine Pass in August 1943 and spent nearly all the remaining years of the war in a hospital. Sometime after the war, Grandpa Mike served at least one term as commander of the Floyd Gibbons Post No. 500 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in New York City.

Grandpa Mike receiving one of many honors from the VFW, circa 1940. In the early 1970s, he additionally received a Lifetime Achievement Award from the VFW at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City.

In 2004 I visited my **Uncle Perry** in his twentieth-floor apartment in New York City. During the last several years of his life, he could often be seen wearing a World War II veteran's cap

maneuvering through the sidewalks of the streets and avenues in his electric wheelchair which displayed a small American flag that waved in the city breeze. I asked him about a couple of his numerous World War II medals. The story of his Silver Star involved his saving lives while exposing himself several times during a Nazi artillery barrage. He also earned a Bronze Star.

Uncle Perry bonded with another young private in his unit named James Tyree from Kentucky. The two young men witnessed death all around them and promised each other that if only one of them survived, he would visit the other's parents. Perry and James were on a reconnaissance crossing of the Sure River just before the Battle of the Bulge. They engaged in a firefight whereby James was shot in the chest, and my Uncle carried him back across the river.

Uncle Perry had several grandkids, and he adored each one of them. During my visit with him, while he was sitting in his wheelchair he reached into his pocket and took out his wallet. When I open the flap of my wallet, the first thing that I see is a photo of my granddaughter Lexi; however, beneath the laminate in his wallet exposed a photo, not of any of his beloved grandkids, but of a young private – James Tyree. It was a quiet, private, personal, lifelong and heartfelt tribute to a fallen brother-in-arms. Shortly after the war, Uncle Perry and his bride, my Aunt Elsie, journeyed to Kentucky to visit James' parents.

My son **Jefferson** who will retire on 31 October 2022 as an Army colonel served a tour in Iraq during Operation Iraqi Freedom, while my stepson **John** who retired two years ago as an Air Force master sergeant served by flying combat missions over Afghanistan, Iraq and Syria during Operations Enduring Freedom, Freedom's Sentinel, and Inherent Resolve. My brother's son, my nephew **Samuel**, is a senior at the University of Rochester and is both in the Army Reserve and on an ROTC scholarship. In 2021 Sam completed Air Assault School at West Point; in 2022 he was selected for and completed a prestigious internship in preventive medicine at Fort Knox; and he was recently promoted to battalion commander, the highest rank of his ROTC program. I believe that my entire family who served and are now gone as well as others would have been very proud of Jeff, John, and Sam. I know that I certainly am.

— Steve Roberts '70

(l-r) Jeff, Steve, and John

Charles Wolcott Ryder III (D-2)

Pop ('15) and Dad ('42)

My grandfather, **Charles W. Ryder** (USMA 1915), died in 1960. I was 12 years old at the time and had just arrived in Paris, France where my father Charles W. Ryder, Jr. (USMA 1942) was assigned to NATO Headquarters. Needless to say, my grandfather did not pass many words of military wisdom on to me at such a young age. What I remember of "Pop" Ryder is a humble but strict man. Later, in reading military history, I would come to learn that he made mistakes, but learned from them and soldiered on. He also it appears had a knack for diplomacy that facilitated his success in North Africa during WWII.

The following information has been extracted from a CGSC Monograph entitled "Major General Charles Ryder: The Forging of a World War II Division Commander," written by Major Samuel R. Andrews, Minnesota National Guard and dated 11/14/14:

World War I

Less than two years after Ryder graduated from the US Military Academy, the United States was at war. Captain Ryder was now a company commander in the16th Infantry Regiment, and his company was one of the first units to land in France on June 25, 1917, as part of the new 1st Division. The 16th Infantry Regiment experienced significant combat and other personnel turbulence; by the end of the war, it had its ranks replaced three times suffering over 3,500 casualties.

Initially, Captain Ryder was the company commander of Company B, 1st Battalion, 16th Infantry Regiment from July 14, 1917, to October 21, 1917. The French 47th Chasseurs trained Company B and 1st Battalion, 16th Infantry Regiment on trench warfare in Gondrecourt, France. There was a tension, however, between the French combat training method taught and the American Expeditionary Forces open warfare training and doctrine. This tension between maneuver warfare and trench warfare seemed natural, based on French combat experiences in the trenches and American doctrine.

During the previous three years, the French had learned to appreciate the power of defensive firepower; therefore, they focused on trench warfare training, which consisted of rolling artillery barrages, machine guns, automatic rifles, hand and rifle grenades, and the 37mm gun. Pershing believed that the trench warfare stalemate would have to end through an aggressive war of maneuvers. The 1st Division Histories recorded, "Through keenness of vision, General Pershing had seen that trench warfare must end before victory could be achieved." Therefore, the 1st Division commander, Major General William Sibert, consistent with open warfare doctrine, continued to train the division on close order drill, foot marches with packs, and rifle marksmanship out to three hundred meters. The key was to survive and fight in the trenches with sufficient combat power remaining to conduct open warfare beyond the trenches.

Ryder and Company B continued trench warfare training and occupied a sector of the Sommerviller on the Lorraine front on October 21, 1917. It was their first experience of the war. The French 18th Division was responsible for the company's employment and instruction. The company remained in the trenches until the night of November 2, 1917, learning more about field craft and training in trench conditions than any actual combat. This training or experience was a process whereby the

outgoing unit taught the incoming unit the intricacies of the area of operations. The company received firsthand experience in a lower risk area under the supervision of veteran troops, which ideally reduced the risk when the unit occupied the trenches for the first time on its own. Company B's experience was relatively quiet, and Ryder's company had just missed its first enemy contact. On the evening after 1st Battalion rotated out of the trenches, 2nd Battalion occupied the trenches as the German Army raided the sector, killing three, and capturing ten men. The final training period brought the entire division together for collective training. This phase of training coordinated infantry and artillery to attack limited objectives. The division also conducted open warfare training. However, weather and actual training time allotted to open warfare training seemed to limit the division's ability to gain true proficiency in open warfare training. In analyzing its full program of instruction, the division spent more time conducting training on trench warfare than on open warfare. In total, Ryder and 1st Battalion fought in the Soissons offensive after almost a year of training and practical experience in the trenches.

After Ryder was promoted to Major on June 17, 1918, he had two significant combat experiences during World War I. He participated in the Soissons and Meuse-Argonne offensive. He would lead his men from the front and be decorated for bravery twice. His first significant experience was the Battle of Soissons. At 4:35 a.m. on July 18, 1918, Major Ryder led 1st Battalion over the top without artillery preparation trailing a rolling barrage towards Laq Glaux Farm. Ryder seized his first objective near the farm by 5:30 a.m. After a twenty-minute pause, artillery concentrated fire on Missy Ravine, which prevented German fire on Ryder's flank, enabling 1st Battalion to seize the second objective and continue to Route National 2. First Battalion passed 2nd Battalion to continue the attack east of National Route 2. By 8:30 a.m., the 16th Infantry Regiment had secured its objective. The regiment consolidated and dug in, preparing to continue the attack on July 19, 1918. Second Battalion was originally designated the lead battalion for the next phase of the attack.

First Battalion suffered heavy casualties from machine gunfire originating from Missy Ravine, but 2nd Battalion fared much worse. As a result, the regimental commander chose 1st Battalion again to lead the regimental assault on July 19, 1918, toward Hill 153. Over the next twelve hours, 1st Battalion met determined enemy resistance in the form of machine gun positions, artillery, and aircraft. The use of tanks and resolute small unit leadership reduced the enemy positions enabling the battalion to seize Hill 153. Late on the second day, German artillery fire wounded Ryder. The following day at 2:00 p.m., 1st Battalion again led the regiment toward its next objective, cutting off the Soissons-Paris railroad. The battalion met little resistance until starting down the bluffs toward the railroad where German artillery and machine guns had clear fields of fire. By the evening of the 20th, 1st Battalion dug in six hundred meters east of the railroad, preparing for the final assault on the 21st. With only a rolling barrage, 1st Battalion led the remnants of 16th Infantry Regiment to cut the Soissons-Chateau Thierry road and seized the heights northwest of Buzancy. Of the 1,100 men who went over the top with 1st Battalion on Day One, there were only thirty or forty survivors by the fifth day. The 16th Regiment had 204 killed, 940 wounded, and 590 missing. Ryder's personal leadership directly contributed to the success of the mission.

In a memo dated August 5, 1918, the Division Commander, Major General Charles Summerall, cited Ryder for gallantry in action. "For four days led his battalion under increased machine gun and artillery fire displaying during the entire time great personal bravery and complete disregard for danger. His example inspired all with the will and determination to conquer." His Distinguished Service Medal citation further stated, "Although wounded early in the operation he remained in command and directed the attack until all objectives had been taken." Personal courage was certainly the defining characteristic of his performance in Soissons, but Ryder also employed applied decision-making and applied key war fighting principles, ensuring he had adequate artillery support while the infantry continued to advance to their subsequent objectives. Artillery preparatory

fires on defensive works were critical to reducing strong points. Ryder also learned from negative lessons when things went awry. These errors included poor maneuver and coordination. Preventing gaps between maneuvering battalions was critical to prevent enfilade fire on an advancing unit. The gap opened up on the left flank of the 1st Battalion, allowing German positions enfilade fire into Ryder's battalion, which caused many of 1st Battalion's casualties on the first day. There were difficulties in moving the guns, ammunition, and supplies forward through the muddy fields and roads while prisoners and injured were evacuated to the rear. If the infantry advanced too rapidly or extended beyond their objective, it would lose its protective rolling barrage. The infantry battalion commanders gave practically no orders to machine gun commanders, resulting in confusion in utilization and employment. Cohesion broke down between infantry units, and their attached machine gun crews prevented the employment of machine guns because of inability to keep up under the heavy loads. Despite the overall success of the offensive execution was not as desired and Ryder learned, internalized, and applied the lessons during Soissons offensive, during the subsequent Meuse-Argonne.

Major Ryder recovered from his wounds at Soissons, although he carried a sliver of steel in his heart for the rest of his life. Upon returning to duty, Ryder again assumed command of 1st Battalion, 16th Infantry, and led them once more during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. As chance would have it, Major Ryder and 1st Battalion 16th Infantry faced the difficult task of seizing Hill 272, which was a dominant terrain feature in 1st Division's sector. The German defense had held the division to a three-day standstill, demonstrating that 1st Division was a learning organization. The division commander made adjustments in his plan to maximize firepower and combined arms maneuver. On October 5, 1918, 1st Battalion was the division reserve. The 26th Infantry Regiment fought its way just short of Hill 272, and reported it was well defended with machine guns and short-range mortars. The division was forward of the units on its flanks and was held in place for three days. This pause allowed the division commander to prepare his most complicated attack plan yet to seize Hill 272, which became the ultimate accomplishment of Summerall's set piece, firepower maximization attack. The deliberate nature of employing artillery barrages, supporting machine gunfire, and rolling barrages were better coordinated and executed than during the battle of Soissons. On the afternoon of the 7th, Ryder was directed to report personally to 1st Brigade Headquarters to receive the order to reposition his battalion near Hill 240 so he could attack Hill 272 on October 9. Ryder rejoined the battalion and led the company commanders on a reconnaissance of his objective. Before German artillery forced the leader's recon off Hill 240, they observed machine gun and mortar emplacements at the base of the hill covering avenues of approach and machine guns in the woods near Hill 176, which would have enfilade fire on the left flank of the battalion. Ryder gave his company commanders a verbal order that described his plan of attack. He arranged the battalion from left to right: Company C and Company B were the assault companies with Ryder's command post in the center; Company D supported Company C; and Company A supported Company B; 3rd Platoon of the Machine Gun Company trailed Company A while 1st Platoon Machine Gun Company provided suppressive fires from Hill 240. The division artillery concentrated its fire on Hill 272, starting on October 8, 1918, and transitioned to a rolling barrage two hundred meters in front of Ryder's battalion three minutes before he went over the top.

Ryder's attack on Hill 272 started at 8:30 a.m. on 9 October 1918 under a thick fog. First Battalion moved five hundred meters to the base of the hill with closely synchronized artillery and machine gunfire, which enabled his battalion to get to the foot of his objective. Ryder, moving with Company C, immediately took fire from Hill 176, and Company C turned to attack. Ryder confirmed the commander's decision to attack the hill, securing his flank from enfilade fire. After returning to the foot of Hill 272, Ryder halted Company D, and personally checked the positions of his remaining companies. He then verbally ordered them to attack and seize the positions immediately to their front. The infantrymen worked in small units, flanked machine guns and

mortar positions, and destroyed or captured enemy positions. Ryder's personal leadership once again proved invaluable. His Distinguished Service Cross citation read, "[W]hile trying to establish liaison with the front-line companies, he advanced alone and personally directed the action of his command, although under direct fire from two enemy machine guns. He later personally led the final assault on Hill 272." By 11:00 a.m., they seized Hill 272, occupied a reverse slope defense, and began to consolidate and reorganize. Half of Companies A, B, and D were present along with one platoon from Company C. The machine gun company was attritted to a platoon of four guns. First Battalion captured over fifty machine guns in the process of seizing their objective. This experience was drastically different from Soissons.

The attack on Hill 272 differed from Soissons in its use of machine guns and artillery. Fires were concentrated from the division artillery, starting the day before Ryder's attack. Artillery fired both smoke and thermite to reduce enemy machine gun emplacement. Following the artillery, a rolling barrage laid down suppressive fire. Ryder had better coordination and employment of machine guns to suppress enemy positions. When his battalion received fire to his flank, he quickly confirmed the decision of the company commander to assault Hill 176 to allow the rest of his battalion to assault Hill 272. The coordinated use of artillery and machine guns allowed his riflemen to close with and destroy the enemy on the objective. The use of liaisons and wire communications improved coordination between the artillery and the infantry. Commanders employed machine gun companies to suppress enemy positions thus, allowing infantry to seize ground while tanks destroyed enemy machine gun strongpoints. Most importantly, commanders had better situational awareness of their front line of troops. When the infantry was unable to keep pace, a rolling barrage of artillery protected the halted infantry regiments while other artillery fired on strong points. Because of the better use of combined arms, Ryder's battalion was able to seize Hill 272.

World War II

Ryder assumed command of the 34th Infantry Division in June 1942 and led the division through its only divisional training exercise in Ireland in July, which combined the 34th and 1st Armored Divisions against the 59th and 61st British Divisions. Immediately following this exercise, Ryder departed to London to plan Operation Torch, Simultaneously, Infantry Regimental Combat Team 168 departed for Scotland to train for Operation Torch while the remainder of the division conducted retraining by battalion in the division training area. Each battalion in the division conducted attack, defense, and night training, which included live overhead artillery firing. Even though battalions received additional training while RCT 168 trained specifically for Operation Torch, it was impossible for Ryder to train his division in its entirety. Just following a division collective exercise, a time when the commander can retrain, coach, and mentor units and commanders, he departed to plan Operation Torch. Following the divisional exercise, the division's stability from both a training and personnel perspective was further damaged by the loss of six hundred men who formed the core of the newly forming Rangers. Ryder later stated in the division's report to the Adjutant General, "As a result of poor training, equipping, and troop labor requirements, the infantry units (less RCT 168) were not prepared for combat service." With only three or four additional months of training, RCT 168 and 3rd Battalion, 135th Infantry Regiment, departed with Ryder for the invasion of North Africa. The few opportunities for large-scale training and the diversion of resources and equipment shortages all contributed to a generally low state of training and readiness.

Operation Torch was the first large scale offensive operation against the Axis by an Anglo-American force. It was a joint multinational operation consisting of three simultaneous amphibious operations, East, Center, and West, to seize Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, hopefully allowing for the complete annihilation of Axis forces confronting the British Eight Army in Libya. The initial

objectives of the operation were to invade and occupy French North Africa to reopen the Mediterranean. Ryder's mission as the commander of Eastern Assault Force was to capture the port of Algiers and adjacent airdromes to facilitate the passage of the Eastern Task Force to Tunisia.

Ryder sailed for North Africa in October 1942 as the Commander of the Eastern Assault Force with his headquarters consisting of only twenty-five officers and one hundred enlisted men. He landed at Beer White at 9:00 a.m., November 8, 1942, with RCT 168. Only four hundred men of RCT 168 landed in the correct location while the remainder of the regiment landed eighteen miles south. By 4:00 p.m., Ryder and four hundred men from RCT 168 advanced toward the height that overlooked Algiers. Meanwhile, the remainder of the Eastern Assault Force was close to surrounding Algiers.

Not only was Ryder a task force commander and a division commander, he also was tasked as a diplomat. Shortly after arriving to the heights, Ryder received Mr. Pindar, a staff representative from the commander of all French forces in North Africa, General Alphonse Juin, in his headquarters. Mr. Pindar asked, "Would you be interested in receiving the surrender of Algiers?" Ryder replied, "Yes, I will go anywhere to talk to anyone who wished to surrender Algiers to me." Mr. Pindar departed and returned with the American diplomat, Robert Murphy, and together with Ryder and his G2, went to Algiers to negotiate the surrender of the city. Ryder demonstrated an understanding of his operational environment, which allowed him to capture Algiers and set the conditions for the surrender of French North Africa. After a short negotiation with General Juin, Ryder allowed the French to keep their arms, colors, and remain in their barracks. By 8:00 p.m., Ryder's forces controlled key locations in the city while French Gendarmes maintained order amongst the population. Ryder informed General Eisenhower of the surrender of the city. Over the next few days, Major General Mark Clark, Deputy Commander in Chief Allied Force, and Lieutenant General Ken Anderson, Commander 1st British Army, expanded negotiations to include all of French North Africa. The French signed the final surrender at 11:00 a.m. on November 11, 1942, exactly twenty-six years after the World War I Armistice. Ryder's role in providing light surrender terms for Algiers was critical; it allowed General Clark to negotiate the surrender of all of French North Africa. Furthermore, Ryder's initial treatment of the French allowed the Allies to add the French XIX Corps to the order of battle against the German forces in North Africa. Ryder passed command to General Anderson and continued to function as commander of all US Forces in Algiers until January. Ryder filed two reports on his lessons learned from Operation Torch, covering each of the staff sections' pertinent aspects of joint multinational amphibious operation. These first lessons of amphibious landing were later used to assist the planners for the amphibious landing in Sicily and Italy.

While the lessons Ryder provided on Operation Torch were important, perhaps invaluable to future joint amphibious planning, the lost opportunity to train his division between July 1942 and January 1943 became evident in the 34th Infantry Division's initial performance once the division moved inland and faced combat proven German forces. With the landings complete and objectives secure, the 34th Infantry Division, less RCT 168 and 2nd Battalion, 133rd Regiment, moved to Tlemcen, Algeria, and conducted an additional month of training. The division's training was intensive, consisting of maneuvers and live fire ranges, but was incomplete, considering it was missing a significant portion of its combat formations. Regardless of the task organization issues, the division training was sufficient to allow it to accomplish its defense of Sbiba Gap and the withdrawal from Pichon-Hadjeb-El Aioun sector during its initial phase of the Tunisia Campaign between February and March.

The division certainly did not perform brilliantly during the campaign, but it was adequate for the conditions encountered. Preparations for its first offensive operation were seriously challenged by reapportionment of units, low strength, and inadequate division-level training in offensive

operations. Between February and April 24, 1943, the division was assigned to French XIX Corps, British First Army, US II Corps, and British IX Corps. During the periods of employment with the French and British headquarters, the division was often broken up and employed inconsistently with its doctrinal organization. For instance, Weapons Company, 133rd Infantry Regiment was attached to the French Territorial Army on border duty, and the 175th Field artillery battalion was assigned to six different organizations prior to reunification with the 34th. Each of those units represents a critical capability necessary for a RCT to conduct operations.

A more tragic example of improper employment of a RCT was the battle for Faid Pass. On January 29, 1943, Allied Force Headquarters ordered Colonel Thomas Drake, Commander of RCT 168, to report to General Anderson, Commander First British Army, who in turn ordered the Regiment to report to US II Corps. Drake was informed that portions of his combat team were already at the front under command of 1st Armored Division. By February 18, 1943, 3rd Battalion and most of 2nd Battalion, RCT 168 would be killed or captured defending Faid Pass, totaling 2,860 men. Replacements would total 2,149 to reconstitute the regiment. The loss of the 34th Infantry Division's most well-trained unit was costly, taking over a month to reconstitute and train RCT 168. The division could not incorporate the lessons of its Tunisian experience, or fully incorporate all of its units, complete with organic supporting arms, into its training program.

Even though Ryder could not bring his division together as a completely trained entity, he fundamentally understood what it would take for his division to win battles. He communicated it to the officers in a memo, in which he stated, "What is the offensive spirit? It has been defined as the will to win, as the desire to fight and conquer. It is the only means by which battles are worn." He continued, "The offensive spirit is found in the flaming desire of the infantry man to close with the enemy with the rifle and bayonet and kill him. . .. The offensive spirit in a unit is dependent solely on leadership." Ryder's message to his division was clear. He wanted his men to understand that winning the war meant winning battles, engagements, and firefights, which required his leaders to instill violence of action and aggressiveness in the infantrymen to kill the enemy.

Ryder would apply this concept of leadership in the division's next engagement but did so in less than desirable conditions. Not only was the division unable to train adequately to incorporate past lessons, but a late change in the orders put the unit in a disadvantaged position, requiring a frontal attack. On April 4, 1943, the 34th Infantry Division was attached to British IX Corps for the attack on Fondouk Gap. After attending the Corps Commander's planning conference, Ryder developed a plan of attack on April 4, 1943. He issued Field Order Number 30, ordering two regiments in a column of battalions to attack east from the line of departure to seize and hold objectives, which would allow the British 6th Armored Division to penetrate deeper into enemy territory. The order integrated and synchronized both artillery and aviation fires. The division's flanking attack was dependent on the British 128th Infantry Brigade's attack on Djebel Rhorab.

Hours before the attack, though, Lieutenant General Sir John Crocker, Commander British IX Corps, changed the corps scheme of maneuver, sending the British 128th Infantry Brigade five miles north of Djebel Rhorab. Ryder, understanding the importance of the Anglo-American coalition, did not protest. This change to the corps created the conditions for the 34th Infantry Division to conduct a frontal attack across 2,000 yards of open ground on fortified German positions and desynchronized the supporting artillery and aviation fires. Between April 8th and 9th, the German defense held against several division frontal assaults while German artillery and anti-tank fires stopped the penetration attempt by 6th Armored Division. During the morning of April 10, 1943, the attacking regiments found the German positions empty. The failure of the division to destroy the Germans infuriated General Crocker and caused Allied commanders to doubt the effectiveness of the division.

General Omar Bradley (USMA 1915), Commander US II Corps, said, "The 34th was no better and no worse than our other II Corps divisions, but it was in need of self-confidence, the self-confidence that comes from winning battles and killing Germans." Crocker's severe criticism of Ryder's inexperienced and overly cautious performance resulted in General Anderson's blacklisting the 34th Infantry Division. Bradley sided with Ryder's perspective of the attack on Fondouk Gap and went to Anderson to ask for the 34th. Anderson released the division to Bradley with his promise that the 34th "would take and hold their very first objective."

On the April 15, 1943, the division moved to US II Corps' area of operations and conducted an intensive ten-day training period, which focused on night attacks following artillery barrages and wireless training to improve communication and coordination. General Ryder was a taskmaster, and he insisted his men be the most hardened fighters. This was also the first time the division trained as an entire entity in its triangular configuration, as outlined in doctrine, utilizing the combined capabilities of triangularization. The most critical lesson from Fondouk Pass was coordinating artillery to allow infantry to close with German defensive positions. Colonel Robert Ward, the Commander of RCT 135, said, "Operations against Fondouk Pass, just completed, have taught invaluable lessons. These teachings will be emphasized, explained, and practiced, without delay, so that the entire command will derive the maximum benefit from them." The 135th Infantry Regiment conducted an aggressive training plan that met Ryder's training focus areas. As an example of how regiments trained, Ward's plan directed a company night attack supported by machine guns and artillery. Platoon and company teams trained with tanks. Artillery, mortars, and machine guns trained to fire on suspected enemy positions while platoons closed the last 100-200 yards to the objective. Most importantly during the training maneuvers, Ward emphasized leadership, initiative and the aggressive spirit. The training ordered by Ryder was critical to the success of the division's attack on Hill 609.

The Battle of Hill 609 was decisive to US II Corps because German artillery fire had previously prevented the 1st Armored Division's advance through the pass. Bradley made good on his promise to Anderson, and ordered Ryder to Attack Hill 609, "Get me that hill and you will break up the enemy's defenses clear across our front. Take it and no one will ever again doubt the toughness of your division."

Bradley issued Ryder an order with three essential tasks: protect the flank of 1st Infantry Division, maintain contact with 9th Infantry Division, and assume the offensive in the zone of action. The battle for Hill 609 was a series of mutually supporting German defensive positions consisting of Hills 407, 473, and 375, west of Hill 609; north and west were Hills 435, 490, and 461; to the south was Hill 531. Ryder issued orders to his regiments, sequentially attacking the German defensive positions, and securing his flanks so his main effort could attack and seize Hill 609. From April 25-29, the division reduced the German defenses supporting Hill 609, attacking two regiments abreast, supported by all of the division's artillery. On the 29th, Bradley offered Ryder seventeen Sherman tanks for Ryder's final attack on Hill 609. Field Order 37 ordered 135th Infantry with Company I, 1st Armored Regiment, and 1st Battalion, 133rd Infantry, to seize and hold Hill 609. By the evening of the 30th, the infantry and armor teams seized the northwest slope of Hill 609. The division defeated several German counterattacks with massed artillery fire, causing them heavy casualties. By noon on May 1, 1943, the division completed their combined infantry and armor attack and secured the objective, unhinging the entire German defense and allowing 1st Armor Division to penetrate into the coastal plain.

At the conclusion of the Tunisian Campaign, Bradley confirmed Ryder's reputation as a skilled tactician, noting that he lacked the dash of Terry Allen by subordinating himself to the division.

> Ryder and the 34th Division, with combat operations in North Africa behind them, went into another training cycle. A few months later, Fifth Army ordered the division to Italy early to reinforce the beachhead at Salerno. Ryder and the division served together until July 1944 when he relinquished command. In a personal letter from General Mark Clark to Ryder, Clark expressed his regret to see him leave his division and Fifth Army and thanked him for his leadership during the Italian campaign. General George C. Marshall, the Army Chief of Staff, recognized Ryder's performance as a division commander. Before he even returned from the Italian theater of operations, Marshall ordered Ryder to take leave, and selected him for corps command. By September 1944, Ryder was in route to Hawaii to command US IX Corps and prepare for the invasion of Japan.

This CGSC extract fleshes out a lot of detail that I was only slightly aware of through my reading of military history. Lessons I learned from reading about my grandfather include:

- Humble leadership with subservience to the unit
- Learn from you mistakes, but keep pressing on
- A little diplomacy doesn't hurt.
- Even when your superior is a classmate (Bradley), you're expected to perform.

My grandfather died in 1960 of heart complications. I believe, though no one mentioned it, that his heart problems were related to the "sliver" he carried in his heart from WWI. The extract above also does not mention that my grandfather was the West Point Commandant of Cadets from 1937 to 1941, which leads to recollections of my father.

…

BG Charles W. Ryder '15
and CDT Charles W. Ryder Jr. '42

One story I remember my father, **Charles W. Ryder Jr.** (USMA 1942), telling me was of the day he entered Beast Barracks in 1938. "Pop" Ryder was the Commandant of Cadets at the time. The upper classmen were waiting for Dad as he walked off the back porch of the Commandant's house and into the scrum awaiting his arrival. I felt better when I entered Beast Barracks as an unknown arriving on a bus from the Thayer Hotel in 1966. Later in life I asked Dad if he was afraid that day. No, he replied. He said he knew deep down the upperclassmen would haze him but knew better than to try and force him out.

The hardest days for me were the days Dad was in Vietnam. He left for Vietnam as CG, 199th Light Infantry Brigade (with a classmate as his XO). It was the first time I remembered him going to war. I was too young when he went to Korea. It truly colored my first 1-1/2 years as a cadet as I worried about both him and my upperclassmen. In Vietnam he would go on to serve as ADC Logistics for both the Americal and the 4th Infantry Divisions. In the Americal Division his CG was a classmate – shades of his father's service with Bradley, only for Bradley it turned out much better since the Americal CG was relieved after My Lai.

After Vietnam, Dad was promoted to MG and served as Chief of Staff, Fourth Army; Chief, Joint United States Military Aid Group to Greece; and Director of Logistics and Security Assistance (J-4/7), United States European Command.

Just before he retired, I asked him if he would get promoted to LTG. He chuckled some and said, "Not without a division command." He retired in 1977.

A humorous anecdote I remember from his time in Greece — While I was a 1LT stationed in Augsburg, Germany, Dad flew in from Greece for business in Stuttgart after a short visit with us. We had a discussion in which I mentioned in passing that I was disillusioned and thinking about resigning. Unbeknownst to me, he was meeting with my CG for a short meeting thereafter before traveling to Stuttgart. Long story short, Dad left for Stuttgart, and I was summoned to the CG's office for a very short conversation! I assured my CG that I was only venting to my father. Lesson Learned! Watch what you say. You never know where it will be going.

During the 4 years Dad was stationed in Washington, DC, I fondly remember him not only as an officer but also as a square dance caller. In particular, he called square dance many times in our basement. Each event was well attended by many of his classmates also stationed in DC. It was that time in their careers. Comraderie with his classmates was evident then and at so many other times including many "golf gaggles."

Lessons Learned I learned from my father include:

- Humble leadership
- Someday you may end up working for a classmate or they may be working for you.
- Comraderie with classmates – lifelong connections that transcend rank.
- Be careful with whom you confide; you never know where it will end up.
- Command is where it's at.

CDT Charles W. Ryder III '70 after taking the oath of office from MG Charles W. Ryder Jr. '42

MG CW Ryder Jr. '42 and LTC CW Ryder III '70 at BW Ryder's commissioning in 1994.

We are proud of our son **Bryan W. Ryder** who was commissioned a 2LT, Ordnance Corps, upon graduation from Cornell University in 1994 continuing the family business. His 20 years of service included 7 years "in the sand" and two EOD company commands both in the sand. His 2LT bars were pinned on by MG (USA, Ret) Charles W. Ryder Jr. and LTC (USAR) Charles "Skip" W. Ryder III.

— Skip Ryder '70

David Earl Schroeder (E-2)

Desert Rock V "Volunteer"

Earl D. Schroeder as a CSC ROTC cadet

My father, **Col. Earl Duane Schroeder** (2 Aug 1919 - 3 Aug 2003), served 30 years in the U.S. Army. He was in ROTC at Colorado State College (now CSU) where he was an honor graduate. He entered the Army in June 1941 at Ft. Sill, OK. In September 1943, he staged in Algeria for the invasion of Italy, subsequently spending 4 months on the Anzio beachhead, where he was responsible for counter-battery operations in half the sector. His unit participated in the invasion of southern France in August 1944, eventually moving into Bavaria for VE Day, 8 May 1945.

After demobilization on 26 September 1945, he left the Army in January 1946, returning to civilian life with the University of California as a chemist at Los Alamos Laboratories, where he had exposure to nuclear waste. In May 1947 he purchased a dairy farm near Ridgway, CO, operating it until he was recalled to active duty at the Pentagon in January 1951. Beginning in August, he served on a 4-month long special assignment in Norway. In the spring of 1953, he was a "volunteer" officer observer at Desert Rock V, where he and many others experienced 3 to 5 times the AEC allowable one-time dose of post-detonation radiation. The promised lifelong medical evaluations for this deliberate experimental human exposure failed to materialize.

Maj. Earl D. Schroeder, after recall to active duty in 1951

Then there followed another stint in civilian life from August 1954 until July 1960, during which time he worked as a loan officer and real estate broker. After attending the Army War College, he took a job at the Pentagon as liaison to the Army Reserve. An assignment in June 1964 as the XO of the 214th Artillery Group at Ft. Sill was followed by a time as the installation Inspector General. He was posted in late 1966 for a year in Korea where, among other duties, he participated in meetings at Panmunjom. His last assignment began in January 1968, with the Defense Atomic Support Agency at Sandia Base, N.M. where he worked dismantling the Army nuclear testing program. He retired on 31 May 1971. His military decorations include the Legion of Merit and the European–African–Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with seven battle stars for the Naples, Foggia, Anzio, Rome, Arno, Southern France, and Rhineland campaigns, and a bronze arrowhead for the assault landing on Southern France.

Despite his extensive military career, he would have considered himself first a family man, with 7 sons and a loving wife of 61 years. He ran a youth football league while at Ft. Sill, was a benefactor to a South Korean orphanage and was a Merit Badge Counselor and/or Scoutmaster for a dozen years, producing over 20 Eagle Scouts. After retirement, he was a leader in an effort to bring Cambodian refugees to the Grand Valley of Colorado and he mentored 3 troubled youths in the Partners program. Amidst all this he was a 15-gallon blood donor who found time to fish with great frequency. In 2000, the Grand Junction, CO, Kiwanis Club proclaimed him Citizen of the Year.

Family man Earl D. Schroeder with loving wife Jnell and seven sons posing for a local car dealer's ad in Grand Junction, CO.
Son Dave is the handsome one on the far right, middle row.

Dad and Dave Schroeder

He passed at age 84 from prostate cancer, recognized by an act of Congress as likely the result of his Desert Rock V experience. Funds for restitution authorized by that act had been exhausted by the time he made application.

— **Dave Schroeder '70**

Patrick Evans Sculley (I-2)

Black Sheep Marine

Patrick J. Sculley was the younger brother of my father and his only sibling. My Uncle Pat graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School in Port Arthur, TX at the age of 16. He then enrolled in Lamar College to further prepare himself to serve his country. On January 25, 1943, he celebrated his 18th birthday by enlisting in the Marine Corps.

Patrick was inducted into the Marine Corps in March and started basic training in April 1943. At that time, Marine basic training was 17 weeks long. After completing basic training in San Diego, he was assigned Ordnance as his MOS and posted to Headquarters Squadron 42 in Santa Barbara.

Ordnance training was in Norman, OK and lasted 16 weeks. Patrick was promoted to Corporal during this period. After graduation from Ordnance school, Corporal Sculley was sent to the Marine Corps Air Station at Goleta, CA and assigned to the training squadron. He was soon to join Marine Fighter Attack Squadron 214 (call sign "The Black Sheep").

The Black Sheep squadron is, to this day, considered the most famous fighter squadron in Marine Corps history. During 83 days of combat ending on January 8, 1944, they flew Vought F4U-1A Corsairs from the Solomons against the Japanese stronghold at Rabaul. They set a combat record, including 97 air-to-air confirmed kills, that still stands. Their commander, Major "Pappy" Boyington, recorded 26 enemy planes shot down before he was shot down and captured on January 3, 1944. He was later awarded the Medal of Honor. On January 8, the squadron's combat tour ended, and their pilots were assigned to the pilot pool of the Marine Aircraft Group.

In February 1944, in Santa Barbara, the Black Sheep squadron was reformed (new commander, new pilots primarily straight out of flight training school and enlisted support personnel). As their new planes, Corsair Mark II's, began to arrive, they were stationed at Goleta (a municipal airport a few miles north of Santa Barbara) and began their training. Corporal Sculley was promoted to Sergeant in April and assigned to the squadron to lead an ordnance team. During this time, the Pacific campaign adjusted its focus to the Philippines and beyond. If Marine squadrons were going to participate, they would need to be qualified to fly off the new 'fast carriers' such as the USS *Benjamin Franklin*. The new Corsair Mark II's provided higher performance and could carry greater payloads. Also, Corsair's had the best kill rate in air-to-air combat against the Japanese. The Pacific fleet needed their ability to better protect them from the Kamikazes.

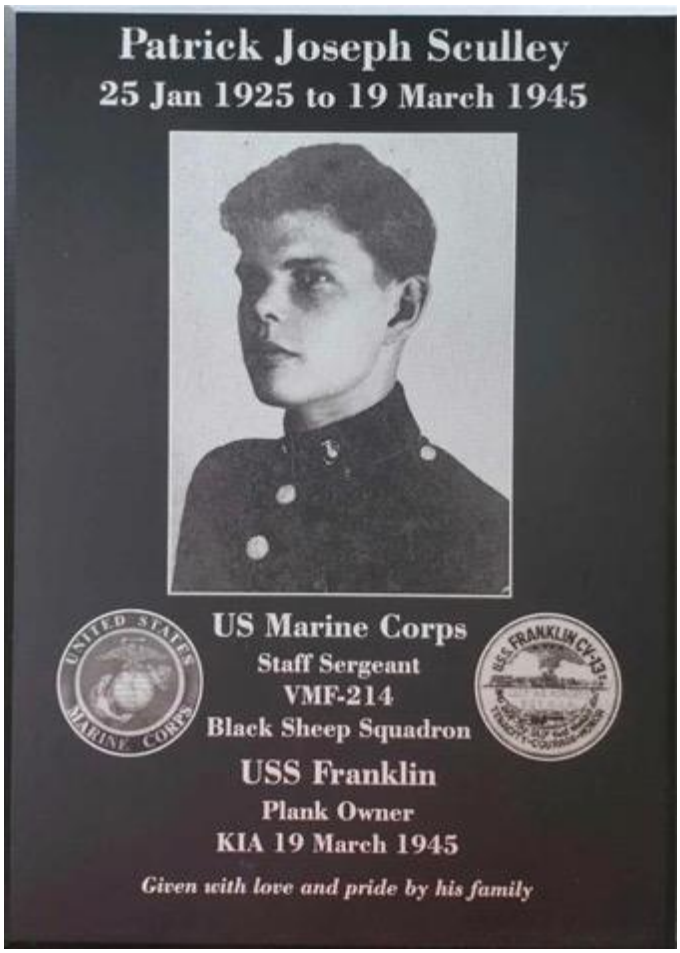
The training for the squadron included bombing, strafing, navigation, recognition, parachute dunking, survival, first aid and carrier landing on dry land. This training concluded in October. During fall 1944, the squadron completed night flying training and rocket training. In December, they were ordered to the Mojave Desert for more large rocket training. Then in January 1945, the squadron was loaded on the carrier *Ranger* for carrier qualification. Qualification of all pilots was completed on January 23.

During the training period, Sergeant Sculley had been promoted to Staff Sergeant. He was 20 years old. With the Black Sheep squadron, he boarded the fast carrier USS *Franklin* in San Francisco on February 3. The *Franklin* set sail on February 7 and tied up in Pearl Harbor a week later. After 2 weeks of operational training, the *Franklin* departed Pearl Harbor to join Task Force

58, the largest armada of warships ever assembled. Task Force 58's mission was to attack the Japanese homeland in support of the invasion of Okinawa.

On March 18, 1945, the *Franklin* launched 4 divisions of the Black Sheep for combat missions against mainland Japan, striking Izumi's large airfield, hangars, and supply dumps. The Japanese were caught by surprise and the damage was extensive. The Black Sheep lost 4 planes and 3 pilots.

The night of the 18th, SSgt Sculley and all other ordnance personnel reloaded and refueled the squadron for attacks against mainland Japanese harbors. At 0530 on the morning of March 19, the Franklin was within 50 miles of Japan. She turned into the wind and began launching the first sorties. By 0730, 30 planes were preparing to launch from the flight deck and 22 planes were loaded and awaiting to be taken up to the flight deck. One of his squadron mates reported that SSgt Sculley had finished his breakfast and headed to the hangar deck to get some fresh air. Many of the remaining Black Sheep ordnance and engineering crew headed below deck to get some needed sleep. A little after 0730, a single plane dropped out of low cloud cover, crossing the Franklin from bow to stern. It was a Japanese Yokosuka D4Y dive bomber. It released two 250-kilogram armor-piercing bombs. The first bomb penetrated the flight deck and exploded in the hangar deck. This ignited the aviation fueling system and the fuel in loaded planes in the hangar deck and initiated the cook-off of the ammunition loaded on the planes and the ammunition stored in the hangar deck. There were no survivors in the hangar deck. The explosion was so powerful that it lifted the 32-ton forward aircraft elevator out of its well.



Plaque for SSgt Patrick Sculley at the National Museum of the Pacific War

On that fateful day of March 19, 1945, more than 800 servicemen died on the *Franklin* and almost 500 were injured. SSgt Patrick Sculley was among the dead. He was given last rites by Father Joseph O'Callahan and buried at sea. A short time later, Major Bailey, the squadron commander, sent the dreaded letter attached below. The *Franklin's* survival from the attack is Navy history legend and well documented.

On February 22, 2020, SSgt Patrick Sculley's nieces and nephews memorialized his contribution and legacy in the effort to win WWII with a Plaque Dedication Ceremony at the National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, Texas.

— **Pat Sculley '70**

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
MARINE FIGHTING SQUADRON TWO FOURTEEN
MARINE AIRCRAFT GROUP FORTY TWO
MARINE FLEET AIR, WEST COAST, MCAS,
EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA.

21 April 1945.

Mr. George C. Scully,
1201 De Queen Blvd,
Port Arthur, Texas.

Dear Mr. Scully:

This is the one letter I've prayed I would never have to write but I hope that I can easy your mind a little by giving you as much information as possible.

Patrick was instantly killed by an explosion aboard the ship which was a direct result of enemy action. He was positively identified and was buried at sea.

It is needless to say how valuable Patrick was, but more than that he was the close friend of everyone in the squadron and his loss is deeply felt. And we want you to know that we share, in part, your grief with you.

None of us can rationalize the why's and wherefore's of such a thing and can only place our faith and trust in God. That is the only way we can continue to look ahead when our closest friends and comrades are taken from us. I pray that you too will be able to find strength the same way.

If there is anything else I can do or anyway I can be of service please let me know.

Sincerely,

Stanley R. Bailey

Stanley R. Bailey.

Major Stanley R. Bailey, USMC.,
VMF-214, MAG-42, MCAS,
El Centro, California.

Edwin David Selby (A-2)

Selby Family Army Service: Cavalryman, Tanker, Nurse

My grandfather, **John Edwin Selby**, Cavalry, U.S. Army, was born in 1894 and now lies in Arlington National Cemetery. I attended his impressive military funeral procession in 1978. His headstone shows "World War I and II." He served in the Philippines, Vermont, and New Mexico, retiring as a Lieutenant Colonel. He was a Professor of Military Science and Tactics (PMS&T) at different schools, to include the New Mexico Military Institute (NMMI) in Roswell. I know of his tour in the Philippines because Dad told me of his meeting tribe members to include a chief of a tribe of headhunters who gave him a set of bow and arrows. Granddad was also an accomplished horseman – see the photo of him jumping a very high hurdle on "Diamond" in 1928. He likely knew General "Black Jack" Pershing personally because I have a note from General Pershing thanking Granddad for a get-well card.

John Edwin Selby

Edwin Dent Selby

My father, **Edwin Dent Selby**, Armor, U.S. Army, was born in 1920 and passed last year at 102 1/2. He served for over three years in WWII in the North Africa and Italy combat theaters, starting as a Lieutenant in December 1941 after attending NMMI where his dad taught. During the war he said he was moved around so often he often didn't even know what unit he was assigned to. One assignment he relayed to me was his being placed in charge of 5,000 German and Italian prisoners with only one or two enlisted men to help! In the finest traditions of field expediency and military necessity, he pointed his pistol at the forehead of the senior officer and told him he'd be the first to go if any of the others escaped or misbehaved – the senior officer got the message, so Dad didn't have to shoot him! Of course, had I been his JAG officer I've been between a rock and a hard place as how else can 2-3 men effectively control that large a group of enemy soldiers?

His final wartime assignment was a high level, highly stressful staff position for a full colonel while a major in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, US Army (MTOUSA) in Italy. Once when wounded by shrapnel, he rejected the Purple Heart medal offered by an officer at the field aid station where he was treated, stating that it wasn't sufficiently serious to merit that prestigious award when others around him were being killed and severely wounded. Dad later regretted his foolish pride in rejecting the medal.

He was sent back to a military hospital in New Jersey after the war ended to decompress and rehabilitate from over three very intense years in two combat theaters. He denied ever having PTSD/shell shock/battle fatigue, but as a child I could sometimes see the stress of his wartime experiences etched on his face and in his mind, further traumatized by the sudden loss of his beloved wife and mother of their four children. He served post war on the G-4 staff in Vienna and later as a tank gunnery instructor at the Armor School at Ft. Knox.

He visited the Pentagon upon return to the States from his assignment in Formosa (Taiwan) as an armor advisor to the Chinese Nationalist Army for an emergency reassignment after Mom died. A personnel officer in the Armor Branch there told him that he ranked in the top 3% of the officer corps and was surely destined to become a General officer, but Dad explained he was the widowed father of four children ten and under and requested a career-ending assignment to St. Petersburg, Florida, where he could better transition to civilian life.

After retiring as a Colonel, he began anew in real estate to better support his family as both active duty and retired pay circa 1960 was way below what service members deserved and needed to adequately support their families. He later had a very successful career owning and operating a citrus grove operation that shipped fruit worldwide. He forever after was respectfully addressed by all outside the family as "the Colonel".

Dad was immensely proud of his military service, especially his service in WWII. He truly was of what we affectionately, gratefully and respectfully refer to as "the greatest generation"!

My mother, **Elizabeth Rae Selby**, U.S. Army Nurse Corps, born in 1923, was an RN during WWII. She met Dad when he was sent back to a military hospital in New Jersey after the war ended to decompress and rehabilitate. It was pretty much love at first sight. They looked like movie stars at their wedding – see the attached wedding photo. She resigned from the Army to start a family. She passed suddenly in Formosa (Taiwan) from septic shock in 1958 while Dad was an armor advisor to the military forces under General Chang Kai-shek, President of the Republic of China. I was the oldest of four children at ten. She's rested in Arlington for some 66 years, patiently waiting for Dad to come lie by her.

Elizabeth Rae Selby

Other family members that served include at least three uncles – Navy, Army, and a bomber pilot in WWII in the US Army Air Corps.

— **David Selby '70**

Patrick Thomas Thornton (D-2)

B-25 Bomber Pilot in the CBI Theater

LT Joseph Thornton

One of our cherished Thornton family possessions is the complete military file for my father, **R. Joseph Thornton**, chronicling his career in the U. S. Army Air Corps. I am now the holder of his military records. I was amazed how detailed the details were of his flying hours, from every training hour to the combat hours.

Here's an article we put together to advise relatives of Dad's military service:

Joe enlisted in the Army Air Corps on 17 October 1942. He was a B-25 pilot in the China-Burma-India (CBI) Theater assigned to the 11th Bomb Squad, 341st Bombardment Group, 14th Air Force. After training in the states, the pilots and their crews began the arduous journey flying from West Palm Beach, Florida to their assignment in India. The journey took 33 days to complete with multiple stops (Puerto Rico, Trinidad, British Guyana, Brazil, Ascension Island, Ghana, Nigeria, Sudan, Khartoum, Yemen, Oman, Karachi and finally, Bangalore). In the states the airmen had trained as a team, pilot and crew, the entire period of training. When they arrived in China a newly arrived crew was assigned to an experienced pilot and vice versa. Joe's stateside crew, along with the seasoned pilot, was shot down and all were lost on their first mission together. In fact, later Joe and his newly assigned crew were also shot down, landing in a China rice field, and were hidden by the Chinese underground who escorted the men to safety after 10 days. (We have a piece of the parachute that he used to bail out of his plane.)

B-25 Bomber

Joe flew 200 combat hours over 48 combat missions The main mission of Joe's unit was to disrupt Japanese transportation and lines of communication. At some point they developed a unique bombing technique called "GLIP" bombing, which stood for "Glide and Skip." They would line up on a bridge, go into a glide path along the main axis of the bridge and then skip the bomb into the bridge. They became so proficient at this technique that the unit was awarded a Distinguished Unit Citation for inventing it. From military records: "Between 11 December 1944 and 12 March 1945 this Group waged an extremely successful and highly dangerous bridge-busting campaign along the land corridor then held by the Japanese between north China and the tremendous raw material potential found in her conquests in southern Asia and adjacent islands. To thwart the Japanese plan to capitalize on this

landline, the Group was assigned the hazardous task of destroying the numerous steel and concrete bridges on the modern rail lines in French Indo-China."

When the men were not flying bombing missions, they flew food missions to Bombay to locate whatever fresh food was available to supplement their provisions. Most of their meals consisted of rice, which Joe detested. One time they acquired fresh peaches which, under the circumstances, were considered a gourmet treat. The peaches were given to the Chinese cooks who were asked to make them into a dessert. The cooks added them to the **rice pudding** that they made, rendering them inedible, in Joe's opinion!

CBI WWII patch

While viewing a "March of Times" newsreel before a movie in Waterloo, Iowa, Joe's wife, Mary Kathryn McDermott, watched a B-25 crew over China take a flack round to the windscreen and part of the windscreen collapse onto the pilot's face. When the pilot in the newsreel turned to avoid the blow, Mary recognized the pilot as being her husband, Joe. Joe was awarded the Asiatic Pacific Theater Ribbon with 1 bronze star, the Air Medal, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Soon after being discharged from the Air Corps following World War II, his complete military file was mailed to Joe. It detailed each and every step in his training to become a pilot as well as his missions in the China/Burma/India Theater.

The second cherished family possession is the Short Snorter that Joe faithfully carried in his wallet following his discharge from the military. Is this a term that is new to you? For us, as well, until it appeared on a Facebook historical site that I follow. I spent time today doing a little research so here goes:

The term is American slang, referring to bills of currency that are signed and dated by two or more people. Supposedly, in the 1920's, barnstorming pilots created the tradition which then spread to commercial and military pilots. Originally, it was reserved for those pilots who had flown over an ocean and their acceptance in the "club" was confirmed by their signatures on a dollar bill. When buying drinks, an airman who could not produce his short snorter was expected to buy a round for those who had theirs. In other scenarios, the person with the shortest snorter or the fewest signatures would buy the drinks. (The word "snort" is derived from the slang for a stiff drink and a "short" is less than a full measure.)

It was not unusual for the military members to swap different currencies and add to their own starter bill. Signing paper currency became a craze and some record-setting short snorters could reach to 100 feet. Even Eleanor Roosevelt participated in the fad. Coca-Cola ran an ad suggesting that when short snorters meet, drinking a Coke will "bring folks closer together." For one flight nurse, stationed at Hickam Field in Honolulu, her Short Snorter served as a "portable memorial of her military service" and "a portable scrapbook of her adventures" consisting of ferrying patients, crisscrossing the Pacific during World War II.

At the Casablanca Conference, General Patton asked several of the attendees to sign a dollar bill to create a Short Snorter. The participants included: George Marshall, Elliott Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins, Omar Bradley, Averill Harriman, Lord Louis Mountbatten, among others. After his death, it was found in his effects and donated to the Patton Museum. In the 1960's the tradition

was updated as America entered the space age. Throughout the Gemini III-XIII and Apollo 7-11 missions, the astronauts all carried $1 bills signed by their fellow crew members, some even sporting Neil Armstrong's signature. Carrying on the tradition, anyone unable to produce their bill during the mission would be obligated to buy drinks when they were safely back on Earth.

Joe's Short Snorter includes a U.S. one dollar silver certificate, a five piastre Egyptian note, a ten-rupee Indian note and one-yuan Chinese note. After cross-checking with his flight records, it appears that the signatures are of his fellow crew mates who he either served with in the 341st Bombardment Group or were in the same group ferried over from the States to the CBI theater following flight training.

Short Snorter ten-rupee note.

Short Snorter with other WWII memorabilia

…

Also, my older brother **Tim** is a Vietnam veteran having been a meteorologist with the Army Artillery in 1967-1968. I asked him a couple weeks ago about the Tet offensive. He said "Yes, they tried to find me with their rockets, but they never did."

Albert Kayser, Mary Thornton, Pat Thornton, R. Joseph Thornton
20 June 1970

— Pat Thornton ‘70

David Wayne Trammel (B-2)

Tanker Dad in WWII & Infantryman Great Uncle in Cuba

My dad, **William S. Trammel**, told my brother and me World War II stories at bedtime. He was a tank gunner in Company A, 11th Tank Regiment, 10th Armored Division and his stories definitely influenced my branch choice. In November 2002, I sat down with him and a tape recorder. I knew the main stories I wanted to hear and asked him questions to get his entire WWII experience on tape from before he was inducted until he was mustered out. The full recording is about 1.5 hours. I will share 3 minutes of it in my dad's own words. This story occurs at night on March 29, 1945. The 10th Armored Division has crossed the Rhine and is beginning to advance further into Germany. His unit has waited all day to make a night attack.

The story as told by Corporal William Trammel follows:

> Then they told us we were going to move out at dark across this open field. We were the second tank. McCarthy's tank got out and just as we got in the edge of the woods, all of a sudden it looked like the 4th of July when McCarthy's tank got hit. Man, balls of fire just went everywhere. Someone, I guess it was me, said "McCarthy's tank was hit!" I swung to fire, we knew the fire came from our right and I swung the gun around and I started spraying that forest with machine gun fire. I kept my foot on the button too long and I got the gun too hot. I had to quit so I said, "Just load HE shells," and I fired high explosive a few times in there. I don't really remember. I don't know how far it got but about that time, bang, they hit us. It was bad, the whole tank was like there were just balls of fire all in that turret. You can't imagine what it was like. Just as soon as we were hit, I hollered and said, "Let's get out of here," and I just reached up to the edge of the turret and pulled myself up. The tank commander, Gregory, let out a groan. I knew he was hit bad, and I went on out of the tank and I went down. I don't remember how I got off of the tank, but I got down on the ground. When I started to get back on the tank to see about, see I didn't know where the tank commander was, but that tank got hit again and the boy on the other side of me, the loader, that shell must have hit him when it came in. It came right in where he was sitting, and I couldn't get back in there. We got hit the second time. Something started burning in that tank. I don't know what it was, but I know something started burning. The only thing I knew to do was to try to get back so that kid, (this was the assistant driver/bow gunner), he was hurt. Something about his arm. I don't remember but I got on one side of Gregory and he got on the other and I said let's go back.

I interjected for clarification: Five-man crew, driver is killed, loader is killed, the bow gunner/assistant driver is out with you and the two of you are helping carry the more badly wounded tank commander.

He continued:

> Yes. We had to holler, we were afraid to start back until we could get somebody to hold some fire because I mean it was, when I stuck my head out of that tank, I was afraid I was gonna have to stay low to keep from getting hit. Those tracer bullets looked like they were coming right at us so I just stayed down as low as you could and there was a half-track, I don't know who they were, of men behind us and they were the closest to us, so we hollered

> and told them to hold their fire that we were coming back. I heard the sergeant in charge say, "Hold your fire, some men are coming back." So, we went on back. He wanted to know if I was hurt. I said, "Yeah, I'm hit. I don't know how bad. I could feel the blood running down my leg, but I'm not hurt that bad."

The three of them went back down the line a little further and then were put in the first sergeant's jeep and taken to an aid station where my dad had some limited surgery to remove shrapnel. The next day he was taken by ambulance to a field hospital where the triage doctor wanted him x-rayed. His knee and leg were full of shrapnel. He was taken quickly into surgery and woke up with his leg in a cast. From there it was back to England then to the United States. In addition to service awards, he received the Bronze Star and Purple Heart.

Dad behind his tank in WWII

Dad on my tank in Germany, 1973

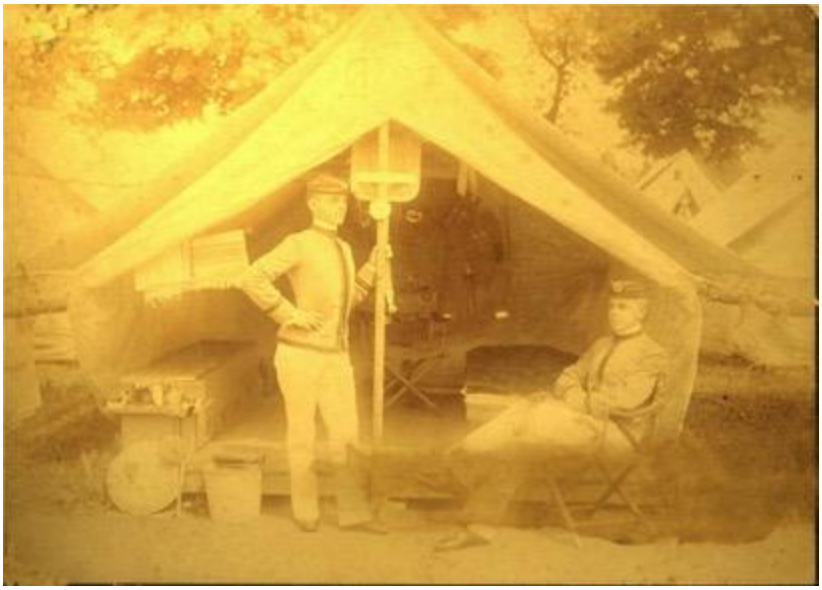
Dad and me, June Week 1970

I sent the full recording to the Veterans History Project of the Library of Congress. A search for William Trammel will locate the interview. It's an amazing view of World War II from an enlisted man's view. The link for the search is: https://memory.loc.gov/diglib/vhp/html/search/search.html

…

I first heard of my Second Great Uncle **Reuben Turman x1894** when my Great Aunt Emma Belle gave me three original pictures of him. They were given to me when I was a high school senior because I had just received an appointment to West Point. Since Reuben Turman had gone to West Point she wanted me to have the photos. After our class entered the academy and the academic year had begun, I went to the library and looked him up in a Register of Graduates. I learned that he had entered in 1890 as part of the Class of 1894 but had not graduated and had died in the Spanish American War.

Reuben Smith Turman, Miss: Enl 93-96:
2Lt 6Inf 96: D-SanJuan(wds) 2 Jul 98,
2Lt.



Cadet Reuben Turman

For many years all I knew of my Uncle Reuben was that brief entry from the Register of Graduates but later my wife Debra did considerable research and filled out an outline of Reuben's career. Reuben entered West Point in 1890, left in 1891, reentered, and left again in 1893. The issue may have been medical, but he went into the Army as an enlisted man in 1893 and was assigned to Company G, 16th Infantry Regiment at Fort Douglas, UT. Following promotions to corporal and sergeant he was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in 1896. Lt Turman was assigned to Company F, 6th Infantry Regiment, at Fort Thomas, KY.

The 6th Infantry Regiment was a part of the U.S. forces sent to Cuba in the Spanish-American War. According to Wikipedia, on 1 July 1898, the 6th Regiment took the brunt of the fighting during the charge up San Juan Hill. Jim Pitts, Mississippi historian, reported that 2LT Turman was mortally wounded in an attack on one of the bunkers on the San Juan Hills. He died the next day in a field hospital. In 1924 he was awarded the Silver Star posthumously "for gallantry in action against Spanish forces." He was initially buried in Cuba but his remains along with about 335 others were interred in Arlington National Cemetery on April 6, 1899, in a funeral service attended by President William McKinley and most of the Washington dignitaries of the day.

Lieutenant Reuben Turman

Debra's research led to an interesting end to this story. Reuben Turman was memorialized in December 1904, when an Army coastal artillery battery at Fort Casey, Whidbey Island, Washington was named for him. If you visit Fort Casey State Park on Whidbey Island, the battery sits just below the Admiralty Head Lighthouse. In its day Battery Turman housed two five-inch guns. Debra and I were able to visit the site in 2017 and close out fifty-one years of piece-by-piece discovery that began with an appointment to join the West Point Class of 1970.

Debra and me at Battery Turman, Fort Casey State Park, Whidbey Island, WA

— Dave Trammel '70

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Courage is contagious. When a brave man takes a stand, the spines of others stiffen.
—Reverend Billy Graham

Terry Jay Young (F-2)

The "Crutch Caller"

In June 1941, my father, **Jay Young**, graduated from a small high school in Northeastern Pennsylvania. There was no money for college, so he immediately went to work for Ingersoll Rand. Immediately after the Pearl Harbor attack six months later, he enlisted in the US Air Corps and was accepted into their pilot training program where he became a pilot for the B-24 Liberator.

Jay Young (lower right) and crew, 1944

He eventually was assigned to the 467th Bomb Squadron of the 8th Air Corps and stationed in England. On a daylight bombing run into Germany in 1944, his squadron encountered extensive flak. His ship was hit multiple times and lost an engine. Unable to keep up with the formation, they tried to return to the Canadian-held portion of Holland. However, a lone and damaged bomber was no match for the German fighters. They took significant additional damage, and the plane caught fire. All 10 crew members exited the aircraft and 9 survived but all were immediately captured. My father experienced a parachute malfunction and suffered a broken back and compound fractures of both legs. Luckily, he was taken to a Dutch hospital where he received excellent care. He remained in the POW wing of that hospital for the next four months.

It was the end of the war. Allied forces were making significant gains and the German forces were suffering huge losses. The number of guards continued to decrease and became younger each month. The disturbing factor, however, was that Allied bombing continued to get increasingly closer to the hospital. Ambulatory patients were taken to the basement during these raids. Since my father was in a body cast from the armpits down, he and the other non-ambulatory patients remained on the wards. He later admitted this scared him more than making his bomb runs.

The guards eventually assembled all patients that could be moved and departed. Dad was given a small amount of food and water and left as the only patient on the second floor. For two days he

experienced numerous Allied bomb runs. In an effort to determine if anyone else was in the hospital, he slammed his crutch on the floor and got a response from the first floor. They did this after each bomb run to make sure the other was still there. On the third day he heard small arms fire. Shortly thereafter Canadian forces entered the hospital. A soldier gave my father what little food and water he had and told him other forces would come shortly. They came after another long night alone except for the first floor "crutch caller."

He eventually was returned to England and placed on a troop ship to the US. He spent another year at the Valley Forge Medical Center where he was medically retired. He used his GI Bill and graduated from Millersville University. He enjoyed 35 years of high school teaching.

Like most WWII veterans, he never spoke about his experiences. I never learned of most of this story until I entered flight school in 1973. Although he carried the physical and emotional scars for the rest of his life, he had great pride in what his generation was able to accomplish.

One last remarkable occurrence I experienced with him was when he was in his mid-70's. As often as I could get home, we would enjoy a fishing trip to Canada with my younger brother. We fished a remote area in Quebec. At the last town before heading into 60 miles of dirt road we would eat and pack up our supplies. We were sitting at a table in the diner early in the morning when a group of 6 older gentlemen entered. One looked to us (we were the only other people in the small diner) and asked who the POW was (my father had a POW license plate on his truck). We pointed to our father and the gentleman asked where he was held. My father gave the hospital name and time period. The gentleman smiled and asked if he was still there when it was liberated. Dad explained he was in a body cast and couldn't move so was stuck on the second floor. Amazingly, the man asked if Dad was the one pounding on the floor. The two gentlemen hugged for a long period while the rest of us poured tears. They never exchanged names or addresses. Dad said they both were content in the memories they had.

— TJ Young '70

My brother Robby, mother Irene, son Tommy, Dad, my late wife Connie, and me at Robby's wedding, 1988

Jack Carl Zoeller (B-2)

Ordinary Men Performing Extraordinary Service

It was just past noon on the day after Christmas, 1967. I was home on leave, a welcome and happy respite from the rigors of West Point. In our kitchen I was the one closest to the phone when it rang. "Jack, it's Uncle Leo." He rarely telephoned, and never during the day. Before a word had been spoken, I knew why he was calling.

My cousin **Lee Zoeller** had been killed in action in Vietnam on the 23rd of December, barely a week after arriving in-country and just five days after turning 21. Lee died from an enemy grenade explosion while on patrol. He was Leo's only son.

In 1987, long after Uncle Leo had passed on, I discovered a faded letter in my late grandmother's papers. It was signed by Major General Innis Swift. As I turned the page, I saw the citation of a Silver Star for gallantry in action, awarded to **Leo Zoeller** on April 1, 1944. This was shocking news coming 40 years after the fact - never once mentioned by my father or grandparents or Uncle Leo himself. He had been in the first echelon of an amphibious assault on a beachhead in the South Pacific, outnumbered by the Japanese 4,000 to 1,000. I was dumbstruck reading about my uncle's heroism. And by the improbability that a Private in the Signal Corps would merit a letter home from the Commanding General of the 1st Cavalry.

Pvt Leo Zoeller, receiving Silver Star for gallantry in action, 1944.

Following this narrative and several photos, you will find a copy of the letter from General Swift together with Private Zoeller's Silver Star citation.

Another of my uncles, Technician **Jack Wademan**, also kept his World War II battle stories to himself. I was his namesake, but sadly Uncle Jack did not survive to see me enter West Point. Decades later I learned that he had been inside the perimeter at the Battle of the Bulge, where his ordnance unit was subjected to heavy German shelling for a month at Christmastime. Twenty thousand Americans were killed in that battle. Jack never fully escaped the trauma.

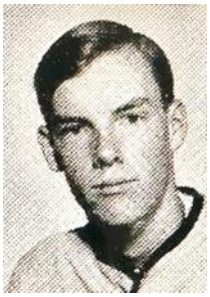
This pattern of privacy, even humility, of combat veterans and their families was also reflected in my father-in-law. I knew **George Helmke** for 30 years before he revealed that he had served at Normandy. His destroyer was torpedoed and took dozens of casualties; his locker and personal effects went to the bottom of the sea. George was a radioman specializing in the detection and targeting of German submarines. For his wartime service, amazingly for an enlisted American sailor, he was awarded the French Legion of Honor and conferred with the title of Chevalier.

As these family discoveries unfolded, I continued research into what turned out to be a four centuries-long history of military service. None of my family's stories, or even ancestor's names, had been passed down. So, each story came as a surprise. But taken together they paint a not-unusual American family portrait: ordinary citizens doing the extraordinary, when country and duty called.

Following these photos and my grandmother's letter is a list of locations and military roles of our family who served over the past 400 years.

Zoeller Family Photos

CPT Jack Zoeller,
swearing in CDT Ken
Zoeller, Brother, as a 2LT
West Point, June 1979



PFC Lee Zoeller
Cousin
Killed in Action,
Vietnam, 1946-1967

Tech 5 Jack Wademan
Uncle
Battle of the Bulge
1924-1963

Aviation Cadet
Ronald Zoeller, Father
1945

— Jack Zoeller '70

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES
Office of the Commanding General
A.P.O. 324

IPS/rwc

6 April '44

Mrs. Edith M. Zoeller,
489 Hewitt Avenue,
Buffalo, New York.

My dear Mrs. Zoeller:

I am happy to inform you that it has been my privilege to cite your son, Private Leo W. Zoeller, for gallantry in action against the enemy. A copy of the citation and of his authority to wear the Silver Star is inclosed.

While congratulating myself for having him serving in my command, please permit me to extend congratulations to you on having such a splendid soldier for a son.

Yours very truly,

INNIS P. SWIFT
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding.

Incl - 1
General Order No. 6
U. S. Forces, 1 Apr '44

copy to -
Private Leo W. Zoeller
Signal Corps.

R E S T R I C T E D

GENERAL ORDERS
NO. 6

HEADQUARTERS U S FORCES
APO 324, 1 April 1944.

AWARD OF THE SILVER STAR DECORATION

E X T R A C T

* * * * * * * *

By direction of the President, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved 9 July 1918, (Bulletin #43, WD 1918), the following named enlisted man is cited for gallantry in action and is entitled to wear the Silver Star Decoration:

Private LEO W ZOELLER, 32553984, Signal Corps, United States Army. For gallantry in action at * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * on 2 March 1944. While on patrol reconnaissance with his section sergeant, grenade and machine gun fire was encountered from an enemy fortified point. While his section sergeant kept the point under observation and carbine fire, Private ZOELLER withdrew under the enemy fire, procured grenades, returned to the enemy strongpoint and reduced it by throwing two grenades into the entrance, killing four of the enemy and wounding a fifth.

Home address - Mrs Edith M Zoeller, Mother, 489 Hewitt Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

* * * * * * * *

INNIS P. SWIFT,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

R E S T R I C T E D

Zoeller Family Military Service

Name	Relationship to Jack Zoeller	Rank	Dates	War / Combat Deployment	Location or Unit	Notes
Alexander Zoeller	Son	Specialist	2010-14	Afghanistan	3rd Infantry, Forward Operating Base Apache	Geospatial intelligence analyst
Rachael Lara Zoeller	Daughter-in-law	Captain	2017-21		Elmendorf, Alaska	Logistics Officer, 673rd Air Base Wing
Kenneth Zoeller	Brother	Captain	1979-85		Vicenza, Italy; 7th Infantry	USMA 1979, Artillery Battery Commander
Jack Zoeller		Captain	1970-80		82nd Airborne; 197th Infantry	Airborne Infantry Co. Commander; Army Chief of Staff's Office
		Civilian	2009-17		Defense Business Board	Advisory Board to Secretary of Defense
Lee Zoeller	Cousin	Pvt First Class	1967	Vietnam	25th Infantry Division	Killed in Action, Tay Ninh, 23 Dec1967
Ronald Musselman	Cousin	Specialist	1963-69	Dom. Republic, Vietnam	6th and 10th Special Forces	Combat medic, deployed into Laos
George Helmke	Father-in-law	Radioman First Class	1951-52	Korea	Bellmore, Long Island, New York	Navy radio intelligence unit
			1942-45	World War II	USN Destroyers *Nelson*, *Doran* & *Dionne* in Atlantic, Pacific	Hunted German submarines; ship torpedoed at Normandy; French Legion of Honor
Ronald Carl Zoeller	Father	Aviation Cadet	1943-45	World War II	Maxwell Field, Alabama	Trained as pilot in Army Air Corps
Laura Zoeller	Father's Sister	Private	1945	World War II	Women's Army Corps	
Leo Zoeller	Father's Brother	Private Signal Corps	1944	World War II	583rd Signal Air Warning Battalion	Silver Star for gallantry in action; Admiralties, New Guinea and New Britain Campaigns
Jack Wademan	Mother's Brother	Tech 5	1943-45	World War II	755th Field Artillery	Inside the Bastogne perimeter, Battle of the Bulge
Benjamin Zoeller	Grandfather	Private	1918	World War I	Camp Jackson, South Carolina	
Alfred Butler	2nd Great-Grandfather	Private	1865	Civil War	80th New York Infantry	With Northern forces occupying Richmond April 1865
Henry Shaddock	3rd Great-Grandfather	Corporal	1812-13	War of 1812	New York Volunteers	Served in Rogers' and Mills' Regiments near Albany
Thomas Shaddock	4th Great-Grandfather	Sergeant	1776-81	Revolution	Col. Willett's Regiment	Fought Loyalists in Mohawk Valley, NY
Marshall Walker	6th Great-Grandfather	Private	1778	Revolution	Worcester Co., Massachusetts	Guarded British prisoners taken at Saratoga
Josiah Beardsley	6th Great-Grandfather	Private	1775-79	Revolution	Fort St. John, Quebec	Sailed across Lake Champlain to lay siege to British fort
David Buell	6th Great-Grandfather	Sergeant	1775-83	Revolution	Battle of Fort Washington, Manhattan, NY	Prisoner on British ship in NY Harbor; fought in Canada, New York & Connecticut
Mordecai Bedient	7th Great-Grandfather	Private	1776-77	Revolution	Fort Mifflin, Pennsylvania	Killed 10 Nov 1777, siege of Mud Island

Name	Relationship to Jack Zoeller	Rank	Dates	War / Combat Deployment	Location or Unit	Notes
Aaron Stark	7th Great-Grandfather	Civilian	1778	Revolution	Fort Wyoming, Pennsylvania	Killed 3 Jul 1778 in Wyoming Massacre
James Dunbar	7th Great-Grandfather	Sergeant	1776-77	Revolution	10th Mass. Regiment	At Fort Independence, defending Boston Harbor
Nathaniel Whitehead	8th Great-Grandfather		1775	Revolution	Fairfield, Connecticut	Served at age 61, fell ill and died, 1776
John Noble	6th Great-Grandfather	Private	1777	Revolution	Westfield, Massachusetts	At Ticonderoga, fell to British June 1777
			1756	French & Indian	Fort Edward, New York	On the Hudson, served under Captain John Moseley
Daniel Beardsley	8th Great-Grandfather			French & Indian	Stratford, Connecticut	Marched to Albany under Captain David Lacey
John Avery	9th Great-Grandfather	Captain	1675-97	Colonial	New London, Connecticut	Led Trained Band defending New London
James Avery	10th Great-Grandfather	Captain	1673-81	Colonial	New London, Connecticut	Commanded Native American forces allied with Colony
John Graves	10th Great-Grandfather	Civilian	1677	Colonial	Hatfield, Massachusetts	Killed 19 Sep 1677 during Native American attack
Thomas Stebbins	10th Great-Grandfather	Sergeant	1676	Colonial	Battle of Turner's Falls, Mass.	Massacre of Native Americans, led to reprisals
Israel Chauncey	10th Great-Grandfather	Chaplain	1675	Colonial	Stratford, Connecticut	Member, Connecticut Council of War; also army surgeon
Nathaniel Seeley	10th Great-Grandfather	Captain	1674-75	Colonial	Great Swamp, Rhode Island	Died from wounds suffered 19 Dec 1675
John Clark	10th Great-Grandfather	Sergeant	1648	Colonial	New Haven Colony	Served as Native American language interpreter
Richard Osborn	10th Great-Grandfather	Captain	1637	Colonial	Windsor, Connecticut	Granted 80 acres for role in Pequot War
Samuel Smith	11th Great-Grandfather	Lieutenant	1653-78	Colonial	South Hadley, Massachusetts	Said to have hidden in his home two regicides who voted to execute King Charles
Robert Seeley	11th Great-Grandfather	Captain	1637	Colonial	New Haven Colony	2nd in command, Pequot War; survived an arrow to his head
Francis Nichol	12th Great-Grandfather	Sergeant	1639	Colonial	Stratford, Connecticut	Appointed by Conn. Colony to train men of Stratford
Stephen Hopkins	12th Great-Grandfather	Civilian, Militia Member	1620-42	Colonial	Plymouth Colony	Served with Miles Standish; led Plymouth Colony's peace efforts with Native Americans; Member, Council of War, 1642
			1610-14	Colonial	Jamestown Colony	Served in company of Captain John Smith

Third Regiment Stories

At the core, the American citizen soldiers knew the difference between right and wrong, and they didn't want to live in a world in which wrong prevailed. So they fought, and won, and we all of us, living and yet to be born, must be forever profoundly grateful.

—Stephen E. Ambrose, *Citizen Soldiers*

John Willis Adams (D-3)

From Normandy to VE Day with the Gray Bonnets

At Gordon Military College, age 15

My dad was born in Barnesville, Georgia, in 1918, perhaps the irony of his birth in the final year of the Great War presaging his destiny to serve in World War II. For most of his youth, however, he was simply the sixth child out of seven of a poor Georgia farmer making his way in the Old South. **Willis Jones Adams**, called Bill, grew up helping his father with the farm like his brothers before him, learning to use every scrap of a butchered hog and to carve straight furrows behind a mule. When his father worked himself to death in 1931, Bill attended ROTC classes at Gordon Military College in the hope of escaping the hardscrabble life that killed his father.

When Hitler came to power in Germany and Europe moved inexorably toward war, Bill indeed escaped. As part of his ROTC influences, he joined the 121st Infantry Regiment (Gray Bonnets) of the Georgia National Guard, who, like many National Guard units, were called up and readied for war after Hitler's aggression in Czechoslovakia and Poland. Lieutenant Adams would spend the entire conflict with the Gray Bonnets, rising in rank quickly to Lieutenant Colonel and eventually commanding one of the infantry battalions in the 121st.

As a Major, possibly in Northern Ireland, 1944

On the 4th of July 1944, the Regiment landed as part of the 8th Infantry Division at Utah Beach, and by July 8 they were among the American forces pinned down by seasoned Wehrmacht troops on the bluffs above the beach. Once the St. Lo breakthrough occurred, Major Adams, Regimental Intelligence Officer at the time, participated in various operations: the sweep of the town of Dinard and the province of Brittany; the subsequent race across France; the Battle of the Hürtgen Forest; and the move to take and cross the Rhine River. As an exclamation point to his war service, Lt. Colonel Willis Adams won the Silver Star by commandeering a machine gun and bringing it to bear on a tank that threatened to stall his battalion's advance. When the war in Europe ended on May 8, 1945, Bill was only 26 years old when he received the sword of a Wehrmacht Oberst who surrendered his 5000-man brigade to the young American.

Unlike many "brevet" Lt. Colonels, Bill Adams was not put back in rank after the war, but he remained a lieutenant colonel for eleven years while his Regular Army rank caught up to the temporary one he'd earned during the war.

Bill never talked much with his family about his combat experiences until late in his life. His wife, Harriette, claimed that he never had nightmares or trouble sleeping due to trauma suffered during combat; when I asked him about that, he said his peace of mind came probably because he hadn't killed anybody. The closest he came was taking off the ear of that German Oberst when he fired a warning shot with his .45 caliber sidearm. I still have that pistol. It has a picture of my mother under its clear plastic grip.

When he was in his 90's and came to live with me and my family, my dad seemed to want to share a few stories from his military service, some of which had occurred in combat. For example, he told of being unharmed when the man standing next to him was taken out with a round from the dreaded German 88, an anti-aircraft gun that was often used against American infantry. He seemed to enjoy describing the sound as a Zip! Bang!, like a cherry bomb exploding at the end of a short noisy flight.

Then there's the Patton story. It seems every WWII doughboy has a Patton story, and Bill Adams was no exception. When the Battle of the Bulge took place and General Patton volunteered to rescue the 101st Airborne units surrounded at Bastogne from being annihilated, the 121st Infantry Regiment was briefly assigned to Patton. The old man turned up unannounced one day to inspect the unit. As Major Adams and his regimental commander accompanied the general, he stopped by a soldier who was reclining on the ground and asked him what he was doing. "Resting my feet, General," said the soldier, "so's I can be ready when we move out."

"You should be digging a foxhole, Private," said General Patton. "You're just lazy!"

The group moved on, eventually accosting a soldier who was furiously digging a foxhole.

"What're you doing, Private?" asked Patton.

"I dig a foxhole every time we stop, General," said the soldier proudly.

Without missing a beat, Patton said, "You're nothing but a goddamn coward!" My dad swore it happened exactly that way, though I think it might have been embellished over the years.

Between the wars, Bill did short tours at the University of Alabama and Fort Dix before being shipped out to Japan, where he was stationed when armed conflict broke out in South Korea. He spent most of the war at Army headquarters in Japan, finally taking command of an infantry battalion in Korea late in the scuffle in 1953 and bringing that battalion back to Fort Benning in 1954.

Then he spent four years at the Pentagon from '55 to '59, working for the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations (DCSOPS) and becoming fairly close to General Earl G. Wheeler, his boss at the time. Later, his reputation for being a reliable officer worked against him when, while he was taking courses for his bachelor's degree in addition to his studies at the War College at Carlisle Barracks, General Wheeler specifically asked for Colonel Adams for a TDY job that suspended

his course work and foiled his getting the degree. Who can refuse when the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs calls you?

He spent three years at Pacific Command (CINCPAC) in Hawaii, a year at Carlisle Barracks, a year as Chief of Staff of the 4th Infantry Division at Fort Lewis, two years as Director of Training at Fort Leavenworth, and two years as military attaché for the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) in Bangkok before ending his career at Fort Benning as Director of Operations and Training for the Infantry School, which included Basic, Infantry Officer's Basic, Airborne, and Ranger Schools. He had that job when my West Point classmates went through Airborne and Ranger. During Airborne School, my company mates and I would take our lunch breaks at his quarters on Sumner Road and collapse on the floor for an hour to get ready for the afternoon sessions. My mother made us ham and cheese sandwiches.

One relatively sensational event that occurred under my dad's aegis was the court martial of Lieutenant William Calley for the My Lai massacre. Colonel Adams chose not to oversee the trial himself but appointed his deputy to be point man for the press. I see that move as his predilection for never seeking the limelight.

My dad never tooted his own horn, not once, and in retirement he played golf in foursomes comprised of veterans cut from the same cloth. In his military career he did what was expected of him, and that's the way he thought every soldier should act. He never told me how he earned the Silver Star; I only found out after he died and I wrote to St Louis for his 201 file and the citation was in that file. Of course, I'm proud of his heroism, but I'm equally proud to have a modest man as my father.

It fascinated me when he spoke about some of the famous generals of WWII and Vietnam. Colonel Bill Adams thought Patton and Douglas MacArthur were prima donnas and that they received far too much press and credit. In his tour with CINCPAC, where he saw America's involvement in the Vietnam conflict conceived and fester, he thought Admiral Felt a fine flag officer. Of the Vietnam commanders, he said the little-remembered Fred Weyand was the best of the lot. He thought Earl Wheeler was a superb officer and that he received too much blame for Vietnam failures. And though my dad admired Ike for his political talents in dealing with ambitious generals like Montgomery and De Gaulle, he stated many times that General George C. Marshall was the best WWII general of them all. I think Bill turned out to be a pretty good judge of character.

Receiving the Legion of Merit for 32 years of service, with wife Harriette and son John, 1972

My dad flew the American flag on days like the 4th of July and Armed Forces Day and Veterans Day and Memorial Day. But never did he trot out an overblown or an angry patriotism when impolite company challenged it. He wasn't smug, just confident in his patriotism. He knew he'd done his duty, and he didn't need anybody to tell him "thank you for your service"; in fact, it upset him when somebody said it perfunctorily. He was a comfortable social animal all his life, enjoying without ruckus a few drinks with friends and acquaintances; however, he was most comfortable in a group of infantry officers and their wives who, like himself, had done their jobs gladly. Being a good soldier was all he ever wanted to be.

Author's Note

My works of poetry and fiction have often been attempts to reimagine my father's military past and my own. The novel, *The Years of Village Smith*, centers on a family named Smith, including Sam and his son Village, alter egos for my dad and me.

The novel includes Sam's experiences during WWII and his son's in Vietnam. While most of the stories go well beyond the facts of our lives, the four-part story below ("After St. Lo") is closest to the facts about my dad's experiences during WWII as he told them to me.

In my fiction, however, the factual details of the past don't play as big a part as the emotional experiences and human behavior I'm trying to capture.

— John Adams '70

After St. Lo

I

We landed on Utah Beach July 4, 1944, D-Day + 28. The beach looked like the motor pool of the biggest military installation ever: trucks, jeeps, and tanks lined up by the thousands, munitions and materiel stacked by the ton. The truth was that the American units in contact with seasoned Wehrmacht forces in the hedgerows above the beach were pinned down, so all these vehicles were stranded on their sandy parking lot until somebody could break through the stout German defenses. That was our job.

On July 8th, we Georgia boys in the 121st Infantry Regiment climbed those bluffs to experience our first full-fledged, bullets-whizzing-by-your-head, men-dropping-from-wounds COMBAT. Only one training incident had remotely prepared us for the unnerving threat of battle: when two doughs, Privates Jones and Briel, got wounded in our last live-fire exercise in Northern Ireland before we shipped out to Normandy. My old friend from home, Gentry Dodd, said it was a bad omen, but I said, what'd you think, nobody was going to get hurt? Our anointed Gray Bonnets would be the only regiment in the U.S. Army not to sustain a single casualty?

This is a reality check, I'd said. Not a bad omen, just an omen. Period. Men will get shot.

That first day, July 8, 1944, the war became real for Gentry and the rest of us. Normandy was no vacation spot: instead of young French families eating paté and cheese with their homemade wine in the serene countryside, the hedgerows we climbed up to provided concealment for our terrified hulks before a wizened old squad leader seven ranks below us yelled "get up and make it to the next hedge, oh, and shoot your rifle at those bastards, will you?"

I'm not sure how it looked to the other kids—for we were kids, all of us—but I was an officer frozen behind that hedge. They must have thought, *holy crow, we're done for if that's the way our officers are gonna act.*

Another week of combat and I was so cool under fire that I was ordering fresh-faced boys who replaced the ones who fell on July 8th to get up and make it to the next hedge, in many cases leading them to that hedge so that they could see how fear could be controlled. In combat, mission and resolve somehow translate into competence, maybe even bravery if Ernie Pyle were writing about it, but I never lost my fear of getting shot.

About a month later, after Operation Cobra and our breakout from St. Lo, the Gray Bonnets were part of the task force that laid siege to a German stronghold in the French towns of Dinard and Brest. The U.S. forces needed to neutralize Brittany before they could safely turn east to free the rest of France. I was a major, Regimental S-2, the staff intelligence officer. My job was to pass along intel reports to the Battalion S-2's below me. The first time I received a report from General Bradley's First Army HQ that the Germans were well dug in and well supplied with heavy weapons, I dutifully passed the information along to frontline units in contact with those same German troops.

My radio crackled with sarcasm from the Battalion S-2's, "No shit, Major!" I had to strain to hear their transmissions over the background din of the firefights, small arms fire so heavy it sounded like hail pelting a tin roof on an open shed, occasionally punctuated by the distinct cherry bomb burst of a German 88: Zip! Bang! Zip! Bang!

Despite heavy resistance, the regiment's 3rd Battalion made better headway than the other units, moving too far forward and getting cut off by an astute German pincer counterattack. 3rd Battalion reported receiving fire from all sides, and our new mission became saving them from annihilation.

About 0900 hours on the 12th of August, 1st Battalion reported that they were barely moving in heavy fighting to relieve the pressure on 3rd Battalion and that their commanding officer, Lt. Colonel Morris Diehl, had been hit. A Private First Class medic that no one dared name in an after-action report had to order the stricken colonel back to the Regimental Aid Station, so the battalion needed an interim commander until Colonel Diehl returned, if he returned. I told Colonel Brown, the regimental commander, I had a lot of friends in 1st Battalion, so I would go.

"You can go, Sam, but stop thinking right now that you have friends down there," said the Colonel. "You have nothing but soldiers under you, and they need to accomplish a mission, got it?" Colonel Brown had barely missed serving in the Great War but he had more time on active duty than any other regimental officer, so I listened to him.

When I showed up at the 1st Battalion Command Post—which consisted of a Willys Jeep with a radio, a Private McKenna who operated both the jeep and the radio, and the temporary Executive Officer, Captain Gentry Dodd—I had exactly thirty-four days in combat, and I was twenty-five years old. And now I was commanding 600 men, most of whom had the same time in combat as I.

"Hey, Gentry, uh, Captain Dodd." I caught myself. No friends. "Give me a sitrep, will you?"

"Sure, Major," said Gentry, always a quick study. "Able and Baker Companies are in heavy contact, mostly pinned down by a couple of 88's and mortars entrenched here (he pointed to three greased dots on his map), Dog Company is trying to find the range on those gun emplacements, and Charlie Company is in reserve right there." He extended his arm and hand like an MP directing traffic down a side road toward a couple of hedgerows behind which a few prostrate doughs were visible.

"Okay," I said. "Get me the Charlie Company commander. He and I will go down to where we can see Able and Baker. I'll commit Charlie once I determine the best place to do it." Once I'd said it, I knew I shouldn't ask Gentry to do anything I wasn't willing to do myself, especially if it meant exposing him to enemy fire.

"No, check that," I corrected. "I'll take Private McKenna here and we'll go to Able and Baker locations. Gentry, you tell Charlie CO to get ready and wait till I tell you where to commit him. Got it?"

"Right, Major," said Gentry. He took off.

The private and I started off at a jog. It looked to be about one and a half football fields to where we could see Able and Baker Companies in contact, and another football field to where tracers flashed

from treelines. The guns themselves were so well-camouflaged we couldn't see what caliber they were. In a couple of months, we'd have enough experience to recognize the subtle difference between a 42 and a 43. Mostly it was the sound.

The RTO and I moved the way Army training had taught us, in short bursts of running from cover to cover, concealment if we couldn't find cover. Trouble was, if we could see both friendly and enemy forces duking it out from a hundred yards away, an enemy gunner who wasn't too occupied with Able and Baker could spot me and my RTO.

About the same time I came to that conclusion, I heard the Zip! Bang! of an 88mm gun. Private McKenna and I hit the dirt five yards before reaching a shallow depression we'd been heading for, and I low-crawled like a sprinting crab the rest of the way into that depression. McKenna hadn't made it with me.

"McKenna!" I yelled. No answer. I knew he was dead. Damn, my first five minutes as commander and I've gotten a man killed. I looked back, and the boy lay quiet in the mud. I knew in an instant that my responsibility as a commander in contact took precedence over even checking his body for signs of life. My anger at losing a soldier rose in my gorge, and I threw up. I'd always thought fear made men vomit, or the sight of blood, or rolling seas, so it surprised me that humiliation at losing a soldier under my command had roiled my stomach. Maybe I suppressed the fact that it very well could have been me instead of McKenna who took the hit.

I didn't want to stay in an unprotected hole with my own vomit, so I sprang up and ran the rest of the way to the first line of soldiers in Baker Company, who were actually ten yards or so behind their most forward brethren, all of them pinned down by German small arms.

"Where's your CO?" I yelled at a Private Rushlee, who opened his eyes long enough to see my gold leaves, and he yelled back, "No idea, Major. Who the hell are you?"

"Just another idiot officer who put you here." He smiled. "How about your squad leader?" I said, figuring he would know where his immediate boss was.

"He's over there," he said, pointing at a corporal twenty yards away behind the next hedge.

I ran to the corporal, amazed that I drew no fire. Maybe I didn't look like an important target.

"Corporal, you know where your company commander is?"

"All I know is he's roughly in that direction, Major," he said, pointing farther down the line I had just come from.

"Look, Corporal . . ." I looked at his nametag, "Jefferson. How long have you been pinned down here?" The battle couldn't wait for me to find the chain of command. I needed information quickly.

"Feels like a hour, Major," he said. "If we try to advance another ten yards, they have us in a crossfire. See those gun tracers? And those over there on the left? Those are machine guns, 42's I think, and they're locked onto us. We can't move without taking casualties. I got four guys hit so far and can't evac them without drawing fire. I'm hoping they hold on long enough for our mortars or somebody to neutralize those 42's. My medic is treating them."

"Ok, thanks, Corporal," I said. "I'll get help. Hang in there."

"Aim to, Major," he said, not smiling. "Alternative ain't too pleasant."

"Tell your medic my RTO took an 88 round. He's fifty yards back. When he gets a chance, Corporal."

"You got it, Major."

I turned and ran all the way back to C Company, sort of zigging and zagging, but mostly daring the enemy marksmen to shoot me in the back. I guess I hoped they'd get all Hopalong Cassidy on me and take the moral high ground. Nobody in a Hopalong movie ever shot anybody in the back, right?

Gentry was waiting for me with Ronald Tavender, the Charlie Company commander, and his four platoon leaders. Ron was not one of the friends I'd told Colonel Brown about. He was my brother-in-law.

"Captain Tavender," I said. "Able and Baker Companies are pinned down less than fifty yards from the enemy front line. See where they are?"

A bullet whizzed by us as I peeked out from behind the hedges.

"Yes, I see them," said Tavender, without really looking. Ron and I got along fine, but our relationship would sour after the war when he was RIFed and I wasn't.

"I want you to move thirty yards to the right of Baker's right flank squad and attack with your whole company. There's a machine gun over there and probably a mortar or two. If you can roll up that flank and take out that 42, Able and Baker can concentrate on assaulting the left."

"Yes, sir. When do you want us to go?"

"Five minutes ago, Ron."

"Yes, sir," he said. He told the platoon leaders to spread their men another fifty yards right and attack the position of the 42 by fire and maneuver.

I'd been right that day. It turned out to be my brother-in-law's finest moment in the war and one of those stories his family got sick of hearing. Once Charlie Company neutralized the machine gun on the right flank, I led Able and Baker's dwindling numbers in a concerted attack of the German left, overwhelming them and destroying the remaining 42. Finally free to move forward, 1st Battalion led the way toward liberating 3rd Battalion and the town of Dinard.

It would take over a month of murderous slogging against a dug-in foe, but General Hodges' First Army (he'd taken over from Omar Bradley) brought the Germans at Dinard and Brest to their knees, permitting the whole allied force to pinwheel south and then east, creating the rife situation for George Patton's famous sweep across France.

That was my first battalion command. One day. Lt. Colonel Diehl jeeped in from the aid station that night, and I walked back to the Regimental CP without so much as a thank-you from him or from Colonel Brown. War doesn't always lend itself to pleases and thank-yous.

Up at Regimental HQ, I had time to write a letter to Private McKenna's family. It took me three hours to compose it:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. McKenna,

I'm very sad to have to tell you that your son, George, died August 12, 1944, in heavy fighting near Dinard, France, in an operation to liberate one of our battalions that had become surrounded by the enemy. My job demanded that I get to the thick of the action so that I could make the right decision to help our troops, and George was my protector as we ran through withering enemy fire. He never hesitated to do his job, and he put his life in danger because of my giving him that job. He was hit with a German 88 round and was killed instantly, never suffering for a single moment. Your son is the bravest man I know. In your sadness, you have every right to be proud of him. His bravery allowed us to break through to the besieged battalion, and this victory led to our boys driving the Germans out of their stronghold in Brest. I am proud to have fought beside your son.

Sincerely,
Samuel Smith
Major, U.S. Army
S-2, 121st Infantry Regiment

II

The early fighting in Dinard had cost us dearly in casualties, but we were green then. By the time we got to the Hürtgen Forest another couple months of combat had passed, and we Georgia boys of the 121st Infantry Regiment had become men in the cruel but necessary way combat matures you. Not numbing you, really, because that implies a callous or irrational disregard for the danger, but inuring you to the probability of injury.

We thought we were tough, but the next battle taught us again how an entrenched, well-armed enemy could make mincemeat of even battle-tested soldiers. Old General Hodges, First Army commander, watched the 28th Infantry Division take more casualties than the Trojans suffered at the hands of Achilles, then he told General Don Stroh, our 8th Infantry Division commander, to relieve the bedraggled 28th in that part of the front, which we called the Hürtgen Forest.

The Hürtgenwald was a forest so thick it had no copses. Trees as crammed together as oversized pickup sticks still packed in the box. Visibility no more than ten yards. The forest primeval. If the landscape by itself wasn't unfriendly enough to us combatants, winter had set in, snow and icy rain seeping through the clothes and skin into our livers and bones, and wounding more of us with trench foot than with bullets. Hell wasn't a place of unbearable heat, as our parents had told us, it was the Hürtgenwald in the winter of 1944.

Our routine was to kick off attacks near dawn, squads and platoons poking their heads out of foxholes or around vehicles that couldn't find paths through the thick woods. Lurking behind every tree was a Boche soldier, well-trained and armed with Gewehr 43s (damn good rifles), Maschinengewehr 42s (damn good machineguns), and the fearsome 88s and 20 mm guns (best damn anti-tank weapons in the war).

I had become executive officer of 3rd Battalion by that time, XO to Lt. Colonel Roy Morgan, maybe the best officer I'd ever known. We had good company commanders, leaders every one of them, quick to follow orders, including orders that led inevitably to mounting casualty lists. Whether you are winning or losing, weeks of combat and losing your boys finds chinks in the strongest soldier's emotional armor. Many of the soldiers came from my hometown of Spottsville, Georgia.

Roy Morgan had been called back to Division HQ to tend to a personal complication stateside. Scuttlebutt was he might have to fly back to the States. In his absence, I took temporary command of the battalion ten days into our squabble over this parcel of Hürtgen Forest. In a war whose success was measured by ground gained, we had advanced only five hundred meters in those ten days, every meter costing us lives.

On the evening of the eleventh day, November 30th, I gathered the bedraggled company commanders in Colonel Morgan's command post, nothing but a patched-up tent he made his jeep driver haul and set up so he could squeeze six weary people around a folding card table, use a weak flashlight to see his map, and still observe light discipline in the process. It was 2200 hours, and we'd fought all day, gaining perhaps a hundred meters. A good day in the Hürtgenwald.

The company commanders circled the table, every face grimed, lined, and showing signs of too many days without sleep. I briefed them on tomorrow's plan, which wasn't a whole lot different from the last two weeks. Attack. As Colonel Morgan had done, I rotated which company spearheaded the attack because the lead unit typically sustained more casualties than the supporting companies. I guess we had become so predictably aggressive in our tactics that the enemy was ready for us when we kicked off at dawn every morning. You'd think the generals would have noticed that.

Eyelids drooping from exhaustion, the company commanders listened to my op-order: Baker Company's turn to lead the attack, Charlie follows fifteen minutes later on their left, Able in reserve. Mortars couldn't be used as a prep fire because they detonated in the trees or fell short, so Dog Company was to lay down a machinegun prep to get the front line of Germans to keep their heads down at the kickoff. Meeting over. Try to get some sleep.

The Baker Company commander, Gentry Dodd, a good 'ol boy from Spottsville and someone I'd known since childhood, lingered after the others left. He should have been a major by now, but he was still a captain. I didn't know why.

"Gentry," I said. "Whatya got for me?"

"Sam," he said wearily, "my boys have had it. We've been in heavy combat for eleven days straight, and we've lost eighteen of our friends. Another ten have been sent to the aid station for wounds in the last two days alone. I haven't got the heart to tell these guys that they're leading the attack tomorrow." His voice started to crack.

For a couple seconds, I was transported back to our first National Guard summer camp together. I was fifteen, Gentry sixteen, like my brother, Roy, and Gentry wasn't universally liked, to say the least. When our platoon took its first town furlough, he asked plaintively to go with us, the lonely boy nobody wanted to bother with. Mostly, he'd grown into a brave soldier and a decent officer, but here was that beaten down boy again, and tomorrow I expected him to be at the front of my lead company.

"Captain," I said, "everyone in this battalion, hell, everyone in this whole regiment, has been in heavy combat for eleven days. Every unit has sustained heavy casualties. Everybody has lost friends. The order from division is to attack again tomorrow. None of us wants to, but I need a commander for Baker Company who can get his men ready to do the job. If you can't do that, let me know right now and I will find somebody who can."

Gentry sputtered a little, but he composed himself, with anger or resolve, I didn't know which but didn't really care which.

"Yes, sir," he said.

I needed more than that. "Well?"

"I will get them ready, Major," he said. "You don't have to worry." When he saw that I was satisfied with his answer, he left the tent. I was twenty-six years old. Gentry Dodd was twenty-seven.

The Hürtgen Forest was where I got my nickname, "Rooster." Apparently, the men noticed that every day I was up before they were, sipping lukewarm Nescafe, waiting for the morning's attack to step off. Like a rooster whose morning cockadoodledoo was an image instead of a sound. Nobody said doughboys were logical.

Roy Morgan returned three days later to reassume command of the battalion. I didn't tell him what Gentry had said, but somebody must have. I guess the RTO was either in the tent without my realizing it or just outside the flap overhearing our conversation.

The two of us were alone briefly, bent over the hood of his jeep, peering at the Colonel's map spread out there, when he said casually, "Heard you had to goose Captain Dodd the other night."

"A little." For Gentry's sake, I didn't want to elaborate. "No problem, sir."

Lt. Colonel Morgan took a couple of seconds to assess his executive officer. Roy Morgan was more of a big-picture thinker than I was at the time.

"You know, Sam, this war has a small number of men like you who will win it for us. Men who don't show much when they aren't pressed but who tacitly understand what's necessary whenever they're put to the test. They themselves don't even know how to describe it, they just automatically do what's right. And when they're asked about it afterwards, they don't even know what was remarkable about it."

"You sure can go on, Colonel. You want a coffee or something, to wet your whistle? Or are you quite pleased with your rhetorical flourish and ready to conduct today's battle?"

"I'll take that coffee," he said, placing his canteen cup on the hood of the jeep.

I grabbed the cup and took two steps toward the tent with the coffee, and the ratta-ratta! of a 42 sent me diving to the ground.

"Jesus!" I yelled. Forgetting that I was no longer the commander, I turned to the RTO and barked my commands. "Private Junius, get on the line and tell Dog Company to put some fire on that machinegun before it does real damage!"

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel's RTO. From his crouch beside the jeep, Junius reached for the handset, and we both noticed Lt. Colonel Roy Morgan prostrate on the ground in that contorted limp sprawl that only the dead seem able to assume. His map lay untouched on the jeep.

I conducted the battle that day after all.

III

I was not next in line to command 3rd Battalion. After Roy Morgan's death, I went back to regimental staff for a couple of months, reprising my role as S-2, Regimental Intelligence Officer. During that time, right after the battle for the Hürtgen Forest, the 121st Infantry Regiment was moved a little south to take 4th Cavalry Group's place in the section of the front lines where they'd been catching hell. I guess our little fight in the Hürtgen Forest was just a skirmish compared to what the 4th Cav had absorbed. They needed a break, so they were given the place in the Hürtgenwald we had just pacified.

Apparently, Ares didn't see things the way General Omar Bradley expected, and the Germans began what came to be called the Battle of the Bulge. At our old battlefield location, the 4th Cav was overrun on the first day, accepting the additional insult of being bypassed by the German panzer

spearhead: not important enough to slow down the blitzkrieg. Even so, the Cavalry unit took heavy casualties.

As an organizational reaction to the Bulge, we were temporarily removed from General Hodges' First Army and attached to Patton's Third Army, Patton having volunteered to save the various units caught in the Bulge, especially the 101st Airborne, encircled at Bastogne. We soldiers on the ground usually experienced little change when the maps of the general staff swapped a couple of rectangular symbols or drew a new boundary line to indicate our new affiliation. We stayed at the front right where we'd been for the previous few days, but we'd been alerted for possible attachment to an armored task force being diverted to rescue the Americans at Bastogne.

A day after that alert, we'd trooped a couple of clicks north to fill a gap that appeared between us and the 83rd Division, which was in the process of taking Untermaubach. I was escorting Colonel Post, the new regimental commander, on a recon to make sure that gap was getting filled when an unmistakable jeep—freshly painted with olive drab, waxed to a brilliant lustre, and sporting a red square plaque between the headlights with four white stars—pulled up to our muddy Willys. General Patton hopped out of his jeep. By this time Colonel Post recognized his vehicle and sprinted over to report to him.

"Colonel," boomed the great man, "I want to see your men, assess the state of morale here," said the general, inviting no conversation. "If they're going to fight for me, they need to know what I expect of them. What kind of man I am."

"Yes, sir, General," said Colonel Post. "I think you'll be pleased. Sam, go get the battalion commander. The general wants to take a tour."

"No, no, Post," said Patton. "No waiting for anybody. Let's go. Follow me." We weren't far from where some of our men were digging in.

We hadn't walked fifty yards when Patton saw a soldier lying on the ground, his back leaning against his backpack, feet and legs propped up on a boulder, his eyes closed.

"What are you doing, soldier?" asked the great man.

"I'm keeping my feet dry and resting them," said Private First Class Charles Finch, who would re-tell this encounter with George Patton a thousand times to his grandkids and anybody who would listen. At the moment, he had not recognized who was talking to him.

"Why are you doing that, Private?" queried Patton, setting up Finch for some four-star wisdom.

"Sir, I change my socks and rest my feet every time we halt. I know we'll be moving again soon, whether we attack or march to another position. I'll always be ready to go, sir." Finch sounded proud of his reasoning. Then he opened his eyes, saw that his interrogator was wearing stars, and struggled to attention. It took him a minute to put his boots on.

Patton waited till Finch and everybody within hearing distance could listen to him.

"Private Finch," said the general, "you're a lazy son of a bitch. You should be digging a foxhole every time you halt. You doughs know you can't be sure when the Luftwaffe will fly over and drop a bomb. You need to be ready, soldier."

"Yes, sir, General." Finch unsnapped the entrenching tool from his web belt and began frantically digging a foxhole in the frozen German soil. Patton harrumphed and kept walking, Colonel Post and I trying to stay up with his pace, unusually quick for a man his age. He seemed to enjoy letting the men see him strut past them, unauthorized jodhpurs flaring, ivory-handled pistols strapped tightly in their holsters so they wouldn't flop around, bushy eyebrows sticking up like an owl's ears.

We came upon a Private John McAdam, a boy about 18 years old I'd known a little in Spottsville growing up. McAdam was digging to beat the band, as if he'd already heard what Patton had said to Private Finch. However, he had the courtesy to stop digging when he saw General Patton, and he snapped to attention and saluted.

Patton brought the riding crop in his right hand up to his polished helmet liner, tipping it as to a polo opponent before a chukker. "What are you doing, Private?" he asked McAdam, no clue in his tone to suggest a proper answer.

"Sir, I'm digging a foxhole. We just got to this position, and I dig a foxhole every time we halt. You never know when the Jerries might strafe us, sir."

Patton didn't hesitate. "You're nothing but a goddamn coward, soldier," said Patton, stepping off ceremoniously to remount his jeep and drive away, leaving us all dumbfounded in his wake.

I had to stop and think about what had just happened. Patton had said the men needed to know what kind of man he was, what he expected of them. Apparently, he expected them to know, first and foremost, what a whimsical, unappreciative, and narcissistic bastard their commander was. For the life of me, I couldn't see how that was a good thing.

IV

I took command of 1st Battalion after the Bulge, and we pushed toward the town of Schwerin. By April 1945, the Wehrmacht resistance to our advance had dwindled to almost nothing, and we started picking up stray German soldiers who wanted to surrender. By May, whole units started surrendering, posing a problem for us because various commanders had reported small bands of Wehrmacht soldiers flying a white flag, only to renege and shoot the hapless GIs who'd dropped their guard to receive the prisoners. After that treachery, we had to make sure any surrender was on the up and up.

Just outside of Schwerin, the lead units of my battalion reported seeing what looked like an entire Wehrmacht regiment lined up behind an officer who was standing in the passenger seat of a staff car and holding a white flag. The officer was waiting for an American officer to appear. When Corporal Fretwell pulled up my jeep, I stood to get a better look at them, and the German staff car started inching forward.

I wasn't about to get fooled by some phony surrender ploy, so I yelled "Halt" in my best Deutsch, but the German vehicle kept coming. At about fifty yards, when he didn't stop at the second warning, I yelled "Halt" again, unholstered my .45 caliber pistol and fired a warning shot at the jeep. The guy grabbed wildly for the side of his head, knocking off his saucer cap, but he got the message and made the driver stop the jeep.

I told the nearest squad leader to bring up a fire team to escort my jeep forward. I instructed Corporal Fretwell to pull up to the bumper of the German vehicle, all of our actions slow enough for my boys to be able to take cover behind our vehicles in case of Jerry subterfuge.

Nothing happened. The surrender was on the level. The officer was an oberst, the American equivalent of a full-bird colonel, and he was surrendering what was left of his Infantry brigade, about 5000 men. He told me in accent-rich but clear English that he'd left orders for his men to stack their arms as soon as he held up his sword and gave it to me.

Besides "Halt," I hadn't uttered a word, but he did just what he promised: held up a fancy sword so polished it gleamed in the sun and handed it to me, scabbard and all, handle to his left and my right, his left ear half gone from my warning shot and blood still dripping all over the dress uniform he'd put on just to surrender. Apparently, the position he held the sword in proved that he had no intention of a last-minute ruse because he couldn't draw the sword from that position.

I thought, unless you're left-handed, you scrawny Jew-killing Kraut (we'd just liberated a camp near Wobbelin and knew what the Germans had done). I didn't trust this guy in the slightest, and I told the squad leader to find some rope or twine to tie the oberst's hands behind him and escort him to the nearest military police, who had entire squads of MP's traveling with lead units now that Germans were surrendering in such large groups. Those Jerries'd do just about anything to avoid surrendering to the Russians, who apparently sent German prisoners to somewhere east of East Siberia.

I don't know what happened to that sword. I carried it in my gear for a few days, but Colonel Post took it from me when he read my after-action report describing the surrender (I didn't mention shooting off the oberst's ear). He said he'd turn it over to the 8th Division Intelligence folks, but I knew they had no reason to want it. I think Colonel Post just wanted a souvenir. Technically, when that German officer surrendered to my battalion, he was also surrendering to Colonel Post's regiment. He'd probably tell his war story that way too. I wondered how history books would record it.

I did talk to that German oberst though. He said my warning shot was the closest he'd come to dying in seven years of combat. I didn't tell him it was the closest I'd come to killing anybody in combat.

Thomas Frank Armeli (B-3/I-3)

My Dad's 31 Years of Service in Three Wars and Peacetime

My father, **Jerry P. Armeli**, was born and grew up in Youngstown, Ohio. After he graduated from high school in June 1941, he got a job at a munitions factory, the Ravenna Ordnance Plant. It was 35 miles from Youngstown, so he had to take two buses to get there. He earned 75 cents an hour mixing melted TNT with heated ammonium nitrate for artillery shells and aerial bombs. After a year at the Ordnance plant, he landed a job much closer to home at Truscon Steel in Youngstown where they made landing craft and tank treads.

Jerry P. Armeli in Korea 1953

In January 1943, Dad was drafted into the Army. He processed in at Fort Hayes near Columbus, Ohio, in March and was then sent to Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, for basic training. Basic training lasted four weeks. For weapons training they still used the Springfield '03 rifle, a relic that weighed about 12 pounds! At the end of his Basic he was selected to attend Bomb Disposal training, which was also on Aberdeen Proving Ground. Bomb Disposal training lasted six weeks during which they would have to dig up and defuse unexploded ordnance that the Proving Ground was testing for artillery and Air Corps use.

52d Ordnance Group Shoulder Sleeve Insignia

Following basic training my father was assigned to the 52d Ordnance Bomb Disposal Squad (Separate), which consisted of six soldiers and a captain. From Aberdeen they were sent to a former Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) camp in northern New Jersey near Tenafly. From there they would field calls from various ports and docks in the New York/New Jersey area to check potential explosives that were found mixed in with scrap iron shipments arriving from Africa. They also traveled around the tri-state area (New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania) to teach bomb/explosive reconnaissance and recognition to civil defense personnel.

In March 1944, the 52d got on buses and went to Camp Miles Standish in Taunton, Massachusetts. After processing there they were transferred to Boston where they boarded a troop transport ship along with about 4,000 other troops. The 52d was lucky as they were bunked on the main deck of the ship. The ship travelled in a convoy with many other ships and a large number of destroyers and destroyer escorts. Every so often the destroyers would drop depth charges, which got everyone on my Dad's ship very excited. Meals were often only hard-boiled eggs and navy beans. They were only served two meals a day. The lines were so long that when they finished a meal it was almost time to get back in line for the next meal!

After a few weeks they landed in Swansea, England. The 52d boarded a train and went to Liverpool. Next, they boarded buses and were transported to Birkenhead, just south of the Mersey River from Liverpool where they would be quartered. Their "quarters" were small Quonset huts

on the grounds of a large mansion. In the Quonset huts were bed frames made out of 2x4's with steel bands nailed between them. For bedding they were given two blankets and a mattress cover. When asked where they got a mattress, the supply sergeant said, "See that pile of straw? Fill your mattress cover with that!"

The first night in Birkenhead they decided to have a beer at a local pub. After imbibing for a few hours, they decided to head back to their Quonset hut, but when they walked outside, it was pitch black. Absolutely dark; no streetlights. They had forgotten about the blackout. They couldn't see anything and were not too sure of where they were, so they stumbled around for a while asking various air raid wardens for directions. (There were wardens everywhere according to my Dad.) Finally, after an hour they made it back to their Quonset hut.

Eating out was a challenge when they didn't want to eat in the mess hall. Since they didn't have British ration cards, the only foods they could buy were little jelly tarts (and only two each) and fish & chips.

The 52d's mission in England was to train various US units on the recognition of bombs and explosives, and what to do when they came across one. They traveled all over Britian to Scotland, Wales, and England. They also trained with British Bomb Disposal units as they had extensive knowledge regarding German ordnance.

In early July 1944, the 52d moved to Southampton to an area called "The Hards" (cobblestone beaches built to facilitate loading of troops and equipment onto ships). After a week or so, the 52d was loaded onto a Landing Ship Tank (LST). For chow on the LST the six enlisted men of the 52d were given a 3-pound can of Spam and two loaves of bread. The captain, of course, ate in the officer's wardroom. The transit was quite rough and, due to the number of ships unloading in Normandy, took about 24 hours.

After disembarking they traveled through the French countryside for several days until they approached the front lines. Somewhere in Normandy a French farmer came running over to them shouting at them. In his hand was a bottle of Calvados, an apple brandy that Normandy is famous for. He poured them all a drink and through sign language they discovered that the farmer had a 5-liter jug of Calvados. They ended up trading a carton of cigarettes for it.

A few of the towns they traveled through in France were Chartres, Rennes, and Laval. They even got to spend a night in Paris sleeping in a parking garage. The 52d was a Corps-level unit so they went wherever they were needed in the Corps Area of Operations (AO), getting their orders from Corps Headquarters (Hqs) or, occasionally, a Division Hqs. While being separate may sound liberating and fun, one issue they had was eating. Since they were separate and moving around a lot, no unit was tasked to feed them. So, they devised a method to get food. They would go to a supply dump and tell the supply personnel that they received a report of possible explosives in the dump and that they were there to check it out. Then they would go in and load up their truck with B-rations (squad-sized packs of food), which would feed them for a week or two. They were careful to hide the rations behind their equipment, so no one was the wiser. On the way out of the dump they would tell the supply people "all clear."

One day they were tasked with removing an unexploded bomb from the basement of a Yard Master's home (which was in the middle of a railyard). As it was lodged firmly in the basement's dirt floor, they spent several hours digging it out and hauling it upstairs and out of the house. After loading it into their truck, the Yard Master's wife came running after them and wanted them to fill up the hole in the basement and fix the hole in the roof. They refused, which made her very upset. When they asked her if she wanted them to put the bomb back, she relented.

Another time they were sent to clear a small airbase the Germans had been using. It was a grass strip in good condition, so the Americans wanted to use it. There were a lot of ammunition and 250kg bombs laying around. They loaded German bombs into their truck five at a time and drove them about three miles away to a demolition site. Finally, they had six bombs left and, rather than make two trips they screwed an "eye" into the nose of the "extra" bomb and tied it to the truck's rear bumper with a rope to drag it. They started down the road and after driving a mile or two there was a big explosion behind the truck. They all bailed out of the truck and, after the smoke cleared, went back to investigate. Apparently dragging the bomb on the pavement had worn a hole in the bomb and caused a low-order detonation. The explosive inside the bomb had partly liquified and been set off by the sparks from dragging it. They determined that about 30 pounds had exploded. If all 250kg had gone up, all that would have been left of the 52d would have been a smoking crater in the road! They didn't drag any bombs after that!

By late October they were in Belgium clearing bunkers and buildings of booby traps and detonating unexploded ordnance. When the Battle of the Bulge started, they were sent to set explosives on bridges, roads, and culverts. They would get everything ready and then leave a battery behind so that when it was time to blow the bridge, the unit with that mission only had to touch the wires to the battery to blow up whatever it was.

In Germany in 1945 with his carbine on a deuce-and-a-half (2 1/2-ton truck)

After the Battle of the Bulge as the American forces advanced into Germany, the 52d was clearing many "presents" the Germans left behind like mines and booby traps. They were very busy. One of the 52d's missions was destroying captured German ammunition dumps. As soon as the dumps were captured by our forces, they moved in so that if the Army had to withdraw, the Germans wouldn't have that ammunition available. It was pretty tricky because some of those dumps had thousands of tons of ammo and they didn't want it all to go off at one time. So they'd have to segregate it and move it and blow it up piecemeal. The Germans had this little device they called the "pancake." They called it a pancake mine as it was circular and about a foot in diameter and about an inch thick. It was loaded with explosives and had a plunger in the middle of it. There was a timer on that device and the Germans would stick one between a couple of boxes of ammunition in the pile about halfway down so it wouldn't be noticed. They'd pull the timer out (a little tab with the timer on it) to arm it in position. Anyone who moved it released the pressure on the little plunger and that thing would explode and set the whole pile off. Fortunately, they

discovered these things early on and devised a way to deal with them. They built a big iron hook out of some rebar and tied a long rope to it. When they would find a pancake, they would slip the rebar around it, get back around 150 feet or so behind something, and give it a jerk. It would come flying out and explode as it came out. It never set off a pile of ammunition. As many times as they did that, they lucked out as it always worked for them.

When destroying small arms ammunition, they would put it in a valley or hole or ditch -- some sizeable hole -- and they'd pour artillery propellant all over the ammo and light it on fire. It was like the 4th of July. The ammo popped off all over the place, but this got rid of it real quick. If they didn't have any smokeless powder, they'd pour gasoline or diesel fuel over the ammo and light it on fire.

During the last months of the war, they were attached to the 29th Infantry Division. As they approached the Elbe River, the 29th was sent north to the Bremen Enclave, which consisted mainly of the cities of Bremen and Bremerhaven. There the 52d cleared the port areas of demolitions and explosives. That kept them busy until they were ready to ship back to the US. They embarked on December 25, 1945. They were concerned because they were going to have a nice turkey dinner in Bremerhaven (where they were billeted), but the ship's crew told them not to worry about missing Christmas dinner. It turned out to be ground turkey and gravy! They were stopped in the English Channel for a day due to heavy fog and, when they finally hit the Atlantic, they were rocked by a vicious winter storm. Everyone was seasick. All 3,000 troops on the ship. The storm lasted four days, but the ship didn't sink as many feared and they arrived in New York on January 6, 1946. My Dad proceeded to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, where he was discharged.

Following his return to Youngstown in 1946, he enrolled at Youngstown College. After a semester he decided to transfer to Kent State University for its business program. He also enrolled in ROTC. While at Kent State he married my Mother in 1947, and by his graduation in 1950, they had two children. In June 1950, he was commissioned a second lieutenant (2LT) in the Transportation Corps. For the next three years he transferred between Fort Meade, Maryland, and Fort Eustis, Virginia, for various schools and assignments including a company command. In June 1953, he shipped to Korea. He spent 18 months in Pusan as the Railway Car Repair Shop Superintendent for the 765th Transportation Railway Shop Battalion. They repaired and built all types of rail cars, but most importantly, hospital cars. In December 1954, he returned to the US to Fort Meade assigned as Car Repair Shop Superintendent and Company Commander. Next he was reassigned to Fort Eustis in September 1955 where he held various positions back in the 756th Transportation Railway Shop Battalion.

Transportation Corps insignia

In August 1959, he was assigned to the General Depot in Kaiserslautern, Germany. He next rotated back to the States in September 1962, going back to Fort Eustis. A month after arriving at Fort Eustis, my father was deployed to south Florida during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Three days prior to his deployment, he was administered five immunizations, which made him very sick for a couple days, but by the time he deployed, he was feeling better. He returned to Fort Eustis after about a month in Florida. After two years at Fort Eustis, he was selected to train with industry and went to Pittsburgh to spend six months with General Electric and six months with Westinghouse

studying their transportation systems. Following Pittsburgh, he was assigned to the Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) in Tehran, Iran. There he was the Traffic Management Officer for the command, a two-year assignment. Following Iran he deployed to Vietnam in July 1967. He was in Saigon working as a Movement Control Officer. He was there during the Tet Offensive. The attack began when he was in his Bachelor Officer Quarters (BOQ) in downtown Saigon. He described the attack as very chaotic with rockets going off in Saigon and small arms fire seemingly everywhere. No one in the BOQ had a weapon so everyone was scrambling to find some since no one was sure what was happening.

Dad rotated back to the states in July 1968 and was posted to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, as the Post Executive Officer. He remained there for two years before heading to Fort Hood, Texas, as Commander of the 180th Transportation Battalion, 3rd Support Command, III Corps. It was a huge battalion with over 1,000 soldiers. He commanded for a year, got promoted to Colonel (O-6) and was assigned to Oakland Army Base in California as the Data Center Commander for the Military Traffic Management Command (MTMC) West. He spent seven years in that assignment and retired in 1978 after a total of 31 years of service.

180th Transportation Battalion "King of the Road"

My Dad at age 94 and me in 2018

After his retirement from the Army, Dad settled in Midlothian, Virginia, just west of Richmond and lived there for 46 years.

He passed away in February 2022 at the age of 98 ½ .

— **Tom Armeli '70**

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Animated with the Goodness of our Cause, and the best Wishes of your Countrymen,
I am sure you will not let Difficulties not insuperable damp your ardour.
Perseverance and Spirit have done Wonders in all ages.
—General George Washington
to Major General Philip Schuyler, 20 August 1775

James Joseph Bellotty (C-3)

From Italy to America: Thirty-Three Years of Service in the US Army

Master Sergeant **Joseph Bellotty** was born Giuseppe Bellotto in northern Italy and came to the US illegally and alone in 1920 at age 17. He soon joined the US Army and spent 31 years in uniform. He first went to Ft George Wright in Spokane, WA, where he thought he would fight in the Indian Wars.

Master Sergeant Joseph Bellotty (far right)

Although that didn't happen, he served in China, was wounded on Attu in the Aleutian Islands during WWII, served in the cadre supervising the German/Italian POW camp near Phoenix. and trained Albanian fighters (for a proposed Albanian revolution) in Germany after WWII. His legacy lived on as his son, James, graduated from West Point and served in Vietnam.

Joseph Bellotty

My Dad was born in 1903 and died in 1988. As previously stated, he came to the US illegally from Italy. He was alone. He had been a cabin boy on the WHITE STAR LINES (owner of the RMS *Titanic* and its sister ship RMS *Britannic*). When the ship arrived in Boston he continued with his American landing and he did not then return to Italy, although he did return after WWII to see his dying father. My Dad Joseph joined the Army in 1922 and migrated to Washington State. He thought he was going to fight Native Americans but instead he was in a unit sent to China as part of a Western "Legation" comprised of Colonial Powers concerned about the Boxer rebellion. After he returned to Fort Lewis on Washington and then on to Alaska.

With the outbreak of WWII, Joseph Bellotty's unit (see attached patch) was sent to protect the Aleutian Islands Adak, Kiska, and Attu. The Japanese were already there building airfields on American soil! He was wounded on Attu and spent months in an Army hospital.

Subsequently he was sent to Arizona to serve with the cadre to watch German and Italian POWs. And finally, he served after the war in Germany training Albanian fighters. And he reunited with family in northern Italy. His family included a brother who served in Mussolini's army!

He retired from the Army in 1953 and his last years were spent in the Spokane, Washington area. He became a rancher raising cows, horses, and milk goats, animals which produced enough manure to keep his son James out of trouble and learning what manual labor was all about. It could be said that dealing with manure helped prepare Jim for what was in store as a cadet at West Point (lol). Cadet Bellotty graduated with the Class of 1970, served in Vietnam and Germany after which he became a professional engineer. Joseph was proud of his son and his son was grateful for the inspiration his Dad gave him to complete USMA and serve honorably in the United States Army. James retired from the National Guard in 1996 as a Lieutenant Colonel.

Jim with dad Joseph

Jim with his parents

We both had wonderful careers all started by a teenage Italian immigrant who had the courage to stay in the United States, and the guts to join the Army and serve for over three decades.

Jim as a platoon leader in Vietnam with the 11th Armored Cavalry in 1971

Postscript: The Joy of Being Clean in Body and Soul! By Jim Bellotty

The hot, humid air envelops us in a shroud; – the sun bakes with no trace of a cloud.
The greenness of the landscape an open sea; – except where we pass, a layer of dirt will be.
We on our mission in this foreign land; – our steel monsters home to a dirty, motley band.
Rolling down a trail the dangers surround; -- our mission to kill and be killed abound.
The red dirt churned up, suffocates and grabs; – at our eyes and throats it really jabs.
The noise from the tanks makes it tough to think; – with all this filth, we really stink.
But coming up around the bend; – a stream gives hope, that this, too, may end.
The column halts and guards we do place; – a run to the water becomes a fevered race.

Stripping off the clothes always dirty and torn; – and frolic in the water with what we were born.
There comes a point when no one cares; – that surrounding us are enemy lairs.
It's over soon, we cannot enjoy more; – it's time to get back and on to the war.
It may have been short, but a new man I feel; – the world seems better to be faced with a zeal.
Sometimes the small things in life are the treat; – but it takes hard times to make them seem really neat.
I don't care to again travel this path; – but thank you, God, I now appreciate a bath!
The water has cleaned the body, but war the soul will stain; – man through the ages seems to relive the sin of Cain.

— **Jim Bellotty '70**

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A foolish man lives for himself. A wise man lives with a purpose!
— Giovanni de Medici, Florence, Italy, 1360 - 1429

Paul Joseph Bisulca (H-3)

Campaigning Across Africa and Europe

My uncles **Charles Hurter** and **Charles Shay** served in World War II. This is Charles Hurter's story:

The Beginning

Charles Cole Hurter Jr.

I was drafted on June 16, 1942, one year after my graduation from high school in my hometown of West Newton, Massachusetts. I went by train to Fort Devens to be processed into the Army, a typical young male headed off on a new adventure.

I was sent from Fort Devens to Fort Meade to join the 76th Infantry Division for basic training. Our instructors were from the 1st Infantry Division, the Big Red One. I hated basic training but did enjoy going to the range to fire our M1903 Springfield Rifles and going on the 35-mile road marches. They gave me an aptitude test on which I scored 127, so they trained me to be a medic. I learned that I was being considered for OCS. But I didn't want any more training; I wanted to go overseas to fight. As it turned out, being a combat medic made for a very interesting two years.

After basic training I went to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where I was assigned to the 9th Medical Battalion and attached to the 84th Field Artillery Battalion, 9th Infantry Division. My friends from Fort Meade were sent to the 47th Regimental Combat Team, so I asked to be reassigned there and rejoined my Infantry buddies in the field.

While the 9th Division was in the field the 82nd Airborne Division moved into our barracks. This became a sore point, and a lot of fights took place in the Fayetteville bars. We didn't have long to dwell on this because the division was ordered to move to Newport News for overseas movement.

French Morocco

Our orders for Operation Torch were read to us as we approached the North African coast. We would be landing at Safi, French Morocco, about 140 miles south of Casablanca. We were given armbands with the American flag and told that the French might not fight us if they saw that we were American. My four years of high school French might come in handy.

Early on November 8, 1942, my company moved to its staging area in the bow of the ship. I couldn't believe the weight we were carrying. It had to be at least a hundred pounds, and I didn't know how I was going to make it down the cargo net into the Landing Craft Infantry (LCI). The 9th Division did its amphibious training while I was still at Fort Meade. This was my first time down a cargo net, and I was scared.

Someone told me to hold onto one of the vertical ropes on the netting and to feel with my feet for the horizontal ropes to step on. "Don't look down" was what they kept saying. As I neared the bottom someone in the LCI told me to take it easy and not to step off the cargo net until they told me. As the LCI rose on the ocean swells it would separate from the transport ship. Everyone was so calm in telling me what to do that I calmed down and got safely into the landing craft. I saw three guys fall into the water. They never came up even though we had flotation devices.

It was still very dark when we headed toward the beach – I couldn't see anything, but I could hear machine gun bullets striking the LCI and I could hear what I guessed was suppressive fire. Suddenly the machine gun fire stopped, the LCI lurched onto the beach north of Safi, the ramp went down, and we were moving as fast as we could through ankle-deep water. There was some sporadic fire coming from the French on the high ground but most of the action seemed to be coming from our ships.

I remember seeing a GI burned to a crisp in his jeep, which a French aircraft bombed on the beach. It made me sick. As a medic I assisted with processing the wounded. We transported the American WIAs to our medical ship while the foreign combatants and noncombatants were treated by our medical personnel on shore. There were some casualties who were too far gone to save, and I was told to give them more morphine. This caused them to overdose and provided them with a painless exit. I understood why this was probably necessary, but I felt uneasy about doing it. Our KIAs and WIAs numbered about 200.

A day or two after hostilities ceased John Lynch, who like me knew some French, spotted a group of French soldiers bivouacked near us in Safi and grabbed me to go talk with them. They were incredibly happy and pleased to talk with us, even though we had just been fighting each other. We sat around talking, drinking wine, and having a good time. It's amazing how quickly wine helps people to forget their differences. Or maybe it's just the nature of the French.

On December 1st we started our 238-mile march north to link up with the rest of the Division at Port Lyautey, almost a hundred miles northeast of Casablanca. Our wool OD uniforms were quite uncomfortable in the heat, but we stopped early each day on our march along the coastal road to Casablanca and then Port Lyautey. This gave us opportunities to go swimming in the Atlantic – not too bad, this war.

I was reassigned back to the 84th Field Artillery, a 105mm howitzer unit, and became the medic for C Battery. Some of our units patrolled the border with Spanish Morocco about 50 miles to the north. There was some concern that Spain might permit the Germans to cross Spanish soil to seize Gibraltar and intervene in Morocco, which would close the Strait of Gibraltar and cut off our troops in Oran and Algiers. Eventually we drove overland almost 500 miles from Morocco to Oran, Algeria where the 1st Infantry Division was located, leaving the 3rd Infantry and the 2nd Armored Divisions behind in Morocco.

Algeria & Tunisia

It soon was apparent that having the 9th and 1st Infantry Divisions together in Oran was a problem – we hated each other. The 1st Division was always getting publicity when they hadn't done

anything more than we had. There were fights all the time. On 13 February 1943, we were ordered to proceed toward Algiers to join II Corps, which had the mission of defending the Eastern Dorsal Range of mountains facing the coastal plain of Tunisia. The 1st Infantry, 1st Armored, and the 34th Infantry Divisions were also part of II Corps.

In this part of Tunisia there are parallel mountain ranges running north to south and parallel to the eastern coast. While on the road to Tébessa we were diverted to the town of Thala in the Western Dorsal Range of Tunisia about 30 miles north of Kasserine Pass and about 60 miles northwest of Faid Pass in the Eastern Dorsal. Since leaving Port Lyautey, we travelled over a thousand miles.

On February 14th, the German Afrika Korps under Rommel broke through French and American defenses in the Eastern Dorsal, and badly mauled the US 1st Armored Division. I really felt sorry for the tankers, but they always told me that they felt safer fighting in tanks.

The 9th Division Artillery had the mission of supporting the British 26th Armored Brigade. Two guns from my battery were ordered to occupy a hill to our front and serve as an anti-tank position. I went forward with one of the guns. We could see the German tanks moving toward our position. The truck driver was unloading 105mm rounds from their cases, I was loading the gun, and the Sergeant was firing. We eventually received a direct hit on our truck and one of the tires on our gun was blown out. I ran to the truck and grabbed an anti-tank rocket launcher "Bazooka". The Sergeant found some anti-tank rounds. We moved left down the hill several hundred yards and set up a position behind some rocks. I had never fired one of those things before. Luckily, several destroyed tanks effectively blocked any further tank movement up the road toward our position. I received only a citation published in the 9th Infantry Division's General Orders. The citation reads:

"On 22 February 1943 in Tunisia about 1000 hours Private Hurter together with other members of the 1st and 4th gun sections occupied an anti-tank position on a crest of a hill in full view of the enemy and in the face of artillery concentrations directed at them, delivered effective fire on an enemy battery until that battery was silenced. Such devotion to duty and courage is highly commendable."

We spent two days there without food. The German losses were heavy, and they withdrew back to the Eastern Dorsal. When our unit moved through the area where the tank battles took place, I counted at least 50 American tanks destroyed. Some guys were burned to death trying to get through the hatches on their tanks.

After Thala Pass our morale was very low. Our clothes were worn, we were short of food, and we had to use cardboard from our shell cases to patch the holes in our shoes. We had been told that we were the best equipped and fed army in the world. We didn't feel like it and thought that we were losing the war.

On March 6th MG Patton arrived from French Morocco to assume command of the II Corps and to attack east to threaten the German/Italian flank on the Eastern Dorsal. The 9th Division moved into Gafsa on March 26th and was ordered to open a hole in the German/Italian lines so that our tanks could break through to the coastal town of Gabes. The fighting in this area was intense, long, hard fights over short distances where mortars and artillery dominated the battlefield. Our artillery

battery was set up on the side of a small hill, and the tanks used to assemble right behind us. I remember that the tank crews were made up of both 1st and 2nd Armored Division soldiers. Because the Germans had air superiority our food and water had to be delivered at night.

The Germans and Italians eventually retreated along the coastal plain to the north. Our forces encountered one of Montgomery's units coming up from the south on April 7th. I was envious of the British troops who wore a cooler desert uniform with the lightweight pith helmets. We still had our heavy OD's, steel helmets and those stupid leggings. Under Patton we could get fined or court-martialed for being out of uniform. It was getting quite hot during the day, so we took turns sitting in the shade of our 105mm gun.

We then moved 200 miles north to the left flank of the Allied line. After our move. some of us were given time off to go swimming. The seawater was very refreshing. Some of the guys found Italian concussion grenades and thought it would be fun to throw them into the water near where I was swimming. Everyone had a great time tossing grenades into the water. One result of this activity was many dead fish, which we brought back to eat. When I returned, I learned that the Germans had shelled us and that a shell had hit my foxhole in which Corporal Jones had sought cover. We were told that the shells were 240mm. There wasn't much left of Boyd, so we just filled in the foxhole with dirt.

On April 23rd we started combat operations east toward Jefna. By May 3rd the Germans after stubborn fighting abandoned their strong defenses and withdrew to the east. The division's attack on May 7th went very quickly and the Germans in the II Corps sector surrendered on May 9th. Bizerte was now ours. An intense evacuation of German troops from Tunisia began, and all resistance ended on May 13th with the surrender of the Italian First Army and remaining Germans.

During the fighting in North Africa wounded civilians would sometimes come to me for assistance. Usually, their wounds were from shrapnel and were quite infected by the time I saw them. I cleaned their wounds, applied some sulfa powder, bandaged them, and sent them on their way. One day an Arab that I had treated brought me an egg; another one brought me an octopus. My artillery commander knew what I was doing and approved of it. The battalion surgeon, Dr. Keating, did not approve of my humanitarian activity and ordered me to treat only Americans. I told him that I would treat whoever needed help.

We now had free time to get deloused and cleaned up. On 17 May we headed back to Magenta in Algeria, fifty miles south of Sidi-bel-Abbès, the headquarters of the French Foreign Legion. Everyone hoped we would get liberty there because the Army had set up a place to watch movies.

Sicily

We moved back to Bizerte, Tunisia for our boat ride to Sicily as part of Operation Husky. I remember that during the predawn hours of 6 July our staging area was hit by a German air raid. The search light units illuminated individual aircraft, which were fired on. I saw several planes get hit and fall from the sky. One of our casualties was a marginally serviceable maintenance truck, which we had been trying to get replaced for a long time. The next day we had a brand-new vehicle, which we took with us to Sicily.

For the invasion on July 10th the 9th Division was held in reserve in Africa along with most of the 82nd Airborne Division. The initial American invasion force was the 3rd Division landing in and around Licata, the 1st Division at Gela, the 45th Division at and to the east of Scoglitti and four battalions of the 82nd parachuting inland from Gela. The 2nd Armored Division provided a brigade-size element for the Licata landing but remained a floating reserve along with the 18th RCT from the 1st Division.

The land forces consisted of Montgomery's British Eighth Army landing in southeastern Sicily and Patton's American Seventh Army landing in southern Sicily. The general plan called for the Eighth Army to rapidly move along the eastern coast to seize Messina through which the German and Italian troops would have to move to evacuate from the island to mainland Italy. The American role was to secure the British left flank.

On 21 July my artillery unit loaded on an LST, and we landed on 23 July at Licata after which we moved to a bivouac site. My recollection of events in Sicily is quite vague. I remember being hammered by the Germans' Nebelwerfer 150mm rockets "Screaming Meemies" and gathering onions from the fields and boiling them with our C-rations in a tin heated by burning 105mm powder bags. I also remember the daily yellow Atabrine pill for malaria, which incapacitated a lot of men. The pill was a substitute for quinine, had a bitter taste, and turned one's skin a yellow hue. Not everyone regularly took the pill. I remember trying to take a shower during one of those infrequent rains. Unfortunately, the rain stopped just as I had lathered up. The sensation of soap drying in 100-degree heat and cracking on one's skin is not a good feeling.

On August 5th, the 9th Division relieved the 1st Division as the lead unit in the battle for Troina. The drive east met stiff resistance and we employed massive artillery and aerial bombardment to soften up the German positions. A backdrop to all this fighting was Mount Etna, which rose sharply to a height of almost 10,000 feet. Etna had erupted the previous summer and was still quite active. During the day it smoked, and at night it glowed and occasionally spurted fire.

The 3rd Division entered Messina on August 17th to find the Germans had fled to mainland Italy. The entire campaign took 38 days, inflicted 29,000 casualties on the Axis forces, captured 140,000 more and had saw the ouster of Benito Mussolini and the beginning of secret negotiations leading to Italy's surrender on September 3rd.

The 9th Division Artillery moved to Cefalù on 23 August where I did lifeguard duty at a nearby beach. The talk was now of going on to mainland Italy. I think it was here that I saw Al Jolson do a USO show. I liked his singing but didn't care for his off-color jokes and wished that he had told us more about back home. I had an opportunity to see Bob Hope but didn't go. Martha Raye had done a USO show in North Africa, and she was really good. But now my worry was keeping guys from drowning. I did rescue seven men whose wooden boat hit a reef and sank.

Salerno

The end of August was a lazy time spent winding down after more than a month of combat. The division learned that it was going to England but that some of us would be left behind to fill the ranks of the 45th Infantry Division, an Oklahoma National Guard outfit. I joined C Battery, 160th

FA Battalion in which most of the men were from Ada, Oklahoma. The 160th provided supporting artillery fire for the 179th RCT. Breaking into the new unit was not difficult, although I got a lot of ribbing for my Massachusetts accent. I think it reminded them of their brief stay at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts for amphibious training during the summer of 1942. I also had the opportunity to work with Native Americans with whom I had never really had much contact and who were present in large numbers in the division.

Salerno on the Italian mainland was our next objective, and we were now part of VI Corps under the US Fifth Army commanded by LTG Mark Clark. Sailing from Oran for "Operation Avalanche", which was to kick off on 9 September 1943, the 36th Infantry Division, Texas National Guard, was to establish a beachhead at Paestum about 20 miles south of Salerno. The 157th and 179th RCTs of the 45th Division were positioned offshore as VI Corps reserve. Because of a shortage of landing craft the 180th RCT and the 2nd Battalion/157th RCT had to wait in Sicily for naval transports to return from Salerno to pick them up.

With Italy now out of the war, the hope was that the Salerno landing, at the northern limit of tactical air support from Sicily, would be relatively unopposed and that the Allies would be in a good position to trap a substantial number of German units now in southern Italy. Salerno would also provide a forward base from which to seize the important port city of Naples and to conduct further operations north toward Rome.

Just before noon on 10 September the 179th RCT began landing at Blue Beach south of Paestum. The regiment was soon followed by the 158th, 160th and 189th FA Battalions, which moved to an assembly area near Paestum. Early in the afternoon the 157th RCT began landing just south of the Sele River's mouth northwest of Paestum. On the German side the 29th Panzer Grenadier and the 26th Panzer Divisions began moving north towards the VI Corps area of operations.

Moving north on Highway 18 the newly landed elements of the 45th Division passed through the 36th Division and moved into a gap between it and the British 56th Infantry Division. The plan called for an attack northeast up the valley between the Sele and Calore rivers with the division artillery taking up positions south and west of the junction of these two rivers. The 160th FA Battalion settled into a position about a mile and a half west of the river junction and a little more than two miles south of a tobacco factory that became the center of a major engagement.

That evening the 179th RCT began advancing. By mid-morning on the 11th the Germans counterattacked vigorously. For us in C Battery it was steady firing until we exhausted all our ammunition except for 10 rounds per gun, which were kept for a final emergency. A Battery was in the same condition. The full weight of the German counteroffensive hit on 13 September and the division's artillery was firing almost continuously. It was about this time that our battery commander climbed a tree to adjust our battery's artillery fire; our FOs were all dead, captured or otherwise not in communications with the battery. Our Captain was shot by a sniper and killed.

On 14 September our three artillery battalions in the battle fired 6,687 rounds. This was the most fired in a single day during the Salerno campaign. The counter-battery fire that we received in return was so intense that I didn't think that we were going to make it out of there alive. Until 16 September the battle in the Sele-Calore corridor and around the tobacco factory raged until troop

reinforcements, the construction of a tactical airfield near Paestum, heavy air and naval bombardment and the arrival of two British battleships allowed the VI Corps to consolidate its positions and prepare to break out of the beachhead.

During the night of 17 September, the Germans began to withdraw, and we kept pressure on them. By the 19th we held the high ground around Eboli and continued to push up Highway 91 until we secured the road junction with Highway 7 on 26 September. The going was not easy, and the Germans blocked our way at every opportunity. The mountains were so rugged that mules had to be brought in from Sicily to be used to resupply our infantrymen in places inaccessible to motorized transport. Animals were initially procured locally and in Sicily and cost from $80 to $150. Later the price went higher as demand increased. Although dark-colored animals were preferred because they were less visible to German gunners, a solution of potassium permanganate would effectively darken a light-skinned animal for one to two months.

On 1 October Naples fell to the British without a fight, on 2 October we were at Benevento, and on 6 October Allied troops closed on the main German defense along the Volturno River. The 45th Division now occupied the right flank of Fifth Army and was ready to advance down the Calore River valley and northwest to the Volturno River.

Volturno River

The German strategy in Italy at this time was to delay. They had avoided the entrapment of their units in southern Italy by delaying the Allied breakout from Salerno and had now occupied positions on the Volturno River to delay the Allied advance. With each passing day the German Winter Line grew stronger. Aiding their defense was the mountainous terrain and the rainy season. It rained and rained and rained. Everything was muddy and we never got dry. I regularly used to wring out my socks to avoid trench foot. The engineers worked tirelessly to rebuild bridges, remove debris from German demolitions and to cut roads through the mountains. However, these roads often became impassible quagmires in the incessant rains, which again necessitated the use of mules to move supplies forward.

For the next phase of the operation the 45th Division was to move twenty-two miles down the Calore River valley then move another thirty miles up the Volturno valley to seize the high ground north of Venafro. On 9 October the 179th RCT led the way down the Calore valley and by 12 October had reached the last area of hills between the division and the Volturno.

During the Battle of Salerno and during our push to the north I worked almost exclusively as a medic. Because I was a new guy in the battalion and because the gun crews were already formed there wasn't a lot of willingness to let a medic work on one of the guns. Also, we had a lot of casualties, and I was kept quite busy tending to wounded soldiers.

One day there were some tanks or motorized artillery in a grove of trees on lower ground behind us. The Germans shelled them, and I heard them yelling for a medic. I ran down to their location, and they had dragged one of their men out to the road who had been badly wounded by an artillery shell that had burst in the trees. When I got to him, he was telling his commander that he had to get those guys out from under the trees, because those tree bursts were murder. He was as calm

and lucid as could be, but then he just died. I was really surprised that someone so seriously wounded could be as calm as he was.

I learned that the command wanted to promote me, but that was only possible if I was reassigned to the Battalion Aid Station in the rear. I didn't want to go but was sent anyways. After about a week or so I talked to my commander, and he said that if I really wanted to go back to the front to be with my buddies, he would allow it. At the time it was more important to me to be where I liked than to be promoted. I really didn't like being a medic and I enjoyed being with my battery.

Those guys in the 45th went into combat with their accordions, harmonicas, and guitars. Even when we were in combat, they would play and sing at night. Sometimes the Germans would shell us, and everyone would jump into their foxhole until the shelling was over. Then they would crawl out, pick up their instruments and start playing again. I really liked the men in the 45th – it was like being home.

One day an Italian was leading his cattle past our location and one of the animals strayed from the herd. Several of the guys went after the stray and hit him on the head with an ax. They then covered the animal with a camouflage net. When the Italian came back to look for his missing animal, he couldn't find it and left to catch up with the other cattle that were continuing to move on. I felt sorry for the civilian whose means of livelihood had just been reduced, but I must admit that the beef tasted good after months of eating C-rations.

From its position in Corps reserve the 45th Division crossed the Volturno River on 3 November to participate in a general advance by Fifth Army all along its front. Supported by the 4th Ranger Battalion the 45th Division was to take Venafro and cut Highway 6 northwest of Mignano. At this point near the headwaters of the Volturno the river was fairly shallow and the division crossing south of Venafro was unopposed. The attack on 4 November received German fire from the slopes of Monte Corno. Struggling to eject German forces from the high ground north and west of Venfro our troops faced rain, cold and terrain so steep that even the Sicilian mules couldn't make the climb. The weather turned so bad that we lost more men to exposure than to German fire.

Enemy troops had to be blasted out of caves in the mountains by infantry squads. Even though we had air superiority, it was extremely difficult for our airmen to identify targets in these mountains. General Clark ended Fifth Army's offensive on 15 November to rest and re-supply. Until early January when the 45th Division was pulled off the line Fifth Army waged limited attacks, which slowly pushed the Germans back on Monte Cassino. During this time small groups of us were permitted to go back to Naples for some rest and recreation.

In Naples I went to the Red Cross and there were rear-echelon guys drinking Coca-Cola, which I hadn't seen since I left the States in October 1942. When I asked for a Coke, I was told that I needed a ration card. I asked where I could get one and was told that I had to get it from my commander. With my commander at the front, I decided to leave the Red Cross canteen and the clerks and supply types to their cokes. I next went to Pompeii, which was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A.D. 79. The casements of ash and lava covering about two thousand bodies had been filled with plaster, so it was possible to see their forms at the time of their death. The

detail in the painful expressions on their faces was remarkable. Little did I know that lava would start flowing again from the volcano on January 6th and that it would erupt on March 13,1944.

At New Pompeii there was an ornate Catholic church, which had a school for orphaned kids. I was struck by the poverty of the people and the contrasting richness of the church. Like the church the orphaned kids were clean and neat in the care of the nuns. I found a guy selling candy outside the church and bought all that he had. Inside the church I asked the nuns to distribute the candy to the kids, but they insisted that I do it. Once the kids saw me, they came running, yelling "Papa, papa". I felt sorry for those kids who had lost both parents. Shortly after my return, VI Corps was pulled off the line and we headed south. We had no idea where we would ultimately end up.

Anzio

The British-American disagreement over war strategy hinged on the degree of confidence each side had in putting all our eggs in the basket of a cross-channel invasion of France. It was easy for the Americans to advocate concentrating our resources for a cross-channel invasion and become the greater risk taker, since we had an entire ocean to protect our homeland. For the British it was important to maintain a viable second option through Italy.

The build-up in England drew much of the higher American staff including General Eisenhower away from the Mediterranean. The consequence was the merging of the British Middle East Command with the Allied command in the Mediterranean and left the British running the show. Churchill now had a larger role in tactical decisions in Italy, and Winston wanted Rome.

The final plan for Operation Shingle designated the 3rd Division and the British 1st Division for the initial assault on 22 January 1944. The second wave would land the 45th Division and part of the 1st Armored Division. The mission was to seize and hold the high ground of Colli Laziali, also known as the Alban Hills, just south of Rome. Located about twenty miles from Anzio the Colli Laziali dominated Highways 6&7, the main supply routes from Rome to the German units occupying the Winter Line or the Gustav Line as the southern portion of the line was called. A viable threat to these supply routes might force the Germans to withdraw to more defensible terrain north of Rome.

Preparations and training took place near Naples. The first wave departed on 21 January and dropped anchor off Anzio just after midnight on 22 January undetected by the Germans. The assault force met only insignificant opposition at the beaches and the Germans were unable to execute their plan to destroy the port.

At this point very little stood between VI Corps and the Colli Laziali. But the 45th and 1st Armored Divisions were still back at Naples awaiting transport. Preparations for the pending Normandy invasion had resulted in the transfer of significant amounts of shipping and other war-fighting materiel from the Mediterranean. The Americans had all along believed that we could not build up our invasion force fast enough with available shipping to safely break out of the beachhead. LTG Clarke and MG Lucas decided that the security of the beachhead must come before a drive to the Colli Laziali. After two days of scattered fighting the beachhead was seven miles deep with a perimeter of about 26 miles. This was the maximum frontage that the Corps believed it could

adequately defend with available troops and with the enemy strength at that time. For every mile inland three miles were added to the front lines. It was a simple function of the mathematical constant pi, π.

The Germans had a contingency for an amphibious landing near Rome. Troops from northern Italy, France, Germany, and Yugoslavia were immediately dispatched to the Rome-Anzio area. By D+2 the Germans had about 40,000 troops in the area, and when VI Corps began its offensive on 31 January German strength had grown to over 70,000.

Several days after the initial landing the second wave of troops, including the 45th Division, began arriving at Anzio. Initially the 45th was used to protect the flanks of the beachhead, with the 157th RCT defending the northern flank behind the Moletta River and the 179th RCT positioned behind the Mussolini Canal and the Pontine Marshes on the southern flank. As best as I remember my battery was positioned east of the Padiglione Woods in the center of the beachhead and in what appeared to be dairy pastures. The road from Nettuno to Cisterna ran near our position. We dug in and sandbagged the guns.

At 0130 on 30 January Darby's Rangers crossed the west branch of the Mussolini Canal and entered Pantano ditch with the mission to infiltrate four miles through the German lines to Cisterna, which they planned to seize and hold until the 3rd Division's main attack could reach them. Just short of Cisterna the Germans ambushed the Rangers and only six out of 767 men made it back to friendly lines. The 3rd Division attack pushed the front line forward by several miles, but never reached Cisterna.

The 1st Division attack along the road that ran from Anzio through Aprilia (nicknamed "the Factory" by the Allies) to Campoleone fared better but created a big salient that was vulnerable to counterattack. The British made it to the outskirts of Campoleone but never controlled the city.

Our offensive exhausted itself on 1 February. On 2 February the newly arrived 1st Special Service Force, a brigade of 1,800 American and Canadian soldiers, took over the defense of the right flank, which released the 179th RCT to Corps reserve with the 180th RCT. The 157th RCT continued to hold the left flank. The Germans attacked on 3 February.

The main German attack came down the road along which the British had made their push towards Campoleone, and two battalions of the 180th RCT were the first 45th Division units to be committed to bolster a weak point between the 1st and 3rd Divisions. They were sent on 6 February to dig in at the towns of Carano and Padiglione. As the Germans pushed back the British salient from Campoleone the 179th RCT moved forward on 10 February to relieve the British 2nd Brigade. To reconstitute its reserve the Corps placed the 36th Combat Engineers on the Moletta line and pulled the first and second battalions of the 157th RCT back to Corps reserve. At this point the 45th Division occupied a portion of the front line between the 1st and 3rd Divisions and was given the mission to recapture Aprilia ("the Factory") that the British had lost to the Germans. It couldn't do it. It was cold and rainy, and my foxhole buddy Alonzo Luciano and I lined the bottom of our hole with used ammo crates to try to keep our feet out of the water.

Until 3 March we fought a very bitter war of defense and counterattack with little ground gained or loss along our six- mile front. On 18 February the 179th RCT was on the verge of collapse when the Corps commander sent Col William Darby, who had lost two Ranger battalions in the Pantano ditch, to relieve the regimental commander. The salient was lost to us as was the factory, although we continued to fight the Germans for it.

On 22 February we were firing a direct fire mission when one of our men got up and started running for the rear. I yelled out to him that he was leaving the only safe place he had, but he wouldn't stop. He never came back, and I think they got him for being psycho. A friend of mine, Bill, was given a field commission to 2Lt and was made one of our forward observers. On his first three-day tour up front he was killed by a little piece of shrapnel like a needle. It went in his head and was sticking out his ear. We were good friends and I felt sorry to lose him.

Another friend of mine from Pittsfield, Massachusetts was a member of a forward observer team, which had just returned to the battery for a few days of rest from out front. Ordinarily, the FO team went to the rear area for their breaks, but at Anzio there wasn't any real rear area. One night "Lamplighter Charlie" flew over and dropped flares so that German aircraft could bomb us, which they frequently did. A round landed next to my friend's tent and a large piece of shrapnel took off his head. People started calling, "Medic" and I ran over there. As soon as I found out who it was, I got sick to my stomach.

The lieutenant told me to look for his dog tags, and I said that he was my friend and that I couldn't bear to look at him. The lieutenant ordered me to look, and I reached into my friend's pocket but found nothing. When the lieutenant told me to look around the neck I refused. I don't think the dog tags were ever found, and I never forgave the lieutenant for making me do that. One of the things that my friend and I agreed to do was to go to the other's family if one of us got killed. I can give you reasons why I never visited his family, but I didn't and that still bothers me.

An Indian in our battery lost his best friend during some shelling. His buddy, who was also an Indian, was lying right next to him when he was hit and killed by shrapnel. I never saw anyone grieve as much as he did over the death of his best friend. Every time he had access to a German POW, he would kill him. I hesitated to write about this, but it does illustrate one of those unfortunate consequences of war from which no Army is immune.

The Anzio beachhead was typical of the fighting we had been doing in Italy in that we were on the low ground with the Germans holding the high ground. The Germans had some large guns mounted on railroad cars that hid in mountain caves except when they came out to shoot. One of these "Anzio Annie" was a 280mm gun, which was captured and is now on display at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds Museum in Maryland.

When we weren't shooting fire missions, during the first time I was permitted to regularly fire the gun, we would listen to the German rounds passing overhead on their way to the dock area. One of the men used to do laundry in a big metal pot to make some extra money, but he was deathly afraid of incoming rounds. He would always stay burrowed in the ground except when he needed to stir the laundry pot. One day the German artillery was going over and hitting the docks when he

got out of his hole to tend to the laundry. A round fell short and killed him. I guess when it's your time no amount of hiding will help you.

One night the battery commander got a call from the anti-aircraft position on the hill behind us. One of our men was over there causing a lot of problems, so I was told to go up there. I went up there and found the guy under a half-track with what looked like blood all over him. He had knocked over a gallon of ketchup and in the dark it looked like blood. Anyways, there was no way that I could get him, so I called back and asked for two more guys to come up. They came up in a jeep and the three of us finally got him in the jeep – two of us holding him and the other driving.

We took him to our Aid Station and when we got him there the doctor, who looked like he was on morphine, looked at the guy and said, "Let him go, he's all right." I said, "If we let him go, we'll never get him under control again." When we did the guy went wild. There was a footlocker with medical equipment that weighed about 150 pounds. He lifted it up and threw it through the side of the tent. All the medical equipment was scattered on the ground, and the doctor hid in a corner of the tent. We got him under control again and the doctor gave him a shot. He was taken by ambulance to a hospital in the rear. I guess he went off his rocker, something I didn't see too often, but it happened now and then.

When the last of the Germans' three big offensives ended on 3 March things got quite dull. We still had fire missions and received incoming rounds, but we never moved the guns, and the days became boring. Logs had been shipped up from Naples and we built overhead cover for our foxholes. One night Alonzo and I heard some noise, so we turned on our flashlights and saw some huge rats eating the crackers we had saved from our C-rations. We had put our crackers in a wooden box to keep the rats from eating them. We were afraid that those rats would bite us, but they didn't.

The 1st Armored Division was in a reserve position to the rear and had built two underground theaters. One day several of us got a vehicle and headed down the road to go to a movie. The problem with dirt roads was that vehicles on them raised dust, which the Germans could see from the hills and would shell it, and that's what happened to us. The movie was Lena Horne in *Stormy Weather,* but I never went to the movies again.

Luckily, a less dangerous pastime came to mind. Several of the guys on my gun decided to make a still. I then went with two other guys in a jeep looking for downed German aircraft from which we removed the copper tubing and the propellers. The metallic propellers were used to make jewelry and the copper tubing was used in our still. All of the technical expertise came from the Oklahoma boys whom I quickly realized had done this before. We went to the kitchen truck and got all the fruit, jam and jelly we could get. After mixing all the ingredients we waited for some results. The first run was a milky color they called chalk beer. They reran the liquid, and it came out nice and clear. We had that still for a couple months, and it did several things for us. It greatly enhanced the quality of our bull sessions, and it gave some of us something to confess on Sunday.

Being in a static position gave us a lot of time to talk to each other, and we came to know our buddies even better than their own families knew them. It was interesting to hear how other people

grew up and realize that everyone has the same desires for the future. The dreams were usually the same because everyone wanted the same things.

On Easter Sunday the Catholic chaplains, who were the only chaplains to come to the front lines, came up to pray with the guys in their foxholes, hear confessions and say mass. I felt good about our Catholic chaplains, because they didn't have to come up front and could stay in the rear like the Protestant and Jewish chaplains. Well, the Germans shelled us, and the chaplain's assistant was killed. I remember thinking what a bad time to be killed – on Easter Sunday. I felt sorry for him and his family.

Despite harassing artillery fire, occasional air or glider bomb attacks, the buildup of supplies at Anzio continued to grow. Soon after our invasion the civilian population of 22,000 was evacuated and only 750 civilians were recruited to remain as a labor force. April saw the introduction of our 240mm M1 howitzer, which could throw a 360-pound projectile almost 11 miles.

On 11 May, the Fifth Army attacked the Gustav Line. After three days they broke through the German main line. At Anzio we attacked on 23 May. Every gun on Anzio was firing – you never heard so much noise. Tanks were everywhere and our fire missions just kept coming nonstop. On 25 May the 36th Engineers linked up with a unit advancing up the coast. VI Corps now became the left flank of Fifth Army. The 1st Armored Division and the 45th Division fought a bitter struggle up the west side of the Colli Laziali, which eventually became stalled until the 36th Division exploited a gap between the two German Corps on Colli Laziali. Threatening to flank both German Corps, the 36th Division caused the Germans to withdraw from their prepared positions.

We could not take our still with us when we attacked, so we left two guys to guard it. Once we established ourselves in our new position on the Colli Laziali we sent a truck back to pick up our still. Our guards had fallen asleep, and some other unit had stolen our still. We never got enough copper tubing to make a new one.

Troops from the 1st Armored and the 36th Divisions occupied Rome on 4 June, but the 45th Division stayed on the western outskirts of Rome, which I did get to visit for ten days. I think I may have been AWOL, but no one cared much about that. My Oklahoma Indian friend Bill Scott and I flagged down a military vehicle headed to Rome. We had a barracks bag with about a hundred packs of cigarettes we had saved from our rations to use to barter. Neither of us smoked, so cigarettes were an inexpensive way to finance our stay in Rome. My monthly pay was $50 plus $10 overseas pay. As a medic I was not allowed combat pay. I kept $9 and sent the rest to my mother.

In the city crowds were hanging Axis sympathizers from lampposts and some people were so weak from hunger that they would be unable to climb or descend the stairs without falling. Eventually, we came to the Vacarra Hotel where we bartered a carton of cigarettes for a room. There was no water except for one hour per day, and the restaurant was closed for lack of food. Bill stayed for only three days before heading back to the battery.

The owner of the hotel had a brother who was captured during the war, but I cannot remember which army captured him. The old man was saving a special bottle of wine for his brother's return – we drank the rest. I was able to communicate with the owner through his daughter who spoke French, and I befriended the family and helped them get the restaurant back into shape. The owner had his sons show me around Rome. I saw the Coliseum, lots of ruins and Pope Pius XII standing on a balcony at the Vatican. The family wanted me to stay, but after ten days I decided that I'd better get back to my outfit.

The MPs had posts throughout Rome, and when a soldier decided to return to his unit the MPs would tell him where it was located. When I returned to my outfit, we were getting ready to move south again. I always had a problem with my lips chapping or getting sunburned. As we moved south in mid-June the temperature rose and my lips cracked and got infected from the dust. Boy, did it hurt. I couldn't eat, laugh, smile or anything. The guys were always trying to make me laugh to make me grimace in pain. I went to the battalion doctor, and he tried several things, but nothing seemed to work. One day I went back to the Aid Station, but the doctor wasn't there. One of the corpsmen said, "Let me try something. We have some salve that is for mustard gas burns. I'll put it on your lips but don't get it inside of you." Within two days that mustard gas salve healed my lips. That just shows that doctors don't know everything.

We ended up near Battipaglia just north of Salerno, which was now home to an Advanced Amphibious Training Base. There the 45th and the 36th Divisions began training for yet another landing. The 3rd Division trained at Pozzuoli near Naples.

Southern France

West of Corsica we and 854 other ships with 151,000 troops turned northwest toward the French Riviera for Operation Dragoon. At 0800 on the morning of 15 August the division went ashore just northeast of Sainte Maxime with the 179th RCT in division reserve. Naval gunfire silenced most of the German artillery and pounded the two German Grenadier Regiments in our sector. When the 160th Field Artillery landed we went ashore with our 105mm loaded on a DUKW, and it was just like Anzio -- there was virtually no opposition. I could hear fighting going on in the 36th Division sector, but there was nothing to stop us, and we quickly moved inland. It was a nice area, and the day was clear. I would have liked to stay right there and go swimming. I liked being in France, because it made us feel like we were getting near the end of the war.

The French dialect in this region was different than it was in French Africa. In school we had learned Parisian French. The guys from Canada who spoke French had a harder time than I did in speaking French in southern France. Some of the people could speak English, and it was good to be able to communicate with them. We didn't go through any big towns so most of the people we met were farmers in the small villages. I felt sorry for them because they had no means of protection and had a hard time getting food.

On 19 August the 179th was sent north toward Grenoble. Our movement north went very quickly, and we soon reached Grenoble and waited for the rest of the 45th Division to reach Grenoble. The 45th Division probed into the French Alps and dispatched the 179th toward Lyons to begin blocking German escape routes to the northeast.

We were told that we wouldn't have any gas for a few days. So, we pulled up near a farmhouse, and didn't even unhook the guns from the trucks. I went over to talk to the French family, and I spent the evening with them and one of their sons, who was a member of the Free French Insurgents. That night I heard a lot of noise and went outside to find the 179th Regimental Aid Station moving in. I asked them where my unit, the 160th Artillery, was and they erroneously said, "Up ahead". I jumped on a truck and moved up to what turned out to be the 179th Infantry. In the morning I found that we were surrounded by Germans.

I was used as a litter bearer to take wounded to the ambulances for transport from the Aid Station to the Field Hospital, and there was one guy wounded badly who turned yellow. They put him on plasma, which I had never seen before, and in five minutes his color came back. The Germans let us use our ambulances to bring the wounded through, but I was not permitted to ride back to my unit in the ambulance. I saw a kid with a bike and asked if I could use it. He didn't want to give it up but eventually he gave me the bike. When some ambulances started going back to the aid station I rode the bike in the same direction, and the Germans didn't do anything. They let me go through. When I got back to my unit they got after me for spending the night in the farmhouse. I was glad to be back with my own outfit. Being a litter bearer is hard work. As soon as you bring a wounded man in you had to go back to get another one. We had quite a few wounded, mostly from mortars.

On 27 August the 179th took Bourgoin-Jallieu, then moved northward to seize Meximieux and clash with elements of the 11th Panzer Division a day later. The Germans paid heavily in men and materiel with little loss to us. On 2 September the 45th Division pushed up Highway 75, capturing nearly 5,000 Germans and large quantities of war materiel.

The VI Corps was now facing severe logistical problems with the ports of Marseille and Toulon now well to the rear and the Rhone railway in disrepair. Nevertheless, MG Lucien Truscott faced the VI Corps' three divisions to the northeast and advanced towards the Belfort Gap. On 8 September the 45th crossed the Doubs River at Baume-les-Dames and pressed northward toward the Vogues Mountains. Meanwhile on 12 September the 1st French Armored Division linked up with the 2nd French Armored Division of Patton's Third Army northwest of Dijon. Thus ended the Southern France campaign.

The autumn rains began to fall. Like Italy, trench foot was to become a problem in the cold, wet mountains of eastern France. Like Italy, German resistance stiffened in the mountains as the Germans prepared to defend their homeland.

Rhineland

On 16 September the division was shifted to VI Corps' left flank and ordered to capture Épinal, cross the Moselle River, advance north, and prepare to seize the Saverne Gap. The division attacked the night of 21 September with the 157th attacking Igney on the left, the 180th attacking Épinal in the center, and the 179th attacking Arches on the right. Except for the 180th the assaults across the Moselle River went without considerable effort, and the division moved quickly to the northeast through open terrain. At Grandvillers German resistance required two days of fighting for the town to fall to the 179th and 180th on 30 September.

About 15 miles northeast of Épinal our battery set up near a farmhouse. It was cold and some of us would visit the farmhouse and sit near the fireplace to get warm. The owner packed potatoes in mud and placed them on the fireplace coals. When cooked we cracked the mud open and bit into the potatoes – they were really good. For meat the French family usually ate rabbits and occasionally a deer while we had C-rations. We were in that position for a while and we were firing missions generally around Grandvillers. Apparently, we used up all the farmer's wood for the winter and the guy in charge of the forest wouldn't let him cut any more. I got the other guys together and chopped down some trees and cut them into fireplace sizes for the farmer. Before we left his son had a pair of wooden shoes made with the 45th Division insignia placed on each toe. I thought it was nice of him to give them to me. I still have those shoes.

The 45th Division turned east and seized Brouvelieures on 22 October then turned south to hit Bruyères. Attached to the 36th Division was the 442nd RCT, which was made up of second-generation Japanese Americans (Nisei). We had worked next to them in Italy when they were the 100th Battalion, attached to the 34th Division. Because of their heavy casualties they came to be known as the "Purple Heart Battalion". During the battle for Bruyères the 1st Battalion of the 141st RCT (36th Division) became surrounded by Germans in the heavily forested hills east of Bruyères. We received word that the 179th was designated to rescue the battalion but later learned that because we had suffered such heavy casualties the 442nd RCT would attempt to reach this "lost battalion". On 30 October it succeeded, rescuing 211 soldiers after six days of being surrounded. The 442nd sustained 800 casualties. The Japanese Americans were very good soldiers.

Occasionally I would go up to the front with a forward observer team. They would go up for three or four days then rotate back to the rear area. One time they went back to a farmhouse and found 1936 vintage wine in the hay. The FO team called me up on the field phone to see if I wanted to go back there to bring some wine up to the men on my gun. I went back there, shot a couple domesticated rabbits and spent the day drinking quite a bit of wine. I brought back four bottles and the rabbits for our gun crew.

While we were still up in the mountains we had set up on some high ground with a good-sized valley between our position and a German artillery unit on the other side of the valley. We had no infantry, and the Germans didn't seem to have any either. It was just artillery shooting at artillery. Each time one side fired the deer would run to the other side. While we were there, we would send out hunting parties several times a day. I got four deer and some rabbits. It was so cold that the deer meat, which we hung from trees, would freeze. The battery commander used to come to our gun from time to time to get some meat.

Charlie Hurter with deer, Vosges Mountains, France

Another time in the mountains I saw a wild boar and shot him a couple times with my carbine, but it didn't slow him down. He was coming at me, and I didn't know what to do. Luckily, there was an anti-aircraft unit on the hill, and they saw my predicament. So, they fired their .50 caliber machine gun and got the boar. A couple guys came down and helped me bring it back up. The meat was very fatty, but it was something different.

In the first week of November, we had been through some hard fighting for about three or four days, and they gave us Benzedrine to keep us awake. We didn't get a chance to sleep at all during the battle. Except for Anzio I don't remember any battle that went on for so long. At least at Anzio we were able to get some sleep occasionally. We also couldn't eat very often. Because of the heavy fighting our weapons were all dirty and worn out, so we had to get new tubes for the artillery pieces. On 8 November the 45th was pulled off the line and sent back for rest and recuperation.

The enlisted men were housed in a warehouse, but because I spoke French, I was sent around to get civilian homes for the officers and decided to get a civilian home for myself too. I succeeded and had a nice bedroom with two beds for one of my buddies and me. I remember Bains-les-Bains from when I had the opportunity in September to go there for a couple days with several other guys. The town had a dance hall and the French people had what they called eau-de-vie, their version of moonshine, of which I drank quite a bit.

The first morning at our new place the woman who owned the house brought us breakfast and coffee with schnapps in it. I was feeling pretty good and decided to go out and see how the poor people were living. I saw the doctor and told him that my brother Bill wasn't far away, and I wanted to go see him. He was with the 17th Bomb Group on Corsica.

The first battalion surgeon that we had in the 45th was hopped-up on morphine all the time. It was hard to talk to him because his mind was never clear. He used to put things off on the technicians in the battalion aid station and was eventually relieved because of his drug problem. The doctor that we had now was a really nice guy, and I got along with him fine. I could now send my wounded to our own battalion aid station rather than send them to other battalion aid stations as I did with the first doctor. All the doctors wanted me to quit being a frontline medic and work in the battalion aid station. To get promoted I would have to do that, but I preferred to be up front.

With my 3-day pass in hand I hitchhiked to Dijon and stayed overnight in a barracks. I met two guys who were flying to Corsica the next day, so I asked if I could go with them. When I arrived, I learned that my brother had flown that very day to Dijon. The outfit was being relocated to Dijon, but bad weather now kept all flights grounded.

The next day I flew back to Dijon and caught a ride to Longvic airfield where my brother had flown his B26 from Corsica. As I approached the gate there was my brother. It had been almost two and a half years since I had seen him, so I spent the night with him. I asked if he would take me to see his boss to see if I could transfer to the Air Corps. I had read something in the Stars and Stripes newspaper that a brother could get transferred to be with another brother if he didn't transfer from a combat to a non-combat outfit. He took me to see his boss and explained that I was up at the front lines and wanted to transfer to the Air Corps. His boss said, "This is just the

kind of men we want." He wrote a letter telling my battalion commander that he wanted me transferred.

When I got back to my outfit, I gave the letter to my doctor saying that I wanted to give it to the battalion commander. He said that I should let him do it because the commander was drunk a lot and was very moody. If it were not given to him at the right time, he would turn it down. He said he would hold onto it and wait until the Colonel was in a good mood.

The 45th Division joined XV Corps on 22 November and received the task of attacking the Maginot Line at Mutzig, about 13 miles west of Strasbourg. Mutzig fell after three days of heavy fighting. Turning north, the division advanced with three regiments abreast, crossed the Moder River and encountered heavy resistance at Zinswiller (157th), Ingwiller (179th), and Kindwiller (180th) west of Hagenau. Back in Dijon, the 17th Bomb Group completed its relocation from Corsica. On 5 December MG Robert T. Frederick, who had commanded the 1st Special Service Force, took command of the 45th Division.

Continuing to attack on 9 December, the 179th took Engwiller. We fought our way through Alsace. We entered Germany on 15 December but were there for only three or four days when the Battle of the Bulge caused a shifting of units northward to secure the southern flank of the bulge. Because of our exposed and weakened forward position we were pulled back to better defensive terrain. We were all disappointed that we had to leave Germany after all the work it took to get there. No one was worried about the Germans winning the war; we were just upset that we had to backtrack.

We were in a convoy headed back to our former positions in France when it stopped with my vehicle right in front of a cheese factory. So, I went in to buy some cheese. All I had was some "invasion money" script, which they wouldn't take. In the truck we did have some white bread in body bags and C-rations. I decided to trade for some black bread and a tub of cheese. It was hard speaking French here because the people in Alsace had a German dialect. Later when it came time to eat everyone wanted to know what happened to the C-rations. Not everyone liked cheese as much as I did.

The division pulled back to the Moder River and was stretched along a very long front. Just before midnight New Years Eve, the Germans unleashed a major offensive, and the 45th Division was struck hard. What followed were three weeks of continuous combat to hold off the German assaults. When it ended, the 45th Division was replaced on the line and given ten days of refitting and refilling its ranks with over 1,000 replacements.

After we were back on the line in February 1945 near Wimmenau I got a call on the battery headquarters phone. The battalion had received a call from the Air Corps asking that I be given a flight physical, which had to be given by an Air Corp flight surgeon. So, I hitchhiked to Dijon.

Because the Germans had been infiltrating our lines, our challenge and password was changed twice a day. I knew the password when I left but later that afternoon I was stopped by a couple of MPs, and I didn't know the new password. They interrogated me and realized that I was not a German. They said I could go. I still didn't know the password, but they said that they couldn't give me the password because I was not in their outfit. They said I had to get it from my own

commander. I hadn't gone very far when a different set of MPs picked me up again and took me to the same Major I had seen before. He said that they still couldn't give me the password and let me go again.

This time I was able to get on a prisoner train heading to Dijon. I was placed in a compartment with four wounded Germans. The actress, Madeline Carrol, was on the train and she came around with cookies. I said, "Gee, it's better off being a prisoner of the Americans than it is to be an American soldier." One of the Germans could speak French and he was wounded at Lunéville. I told him that I was at the Battle of Lunéville and hoped that I was the one who wounded him. I immediately regretted having said that. Guards came around and gave us sleeping pills and made sure the Germans put them in their mouths. But, as soon as the guards left the Germans spit them out. I got rid of mine too. I didn't get a good sleep wondering if the German, whom I had told that I hoped I wounded him, would get me in the night.

I got to Dijon and took the physical and learned my blood pressure was too high. I was trying to talk the doctor into passing me when a general walked in and asked what was going on. The doctor explained that I was trying to transfer from the artillery to the Air Corps, but my blood pressure was too high. The general asked if the doctor could knock off a few points, but the doctor said, "I can't knock that many off". The general said, "Why don't you see if we can get this man transferred into the Air Corps". The doctor suggested that I sleep on the gurney so he could take my pressure after I went to sleep. I guess my pressure went down while I was sleeping, so he passed me on my physical.

By the time I got back to my outfit they had approved my transfer but said that my name had come up for rotation back to the States and I had to choose what I wanted to do. That that wasn't hard for me to decide, "I want to go in the Air Corps".

95th Bomb Squadron

When I got to Dijon in February 1945, there were two choices: photographer or bombardier. My brother thought there was more prestige in being a bombardier, so I set out to become a bombardier in the 95th Bomb Squadron, 17th Bomb Group.

A bombardier showed me what to do. There was a master switch I had to turn on, and I had to check the bombs in the bomb bay and make sure that the shackles were all hooked right, and when the plane took off, I was supposed to take the cotter pins out and put them in my pocket in case we had to bring the bombs back. And, I had to keep the arming wires in the bombs to keep them from fully arming until they dropped out. Since there were no bombs in the bomb bay, I had nothing to see when he told me what I had to do. Then he took me into the nose where the bomb bay toggle switch to drop the bombs and the lever to open the bomb-bay doors were located.

Also, I sat in on the briefing when we were told how many seconds there would be between each bomb release. If we carried 500-pound bombs, we carried eight, a total of four thousand pounds of bombs. All of this was told to me, but it was never shown. I had to remember all this stuff and write it down, but it's a lot different when you fly a combat mission. There's all this stuff that you didn't know anything about, and all they did was point it out to me.

To get into the nose of the aircraft I had to first remove my parachute and leave it on the navigator's table behind the pilot's compartment. I next had to go through a small hole under the copilot's feet. On my first mission I did everything pretty good except that I was supposed to say over the intercom "Bomb bay doors open" and when I dropped the bombs I was supposed to say "bombs away" and "bomb bay doors closed" when I closed the doors. That was for the tail, waist and turret gunners so they could be ready. I didn't do that, and they really got after me when we got back. After that I knew what to do and that was the only mistake I ever made.

They wouldn't let me fly with my brother on my first mission. So, LT Philip Eschbach let me fly with him. I appreciated Phillip taking me because I felt at ease with him. Another time I was flying with Phil and one of my jobs was to do pilotage. I was supposed to be the bombardier/navigator, but the only time I was supposed to do navigation was if we got separated from the flight. I learned the basic navigator skills I would need like "time and distance". I had all the maps and always knew exactly where we were -- those maps were pretty good. I could look at the ground and it was exactly how it looked on the map. But when we were flying over clouds I used "time and distance" to figure out where we should be given the speed we were going. And, if we came to a hole in clouds I would look down and almost every time I had calculated well enough to find where we were.

Out of forty missions that I flew I did six with my brother. By the time I got to the 95th Bomb Squadron the German Luftwaffe posed a much lesser threat to us than flak or anti-aircraft artillery. Once I did see an Me-262, jet fighter bomber, but could not track it with my caliber .50 machinegun – it was too fast.

My brother flew 57 missions and earned seven Air Medals. I flew 40 missions and got 10 Air Medals. It took him a year to get in 57 missions and three months for me to get 40. Each mission usually had a different crew makeup, and I asked to be put on every mission so I could catch up with my brother and go home with him. The way they gave out Air Medals was based on whether a flight of six aircraft got all its bombs on target. If they did the members of that flight would get an Air Medal.

We flew with numbers 1 and 4 aircraft in the center with the numbers 2 and 3 aircraft as the wings of the number 1 and the numbers 5 and 6 as the wings for the number 4 aircraft. Only the numbers 1 and 4 aircraft had the Norden Bombsites, the others had no bombsites. If the number 1 aircraft got shot down the number 4 would move up and take his position. What we did was mimic the number 1 aircraft's actions.

We got up at 3:00 AM every morning, went to rollcall and then to briefing. Then we would go to the aircraft and take off about 6:00 AM. The missions were around 5 ½ to 6 hours, and if I went on a second mission, we left about 1:00 PM and were given a K-ration, which served as breakfast and lunch. If we only flew the morning mission, we didn't get any K-ration but could eat lunch in the mess hall. We didn't have too many days when we had two missions on the same day, but I flew both when we did.

If we had one mission for the day, I would sometimes go to the mess hall for lunch then put on my class A uniform and go to town. I didn't have to worry about meals, because in Dijon there was a restaurant run by the military for enlisted men. You could have all you could eat, and it was good food too for 10 cents. Many times, I would eat in town. It was quite a way to Dijon. The truck was always full, and everyone had to stand up during the trip. The return ride was at 11:00 PM, and we were brought back to our tents. The ride itself was awful, because a lot of guys would get sick over the side of the truck.

Dijon was a nice town. There was a dance hall for the guys from the front. I sometimes wore my uniform with the 45th Division patch to get into the dance hall. Even though the management saw me there often they never questioned me. It was nice to sit on the banks of the river and get away from the humdrum of everything. I enjoyed being able to go to town just about every day and had one girlfriend for quite a while. The first girl I went with had a chaperone, who followed us everywhere we went. That didn't work out too well.

Those on air duty were the "fair haired boys" of the unit and we didn't pull any KP or any other type of extra duty. One time I was walking through the unit area and the 1Sgt asked me to do him a favor by doing the garbage run to dump the unit's garbage. This was so different from an infantry unit in which I would have been told to do it.

My sixth mission was on 25 February and our target was a V-2 dump eighteen miles southeast of Heidelberg. We were at about 10,000 feet, hit our IP (initial point), made a left turn, gave the engines full throttle, and descended to 8,000 feet. We dropped our bombs during that time and the secondary explosions sent shrapnel up, knocked out our left engine and the radio, and set the right engine on fire. We had to break away from the flight and another plane broke away to fly with us, but it was shot down. I took over as navigator and told the pilot, "If we can make it back to the Rhein River, our ground forces are there. If we bail out on the other side, we will be in friendly territory." Our three gunners did bail out over Germany, and all were reported killed.

We kept losing altitude and we were over a forest when we got down to about 500 feet, too low to bail out. He kept looking for a place to land the plane and just by luck we saw two US fighters tipping their wings at us. We followed them to a frontline landing strip for fighters used for emergency landings, and it had maintenance and medical personnel. When we got off the plane, I noticed soldiers from the 45th Division. The landing strip was in the rear area of the 45th and I found a friend who was in supply and was always back in the rear area. He took me to the front where I spent a week with my old friends.

When the pilot called our base, he said that three guys had been killed but didn't say which three guys and everyone thought I had been killed and told my brother. I think we were at this forward field for about ten days before we were able to fly our aircraft back. When I got back, I went to see my brother and walked into his tent. He said, "What are you doing here? You're supposed to be dead." I said, "That's a heck of a way to greet a guy after he's been shot down." The next day I was called into the office and was told that I was going to be sent to rest camp for ten days. I said, "Rest camp, the Air Corps is a rest camp. I don't want to go to any rest camp." I stayed there and flew more missions.

My last mission was against a German submarine base that had been isolated on the western coast of France. We were carrying 2,000-pound bombs and had made two runs on the target without releasing our bombs. We came around for a third run, and I was determined to get rid of my bombs regardless of what the lead ship did. I had never come back before with bombs and to do so was dangerous, because one could jar loose on landing if we blew a tire. On the third pass I dropped my bombs and some of the other aircraft dropped theirs when they saw mine go. I don't think we hit anything, but I got into trouble when we got back.

When the war ended everyone with 50 or more missions left for home first. Then they cut it down to 45 and then 40, so I went home rather than stay in Germany. I went to a replacement depot outside Paris and then was transferred to one in Chorley, England where I met my brother and Phil Eschbach. After about ten days I shipped out of nearby Liverpool for New York. Bill was still in Chorley when I left. We landed at Staten Island and there was a hospital boat berthed next to our ship. Watching them carry GIs on litters off the boat dampened my elation at being back in the United States. From New York I caught a train to Fort Dix, New Jersey and then one to Fort Devens, Massachusetts where I again met my brother. He had flown from England to Dow Field in Bangor, Maine and had taken the train to Fort Devens. After 30-day leaves, we reported to Greensboro, North Carolina to wait for orders for the Pacific Theater. After Japan surrendered, we were sent to Fort Devens. I was discharged on 12 October 1945. The war was finally over.

This is Charles Shay's story:

Breaking the Silence: An American Indian Veteran on Forgetting & Remembering World War Il
Presented by Charles Norman Shay
(Penobscot Indian Nation)
Panelist
Raymond E. Mason Jr. Distinguished Lecture Series
February 7 & 8, 2009
THE NATIONAL WORLD WAR 11 MUSEUM
New Orleans, Louisiana

As one of the few surviving Maine Indian combat veterans who served our country in the Second World War, I am grateful for the invitation to attend your gathering here in New Orleans, in this very special museum dedicated to the preservation of memories, documents, and artifacts related to that war.

Charles Shay salutes after laying a wreath at the American cemetery in Normandy, France, June 2020

Now almost 85 years old, I am a tribal elder of the Penobscot Indian Nation in Maine. The Penobscots are one of four tribes in the state. The others are the Passamaquoddy, the Houlton

Band of Maliseets, and the Aroostook Band of Micmacs. Other bands of the Maliseet and Micmac Indian nations have their reservations across the US-Canadian border. For many centuries, my Penobscot people have been allied with these three neighboring Indian nations in what is known as the Wabanaki Confederacy. Since the American Revolution, warriors belonging to the Penobscot and the other Indian nations in the Wabanaki Confederacy have stood shoulder to shoulder with their American and Canadian brothers in many wars, fighting a common enemy.

I grew up on Indian Island, a small village on the Penobscot Indian Reservation, in the 1930s when our country was in a severe economic depression. In that time of high unemployment and low wages, there was a lot of poverty on our reservation. I was still in High School when the 2nd World War broke out. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, our community felt as patriotic as the rest of the country and rallied behind the American flag. When war was declared against Japan and Nazi Germany, many American Indians joined the armed forces. Although no one knows for sure how many were recruited from all over the United States into the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, it is certain there were almost 50,000 Native Americans from over 500 tribes who served in the military. Many served for patriotic reasons, but perhaps even more did so to escape the poverty they were experiencing at home.

In Maine, about 200 Native Americans from the four tribal communities volunteered or were drafted into the military during WWII. That number is very high in relation to our populations. In fact, the enlistment rate on many tribal reservations was often completely out of proportion with respect to the national averages. Certainly, that was true for my people, the Penobscots. Although we have grown in number, there were only about 560 tribal members when the Second World War broke out. And that number included all children and old folk. Almost all young adult men enlisted—a total of over 80 men and four women.

I now often think of my mother. She had four sons, and all fulfilled their duty to our country. Two of my brothers served in the US Navy, another was a gunner and radioman with the Army Air Corps and served in the Pacific. I myself was drafted in 1943. Trained as a combat medic, I was assigned to the 16th Regiment of the 1st Infantry Division—the famous Big Red One. I boarded a troop transport ship, the *Queen Elizabeth* in New York, and sailed for England, where I joined the 16th Infantry Regiment as a replacement. I do not know the name of the medic whose place I filled, but one may assume he had become a casualty when the 1st Division invaded Sicily. At the time I did not know that many combat medics were seriously wounded or killed in battle. At any rate, my training continued in southwest England, where we prepared for amphibious landings on beaches of German-occupied France.

I was not the only Penobscot joining that Division. My older friend Melvin Neptune, an infantry man, was enlisted in the Big Red One's 26th Regiment. He had already fought in North Africa, then in Sicily, and was now also in southwest England preparing for D-Day. Amazingly enough, a few hours before the battle began, Melvin came to see me on board the transport ship USS *ENRICO*. We said nothing about what lay ahead of us. We just talked about family and friends back home, and then, with tears in our eyes, we bid each other farewell. There was no need to mention the obvious — that this meeting might be our last.

The 16th Regiment, as many of you may know, provided the assault troops that stormed Omaha Beach. I was in that first wave of men jumping into the sea and wading ashore at 6:30 a.m. on June

6th. The regiment suffered about 1,000 casualties on D-Day. I saw many of these brave men getting wounded or killed on that grim day. Some I could save; many others were beyond help. Only recently I found out that a Passamaquoddy Indian from my state landed just a few hours after me on that same stretch of beach—Easy Red. His name was Philip Neptin. An infantry man who fought in the 115th Regiment of the 29th Division, he was killed just six days later in the woods near St-Lo, Normandy. In the early evening hours of D-Day, my Penobscot friend Melvin also made his way across the same beach, but we did not see each other there or elsewhere — until after the war was over. That very same day, some of our Maliseet and Micmac brothers landed on Juno Beach, fighting in the Canadian infantry. One of them was captured by German SS troops the following day and was executed along with more than a dozen other Canadian soldiers. One of many war crimes ….

But I am not here to regale you with heroic war stories. Moviemakers and novelists—men with rich fantasies, but who were never there—do a much better job with telling blood-and-gore stories than I ever could, or care to. In fact, I do not remember much of what I saw and experienced myself. Yes, I did earn the Silver Star for my actions on Omaha Beach. And yes, I did receive bronze battle stars for participating as a combat medic in the Siege of Aachen, Huertgen Forest, the Battle of the Bulge, and the attack across the Rhine at Remagen. And yes, I do wear my POW medal, as I was captured by German troops in a farming village called Auel shortly after crossing the Sieg River. Under armed escort, I was marched off to a Stalag in a valley near Neubergstadt—walking by night. Meanwhile, American and British troops were encircling the Germans in the Ruhr Pocket. Three weeks later, on 18 April 1945, we were liberated, and I walked out of that Stalag.

Somehow, I made my way to the seaport of Le Havre on the French coast. There I boarded a troop ship, sailed across the Atlantic to Boston, and surprised my mother who worked in the Navy Shipyard. Her last news of me, received just weeks before my unexpected arrival, had been the Department of War telegram reporting that her son was MIA in Germany.

You may ask me how I know these exact dates and place names. To tell the truth, my memories about the war are few. I sometimes wonder how other veterans can remember so much, with such precision. I have thought about that a lot in recent years. And I say, in recent years, because until two years ago, I was silent about my experiences in the war. In the fall of 1945, when I saw my three brothers again, we never spoke of the war. And when I saw my friends on the Penobscot Indian reservation, almost all of whom had served overseas, we just never talked about it. Some of our friends had been killed, others wounded. I am grateful that my parents did not lose any of their sons on the distant battlefields. But my heart goes out to all of those comrades in arms who did not make it back home, Indian and non-Indian alike.

Perhaps many more of my Indian comrades than I ever imagined were wounded within, drowning their misery with alcohol. Others, like me, simply put aside what happened. We did not want to talk about our experiences — about so many young men we saw die in the snow or in the mud. And not only did most of us never talk about the war, but I cannot really remember anyone asking about it either. And, certainly, there was no one who invited us to make a record of our experiences. And so we forgot, and the country forgot.

This forgetting ended for me almost two years ago. Slowly, I have started to remember things long ago pushed out of my memory or locked away in some dark recess of my brain. Since then, I have revisited my personal history as a combat medic in WWII. I have not only dug deep into my memory and retrieved small bits of information about where I was and when, but now also recall facts and events. Some of this memory is aided by reading documents from the 1st Division archives about the 16th Regiment, F Company, which is the infantry unit with which I served from fall 1943 until my captivity in March 1945.

My journey back into my past began as a result of my desire to participate in the commemoration of the 60th Anniversary of D-Day in Normandy. That was almost five years ago. Because I had lived much of my adult life after WWII in Austria, where I fell in love with a beautiful woman who became my wife, I did not belong to any veterans group. So, I missed being invited and did not join other veterans from Maine who traveled to Normandy in June 2004. By my knowledge, no American Indian veterans from our state went to France that summer.

I did not like being excluded. No one does. Three years later, in the summer of 2007, a book was published about 50 WWII Combat veterans in Maine. The governor of our state and one of our two US senators wrote the foreword. None of the combat veterans profiled in this book is an American Indian. Although I do not know how many WWII veterans in Maine's tribal communities were still alive when the author carried out his interviews, it is remarkable that he and his editors never thought to include even one of us. And none of the reviewers noticed.

Why were we excluded from a book commemorating the veterans of WWII in our state? Is it racism? Is it ignorance? Are people only interested in us as long as we wear eagle feathers and beaded moccasins, smoke a peace pipe in a canvas tipi, dance at a powwow, or paddle a canoe? Is the idea of an American Indian in green combat fatigues, armed with a machine gun or with a red cross on his helmet or armband just too strange to imagine?

It is true that I have felt the sting of racist discrimination in my life, especially when growing up in Maine before the war. And when I came back from the war in Europe and returned to my reservation, I discovered that I did not have the right to vote. None of us Indians living on our small reservations were entitled to vote in state elections at the time. But, during my twenty years of military service, I never felt discriminated against because of my American Indian heritage while in the armed forces.

And while it is true that American Indian soldiers were often simply called "Chief," we should not forget that few of us knew anybody in our platoons by their full name. Almost all of us had nicknames. As the medic in our platoon, I was not known as Shay or Charles, but was simply called "Doc." And even I referred to another American Indian in our Company as "Chief." I have no idea what his real name was. The same point holds true for a somewhat older man in our platoon. I really liked him a lot. He was mortally wounded in Huertgen Forest, where he died. I could not do anything for him. I only knew him as "Pop."

A soldier in a cold wet trench, shivering in a foxhole, sweating in the holds of a troop transport ship, or about to drown in cold waves washing over him really does not care about differences in race, religion, or ethnic identity within his own squad or platoon. So, I agree with a comment made by Blackhorse Campbell, the former US Senator from Colorado who is a Cheyenne Indian veteran

of the Korean War. He once said, "There was camaraderie that transcends ethnicity when you serve your country overseas in wartime."

I was reminded of the camaraderie when I made my pilgrimage back to Omaha beach in October 2007. Walking that long stretch of soft sand and looking out at the beautiful calm sea, I tried to remember what had happened there-—the noise of explosions, the dark smoke, the blood reddening the water, the screams of shock and terrible pain from wounded men drowning in the rising tide.

A few days later, I visited the American war cemetery above the beach where I came ashore under heavy fire 65 years ago. I felt deeply moved seeing more than 9,000 white marble gravestones. Hundreds mark the places where fellow soldiers from my own regiment lie buried, including some combat medics I knew. Almost all of them were young men in their late teens or early twenties. Walking across that silent cemetery on that beautiful ridge above the beach—still known today by its wartime code name, I could see the salt water and yellow sand where almost 3,000 American soldiers were killed or wounded in just one day.

As a combat medic who survived bloody Omaha and many other battles in the Second World War and the Korean War, as well as the Cold War atomic bomb tests in the Pacific, I know the terrible price of waging war and establishing peace. What I also know is that enemy sniper bullets, exploding mines, piercing hot shrapnel, napalm, or radioactive fallout from an atomic bomb, do not distinguish between those soldiers, sailors or airmen who were raised in French Acadian families of Aroostook County, as Anglo Protestants in Bangor, as Irish Catholics in Portland, or as Penobscot Indians at Old Town.

All too often, however, those differences seem to matter a lot. And not all those who served and made the sacrifice are treated equally. Nor are their contributions as veterans, regardless of their battlefield honors, always equally remembered.

And this brings me back to my mission as an old American Indian combat veteran. Whatever the reason for our exclusion from that WWII Combat veteran history book, in this last season of my life I recognize that I have a responsibility to help educate the public about our contributions and sacrifices to American freedom, and to honor those who have been killed or were wounded in action overseas. Once we ourselves have stepped forward, have shared our stories, we can no longer be ignored.

In fact, to make sure that American Indian veterans in our state are not forgotten, I am currently involved in a movement to establish Native American Veterans Day in Maine. As I speak here today, Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Tribal Representatives to the Maine State Legislature are preparing a Bill to establish June 21st as Native American Veterans Day in my state. June 21st, 1775 was the day that our ancestors in the Wabanaki Confederacy first agreed to join forces with the United States of America to fight a common enemy in the struggle for freedom. From that date onwards, the Native communities in Maine have agreed to a military alliance with the USA — with the understanding that Americans would protect our ancestral tribal lands against further encroachment and theft. A few days after my return from New Orleans, I expect to make a presentation when this legislation is formally introduced. I trust that it will pass. How could it not?

If it passes, next June we will celebrate Native American Veterans Day at a festive gathering of the four Wabanaki Indian nations — Penobscots, Passamaquoddies, Maliseets, and Micmacs. I do not know where it will be held, but it could be on Indian Island, where I live. Next year, it may be hosted by our Passamaquoddy Indian neighbors at Sipayik, and the year thereafter by the Maliseet in Houlton, and next by our Micmac brothers and sisters in Presque Isle. And we can honor our veterans — men and women, soldiers, sailors, and medics like me — who have been in the armed services, served in WWII, the Korean war, the Cold War, the Vietnam War, or the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. And, not to forget, those who served in peace time.

As a tribal elder of the Penobscot Indian Nation, I feel humbled by the honors that I have received over the past two years, since ending my 60-year silence about WWII. Among the highlights was when Maine Governor John Baldacci honored me by proclaiming the 6th of June 2007, Native American Veterans History Day. Later that year, just weeks after my return from Omaha Beach and other historic battle sites in Europe, the French Consul General in Boston came to my home on the Penobscot reservation and personally escorted me to the French ambassador's residence in Washington DC. Together with six other WWII veterans, including Senator Daniel Inouye, I was formally inducted as a Chevalier into the Legion d'Honneur by his Excellency French President Nicholas Sarkozy. And a third highlight took place last November (2008), when I enjoyed the privilege of being inducted, along with seven other men, as a Distinguished Member of the 16th Regiment in a special ceremony that took place at Fort Riley, Kansas — home base of the 1st Division since the mid-1950s.

At Fort Riley, I enjoyed meeting some of the other surviving WWII veterans with whom I landed on "bloody Omaha" almost 65 years ago. And, it is true, there is a special camaraderie among us. Even if we are meeting for the first time, there is a unique feeling of shared history. We do not need to exchange stories to know what we have gone through. This feeling that we share transcends any differences in terms of our wealth, education, religion, or race. We know more than words could ever express. We are, indeed, a "band of brothers."

I am so aware of the fact that I am just one of tens of thousands of Native American men and women who served their country in times of war. Almost all of the Native veterans of the 2nd World War, including my own three brothers, have now died. Few of them have received any recognition at all. So, while I count myself blessed to be alive, I know that the recognition I now receive is not just about me, but also about Melvin Neptune, Philip Neptin, and so many other American Indian veterans who have been taken for granted or who were simply ignored. And for all too many, it is now too late, because they have died.

I am grateful that you invited me to speak to you today and trust you will forgive me when I ask you not to forget about the sacrifices of American Indian communities wherever they exist in the country.

Thank You & May God Bless America.
Charles Norman Shay
Penobscot Indian Nation
Indian Island, Old-Town, Maine

— Paul Bisulca '70

Lucas Harold Brennecke (C-3)

Precision Machining for the P-40 Warhawk

My father, **Lucas W. Brennecke**, was born in 1916 in the poorest of neighborhoods in St. Louis, Missouri. At the age of 12 or 13, his father died, and having finished 8th grade, he began his working career in order to provide for his family. As an undereducated young man before and during the depression era, he had a variety of jobs to include delivering ice and coal and outdoor construction projects with the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). With the outbreak of World War II, he tried in vain to join the armed forces, but was rejected by all branches because he only had vision in one eye. In early 1942, however, he was hired by the Curtiss-Wright Aeroplane Company at their new factory in St. Louis as a machinist apprentice producing precision airplane parts for the Curtiss P-40 *Warhawk*, a ground-attack fighter which became critical to the North African, Southwest Pacific, and Chinese theaters of operation. The *Warhawk* became the third most produced fighter in WWII after the P-47 and P-51. Lucas eventually became a master machinist and an extremely valuable asset for Curtiss-Wright, teaching young machinists to produce precision parts for this critical war effort.

Curtiss P-40 Warhawk

In 1942, Curtiss-Wright also hired a young lady, **Fern M. Duffy**, a "*Rosie the Riveter*" type who showed early affinity for precision work at the airplane plant. She was quickly promoted to a quality-control position whose job it was to inspect the precision parts being produced in the machine shop of the factory using a micrometer and microscope. Her job, like Lucas's was a critical position in the war effort producing the *Warhawk*. They both continued to work at Curtiss-Wright until production at the factory stopped in late 1944.

After the war, Lucas and Fern married and soon contributed to the "Baby Boom" generation, first with **Robert** (1946), who would eventually retire from the US Air Force, and then with **Lucas H.** (1948), who would retire from the US Army after nearly 38 years of service.

Father Lucas holding brother Bob and Moher Fern holding Luke.

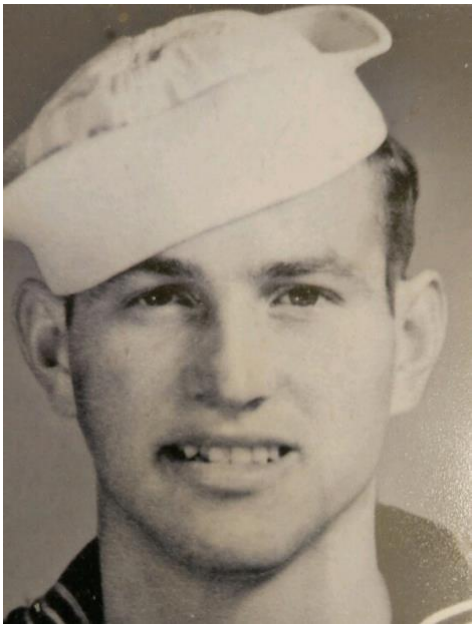
While neither of my parents served on active duty or saw armed combat in WWII or subsequent conflicts, I could not be prouder of their contributions to our country, not just as employees helping produce fighter planes, but also as role models for my brother and me. The success of our military and civilian careers was due in large measure to what we learned from both of them. Both were great Americans.

— **Luke Brennecke '70**

Tony Howard Brock (F-3)

Solving an Amphibious Fire Support Problem

My father, **Wilford Howard Brock**, grew up on a farm near Athens, Tennessee, with nine siblings. On 17 December 1943, less than two months after his eighteenth birthday, he entered the US Navy. He was initially based at the US Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois, helping to train Navy Midshipmen. He said many got seasick on their first training session. He then trained as a landing craft crewman at the Amphibious Training Base at Little Creek, Virginia, and joined LSM 1 (Landing Ship Medium) on 7 August 1944.



Howard Brock Shortly After Enlistment

On 17 November 1944, he transferred to the just-commissioned LSM(R) 189. The Landing Ship Medium (Rocket) 189 was one of twelve ships of an "interim" class of LSM(R)s, converted to support the U.S. Army and Marines with heavy rocket bombardments. The LSM(R)s could launch up to 400 rockets at a time, although they usually fired lesser numbers in salvo. This "interim" class was designed using lessons learned.

Previous landing operations had identified a need for close inshore fire support just before the assault forces landed. At Normandy the Navy used converted LCT(R)s Landing Craft Tank (Rocket) obtained from the British for this purpose. Now the Navy produced its own specialized ships.

In March 1945, the interim group of twelve LSM(R)s crossed to the Pacific through the Panama Canal and on to the Philippines to prepare for the invasion of Okinawa. In a preliminary assault on 26 March 1945, they laid down a rocket barrage on Kerama Retto, a small cluster of islands off the southwestern shore of Okinawa, allowing troops of the 77th Infantry Division to land and secure the islands and the harbor. In this first combat test of these rocket ships, the early dawn assault surprised the Japanese, allowing the army to take control with a minimum of casualties and establish an anchorage for damaged ships.

An LSM(R) in Action

The Japanese Sea Raiding Units had suicide boats based there, and on the morning of 29 March, three of these boats attacked the LSM(R) 189 but were promptly destroyed. During the main

landing on Okinawa on 1 April 1945, LSM(R) 189 was assigned to Task Force 55, supporting the XXIV Corps. They pounded shore defenses but were shortly without a job when the battle moved inland.

To defend against kamikazes, 16 radar picket stations were established around Okinawa to provide early warning, each manned by a handful of ships. However, the kamikazes also made targets of the picket ships. LSM(R) 189 was assigned to station No. 14 northwest of Okinawa. On 12 April 1945, LSM(R) 189 was damaged by kamikaze aircraft, and, with LSM (R) 190, they rescued survivors from the USS *Mannert L. Abele*, a destroyer sunk by Ohka rocket aircraft.

Dad said he steered the ship (my mother joked that he could steer a ship but did not have a driver's license at his age) and he was always in communication with the captain. He could hear what was going on during the Battle of Okinawa. He always said that he was odd man out and was transferred to his sister ship, LSM(R) 190, the day before LSM(R) 189 was hit by a kamikaze aircraft and he helped pull sailors out of the water. They took gold teeth from the pilot and pushed the plane overboard. He did not talk much about his time during the battle at Okinawa and said it was gruesome because when they grabbed survivors in the water the skin came loose from their arms due to being burned in the burning oil slick.

Out of the group of twelve, three LSM(R)s were lost to kamikaze attack (including LSM(R) 190, sunk on 4 May). When the survivors returned to Pearl Harbor for refitting as ammunition carriers for the invasion of Japan, an updated class of LSM(R)s was already being built.

Howard earned the Asiatic-Pacific Medal, the American Theater Medal, and the Victory Medal. Howard also received the Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon for LSM(R) 189's "exceptionally meritorious service in action against enemy Japanese aircraft and suicide boats during the Okinawa Operation from March 29 to April 12, 1945." He was discharged from the Navy at NAS Memphis, TN on 27 April 1946 as a Seamen First Class.

Howard married my mother, Lois Aileen Malone Brock, shortly after returning from service and had two children, Judy Aileen Brock (Howard) and Tony Howard Brock. Howard was a master sheet metal worker for J.D. Helton Roofing Co, until his retirement in 1990. Howard and Lois were happily married for 58 years before he passed away on 2 November 2004.

He is buried at Chattanooga National Cemetery, one of over 50,000 soldiers and sailors buried here. The cemetery opened in 1863 during the Civil War Battle of Chattanooga and includes the Andrews Raiders Memorial commemorating the Great Locomotive Chase, a special operations raid in northern Georgia in 1862.

His three brothers also served. **William Doyle Brock** served in the Army in India during World War II. **Henry Brock** served in the Army during the Korean War, and **Claude Brock** served in the Air Force in Greenland on the crew of an air refueling tanker.

— Tony Brock '70

Robert Nugent Brown (I-3)

Mr. Indiana

Howard K. Brown, proud father of Robert N. Brown, was born in Dayton, Ohio, on January 26, 1922. He was one of seven children, all boys. As the family endured the economic hardships caused by the Great Depression, the Brown brothers found relief through athletic competition. All the boys played sports at Dayton's Fairview High School, and Howard, in particular, made a name for himself on the gridiron and the basketball court.

Howard K. Brown

Upon the recommendation of a friend, Howard was recruited by the legendary Indiana University (IU) football coach, Alvin "Bo" McMillin. Howard enrolled at IU and became a starter in 1942. He stepped away from school to join the U.S. Army on May 25, 1943. Howard trained at Camp Wolters, Texas, where he became an infantryman and was a camp boxing champion.

45th Infantry Division Insignia

Howard's unit was shipped to the European Theater in 1944 where Howard, as a member of the 45th Infantry Division, saw action in France and Germany. Howard earned a Purple Heart, with two oak clusters, and three battle stars for campaigns in Southern France, the Rhineland, and Central Europe. Near the war's end in Europe, the 45th Infantry Division helped liberate the Dachau concentration camp.

In the fall of 1945, Howard, then a Sergeant and Squad Leader, received his honorable discharge from the Army. He re-entered IU and re-joined the football team just in time to play in the team's second game of the season, despite having been in only three practices. The 1945 season was the most successful in school history as the Hoosiers went 9-0-1, won the Big 10 championship, and were ranked #4 in the nation at season's end. Howard excelled as a two-way starter at guard and was selected MVP of the team while also garnering All-American honors.

On December 14. 1946, Howard married his Sigma Kappa sweetheart, Dixie Pepple of South Bend, Indiana. He continued his studies and football, captaining Indiana's 1946 and 1947 teams and again being selected the team's MVP in 1947.

Upon graduating from IU in 1948, Howard followed Bo McMillin to Detroit and played three years of professional football with the Lions. He retired after the 1950 season to become a coach, and he served as an assistant football coach for the next 24 years, the last 21 of which were at his alma mater.

Howard and Dixie raised three boys, Robert, William, and Ted in Bloomington. They were devoted parents, offering love, encouragement, and support, while teaching life lessons to their three growing boys.

Howard was a beloved figure at IU where he was known affectionately as "Mr. Indiana" for his dedication and loyalty to the University. Howard's caring, enthusiastic and optimistic attitude endeared him to those he encountered, including the hundreds of young men he coached, and made him a highly respected figure in Bloomington and the State of Indiana. When Howard passed away in 1975 at the much too early age of 53, tributes poured in from the University, the community, and the football fraternity. Shortly before his death, the legendary Ohio State football coach, Woody Hayes, had praised Howard as "an outstanding example of American college football and one of the truly great men I know." Howard's funeral was described as one of the largest ever witnessed in Bloomington.

Within a few years of his passing, Howard was inducted into both the State of Indiana Football Hall of Fame and the IU Athletics Hall of Fame. Evidence of his enduring legacy was the successful effort, 17 years after his death and led by former teammates and friends, to raise more than $500,000 to endow a scholarship fund in Howard's name for IU student-athletes.

Howard's life was centered on the 3 F's of Faith, Family and Football. He was a humble man of deep faith, abiding love of family, integrity, loyalty to friends, and compassion for others.

Howard was also very patriotic and proud of his military service. He loved his country and its military. One of his and Dixie's proudest moments occurred when their son Robert graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1970. That graduation week at West Point was one of the highlights of Howard's life. But only 16 months later, Howard and Dixie suffered a parent's greatest pain when Robert lost his life on October 19, 1971, while serving his country in Vietnam.

Howard never lost the ache of that moment, but he never lost the hope of a new and better day for his family and for others. As expressed eloquently by his son William when IU celebrated the endowment of the Howard Brown Scholarship Fund, his father "was a man who fought the good fight, a man who walked in the light……that when a great man passes on, his spirit is left behind to touch others." That positive spirit of Howard Brown endures to this day and continues to touch many lives.

— Ted Brown, brother, for Bob Brown '70

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The supreme quality for leadership is unquestionably integrity. Without it, no real success is possible, no matter whether it is on a section gang, a football field, in an army, or in an office.
—General Dwight D Eisenhower

Gary Alan Cornelison (E-3)

Thirty-Four Years in the U.S. Navy

My Dad, Lieutenant Commander **Charles Henderson Cornelison**, SC, USN, was born 4 January 1922 in Bueyeros, New Mexico. In January 1940, at the age of 18, he enlisted in the US Navy. Following Boot Camp at the Naval Training Center, San Diego, California (where he graduated as Honor Man), he attended Class B School, receiving training as a Yeoman. In August 1940 he was assigned to the USS *Nevada* (BB-36), homeported in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

At 0745 on the morning of 7 December 1941, as he was awaiting transportation to the USS *Arizona* to visit a high school classmate, general quarters sounded. Dad reported to his GQ station in the Forward Damage Control Party, below the main deck and just forward of the Number 1 Gun Mount. *Nevada* was usually moored alongside the USS *Arizona*, but this was not the case on the morning of 7 December. *Arizona* required tender work, and this necessitated mooring *Nevada* at the end of battleship row, just aft of Arizona.

Through the heroics of many members of the crew, *Nevada* was able to get underway and attempt escape to the open ocean – the only battleship to do so and thus memorialized in Navy history. In so doing, *Nevada* was an inspiration for all those able to watch the attack unfold but became a target for the second attack wave of Japanese aircraft. She sustained massive damage that necessitated beaching at Hospital Point to prevent blocking the channel.

Wounded in the attack, but ambulatory, Dad assisted in transporting wounded and dead crewmembers to the Naval Hospital. Thinking his wounds not serious enough to warrant being in the hospital, a scene of indescribable carnage, he returned to *Nevada*.

In June 1942 Dad was transferred to the USS *Rio Grande* (AOG-3) an aviation gasoline supply ship providing fuel resupply to island airfields in the Pacific Theater. In February 1944 he was commissioned as an Ensign (O-1), Surface Line, and transferred to the Amphibious Base, Coronado, CA, for landing craft training in anticipation of the invasion of Japan. Following training, he was assigned to the USS *Woodford* (AKA-86) an attack cargo ship which provided ammunition resupply in the Pacific. Here he served until the war's end.

After the war Dad elected to be separated from active service, but in 1950 sought recall to active duty for the Korean War. He converted from Line to the Supply Corps, where he served in a variety of assignments until his retirement in 1974. His assignments included: Assistant Supply Officer, USS *Hamul* (AD-36); Pacific Representative for Naval Aviation Logistics Control, NAS

Whidbey Island; Assistant Supply Officer, Marine Corps Base Oppama, Japan; Assistant Commissary Officer, NAS Whidbey Island, Washington; Assistant Supply Officer, USS *Pine Island* (AV-12); Officer in Charge of the Commissary Store, NAS Lemoore, California; Officer in Charge, American Forces Southern Europe (AFSOUTH) Commissary Store, Naples, Italy; Officer in Charge, Naval Station Commissary Store, Charleston, South Carolina; and Officer in Charge, Commissary Store, Naval Base Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where he served until his retirement in April 1974.

Dad was on active duty for 34 years and was extremely proud of the Navy and of his service. He believed he held the record in the Navy for having negotiated every enlisted rank (E1 to E7) on his way to receiving a direct commission: 4 years, 10 months, and 9 days. His career was highly unusual in that he received a commission on three separate occasions: in 1944 from the enlisted ranks as an Ensign; in 1950 upon return to active duty as a Lieutenant Junior Grade; in 1963 as an LTJG Limited Duty Officer (LDO). During this time, he completed the Warrant Officer ranks from W-2 to W-4, as well.

Largely because of his influence, upon our graduation I accepted a commission in the US Navy as a Supply Corps Officer. I was proud to have Dad administer the oath of office to me on the morning of 3 June 1970.

Like many of our parents raised during the Depression/WWII era, Dad had a strong work ethic and a drive to succeed despite all obstacles. I have come to realize that he prepared me well for military service and because of his efforts, nothing I encountered in the Army, at West Point or later in the Navy was a surprise for which I was unprepared.

Dad passed away on July 15, 2015, at the age of 93. He and Mom are interred at Arlington National Cemetery.

Fair winds and following seas, Dad.

— Gary Cornelison '70

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Honor to the soldier and sailor everywhere, who bravely bears his country's cause.
Honor, also, to the citizen who cares for his brother in the field
and serves, as he best can, the same cause.
—Abraham Lincoln

William Thomas Elliott (D-3)

Geronimo!

My father, **John Thomas "Jack" Elliott**, was born in Philadelphia, on 8 February 1923. Growing up in the Germantown area, he attended Germantown High School, playing football, participating in gymnastics and learning to fence. Upon graduation, he went to work for the Atlantic Richfield Company as a machinist helper and started taking night courses at nearby Drexel University in pursuit of a degree in mechanical engineering. In 1942, as required, Jack registered for the draft.

John T "Jack" Elliott
Company I, 508th PIR

On 3 December 1942, Jack was inducted into the Army at New Cumberland, Pennsylvania. He quickly volunteered to be a parachutist, and was assigned to Company I, 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment (PIR). The 508th was activated on 20 October 1942, at Camp Blanding, Florida, and filled entirely with volunteers who were subjected to a variety of tough physical and mental examinations so that only the most physically fit, mentally strong, and highly motivated remained.

While previous parachute regiments had been formed from a cadre of experienced paratroopers and recent graduates from the Parachute School, the 508th underwent selection and basic training as a unit. Approximately 4,500 men were screened to select the 2,300 who made the cut. The battalions were filled in numerical order and basic training began as each battalion reached its allotted strength. Company I, part of 3d Battalion, completed its initial training and arrived at Ft Benning to start parachute training on 20 February 1943.

In late March 1943, the regiment moved to Camp Mackall, North Carolina (where I later trained in 1974 during the Special Forces Officers Course) for thirteen weeks of unit training and additional practice jumps. In September, the 508th joined the Second Army's No. 3 Tennessee Maneuvers. These maneuvers, involving as many as four divisions in force-on force training, lasted two months and typically consisted of eight to ten problems, each taking one to five days.

In mid-October, the regiment was alerted for overseas movement. On 28 December 1943, Jack, recently promoted to Staff Sergeant, and the men of the 508th embarked by ship from New York harbor, disembarked in Belfast, Northern Ireland, on 8 January 1944 and moved to Cromore Estate near Portstewart. Since the area did not offer sufficient maneuver space or adequate training facilities, the focus was on physical training and individual and small unit proficiency. Along with the 507th PIR, the 508th was attached to the 82d Airborne Division, commanded by Major General Matthew Ridgway, that had recently arrived from Italy to participate in the D-Day landings.[12]

[12] Airborne divisions were authorized two parachute regiments and one glider regiment. The original regiments of the 82d that served in North Africa and Italy were the 504th and 505th PIRs and the 325th Glider Inf Regiment. When the 82d left Italy to prepare for D-Day, the 504th PIR was left behind to participate in the Anzio operation and

In early 1944, the 82d relocated to the English Midlands. The 508th moved by ship to Glasgow, Scotland, and then by train on 13 March 1944 to Wollaton Park in Nottinghamshire, England, and began intensive training for the upcoming invasion with larger and more complex exercises tailored specifically for the mission of each unit of the regiment. During this training, Brigadier General James M. Gavin, the Assistant Division Commander, was particularly impressed with the 508th, noting that the regiment "looks as good as any new outfit that I have ever seen. If they cannot do it, it cannot be done by green troops."

The 508th participated in D-Day operations, parachuting into Normandy, France, on 6 June 1944. My father confided in me that during their D-Day jump, each paratrooper yelled "Geronimo" as they exited the aircraft. He did not explain the reason for this action, but, after research, I learned the backstory.

The tradition of paratroopers yelling "Geronimo" before jumping out of planes began in 1941 with Private Aubrey Eberhardt, a trainee in the 501st Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning. According to the official history of the paratroop school, Eberhardt yelled "Geronimo" to his fellow troopers before a training exercise jump to prove he was in control of his faculties. The other soldiers tried to call his bluff, saying he'd probably be too scared to remember his name, so Eberhardt exclaimed, "All right, dammit! I tell you jokers what I'm gonna do! To prove to you that I'm not scared out of my wits when I jump, I'm gonna yell 'Geronimo' loud as hell when I go out that door tomorrow!". The rest of his unit adopted the phrase, and it spread throughout the army. The first official Parachute Infantry Battalion even included the word in their insignia. Evidently, Eberhardt and his friends had watched a movie featuring Indian chief Geronimo the night before that training jump.

The 508th was badly scattered during the jump into Normandy. Despite this, groups of troopers attacked enemy forces wherever they found them. The 508th spent thirty-three days in Normandy that included an assault crossing of the Douve River to link up with elements of the 101st Airborne Division and attacks to seize key hills north of La Haye de Puits.

During this operation on 4 July 1944, Staff Sergeant John Elliott was awarded a Bronze Star medal as acting platoon leader, Company I, 508th PIR. The citation read, "When it was necessary to cross a strip of open terrain that was prepared by the enemy...Sergeant Elliott led his men with calm determination and indomitable courage across the strip and engaged the enemy positions.... The result was a brilliant victory over a well-entrenched enemy... Carrying a wounded companion, he later re-crossed the area in order to evacuate him, and returned with additional ammunition..."

After their success in Normandy, the 508th returned to Wollaton Park, England, and prepared for the next mission. Jumping into the Netherlands on 17 September 1944, as part of Operation Market Garden, the 508th established and maintained a defensive position over 12,000 yards in length, with German troops on three sides. They then seized a key bridge and prevented its destruction, while other units prevented the demolition of the Waal River Bridge at Nijmegen. Additionally, the 508th seized and defended the Berg en Dalhill masse, terrain which controlled the Groesbeek-Nijmegen area. They also cut Highway K, preventing enemy reinforcements and escape The regiment spent fifty-four days in Holland before being withdrawn to Camp Sissonne in France to

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was not available to participate at D-Day. In addition, at the request of Major General Ridgway, both the 82d and the 101st were allotted an additional PIR to increase the fighting strength of the airborne divisions. Consequently, both the 507th and 508th PIRs were attached to the 82d. After the Normandy operation, the 507th PIR moved to the newly arrived 17th Airborne Division, while the 508th PIR remained with the 82d.

rest and receive replacements.

In late December 1944, the 508th played a major role in the Battle of the Bulge, securing key high ground at Thier-du-Mont and screened the withdrawal of some 20,000 troops from St. Vith. After the 82d was ordered to withdraw and establish a new defensive line by Field Marshal Montgomery, the regiment stopped a strong attack by the 9th SS Panzer Division on the night of 26-27 December 1944.

As a result of his actions in this battle in Belgium my father was awarded the Silver Star medal for gallantry while engaged in establishing an outpost. The citation read, "On the way to this point at which the outpost was established, he encountered the enemy. .... practically cut off, Sergeant Elliott fought his way back to his own lines. ... Sergeant Elliott joined in the defense of the positions, and when the ammunition ran low, he loaded a cart and dragged it across to his own men while under heavy fire."

After attacking on 7 January 1945 in deep snow to regain their original positions at Thier-du-Mont, the 508th went into reserve at Chevron, Belgium and began to receive replacements. On 21 January the regiment began moving in preparation for an attack by XVIII Corps scheduled to begin on 28 January with the objective of penetrating the Siegfried Line and reaching the Rhine River. Shortly thereafter, on 29 January 1945, my father was wounded in action in the vicinity of Lanzerath, Belgium as a large piece of enemy shrapnel pierced his left calf muscle.

He was evacuated to a field hospital. After being awarded a Purple Heart medal and promoted to Technical Sergeant (SFC) on 1 May 1945, still unable to return to duty, he was transferred to the hospital's Detachment of Patients. Most of my father's calf muscle was removed as a result of this wound. In his later years, my father's left leg was slightly shorter than his right leg, resulting in frequent lower back alignment issues that bothered him the rest of his life.

On 31 May 1945, Tech Sergeant Elliott returned to duty with the 508th, shortly before the regiment was selected to serve as headquarters guard for Eisenhower’s headquarters in Frankfurt, and long-serving troopers began returning to the United States.

Tech Sergeant John T. Elliott was discharged from the U.S. Army on 10 November 1945 with 22 months foreign service and 13 months stateside duty. Shortly after returning home to Philadelphia, Jack went back to work at Atlantic Richfield, and continued taking night courses at Drexel University. Using the new GI Bill, he eventually earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Mechanical Engineering. He also married my mother, Ruth Jane Litterer, at this time.

In a tribute to my Father's outstanding military service during WWII, I proudly pinned on his Airborne Jump Wings upon my graduation from Jump School at Fort Benning, Georgia. In one conversation I had with my father before his passing on 26 July 1975, he detailed some differences in the modern-day Army Airborne training and equipment that I knew compared to what WWII Airborne soldiers experienced in the 1940s. Below is a summary of that conversation.

Not Your Father's Parachute Jump

A World War II parachute jump was much more challenging than the modern-day Army Airborne jumps that I experienced. First, WWII soldiers packed their own chutes. Jump school was four weeks with one week dedicated to learning how to pack parachutes. No "Riggers" in those days. Second, WWII parachutes were the size of my reserve chute, two meters smaller in diameter than today's main chute, resulting in faster decent speeds.

Third and most significant, WWII parachutes deployed with the parachute coming out of the deployment bag (D-bag) first and immediately opening, before the suspension lines were out of the D-bag. This resulted in the open chute catching air and slowing its decent before the suspension lines were fully extended. The WWII jumper was still in free fall and would experience a sudden severe jolt when the suspension lines became taut. This resulted in very sore shoulders and crotch, requiring the WWII parachutist to rest a day or so before his next parachute jump.

Modern parachutes are designed so the suspension lines come out of the D-bag first and fully extend before the parachute is pulled out of the bag by the taut suspension lines. This minimizes the jerking effect when the modern parachute finally opens.

Finally, when the WWII parachutist landed (PLF), there was no quick release on the riser to easily collapse the parachute that my chutes had. Consequently, in windy conditions, as the WWII soldier was being dragged across the ground, he had to maneuver his body around, so his feet were facing the open parachute. He could then use the moving open chute to pull himself up to a standing position. He then ran into the chute to collapse it. Standing on his collapsed parachute, the WWII soldier unbuckled his harness to free himself and scooped up his parachute.

Such was the saga of the World War II Airborne Soldier like my father, Technical Sergeant John Thomas Elliott. RIP.

— Bill Elliott ‘70

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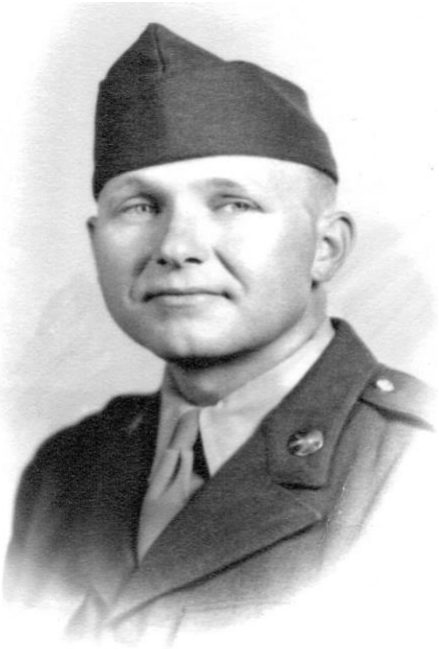
Dec. 23, 1944 - Battle of the Bulge - An entire U.S. armored division was retreating from the Germans in the Ardennes forest when a sergeant in a tank destroyer spotted an American digging a foxhole. The GI, PFC Martin, looked up and asked, "Are you looking for a safe place?"
"Yeah" answered the tanker.
"Well, buddy," he drawled, "just pull your vehicle behind me...
I'm the 82nd Airborne, and this is as far as the bastards are going.”

Bartlett Jones Engram Jr. (F-3)

A Schoolteacher Goes to War



PFC Bart J Engram

My father, **Bart Engram**, was born on Christmas, 1909, in the small town of New Brockton in southeast Alabama, the fifth of six children. Graduating from high school at 16, he began attending a series of colleges interspersed with teaching in rural Alabama schools that sometimes closed in mid-year for lack of funding during the Depression. Graduating in 1933 from Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, he returned to teaching in Alabama.

Two years later he received a scholarship to study at Yale, where he spent two years before accepting a position in 1937 at The Baylor School, a private boarding school in Chattanooga. Life seemed complete when he married in 1941, only to be disrupted by the attack on Pearl Harbor. Knowing that he would soon be drafted, Bart and Elizabeth returned to be with family in Alabama.

The draft notice came in the summer of 1943. At Fort McPherson, Georgia, for processing, he turned down a chance to teach in a school for soldiers lacking basic reading skills, hoping for a better offer. Instead, he found himself on a train to Camp Fannin, Texas, and infantry replacement training. He considered himself an average trainee, but his company commander was sufficiently impressed to recommend him to a Ranger recruiting team. He interviewed and declined the opportunity to volunteer.

Unlike most of his fellow trainees who went overseas after graduation, Dad was assigned to the 99th Infantry Division at Camp Maxey, Texas. The division had completed its initial training and the Louisiana Maneuvers but needed to fill vacancies caused by levies for overseas replacements.

In September 1944, the division moved to Camp Myles Standish near Boston for embarkation to Europe. Since the logistical infrastructure could not support additional divisions after the rapid advances across France in late summer, incoming divisions were diverted to England. The 99th spent several weeks there before crossing the English Channel, landing in the just-opened port of Le Havre, France, and moving 285 miles by convoy to an assembly area surrounding Aubel, Belgium, near the present-day U.S. military cemetery at Henri-Chappelle.

On November 11, Dad's regiment, the 394th Infantry, moved to Wirtzfeld, a final assembly area before relieving the 60th Infantry (9th Inf Div) along the Siegfried Line on the German border. He always remembered that when his convoy passed through the small Belgian villages the inhabitants lined the streets, cheering and offering food and drink, a much different reception than in France.

One village, however, was different. The villagers were gathering for a meeting. Asked about the contrast, an elderly man pointed to the village church and said, "Memorial Hour."

99th Infantry Division Insignia

The front was stable, though filled with active patrolling and enough V-1s passing overhead that the sector became known as "Buzz-Bomb Alley." By mid-December, the division had enjoyed a relatively easy introduction to life at the front. That changed abruptly on December 16, with the start of the Battle of the Bulge. Located in the zone of the main German attack, the division was pushed back after a couple of days of intense but confused fighting and dug in on the Elsenborn Ridge.

Unlike the heavily forested area where they were previously located, Elsenborn Ridge was open, allowing observers to spot German movement at greater distances. This high ground became the solid northern shoulder of the US defense and included one of the heaviest concentrations of artillery in the European campaign that stymied every German attempt to take the ridge[13].

On December 22d, Dad's company received clean socks. When he removed his boots, both feet swelled so much that he was unable to lace his boots. Diagnosed with frozen feet[14], he started the evacuation process on an aid vehicle with a wounded German strapped across the hood.

From the division clearing station, Dad moved to the 77th Evacuation Hospital in Verviers, a major road center that was experiencing daily artillery and V-1 rocket fire and occasional Luftwaffe bombing. Traveling by hospital train, he arrived on Christmas morning in Paris, the hub of the US medical evacuation system. A few days later, he was flown to a hospital near Oxford, England, a move that freed up hospital beds in Paris to prepare for additional surges of casualties.

After discharge from the hospital, he arrived in London just in time to witness the joyous spontaneous celebration of VE Day as six years of war in Europe ended. Dad remained in London for five months as an English instructor in the European branch of the US Armed Forces Institute, a correspondence program established to enable soldiers to gain academic credits while they awaited return to the US.

He returned to Enterprise when his service ended in November 1945, working at Enterprise Banking Company until his retirement in 1986. As Cashier he supervised the tellers and the bookkeeping staff. He especially enjoyed assisting customers and assured those stationed at nearby Fort Rucker who were going overseas that an account at Enterprise Banking Company would be better than anywhere else because he would personally oversee their accounts and communicate with them on their monthly statements, a commitment he kept.

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[13] Responsible for defending Elsenborn Ridge, V Corps deployed four infantry divisions, the 1st, 2d, 9th and 99th, supported by fourteen battalions of corps artillery.

[14] Winter footgear proved inadequate. During November and December 1944, losses to cold injury numbered 23,000, almost all combat infantrymen, equivalent to the total infantry strength of over five divisions. The cold injury casualty rate reached a high in January. Victims, unable to walk on painful feet, required litter carry during evacuation and bed care in hospitals.

My parents sponsored numerous military students from allied countries who were attending helicopter training courses at Fort Rucker and corresponded with many of them for years after they returned to their homes.

Although he was proud he served, Dad did not particularly enjoy his Army service. He wrote once that he had good friends in the Army, not because he enjoyed Army life, but because having friends made life easier. An Army wife once pointed out to me that Dad's Army experience gave him a special appreciation for the problems facing the soldiers and their families he encountered, especially during the Vietnam years when Fort Rucker was a beehive of helicopter training activity, and he had the opportunity to offer the assistance and friendship he knew was needed.

In retirement, Dad attended several reunions of the 99th Infantry Division Association. I asked him once what attracted him to the reunions. He simply replied that "I felt like I was part of something."

Dad passed away in July 2004, a few months short of his 95th birthday.

My cousin, **Ralph W. "RW" Engram Jr**, a son of Dad's oldest brother, was born 15 April 1920 in Waycross, Georgia, and entered the Army at Fort McPherson, Georgia, on 5 March 1942. Because of prewar experience as a railroad brakeman, he was assigned to the Military Railway Service.

He trained at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, home of the 48-mile Claiborne-Polk Military Railroad to Fort Polk that was constructed using an old logging road. Known as the "Crime and Punishment" railroad, the locomotive engines were 40 years old, and the freight cars were two generations old. Derailments occurred so often that trains included a crane to pick up derailed cars and repair the roadbed.

1LT RW Engram in France, January 1945

RW graduated from Transportation Corps Officer Candidate School on 20 October 1943 at the New Orleans Staging Area. Originally located at Mississippi State College in Starkville, the school moved to New Orleans because of its extensive rail and port facilities to support transportation training.

He served in Northern France in 1944-45 with the 710th Railway Grand Division. As an efficient long-distance carrier, rail was the backbone of the European logistics plan, but first the railways needed repair after Allied bombing and German destruction. Truck transportation filled the gap, but by late 1944 the volume of traffic handled by railways surpassed truck transportation.

By mid-December, 50,00 tons of supplies per day moved by rail to support US forces in Northern France. There were almost thirty railway battalions operating in Europe by early 1945.

Another cousin, **Ashley Engram**, RW's brother, was born in Waycross on 13 October 1926. He entered the Army on 13 January 1945 at Fort McPherson, GA and completed training at the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Joseph T. Robinson, AR. He joined the 32d Infantry Division and served in the occupation of Japan.

My uncle, **John W. "JW" Henderson**, was born in Enterprise, Alabama, on 28 July 1912. He attended Auburn University and began working at Enterprise Banking Company. He was drafted and entered the Army on 13 January 1943 at Fort McPherson, Georgia. Because of his banking experience he was assigned to the finance section and trained at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, in Company I, 3d Finance Training Battalion. In August 1943, he moved to Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia, at the Hampton Roads Port of Embarcation for overseas movement.

JW & Luella Henderson, 1943

While preparing to deploy, JW was diagnosed with mumps. To prevent contagion, he was detached from his unit and remained at Camp Patrick Henry. He was re-assigned to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, for duty with the 1560th Service Control Unit supporting the reception center, one of the largest in the US. In late 1945, the reception center was processing about 9,000 inductees and 60,000 returning soldiers monthly. JW was discharged in March 1946 as a SGT.

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My parents and grandparents never showed any interest in the Civil War, and they never told stories about family members who served in it. Their memories focused on the Depression and World War II. Only as an adult did I learn something about family participation.

My great-grandfather, **Joseph Henderson**, served in the 1st Alabama Infantry Regiment and was captured at Port Hudson, Louisiana, on 9 July 1863.

Another great-grandfather, **Isaac Byrd**, joined G Company, 57th Alabama Infantry Regiment on his 18th birthday, 10 February 1863, to be with his older brother **Benjamin**. The 57th Regiment served in the Atlanta campaign, including the Battle of Peachtree Creek where Benjamin was wounded and died six days later. Isaac continued to serve with the 57th at Franklin, Nashville and in the Carolinas campaign in the spring of 1865.

A great-great-uncle, **Lewis Russell**, enlisted in A Company (Bulloch Guards), 18th Alabama Infantry in July 1861 in Elba, Alabama, and served the entire war. The regiment served at Shiloh, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, the Atlanta campaign, Franklin, Nashville, and at Mobile in the spring of 1865 before surrendering at Meridian, Mississippi, on 4 May 1865.

— Bart Engram '70

John Harvey Hanna (D-3)

Utah Beach to Bavaria and Back to the Farm

My father, Bud Hanna, at ROTC Summer Camp

My father, **Bud Hanna**, LTC USAR (RET), graduated Iowa State University in 1936 earning a commission in the Army Reserves from ROTC.

His father, **Harvey E. Hanna**, a Reserve LTC, Quartermaster Corps, served during WW I. He volunteered for duty in May 1918, serving in the Motor Corps.

Dad returned to the farm after graduation and proudly built up one of Iowa's leading dairy herds.

In spring 1942, Dad was called to active duty in the Field Artillery. After training extensively for 2 years in Texas and Louisiana, he was sent to England on March 23, 1944, with the 90th Infantry Division as the S4, Service Battery Commander, in the 345th Field Artillery Battalion.

My grandfather, Harvey E. Hanna

My grandfather and father in San Antonio

Mom visiting Dad in Texas

CPT Hanna during training stateside

At the Siegfried Line

I remember Dad saying they deployed on HMS *Athlon Castle* and redeployed late summer '45 back home aboard the *Queen Mary*. Dad served under LTC Frank Norris, USMA '38, who later became a Major General. The entire battalion stayed intact for the duration of their deployment.

Dad in Germany, 1945

The 90th Inf Division was part of Patton's Third Army, so Dad's journey took him from Utah Beach, where it supported the 82nd Airborne near St. Mere Eglise. From there, the long slog across northern France, through Metz and they bivouacked near the German border over Christmas, '44.

On Christmas Day they were ordered north to Bastogne with the entire Third Army and eventually crossed the Rhein before being diverted south into Czechoslovakia. After VE Day, the unit became part of the Occupation Force in Kreis Neunburg until late summer, redeploying back to the States. There is a complete daily journal of all the myriad of movements across France consolidated in a wonderful book entitled, *345th Field Artillery Battalion*, available to see on Google.

Dad returned to his farm after the war and continued to farm until his passing in 1993. He stayed active in the Army Reserve retiring as an LTC, Regimental Executive Officer. His comment about D-Day that always stuck with me was that Utah Beach was a cakewalk compared to Omaha. I thought as a kid that must have been true, but undoubtedly he was downplaying the inherent dangers of a beach landing against a well-fortified enemy.

Commissioning oath from Dad, alongside John Adams with his dad, COL Willis J. Adams

— **John Hanna '70**

Gilbert Stewart Harper III (D-3)

Strategic Air Command

Gilbert Stewart Harper Jr., affectionately known by family and friends as "Stew," was born on 7 February 1922 in Reform, Alabama. His hometown was small, but his aspirations were great, spawned from a rich and proud family heritage and fueled by hard work in search of excellence in sports, academics and music. Twice a week his mother would drive him 60 miles to Birmingham for violin lessons.

After graduating from high school in Reform, Alabama, Stew attended Marion Military Institute, Marion, Alabama, for one year. He then attended Birmingham-Southern College, and the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. During this period, he was a student at the Birmingham Conservatory of Music and a member of the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. His hard work earned him a full scholarship to the famed Juilliard School of Music, but instead he elected to enter West Point in 1943. When asked why he chose a military career rather than music, Stew would joke that he finally found out how little money violinists made.

Stew is remembered by his classmates as one of the "spooniest" cadets in the Corps. He was the epitome of the true southern gentleman. An academic star man, he was also a cheerleader and director of the Cadet Glee Club. In addition to being involved in many other clubs and activities, he was able to continue with the violin in the Cadet Orchestra. One of his roommates recalls that his practice sessions with the violin were never much appreciated. A book of recollections by the Class of 1946 credits Stew with forming the first Cadet Glee Club. Forming the Club required approval by the Superintendent, Maxwell D. Taylor, who was quite deaf. A concert was presented to gain approval and Mrs. Taylor stood in for her husband. She approved and told her husband to approve, which he did.

Stew received his wings during June Week 1946 and was commissioned into the Army Air Corps. His transition training into multi-engine aircraft was in Enid, Oklahoma. It was there that he met and married Beverly Joan Young. After initial assignments in the United States, he commanded a B-29 squadron in the 307th Bomber Wing during the Korean War.

Many years later he discovered that he had been awarded the Silver Star. It was a total surprise as he didn't realize that he had even been nominated. He was returning from a bombing mission when an indicator signaled that the bomb bay door was not closed. The crew chief was sent to check and reported that all was clear. The navigator double checked the system, and the indicator still signaled a problem, so Stew left his pilot's seat to personally inspect the bomb bay. One of the bombs had not released and was hanging at an angle, preventing the doors from closing. More importantly, the bombs were detonated by a small propeller which spun as the bomb fell - the propeller was wildly spinning due to the air flow through the open door. Stew hooked his legs over

the deck so he could hang upside down to stop the propeller with his hand. He knew all he had to do was rewind the propeller enough to align a hole through which he could stick a cotter pin. This should not have been a hard problem for a pilot. However, he reported that he was so scared that he wasn't sure which way to wind the propeller so he had the crew chief hand him a roll of green tape and he wrapped the propeller so it could not turn. He saw no purpose in reprimanding the crew chief for the false report, as the crew chief fully realized the mistake and the potential consequences. It turns out that the crew chief submitted the recommendation for the award.

After Korea, he served in the Strategic Air Command headquarters at Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska. He played a key role in the automation of SAC command and control and in the development of SAC strategy in the nuclear era. During the Cold War, the Air Force constantly had crews ready to retaliate with nuclear weapons in a war with the Soviet Union - ala Dr Strangelove. Everyone knew these were one-way missions as there were sufficient tankers to refuel the aircraft to get them to the target but not enough for the return. Despite that, he said this was one of the most desirable jobs in the Air Force.

As a pilot, Stew flew missions when he could to maintain proficiency. One night my mother woke my younger sister and me to take us to "pick up my dad after one of his flights." This was unusual as the crews would share rides and often one had a car at the field. I was around 7 years old and could not understand why we had driven to the airfield to sit around and do nothing. Finally, the B-52 landed, minus most of its glass. The aircraft was flying through a storm which turned to hail. The navigator/bombardier was sitting in the nose and decided to move to the rear. As he turned to crawl through the tunnel the glass nose shattered, resulting in embarrassing wounds to his posterior. Stew was the co-pilot and he and the captain had just ducked their heads when the top part of the windshield shattered - cutting my father's head and putting a piece of glass into the pilot's eye. The flight surgeon was waiting for them but, according to the story I heard, if he had touched any of the crew, an accident would be entered on their records which would be damaging to their careers. Therefore, the surgeon touched no one, but instead supervised crew members to provide each other proper treatment. My father removed the glass sliver from the pilot's eye.

Stew's last assignment was SAC liaison officer to Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Lincoln Laboratory at Hanscom Field, Massachusetts. He left active duty after 14 years to join International Telephone and Telegraph in New Jersey. He remained in the Air Force Reserve serving with the Air Force Systems Command and finally as the mobilization designee to the Twenty-third Air Force, retiring as a brigadier general in 1981. He was a graduate of both the Industrial College of the Armed Forces and the Air War College. In addition to the Silver Star, his military awards include the Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Bronze Star, the Soldier's Medal, the Air Medal and three Air Force Commendation Medals.

In 1964, Stew transferred from IT&T to Sperry Rand on Long Island, New York, where he worked on guidance systems for the Polaris program. In 1967 he joined Computer Sciences Corporation (CSC), opening their New York City office. He later moved to Huntsville, Alabama, as CSC's director of southeast operations. He and Joan lived in Saigon, South Vietnam from 1971-74 where he worked for CSC as the director of operations for the development of management information systems for selected government of South Vietnam organizations.

Stew resigned from CSC in 1975 to become the manager of the water services and development division of Koering Company in Galveston, Texas. When faced with the dilemma of a promotion in Koering at the expense of his Air Force Reserve affiliation, he chose to move to Enid, Oklahoma, to manage his personal investments and continued to serve with the Air Force until his retirement in 1981. He died of a heart attack on 12 July 1982 and was survived by his wife Joan, daughter Nancy and her husband Curt Hockemeier, son Gilbert (USMA 1970) and his wife Kris, and six grandchildren.

At the time of my father's death, I offered to write a memorial article for TAPS. I found the challenge overwhelming for I could not adequately communicate the love and respect shared by his family and friends. Time has not healed the loss, but it made me realize that any effort would have been insufficient and those close to him would understand. He was a perfectionist yet a loving and caring man with a great sense of humor. He instilled in his children a sincere love of God and a true understanding of Duty, Honor, and Country. These values are lived daily by his wife, children, and grandchildren, and will be passed on to generations to come.

— Gil Harper '70

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B-29 Superfortress

The Boeing B-29 Superfortress was flown in the World War II and the Korean War. The B-29s were used for bombing, reconnaissance, weather, and rescue missions.

The B-29 Superfortress was designed as an upgrade to its predecessor – the B-17 Flying Fortress. The B-17 could carry a 5,000-pound bomb load. The new bomber B-29 could carry up to 20,000 pounds.

John Joseph Hennessey Jr. (I-3)

Developing the Airmobile Concept

John "Jack" Joseph Hennessey was born in Chicago, Illinois, attended St. Patrick's Elementary School, and graduated from Mt. Carmel High School, where he played football. Over his summers, Jack worked the swing shift in the Carnegie Steel Mill near his home. Jack then attended St. Mary's College in Winona, Minnesota, for three years. An honor roll student, Jack was the junior class vice president, a soloist in the glee club, and played football, basketball, and baseball.

During his years at St. Mary's, the 1939-40 basketball team won the state championship, and Jack was named an all-conference player. On the state championship baseball team of 1941, Jack played first base and was a leading hitter. Considered a "Big Ten caliber" football player, Jack was St. Mary's quarterback and, in 1939 and 1940, received honorable mention in the Associated Press all-Minnesota conference ratings. Jack was co-captain of the football and basketball teams in 1941 and earned five letters in two years.

In 1941, Jack competed for an appointment from Representative R.S. McKeough of the 2nd Illinois Congressional District and joined the Class of '45, which became the Class of '44 as a result of WWII. A classmate wrote, "A collegiate athlete before entering West Point, Jack is one of those rare all-around athletes who have made West Point teams famous. This son of Eire, who comes from the tough southside of Chicago, is blessed with a typical Irish humor which wins him innumerable friends wherever he goes and is certain to win a strong feeling of devotion from his men." CDT Hennessey starred in football, basketball, and baseball, earning a major A in each, and was the best all-around athlete in his class. He was class vice president and a cadet lieutenant.

On 6 Jun 1944, Jack was commissioned an Infantry second lieutenant and, on 10 Jun 1944, married Mary J. George, his college sweetheart, in Winona, Minnesota. Jack joined the 76th Infantry Division at Camp McCoy, WI as a platoon leader and deployed overseas in December. Entering combat in Luxembourg in January 1945, the division reached Chemnitz in eastern Germany by the war's end. In June 1945, Jack was assigned to command a company of the 310th Infantry of the 78th Infantry Division on occupation duty at Bad Wildungen and later served as S-1 (Personnel) of the regiment. In November 1945, the division moved to Berlin to relieve the 82d Airborne Division. In January 1946, he became S-1 in the 3rd Infantry. In June the regiment took over occupation duties in Berlin.

Jack's wife, Mary, was among the first military wives to travel by ship to Germany after the war ended, and their first son, John J. Jr., was born in Berlin in February 1947. In September, Jack returned to Ft. Benning as an instructor at the Infantry School, after which he attended the advanced course. Daughters Katie and Sally were born in March 1948 and January 1950, respectively.

Next, Jack was assigned as assistant regimental operations officer of the 12th Infantry, part of the 4th Infantry Division stationed at Ft. Benning. In June 1951, he went with the unit to Germany, his family joining him in November. Promoted to major in July 1951, his subsequent assignments were battalion executive officer and battalion commander.

He completed Command and General Staff College, where daughter Hope was born in January 1955. Then Jack served as aide to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, GEN Nathan F. Twining. Son Jim was born in January 1957 in Annandale, Virginia. After the Army War College in 1960, Jack served as secretary of the general staff at Headquarters, I Corps, in Korea. Jack then completed airborne school at Ft. Bragg and served as chief, operations division, G-3, XVIIIth Airborne Corps and commanded the 1st Airborne Battle Group, 187th Infantry. In 1964, Jack joined the 11th Air Assault Division at Ft. Benning and commanded the army's first air mobile infantry unit, testing the concept of air mobility and developing early tactics and techniques. When the 11th Air Assault converted to the 1st Cavalry Division and deployed to Vietnam, Jack commanded the Division Support Command and, later, the 1st Brigade.

Jack was promoted to colonel in 1965, brigadier general in 1967, major general in 1970, lieutenant general in 1973, and four stars in 1974. He served as assistant division commander, 82nd Airborne Division; commander, 101st Airborne Division in Vietnam; commandant of the Command and General Staff College; chief of Reserve Components, U.S. Army; and commanding general, Fifth U.S. Army.

Jack's final assignment before retiring in 1979 was Commander in Chief, U.S. Readiness Command, MacDill Air Force Base, Tampa, Florida, for five years. In a *Tampa Tribune* article, LTG "Buck" Patillo (USAF, Ret), Jack's deputy, said, "Hennessey was a model for those who served with him. He was a real fine gentleman and a straight shooter. He liked to stay in the background, but he knew his business and got the job done."

Jack was awarded the Defense Distinguished Service Medal, the Army Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit with oak leaf cluster, the Bronze Star for Valor with three oak leaf clusters, the Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters, and the Combat Infantryman, Army Aviator, and Master Parachutist Badges.

After retirement, Jack served on the University of Tampa board of trustees and as executive director of the Tampa Bay area research and development authority under the University of South Florida. His beloved wife, Mary, died of cancer in 1983. In 1986, Jack married Donna C. Rood, whom he loved and lived with happily until his death.

Jack was admired, respected, and loved by his family, by those who worked with him, and by his friends. As noted in the *Tampa Tribune*, "General Hennessey exemplified 'soldier' by his personal demeanor, and he inspired trust among all with whom he served." Retired Tampa businessman H. Grady Lester Jr., said, "He was a gentleman first, last, and always." Jack is greatly missed by his five children and ten grandchildren.

— **John Hennessy '70**

Donovan Frederick Jagger (F-3)

Service in Two Wars

Donovan Franklin Jagger

Donovan Franklin Jagger was born in Windham, Ohio, on 19 May 1920 and later moved to Elizabeth, New Jersey. He graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School in 1937 and began working with Mapes and Sprowl Steel Company.

Don's father entered the Army on 19 August 1942 and graduated from Infantry Officer Candidate School at Ft Benning on 14 March 1943. On 22 March 1944 he was promoted to 1LT in the Transportation Corps and received the American Campaign Medal, European Theater Medal with one star, World War II Victory Medal and the Meritorious Unit Service Plaque for his World War II service.

Don's father returned to New Jersey and resumed working with Mapes and Sprowl Steel Company, where he was a salesman for 45 years, and lived in New Providence. He also served in the Army Reserve as a captain. Donovan Franklin Jagger passed away on 6 November 1993, survived by his wife, three sons, a daughter, and nine grandchildren.

1LT Georgiana Norsk

Don's mother, **Georgiana N. Jagger**, served in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (1942-43) and the Women's Army Corps (1943-45) in World War II, leaving the Army as a 1LT. She served in the Midwest as an "Entrainment Officer", responsible for loading troop trains. Her awards included the Women's Army Service Medal, the American Campaign Medal, and the WWII Victory Medal. She passed away on 17 March 2022 at the age of 101.

Frederic Norsk, Don's grandfather, served as a Corporal in the 1st Motor Mechanics Regiment, Signal Corps, Aviation Section in World War I. The regiment was responsible for maintaining and repairing aircraft. The regiment trained at Camp Hancock, GA, near Augusta, before moving to Camp Merritt, NJ in preparation for sailing to France on 9 February 1918. In October 1918, the regiment was redesignated the 1st Air Service Mechanics Regiment. Returning to the US, it sailed from Brest, France on 9 June 1919. After arrival at Hoboken, NJ, the regiment moved to Camp Mills, NY where it was deactivated.

— Bart Engram, classmate, for Don Jagger '70

Alfred Michael Lisi Jr. (I-3)

Multiple Generations of Lisi Family Service

Ironically, my dad, **Alfred M. Lisi Sr.**, was a great football player. West Point wanted him, but he was color blind. He suffered a ruptured appendix walking to school his senior year and almost died. The doctors told him no football for a year to let his system heal. So, he joined the Army Air Corps, which got him to Hawaii and Hickam Field.

Dad was assigned to the 31st Bomb Squadron, 5th Bomb Group, 1940-1945. He was at Hickam Field on Oahu on 7 Dec 1941 getting ready for Mass when the first Japanese attack commenced. The attack started at the airfields, contrary to most movies. Dad ran to the window and saw the planes and was a witness to the *Arizona* blowing up. His barracks was strafed. Like everyone else, the surprise was shocking. His anger at the attack and his desire to pay the Japs back earned him the nickname "Eager Beaver."

Mechanics Class, Hickam Field, Dad standing third from left

Crew of the Yankee Doodle, Dad kneeling second from left

He was a Tech SGT and chief engineer on B-24s and B-17s. Interestingly, one of the B-17s, named "Yankee Doodle," crashed on takeoff out of the island airfield on Espiritu Santo, with Gene Rodenberry as the pilot. Not sure if Dad was on the plane but I do know he was on a plane that crashed on takeoff in 1944.

Unlike the war in Europe where an airman got some relief after 25 missions, the Pacific theater was exempt. Dad flew 105 combat missions and an equal number of recon missions. He participated in Midway, Guadalcanal, (where he would tell stories of Washing Machine Charlie[15]) and flew other Solomon Islands and Marshall Islands missions. He spent 11 days in a life raft after the plane ran out of fuel.

[15] Editor's note: Washing Machine Charlie was a name given by the Allies to Imperial Japanese aircraft that performed usually solitary, nocturnal operations over Henderson Field on Guadalcanal during the Guadalcanal campaign, as well as over other Allied bases during the rest of the Solomon Islands campaign. The name came from the distinctive sound of the aircraft's engines.

Dad was awarded the Silver Star and the Bronze Star, but I have no certificate of the basis of the awards as his file in St Louis was destroyed by the fire in 1976 (or thereabouts).

After returning to CONUS, Dad spent 6 months in various hospitals with battle fatigue – today called PTSD. After his discharge, Dad played for Rip Engle at Brown University as a QB and LB. Yep, both ways which was common in that time frame.

Attached below is a sports article about the 1945 football game between Columbia and Brown while Dad was at Brown. Columbia had finished 8-1 and was ranked 20th in the AP poll. The game was projected to be a rout. But the article by the sportswriter showed what made players like Dad stand out. The article on the game highlights what the WWII veterans accomplished and the reason why they have been called the Greatest Generation. They knew how to get the job done and quitting was not an option nor was it a word in their vocabulary. The will to win drove them on to the ultimate victory.

War Hero – And Football Hero Too
By F.C. Matzek
Providence Journal 1945

The score is the main thing and it survives most of the details that go into the making of it. When it's jotted done in the gridiron history books at Brown it'll read Columbia 27, Brown 6.

But the score simply isn't half of the story, not even a millionth of the story, of the Bruin-Lion clash at Baker Field. Far better if the record of the series could contain the line, Columbia 27, Al Lisi 6, and yet that isn't correct nor does it come anyway near telling the story.

You need more words than that. You have to dig around in the background of the kids that play the game and you have to know something of the orders they get from their coaches and a lot of little details of the play itself that just aren't discernable from the press coop.

Only then can you appreciate the full contribution that a football player like Lisi chipped in to a cause that virtually the entire Eastern football world had foreordained would be a losing cause for the Bruins. Leadership and heart and drive gave this former LaSalle kid and war veteran quite a different perspective of this foreordained losing cause.

It simply wasn't a losing cause to the Providence boy who came a long way back from five years of air corps service, endless missions, a crash and endless days in a life raft. He had the will to win then and most decidedly he never lost it.

He came out of those harrowing experiences with frayed nerves and, as he terms it, sort of a visual list to starboard. He couldn't focus his eyes on an object ahead and start walking toward it but would wind up 40 degrees off course. In time that too was corrected and Lisi came back to Providence to win his way to a top berth with the Brown eleven.

He went into the Columbia game for a Brown victory, against odds that perhaps he minimized. He grabbed a Lion fumble early in the opening quarter and helped in a drive

that carried to the Columbia seven before a Bruin fumble by Ed Liehl thwarted Bruin scoring opportunities. The Diehl fumble was merely one of those things. The former Mercersi… Grid captain broke the little finger on his right hand weeks ago in the opener against Penn – and matching the Lisi courage, has been playing every Saturday since with the finger in a splint. It follows that his grasp of the ball can't be too secure. There's the answer to that fumble.

It was disheartening to the Bears of course. Columbia took full advantage of whatever psychological margin attached to the break and marched 97 yards to the touchdown. Lisi, Diehl and Ed Netski, in the backfield and Danny Norwood center, did their utmost to halt the drive and a subsequent scoring surge in the second quarter but their efforts weren't enough.

The Lions had backfield speed, ball-handling finesse and line drive that weren't to be denied. But still they had to contend with Lisi's leadership, heart, and drive. The war veteran took over the play calling in the second quarter and his great bid for victory in the third quarter.

He marshalled the Bruin forces and drove himself and them to a touchdown. He took a Netski short pass and turned into a charging, bull-like run to set up the touchdown and then sent Diehl across the line. He blocked and tackled and ran, caught passes and threw passes but another break, a 15-yard holding penalty that nullified a long Bruin punt deep into enemy territory finally halted the Lisi inspired surge and the better-manned Lion array grabbed the initiative in the final quarter for two clinching touchdowns.

LL-EAST TEAM

Al Lisi, Brown, Choice on UP Second Eleven

BY WILLIAM TUCKER

New York, Dec. 4.—(UP)—To nobody's surprise, Army dominated the All-East football team selected by United Press today with five men on the first team, closely followed by Navy's Midshipmen who landed three.

* * *

Columbia, Holy Cross and Penn squeezed in with a man apiece to round out an eleven that would stack up with any of the pre-war all-star teams if it ever came down to an actual test on gridiron.

* * *

The selection of Glenn Davis and Felix Blanchard of Army came as a matter of course but there was plenty of argument as to the rest of the all-East backfield, finally filled with Columbia's power fullback, Lou Kusserow, and Stan Koslowski of Holy Cross.

Big Hank Foldberg of Army and Navy's Dick Duden nailed down the end jobs but Leon Bramlett of Navy earned his second team position in smashing fashion against the Cadets. He and Dick Scott, the top all-East center, for Navy and Johnny Green of the Cadets were the outstanding linemen on the field last Saturday.

* * *

Bone-jarring Dewitt Coulter of Army and 252-pound George Savitsky of Pennsylvania were named as tackles. Savitsky looked bad in one game—against Army — because the cadets ganged up on him on the principle that he was Penn's major menace and an extra man or two was thrown against him on every play.

* * *

Navy's Jim Carrington won a guard position blackcoated with Green because of his season-long performance in a very good Navy line.

Stan Koslowski, Named Top N. E. Grid Player, to Receive Lowe Trophy

Boston, Dec. 4.—(UP)—Stan Koslowski, halfback on Holy Cross' Orange Bowl football team, yesterday was awarded the Bulger Lowe Memorial Trophy. It is presented annually by the Boston Gridiron Club to New England's outstanding college player.

U.P. All-East Grid Teams

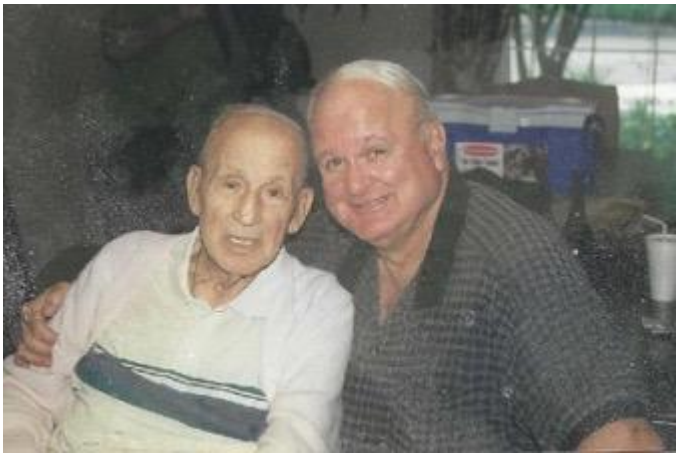
FIRST TEAM	POSITION	SECOND TEAM
Henry Foldberg, Army	End	Paul Walker, Yale
Dick Duden, Navy	End	Leon Bramlett, Navy
DeWitt Coulter, Army	Tackle	Al Nemetz, Army
George Savitsky, Penn	Tackle	Jim Karas, Columbia
John Green, Army	Guard	Jim Grah, Colgate
James Carrington, Navy	Guard	Joe Dickerson, Penn
Richard Scott, Navy	Center	Fritz Alexander, Dartmouth
Stan Koslowski, Holy Cross	Back	Al Lisi, Brown
Glenn Davis, Army	Back	Joe Tepsic, Penn State
Lou Kusserow, Columbia	Back	Robert Evans, Penn
Felix Blanchard, Army	Back	Gene Rossides, Columbia

Al Lisi named to 1945 All-East Football Team as a Freshman

The final, score as noted was Columbia 27, Brown 6 but also as noted, the score alone doesn't give you an inkling of how one kid who came a long way back from the wars just doesn't know when he is licked. And that is a poor way to put it because the Lisi kids in football never are licked.

When Dad went back to Hawaii for the 50th reunion of the Pearl Harbor attack, he took my mother Joy to see his barracks with the bullet holes that had been strafed by the Zero. The barracks had been converted to a museum. Mom took a picture of Dad in the museum in front of the flag that flew that day during the attack.

Dad in Hawaii for the 50th reunion of the Pearl Harbor attack



Dad and me, March 2003

Dad passed away on 26 Jun 2003, after a long battle with cancer. At the time of his death, he was survived by his wife Joy, son Al Jr. USMA '70, daughter Linda, four grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

My Aunt Ella, **Antonette Lisi**, was the youngest daughter and second youngest in 11 siblings. She received her Nurse Certification from Rhode Island on 19 Dec 1945. She applied for and began her Army career 8 Dec 1943, in Panama City, Florida, and was sent to Columbus, SC. She was eventually sent to the Philippines in late 1945 and was assigned to the 31st Army Hospital. She eventually transferred to the 174th Station Hospital in 1946.

Antonette Lisi, my Aunt Ella

Aunt Ella with her parents before deploying to the Philippines, 1945

Aunt Ella (left) with her nurses in the Philippines, 1946

Aunt Ella with a patient

Aunt Ella trying to get a young Filipino boy to take a photo

My uncle, **John Lisi**, one of my father's older brothers, served in the Signal Corps[16] from 12 May 1942 to 31 Oct 1945. He was trained as a radio operator at FT Sam Houston, Texas, for 9 months before being sent oversea to the 106th Signal Company. Besides being trained as a radio operator he was also qualified to perform radio repair. In addition, he was trained as an intercept operator where he monitored German transmissions and provided the location of the signals to intelligence. His unit supported operations in Tunisia, Sicily, Naples Foggia, Rome Arno, Southern France, Rhineland, and Central Europe.

T/4 John Lisi

Uncle John, WWII

A funny story my Aunt Katie, his sister, told me about her sending her brother a care package, like she did for me wherever I was stationed. Uncle John's unit was at the Battle of Cassino where daily artillery fire from the hill would rain down on his unit. He received his care package just as the Germans opened fire. So, all crawled into foxholes. Uncle John opened the care package, and it was chicken cacciatore. Uncle John called out to see if anyone would like to have some. Needless to say, the language in return is unprintable. So, Uncle John raised a leg of chicken and asked if anyone wanted some chicken. Four members of his unit crawled into his foxhole, and they enjoyed the care package while the Germans continued to shell their position. When the shelling stopped, he and his four unit brothers were all smiles and the chicken was consumed. Now that is what I call a hot meal!

[16] Editor's note: The scope of responsibilities held by the Signal Corps during World War II was significantly increased from its efforts in World War I. More than ever before, success in combat depended on good communications. Commanders using field radios could maintain continuous contact with their troops during rapid advances. At its peak strength in the fall of 1944, the Signal Corps comprised over 350,000 officers and men, more than six times as many as had served in the first World War. (www.army.mil)
U.S. Army photographers from the Signal Corps are also known for their comprehensive documentation of battle in World War II. (www.nationalarchives.gov)

Uncle John's grandson, **Michael Alksninis** is a graduate of West Point Class of 2006 with a BS in Electrical Engineering. He was commissioned as 2LT in the Signal Corps, the same branch as his grandfather. He completed his basic officer training at Fort Benning, Fort Gordon, and Fort Sill. Upon completion of his basic officer training, he was assigned as Battalion Signal Officer at Fort Lewis, WA, with the 17th Fires Brigade from 2006-2009. He led 15 soldiers as the lead communications officer. He deployed to Baghdad, Iraq, as a part of I Corps and served as the lead Communications Officer for the Ground Forces Commanding General and his General Staff from March 2009 – March 2010. He led 10 soldiers in support of this effort. While in Iraq, he was promoted to Captain.

CPT Michael Alksninis in Iraq

Captain Alksninis served on the Brigade Communications Staff as an Operations Officer from April 2010 - August 2011. He left the Army in August 2011.

Michael received the following awards: the Defense Meritorious Service Medal, Army Commendation Medal, Army Achievement Medal, Joint Meritorious Unit Award, Meritorious Unit Commendation, National Defense Service Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, Iraq Campaign Medal with Campaign Star, Army Service Ribbon, Overseas Service Ribbon, and Air Assault Badge.

My uncle, **Paolo D'Aguanno**, was born in Sant'Apollinare, Caserta, Italy, in 1896 and was married to my dad's sister, Catherine Lisi. He fought in the Italian army in World War I. Uncle Paul was captured in Austria and sent to POW camp in Germany. He escaped, was caught, and beaten. He escaped a second time, was again caught, and beaten. The third time Uncle Paul escaped with two others and made it home to Sant' Apollinaire.

DIREZIONE PROVINCIALE DEL TESORO DI

CERTIFICATO DI ISCRIZIONE N°

INTESTATO A:

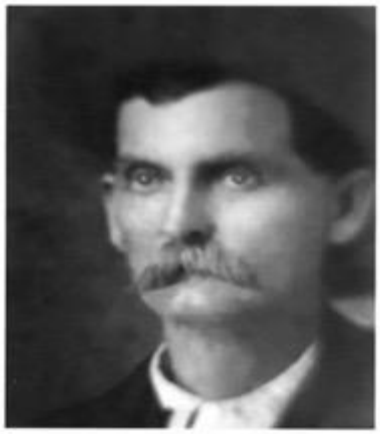
AVVERTENZE

Uncle Paul was a member of an Italian Military society in the US

During World War II, Uncle Paul's mother, **Michelangela D'Aguanno**, showed a different kind of bravery. She stood in the doorway to her house and would not let a Nazi soldier inside. She was about to be shot when an officer stopped the soldier and left his mother alone. No Nazi ever stepped

into her house. The rest of her children fled into the mountains and caves. Unfortunately, one daughter was outside the cave and was killed by a German plane.

Going back further, Andrew Jackson Gay, my second great-grandfather, was married to Mary Elizabeth Collier. Her father, **Sylvester Jefferson Collier**, served in same CSA unit in the Civil War as Lewis Gay, described below.



Andrew Jackson Gray

Allen Gay, my third great-grandfather and son of Lewis Gay, participated in the Civil War as tax collector. His son, **M.C. Gay**, fought in Spanish-American war and his son, **James Gay,** fought in the Indian wars.

Lewis Gay, 13th Georgia Infantry, Civil War

Lewis Gay, my fourth great-grandfather, served in Co. G (Early Guards), 13th Georgia Infantry Regiment (also called Bartow Light Infantry) during the Civil War. The 13th Infantry was organized in June 1861, at Griffin, Georgia. It served with the Army of Northern Virginia from the Seven Days Battles to Cold Harbor. The regiment was then involved in Early's Shenandoah Valley operations and the Appomattox Campaign. The unit lost 9 killed and 19 wounded at Second Manassas, had 48 killed and 166 wounded at Sharpsburg, and sustained 13 casualties at Second Winchester. Of the 312 engaged at Gettysburg, more than forty percent were casualties, 37 killed, 75 wounded, 25 missing. It surrendered 12 officers and 161 men at Appomattox.

Joshua Lewis Gay, my fifth great-grandfather, served in Captain Robert Railford's North Carolina unit during the Revolutionary War. He participated in battles/skirmishes at Brandywine Creek, PA; Germantown, PA; Monmouth, NJ; Eutaw Springs, SC; and Bladen County Courthouse, NC. His wife was Mary Ann Byrd, whose ancestor, Francis Lewis, signed the Declaration of Independence.

Alfred M. Lisi Jr. entered West Point with the Class of 1969. Due to failing Russian first semester yearling year I was turned back to the Class of 1970. Upon graduation into Infantry, I attended IOBC and Airborne at FT Benning.

I was then off to Germany assigned as a Platoon Leader in A Company, 2d Battalion 54th Infantry, 4th Armored Division. This changed to 1st Battalion 6th Infantry, 1st Armored Division in May 1971. While I was authorized a strength of 42, I had a platoon of 14 counting me. I moved over to weapons platoon leader. A company of this element had been in admin storage due to staffing issues. In July 1971 I was kicked upstairs to the 1st Brigade as the Assistant S3 Air, a captain's slot while a first LT — a foreshadowing of future assignments. I spent 30 months in special weapons during this assignment. I was the TS custodian. I wrote the Brigade war plan which received very favorable reviews from the Division as they directed the other MSCs to copy the format.

In 1973 I transferred to QMC and took over the Support Location OIC responsible for all the support elements (housing and housing referral, class VI, clubs, property book officer for the school, ACS, QM laundry etc.) on the post. I returned to the states at FT Lee and attended the advanced course. Upon completion I was assigned as a Battalion XO filling a major's slot.

From there I was off to Korea and ended up as the assistance SPO (Security and Plans and Operations) for the 2d ID DISCOM. Due to my boss leaving 2 months later I took over the major's slot and did double duty filling the captain's slot as well. The S2 reported to me.

CPT Al Lisi at 2d ID DISCOM

CPT Al Lisi as Commander of Troops for an honor guard ceremony for the outgoing ADC(S) BG Barnes. (I really enjoyed the ceremony as I got to tell two generals what to do for the review of the troops.)

Camp Casey flag football champs who lost playoff game to eventual 8th Army champs

CPT Al Lisi in the billet area during support of Reforger 78 at Beaumont, TX, doing double duty as HQ Commandant and Deputy Port Operations Officer responsible for coordinating all trains and convoys to the dock for loading on two ships for Germany.

Upon completion I was assigned to FT Bragg as the Deputy Log Operations officer as a captain, filling both the major's slot and the QMC captain's slot as well. During this assignment I supported the operation in Jonestown, Guyana to recover the 914 bodies that had committed suicide under Jim Jones. I and two other officers from TRADOC debriefed the members of the graves registration and medical clearing platoons and wrote the ORLL. As I was nearing separation, I received a call from an Advanced Course classmate who read the ORLL and told me that it hit the nail on the head with what the QMC branch was trying to do. I left the Army in June 1979.

— **Al Lisi '70**

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For many veterans, the symptoms of combat fatigue or combat stress faded once they returned home. For others, the symptoms were long lasting and function impairing. Combat stress can morph into Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, which begins to appear in the affected individual after the traumatic experiences have passed.

Symptoms manifest in outbursts of anger, rage, insomnia, and bouts with depression that wreak havoc on careers and personal relationships. The results of this behavior undoubtedly diminish the quality of life for people with PTSD and their loved ones.

("Understanding and Dealing With Combat Stress and PTSD", militaryonesource.mil)

Frederick Charles Lough Jr. (G-3)

From London to Professor of the USMA Law Department

My father, **Frederick C. Lough**, was born and raised in Fall River, Massachusetts, and he was exceptional young man. He was class president, captain of the baseball and soccer teams and valedictorian. The US Navy physician evaluating him for West Point told his mother that, while he was physically cleared, the doctor doubted he had the stamina to deal with the rigors of West Point.

When my father graduated in June 1938, he had been the captain of the West Point soccer team, scoring half the entire team's goals as a junior, a letter recipient in baseball, a member of the Glee Club, and an excellent cadet. General "Black Jack" Pershing, Commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I, was his graduation speaker. He truly enjoyed his experience at West Point and always loved the academy. He was commissioned in the US Army Signal Corps and posted to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where he joined a small US Army that was ill-prepared for the immense challenges of an imminent World War.

Captain Fred Lough, 1941

In early 1941, before the attack at Pearl Harbor, my father was called to the Office of the Chief of the Signal Corps to receive his next assignment. The Army was so small that the chief of the corps decided assignments. He entered with a fellow officer. The Chief of the Signal Corps had two assignments, one to London and one to the Philippines. My father was not married, London was being bombed daily and there was the possibility of a German invasion, so my father was assigned to the US Embassy in London, UK. The other officer was married and because the Philippines were not threatened, he was sent to Manila. Sadly, he died on the Bataan Death March.

My father told me that when he arrived in bomb-damaged London, it looked like going into Hell. My father's work was undercover. At that time, there were about 40 US officers in London, all forbidden to wear their uniforms. Each was given an additional $500 in 1941 dollars that they were required to spend, providing much-needed support to the British economy. These officers were there to prepare for the eventual US entry into the war. He worked in the communications section at the embassy and was also involved in aiding the British effort to decipher the German code systems.

He lived near the embassy on Grosvenor Square with three other officers in an apartment owned by the widow of the Captain of the British battleship, HMS *Hood*, that had been sunk by the German battleship *Bismarck*. His work was not without risks. His embassy code NCO was murdered. And there was the ever-present danger from German bombing attacks on London.

On 7 December 1941, the United States entered World War II, and the US officers in London were finally allowed to wear their uniforms. My father was assigned as a staff officer for Operation Torch, the British and American invasion of North Africa in the fall of 1942. After the landings in Algiers, he served on the senior staff. Following the defeat of the US Army at Kasserine Pass in February 1943 and the subsequent reorganization of the Army in Northwest Africa, my father was ordered to take command of the 63d Signal Battalion.

His battalion provided all communications for the II Corps, the senior US operational headquarters, during the tough fighting in Tunisia. Shortly after assuming command, my father instructed his XO to move the battalion and establish an encampment in a nearby valley. When my father arrived, he saw that the tents and vehicles were completely disorganized. He ordered everything taken down, with much associated grumbling by all, and rebuilt according to military standards. Just as they completed the orders, a small plane landed nearby and out stepped General Eisenhower. He demanded to know the name of the commanding officer. My father stepped forward and identified himself. General Eisenhower was impressed. He said that this was "the first unit he had seen that knew its stuff." General Eisenhower would again be part of my father's life years later.

In the fall of 1943, he led his battalion ashore in Operation Avalanche, the invasion of Italy at Salerno. The fighting was fierce as the German Army attempted to block a linkup between the US Fifth Army at Salerno and the British Eighth Army to their south. My father's battalion provided critical communications supporting the Fifth Army's eventual success. In January 1944, my father and his battalion landed with the VI Corps as they executed Operation Shingle, the invasion of Anzio, Italy.

The landings at Anzio, an operation vigorously supported by Prime Minister Churchill, were undertaken to break the stalemate in Italy. Failing to take advantage of early success, VI Corps became locked in bitter fighting with heavy casualties. Again, my father's signal battalion was critical to maintaining communications throughout the small and highly exposed Allied beachhead. The terrain was flat, the Army was surrounded, and the fighting devolved into trench warfare. The Army was subjected constant heavy shelling from multiple large German artillery pieces, including an immense 283mm gun mounted on railroad tracks and hidden in a cave. My father said that as these rounds passed overhead, they sounded like a railroad train.

The Germans also used their highly accurate 88mm anti-aircraft gun as a field artillery weapon, to deadly effect. The American and German forces were so close that my father said that in the quiet of the night, you could hear the Germans speaking to each other. My father told me that the situation was so perilous that his commanders ordered him to brief his men on how they should conduct themselves should it become necessary to surrender to the Germans. He did indeed brief his men. However, he instructed them that, should a surrender occur, they would not surrender and were to break up into teams of two or three, and escape and evade south to the Allied Army about 30 miles away.

Eventually, the Allied effort forced the German Army to retreat. The US Army slugged its way north and my father continued as the battalion commander, participating in the devastating Battle of Monte Cassino.

Shortly before the surrender of Rome in June 1944, he relinquished his command and returned to the United States. By that time, just 6 years after graduation, he was a Lt. Col., had been overseas and in combat for over 3 ½ years, and was awarded his first of two Legions of Merit. He was then assigned to the Office of the Chief of Staff for worldwide Signal Operations in the Pentagon, preparing for the invasion of Japan.

With the end of the war in 1945, he made a career change and applied for an Army scholarship to law school. He graduated from Columbia Law School in 1949 and joined the US Army Judge Advocate General Branch. Interestingly, his law school yearbook contains a gracious letter from the President of Columbia University, retired GEN Dwight D. Eisenhower, written to the members of the class who had served in the military. He wrote of the great honor that it had been for him to serve with them, and he recognized the great sacrifice they had made for world peace.

My father's career from that point included service in the Pentagon, serving as the Chief of Staff to the joint American and British command in Trieste, Italy, and later as the Judge Advocate for the Joint Nuclear Command at Sandia Base, New Mexico.

His proudest day was the day in 1960, when he was named the Professor of Law at West Point. He loved the academy, and he thrived in the dynamic environment. His fellow professors became his friends and colleagues that he admired. Like my father, they had all graduated from West Point in the 1930's, had lived through the Great Depression and, after West Point, went on to Army careers marked by great bravery and achievement.

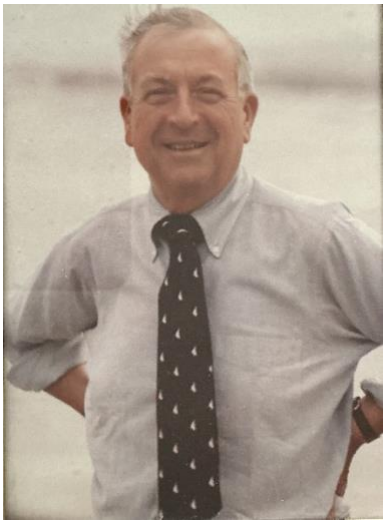
They were all very young when World War II began. They were then thrust into positions of great responsibility. Many were LT. COLs and COLs at the end of the war, and few were over the age of thirty. Men like Brig. Gen. Van Sutherland, the Professor of English, my father's closest friend.

Brig. Gen Sutherland had served as an observer with the British Eighth Army in North Africa in 1942. Later, he joined the 1st Infantry Division for the landing in Sicily then served in the 26th Infantry Regiment, landing at Omaha Beach on D-Day, and remaining with the regiment until he returned to the US in May 1946.

Brig. Gen. Harvey Fraser, Professor of Engineering, known to his troops as "Hurry Up Harvey," commanded the 51st Engineer Combat Battalion. During four crucial days early in the Battle of the Bulge, his battalion defended a 25-mile front, delaying the Germans until a regiment of the 82d Airborne Division could arrive. Later, in March 1945, his battalion helped construct under fire one of the first pontoon bridges across the Rhine near Remagen, Germany.

Brig. Gen. George "Abe" Lincoln, Professor of Social Sciences, served initially as a logistics planner in London but soon became General Marshall's planner in Washington, earning his brigadier general's stars in 1945—the youngest Army general on the General Staff. He helped forge the victory in Europe, then planned the redeployment of troops to the Pacific. He attended many crucial wartime conferences—Quebec, Yalta, Potsdam, and played a key role in drafting the terms of surrender for Japan. After the war he served as General Eisenhower's planner and played an important role in establishing the Department of Defense.

My father regarded Abe's wisdom and perspective as immensely valuable. The lessons all these friends learned in World War II came back to West Point with them and benefited the Army and all the cadets they encountered, including those in my class.



BG (ret) Fred Lough, 1995

After 20 years as the Professor of Law, my father retired to live in Osterville, Massachusetts with my mother, Marguerite Lough. She was his rock and great companion for 55 years of marriage. She was highly intelligent and wherever they served, she made her own distinct mark on the military. My sister, Elizabeth Thebaud, and I were raised at West Point and consider it our "home". My mother's influence on our lives is beyond measure.

Marguerite Lough, 1995

At West Point, my mother dedicated herself to the West Point Army Hospital and the wider community. She also made a lasting contribution to the Army Museum at West Point. A benefactor had presented several thousand unpainted small metal soldiers from the Napoleonic Era to the West Point Museum. Together, with Ellie Sutherland, the wife of Brig. Gen. Van Sutherland, my mother researched the correct uniforms and weapons used at that time and painstakingly hand painted several thousand soldiers, which are now on display at the museum.

My father died in 2002 and my mother in 2006. They are interred together in the place they loved above all others, West Point.

— Fred Lough '70

Thomas Brock Maertens Jr. (H-3)

Tom's father, his two uncles Jim and George, and his grandfather Kameil all served in the US Army. Here are their stories.

Thomas Maertens

Thomas Brock Maertens did not find the Infantry...it found him. He was born into the Army and the 20th Infantry Regiment at Chilkoot Barracks in Haines, Alaska. He was the son of Colonel Kameil and Nelle Edwards Maertens, so Tom spent his youth as an "Army brat." His father was a distinguished marksman and competed on the Army and Infantry Rifle teams for years. Thus, Tom spent many enjoyable summers on the shores of Lake Erie while his father competed at Camp Perry, Ohio. He graduated from Columbus High School in Columbus, GA, and attended Millard's Preparatory School[17] in Washington, D.C., before entering the Academy in 1942.

Tom's father, a native Belgian who had fought in World War I, wanted his three sons to attend West Point, and they did. Unfortunately, Kameil was killed in a military aircraft accident when Tom was a Yearling at Camp Popolopen [now Camp Buckner]. Continuing the tradition, Tom became a member of the Rifle Team. It was during a summer assignment at Camp Stewart, Georgia, for anti-aircraft training that he met his future wife, Carrie Brooks (CB) Miller of nearby Hinesville. As the story goes, they met on a "sandwich date" with good friend Bill Ochs.

After the Infantry Officers Basic Course, Tom was assigned to the 1st Cavalry Division in Japan for occupation duty. The highlight of this tour of duty was his marriage to CB twice! In order for CB to become a legal dependent, they were married by telephone in June 1946. Finally, on 8 Feb 1947, they were married—again—in the Quonset hut chapel at Camp King. The ceremony, with all the details, was arranged by Rosanne and Jock McQuarrie, a classmate, and enduring friends.

Tom's distinguished military career included additional overseas assignments to Korea, Okinawa, and Vietnam, where he earned the Silver Star for gallantry in action as a battalion commander with the 1st Infantry Division. Other assignments included six years with the Army General Staff at the Pentagon; service on the faculty at the Command and General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas; completion of the Industrial College of the Armed Forces at Ft. McNair, D.C.; a tour as a brigade commander at Ft. Jackson, South Carolina; and his selection to be the chief of staff of the U.S. Army in Alaska. This was a real highlight, as he returned to his birthplace after an absence of 46 years. He and CB spent two wonderful years on America's Last Frontier and traveled throughout Alaska. He was honored to be inducted into the Pioneers of Alaska at a ceremony in Nome.

[17] Millard's Preparatory School, also known as the Millard Preparatory School for West Point, was a military preparatory school in Washington D.C. that existed from 1925 to 1948. It was founded by Homer Millard.

In addition to the Silver Star, Tom's country also awarded him three Legions of Merit, four Bronze Stars, the Meritorious Service Medal, two Air Medals, and five Army Commendation Medals. The Republic of Viet Nam awarded Tom three Crosses of Gallantry and the Honor Medal First Class. He also earned the Combat Infantryman and Parachutist Badges.

His final military assignment came in 1972, as the Professor of Military Science at Clemson University in South Carolina, where he succeeded his brother, COL George Maertens, Jan '43. This final PCS and retirement in 1975 set the stage for a wonderful phase of life on beautiful Lake Keowee.

Tom had received his MS in Management at the University of Alabama in 1962. After retirement, he joined the management faculty in the School of Business and Commerce at Clemson University, retiring in 1984 as an Assistant Professor Emeritus of Management.

After retirement, Tom was very active in both the Seneca and the Clemson communities through his participation in many civic organizations. As an Eagle Scout, he served on the Executive Board of the Blue Ridge Council of the Boy Scouts of America and was awarded the prestigious Silver Beaver award for his dedication to the principles of Scouting. He was a member of the American Legion Post 120 in Seneca and was credited with establishing the Keowee Chapter of the Military Officers Association. Tom was the Senior Warden of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Clemson and served as a licensed lay reader for the parish.

Tom was most proud of his service to the Clemson Rotary Club, which he joined in 1972. He served as the Club President during 1979–80 and was made a Paul Harris Fellow in 1982. The highlight of his Rotary service was his selection to serve as Governor of District 775 during 1986–87.

CB and their three children, Tommy, Buddy and Alice, shared Tom's wonderful journey through life. His four grandchildren also brought joy. Tom once said that his sons paid him the highest compliment by choosing to become career Army officers. West Point had a profound effect on Tom's life. Like so many other members of the Long Gray Line who distinguished themselves in many diverse fields of endeavor, Tom, throughout his life, exemplified the ideals of West Point: "Duty, Honor, Country." He was respected by his soldiers and students, revered by his peers and loved and admired by his family. His charm, his love of people, and his love of life will be imbued in our hearts and memories forever.

— **Tom Maertens '70**

James Edwards Maertens was born in Spokane Washington on October 4, 1919. Jim attended Columbus High School in Columbus, GA, for three years, and graduated from Immaculate High School in Leavenworth, KS, where he was a cadet officer in the Jr. ROTC. He then attended Texas A&M college for six months before attending Millard's Preparatory School in Washington, D.C. He was determined to go to USMA, and for the next three years he studied hard, finally earning his appointment in 1941.

A classmate wrote: "We (particularly those of us who went to Millard's) remember Jim. He was a fine classmate, but the Math Department took him away from us after Plebe year. Completely unfazed by this misfortune, Jim enlisted in the Army, attended Infantry OCS at Ft. Benning, and graduated with honors. In December 1942, he received his commission.

In 1943, Jim married Mary Jo Hoisington, daughter of Gregory Hoisington, Class of 1911, and sister of Gregory Hoisington, Jr, Class of 1938, Perry Hoisington, Class of 1939, and Elizabeth Hoisington, who became the Army's first female general officer.

During WWII, Jim served as an instructor in the Weapons Section of the Infantry School and as a ground-liaison officer. Following the war, he received a regular commission. In the Korean War, Jim was a battalion executive officer and the G-2 of the 45th Infantry Division. He attended CGSC in 1958 and transferred to his favorite branch, Intelligence. He had Army Security Agency assignments, including command of the 507th ASA Group at Baumholder, Germany. His final assignment was as G-2 at Ft. Ord. He retired as a Colonel in 1968 and was awarded the Legion of Merit.

Jim and Mary Jo moved to Seneca, SC, where he taught history at the junior high school. He earned the love and respect of his students, who selected him to be their graduation day speaker. These years in Seneca were great. Jim and his two brothers all built homes on Lake Keowee, where they often met to tell "war stories" about their combined 90+ years of active duty.

In 1987, Jim and Mary Jo moved to the Army Residence community at San Antonio and had ten happy years there. Jim died in February 1998, survived by Mary Jo, two sons and two grandchildren.

Jim loved the Army, and he loved West Point!

George Kameil Maertens was born on March 9, 1921, in Spokane, Washington. He graduated from high school in San Antonio, Texas and attended Millard¹s Preparatory School in Washington, D.C. George received an appointment to the United States Military Academy and graduated in January 1943.

During WWII, George served in the 99th Infantry Division as commander of a regimental anti-tank company during the Battle of the Bulge, the Rhine River crossing at Remagen, and the Ruhr campaign. He ended the war commanding a rifle company.

After three years of occupation duty in Germany with the 1st Infantry Division, George was assigned to Army Field Forces (the predecessor of Forces Command), first at Ft. Monroe, then at Ft. Benning. In 1953-54 he commanded the 88th Infantry Battalion. Next, he was assigned to Army Forces Far East in Korea and Japan 1954-56.

His military education included the Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas where he later served on the faculty, the Armed Forces Staff College, and the Air War College, followed by assignment with the military advisory assistance group in Taiwan 1961-63. Other assignments included command of a Battle Group in the 82nd Airborne Division and of 1st Regiment USCC at West Point from 1964-67.

George served in Vietnam in 1967-68 and completed his military career in 1972 as Professor of Military Science at Clemson University. In addition to the Silver Star, he was awarded three Legions of Merit, three Bronze Stars, and four Air Medals. He also earned the Combat Infantryman and Senior Parachutist badges.

In retirement, he earned a master's degree in counseling and was a student counselor and role model for students in South Carolina before moving to Sun City, Arizona, where he lived for over 30 years, George was an avid tennis player, self-taught piano player, animated storyteller, and an adventurous traveler. He was well known for his leadership and volunteer service at the Royal Oaks Retirement Community and for his contributions to church and civic organizations.

Colonel Maertens died in January 2007 and was survived by his wife of over 60 years, two daughters, five grandchildren, and a great granddaughter. He is buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

Colonel Kameil Maertens was born in 1896 in Knokke, Belgium. He immigrated to the United States on 26 January 1915 and began his service with the Wisconsin National Guard. He married Nelle Helen Edwards on 15 September 1918, in Spokane, Washington. He was very proud to be a U.S. citizen and an officer in the U.S. Army. His greatest desire was to have his three sons attend West Point and become career officers.

During the 1920's, he competed in the Northwestern Rifle and Pistol Matches at Fort George Wright, Washington, and Fort Missoula, Montana, as well as the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. He was a team member, team coach, and in 1940, Captain of the U. S. Infantry Rifle and Pistol Teams that won National Championships. Officers like Colonel Maertens were pioneers of the competitive marksmanship program that had begun at Camp Perry in the 1920s with teams from each military branch- Infantry, Cavalry, Engineers, Coast Artillery, Field Artillery, as well as the Marine Corps_ in shoulder-to-shoulder national competition. His skill and professionalism helped provide the momentum necessary to carry the enthusiasm from the interwar competition to the eventual formation of the U. S. Army Marksmanship Unit at Fort Benning in 1956.

Colonel Maertens established himself as one of the Army's top small arms experts. Colonel Maertens' many marksmanship awards and medals included three placements in the top ten of the U. S. National Individual Match and six President's Hundred Bars. He earned the Distinguished Pistol Marksmanship medal in 1927 and in 1930 became a Distinguished Rifle Marksman.

From 1932-1935, Colonel Maertens served with then-Major Omar Bradley in the Weapons Department of the Infantry School, where he was well known for his outstanding instruction in rifle, pistol, and bayonet. From 1935-36, he attended the Army Command and General Staff School and in 1939, the Army War College. During World War II, he served at Fort Benning on the Infantry Board and in Washington, D.C. as a member of the Inter-Allied Weapons Development Board.

Unfortunately, Colonel Maertens' life was cut short on 30 June 1943 by the crash of an Army C-45 aircraft enroute from Fort Benning to Washington, D.C. The War Department presented Colonel Maertens with one of the first Legion of Merit medals. Because his two distinguished marksmanship medals were destroyed in the crash, the War Department presented two identical medals, complete with engraving, to his widow. Colonel Maertens is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

— **Bart Engram, Plebe roommate, for Tom Maertens '70**

William Charles Malkemes (G-3)

Eagle Pins Passed Along

My father, **William C. Malkemes**, was born in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, on May 19, 1923. He had an older and younger sister and brother who served in the Navy in World War II. When he was 8 years old his father was serving as a game warden and was killed by a drunk driver. So, Dad became the man of the family and took on this role throughout his lifetime. As an orphan he went to Girard College, a strict but well-known high school in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and recovered from a bout of rheumatic fever sufficiently to join the Army.

Dad's promotion to Colonel (O-6) at West Point with son Bill '70 and wife Elenita, 1968

He joined the Army at the age of 19 and was originally assigned to Air Defense at Camp Hood, Texas. He was recognized for his intelligence and leadership and sent to Officer Candidate School. Upon graduation in 1944, 2LT Malkemes was assigned to the Transportation Corps and sent to the Pacific Theater. When the war ended, he was in Manila, Philippines where he met and married Elenita Malkemes and their family would grow to produce 5 children, 2 girls and 3 boys. He also moved his mother-in-law in the house, and she lived with us until she passed away at the age of 96. Over his 32 years of service, he served in overseas assignments in Korea, Ethiopia (where he ran the port for Haile Selassie), and Vietnam (as the chief Transportation Advisor to General Creighton Abrams in 1970-71). He received many awards to include the Legion of Merit and Bronze Star. Stateside assignments included Fort Eustis, Virginia; Fort Richardson, Alaska; Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Pentagon, Virginia; West Point, New York; and Colorado Springs, Colorado.

COL William C. Malkemes '70, Taylre, Melinda, Mackensie, Elenita and COL (RET) William C. Malkemes

He was proud of his career but most proud of his family. He also took a special interest in Class of 1970 classmates who served in the Transportation Corps, BG Gil Harper and LTC Tom Maertens. The picture here is my promotion to Colonel (O-6) in 1992 at Space and Missile Defense Command at Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. He pinned the same O-6 eagles on me that I pinned on him as a yearling in 1968. COL William C. Malkemes was a great Patriot, Army Officer, Husband, Father, and Grandfather.

— Bill Malkemes '70

William Wallace McBeth (I-3)

Three Centuries of Service

I grew up just outside a small agricultural town in ***The Panhandle*** of Nebraska. Yes folks, ***The Panhandle*** is not in Texas, Oklahoma, Florida, or elsewhere. Those are just panhandles! My Dad was a cowboy and rancher, turned jack of all trades and master of many, and my Mom was a rural schoolteacher, and a jack of all trades but master of all. My sister Ellen and I were fortunate enough to grow up working beside our parents in various capacities. As I look back, we were blessed with the opportunity to understand and appreciate how hard Mom and Dad worked, and what exceptional people they were.

Given that background, surprisingly, military service was always a factor in my life, sometimes in ways I did not understand, appreciate, or even know about until later in life. And I'm still learning.

Jack McBeth, USMC

My Dad's brother, my **Uncle Jack**, hereafter referred to as Jack, was 4 years younger than Dad who was born in 1913. They were the only two kids in their family, and were lifelong business partners and friends, separated only by Jack's service in the Marines from January 1942 when he enlisted until early 1946 after the war. Jack was an everyday presence in my life, and as I look back, through him, and my dad indirectly, was the Marine Corps. After enlisting, Jack headed to San Diego for Boot Camp and advanced training. Boot Camp's impact on Jack was indelible! He learned to brush his teeth every day, something my Dad never did, do his laundry, iron his shirts, and make his bed first thing every morning. He was one of my big heroes. The concept that if you made your bed first thing every day you were off to a good start was instilled in me at an early age. Only much later was I to learn that this was a very important life skill and might even become Admiral William McCraven's Life Lesson #1. Go figure! The Marine Corps and Uncle Jack were on to something early on.

Much of my knowledge about Jack's service record was anecdotal. He enlisted in the Marines in January 1942. He was part of a boot camp company of about 140 Marines. From his account, about 6 of them had graduated from high school, which, as I understand it, was not unusual for early 1942. Because he was a high school graduate, and the Marines had enlisted aviators at the time, the Marines thought Jack would make an excellent pilot candidate. However, he turned out to be color blind. I remember Dad remarking "Hell, I could have told the Marines that!" Jack instead became an aviation armaments technician and eventually was assigned to 1st Marine Division Aviation and ended up at Henderson Field on Guadalcanal in the South Pacific. He did not talk a lot about it. One thing I really regret is that I had the opportunity to ask him about his service but didn't take advantage of it. He and I worked closely together, mowing hay on contract with a large Sandhill Ranch and bunking together, and I didn't have the good sense to ask. However, I know he was an aircraft armaments technician working on Marine aircraft at Henderson Field, experienced the Japanese attempts to recapture the field, observed the light

display of the battle for Savo Island, and went through the Japanese naval bombardments of the field. I have a piece of shrapnel from one of those attacks that landed in the wall of his foxhole at Henderson Feld. In addition to the action on the ground, he flew as a rear seater or tail gunner on SBD Douglas Dauntless dive bombers. Wikipedia has a pretty good summary of the battle for Guadalcanal. Guadalcanal campaign - Wikipedia.

After Guadalcanal he went to New Zealand for refitting. I do know he loved New Zealand. After New Zealand, rather than continue with the 1st Marine Division across the Pacific, he was sent to the Naval Air Station at Cherry Point, North Carolina where he worked as a technician on the Norden Bomb Sight. He was an E-7 Technical Sergeant. He shared two stories about Cherry Point. The Marine Corps discovered that seven out of ten of the E-7 and E-8 Technical Sergeants on the team could not swim! As this had become a qualification to be a Marine, the Corps attempted to correct this deficit. The NCOs staged a mutiny – being associated with the Navy – and to my knowledge, Uncle Jack never learned to swim. The other point he shared was that the senior NCOs of the station liked to spend Sundays shooting sea gulls off Cherry Point, and that the worst fried chicken he ever ate was in the mess hall on Monday evening.

Jack was one of my greatest heroes and always will be.

I learned many years later from my Mom, Ava Buckles McBeth, that my Dad, **Jim McBeth**, had applied to West Point when he graduated from high school in around 1931 and was selected as an alternate to the Academy, but not accepted. My Dad never said anything to me about West Point attendance other than to suggest when I was a junior in high school that I consider applying, and I did. My Grandfather, also a William Wallace, died in 1932, and Dad became the manager of the ranch, which was a pretty good-sized operation for the time. The family lost the ranch in the depression, but the bank left them on it until 1946. Dad really wanted to enlist for WWII but was required to stay home as an essential agricultural worker. I think staying home from the War was one of the biggest disappointments of his life. However, if he would have served, I likely would not have been born in 1947, as Dad really liked to fight.

Although Dad grew up and lived most of his early adult life in a relatively isolated rural setting and would rightly have been called a cowboy, he was an avid amateur military historian. To me, history was interesting, but to Dad, it seemed very real and personal. Much of my narrative is seen through his lens.

Dad's uncle on his mother's side was a man named **Joe Bowen**. Uncle Joe was in the Infantry in WWI. I do not know his exact unit, only that he was a member of the 42d or Rainbow Division, so called because it had unit members from 26 different state National Guard units and that he likely came to the division as a National Guardsman in the 168th Infantry Regiment of the Iowa National Guard. Uncle Joe saw extensive combat in France during the war and was a real hero to Dad and Uncle Jack, and by extension, a hero of mine. I have three treasures of Uncle Joe's – a worn French Franc he carried for good luck, a German soldier's belt buckle inscribed with "Gott Mitt Uns", and a Model 94 30-30 Winchester which Dad claimed was liberated by Uncle Joe from the Nebraska National Guard Armory in York, Nebraska. Despite this liberation, I still think Uncle Joe was a hero!

Dad was very interested in the American Civil War. His great grandfather, **William M. Petty**, was a sergeant in Company D of the 32d Iowa Volunteer Infantry. Sergeant Petty enlisted 11 August 1862 and was discharged 24 August 1865. The family has several mementos of his service but most significant I think are several letters he wrote home. These letters detail his movements with the unit in an area of the country that has not – in my estimation – received a lot of attention from many students of the Civil War. The 32d was at various times assigned to the 13th and 16th Corps serving in the Departments of the Tennessee, Cumberland, and the Gulf. They operated in Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Alabama. Their major campaigns and engagements included the Red River Campaign, the Battle of Pleasant Hill, and the Battle of Nashville. One of the striking themes of these letters is not combat or disease or camp life, but the tremendous amount of walking the unit did. Sergeant Petty was truly an infantryman. He had passed away before my father was born, but family legend has it that Sergeant Petty was a "Tough Son of a Bitch".

My Mom's maiden name was Ava Buckles. She was a peach of a person, a go getter, and a real saint. She was the first member of her family to go to college. She attended Chadron State Normal School in Chadron, Nebraska in 1936 and left after a year to teach in rural schools. I still have her class sweater numbers, a crimson and white 3 and 9 indicating she would graduate in 1939. She taught most of the rest of her life, attaining her BA in Education in around 1963 and her MS in about 1968. She was **the** Kindergarten teacher. But what does this have to do with our class military legacy?

Even in small rural communities there is a class system. My family was part of the lower half – maybe even lower – of the social structure. We were not Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) material. However, someone in the local DAR must have pissed Mom off. She had it in her head that one of her ancestors was a revolutionary war soldier who had stowed away on a vessel to the New World from Britain in the mid 1700's and fought in the American Revolution. She set out on a quest to demonstrate this service. This involved a lot of genealogy research, collection of records, and just plain hard work. She enlisted the aid of two of her nieces and they were able over the course of 5 years to trace the family back to a fella named Frank Buckles who lived at Gap View Farm near Charlestown, West Virginia. A niece went back and met Frank who was able to complete the connection to the Revolution. The ancestor's name was **Robert Buckles Sr.,** and he is buried near Gap View Farm and has a DAR stone. He was not exactly a veteran of the American Revolution, but more likely fought in the French and Indian War. The land in West Virginia where he is buried was given to him for this service. His son **Robert Buckles Jr.** was a combatant in the Revolution and is buried in an unmarked grave nearby.

Frank Buckles turned out to have an interesting military history. He grew up in northwest Missouri near a town called Bethany. Another fella from that part of the country was John Pershing from Laclede, MO, who went on to command the American Expeditionary Forces (AEF) in World War I. Frank lied about his age and enlisted in the Army at age 16 in 1917. He served in France as an ambulance driver and motorcycle courier. During the interwar period, Frank attended the dedication of the Liberty Memorial in Kansas City in 1926. He met General Pershing at that event and had a friendly relationship with Pershing the rest of the General's life. When WWII broke out, Frank was a purser on a steam liner in Manila Bay and was detained as a civilian by the Japanese for a little over 3 years. He eventually ended up back at Gap View Farm, spent a lot of time

advocating for veterans' causes, and lived to be the last surviving WW I veteran. He passed away in 2011 at the age of 110. He had asked to be buried at Arlington National Cemetery near General Pershing, and this request was granted. The details of his life can be found at Frank Buckles - Wikipedia. I was lucky enough to meet him in 2006 and attended three birthday parties/family reunions at Gap View Farm over the next several years. He was sharp, personable, loved barbecue, and always shook my hand when I left and said, "See you next year."

Three of my mother's brothers served in the military. **Roy Buckles** served in the Navy in WWII, **Irlin Buckles** in the Navy in WWII, Korea, and Vietnam, and **Ben Buckles** in the Army in Korea.

Growing up, I knew Roy had been in "The War" as my parents called it, and that he had served in the Pacific in the Navy. That was about it. To me he was "Uncle Roy", a big overweight man who seemed to be able to do anything mechanical and that he had recurring bouts of "Jungle Rot" which I learned much later in life was a fungal disease contracted in the South Pacific and very difficult to treat. As a young person, I sometimes pondered "If Uncle Roy was in the Navy, how did he get Jungle Rot?" Shame on me for not getting that figured out.

Roy Buckles 2d from left rear with his B-24 crew

In 2022 I became interested in Roy's service. I asked his son Wayne what he knew of his dad's service. He said not a lot, but that his dad had served as a tail gunner in a B-17 crew and had taken part in the "Marianas Turkey Shoot" which was what American aviators called the Battle of the Philippine Sea. He thought his dad was in "Squadron 123". This really piqued my curiosity! I didn't realize the Navy had B-17s! I contacted Roy's daughter Elaine, and she had a lot more information, including Uncle Roy's service record from the National Personnel Records Center, several black and white photos he had taken during the war – he carried a camera with him – and many anecdotes.

Roy Buckles receiving Air Medal

Roy enlisted in the Navy in February 1942. Family lore was that he chose the Navy because he didn't like to walk or fly, and he was a good swimmer. He completed Basic Training in San Diego in May 1942. With his mechanical aptitude he was sent to the Navy Pier in Chicago where he became an Aviation Machinist's Mate, and then on to Florida for training as a Naval Air Gunner. After completing training in Florida, he was sent to San Diego and then on to the Pacific

where he was assigned to Bombing Squadron 140 of Fleet Air Wing 8 for operations in the Solomons. Uncle Roy was a gunner on a Lockheed Ventura Bomber. While with this unit he earned the Combat Air Crew Badge. In September 1944 he returned to the states for training on the B-24 Liberator Bomber (So much for the B-17 reference) which the Navy called the PB4Y-1 or Privateer. He was then sent back to the Pacific and assigned to VPB 123 where he served as a tail gunner on a B-24 for the remainder of the war. He was discharged October 19, 1945. He had been awarded the Asiatic Pacific Service medal with 1 Star, the Combat Crewman with 3 Stars, and the Air Medal. Although there is no record of it, Roy's ability to swim came in handy. He communicated to his brothers that his plane went in the drink 3 times.

When I saw the pictures he had taken, I appreciated his Jungle Rot. These naval aviators were operating from hastily constructed airfields on various tropical islands as they fought their way toward Japan. They lived in primitive conditions with inadequate sanitation and didn't have enough to eat. He took several pictures of his fellow sailors and flight crew. Roy went from 201# to 125# over the course of the campaign.

Quiet Uncle Roy was the real deal!

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I believe that part of our legacy is also the contribution of our sons and daughters. My son **Ian McBeth** enlisted in the Wyoming Air Guard as a Construction Specialist in 2005 and went on to become first a C130 Navigator and then Pilot with the Air Guard C130 Squadrons in Cheyenne, Wyoming and Great Falls, Montana. He served multiple combat deployments in Iraq and Afghanistan and was awarded 6 Air Medals. He made it to LTC. He tragically lost his life flying a tanker C-130 fighting wildfires in Australia. He died doing what he loved – flying and helping others

LTC Ian McBeth

My grandson **Mike Fernandez**, who saw Ian as a role model and hero, is currently a Captain in the Corps of Engineers, a full time AGR, and the mobilization officer for the Alaska Army Guard. Michael's wife **Jessie** is a Captain in the Nursing Corps, is now also a full time AGR, and is adjutant of 1-297 Infantry (Alaska Scouts) of the Alaska Guard. Jessie is an Afghanistan War veteran.

CPT Mike Fernandez

My nephew, **Chris Kelley**, grew up around my Uncle Jack and Dad and I think they had much the same impact on him as they quietly did on me. He enlisted for 6 in 1991. He was a mechanic with the 529th Ordnance Company in Germany and was deployed to Bosnia for Operation Joint Endeavour in 1995. After he left active duty he worked as a civilian contract mechanic in Iraq and Kuwait.

CPT Jessie Fernandez

SPC Chris Kelley

So, there we have it! Turns out I had way more to say on the Legacy topic than I thought. Thanks to all of the class that did such great work in putting the Legacy Project together.

— Bill McBeth '70

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The Air Medal was created in 1942 and was awarded to servicemen who performed heroic service during aerial flights in World War II. (nationalww2museum.org)

Robert Arthur Meier Jr. (F-3)

Coordinating Fire Support for the 12th Armored Division

Major Robert A. Meier

Robert Meier was born April 24, 1916, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, the son of a railroad steam locomotive engineer. He was the eldest of four children. The first person in his family to attend college, he graduated from Perdue with a degree in electrical engineering.

Entering the Army, Robert was assigned to command C Battery, 493d Armored Field Artillery Battalion, equipped with 105mm self-propelled howitzers, part of Combat Command A (CCA) of the 12th Armored Division[18]. The division was activated on September 15, 1942, at Camp Campbell, Kentucky for its initial training. During this time, he met Jane Harvey of Hopkinsville, Kentucky. They married in January 1944.

In September 1943, the division took part in the Second Army Number 3 Tennessee maneuvers along with three infantry divisions. The maneuver area included twenty-one counties in middle Tennessee and lasted almost two months. Each maneuver had eight to ten problems, operations, or exercises that could take one to five days to complete. In some, forces would be divided equally; in others one division might take on three to gauge effectiveness in facing a larger opponent.

In November, the division relocated to Camp Barkley, near Abilene, Texas, for additional training. Robert was promoted to Major in May 1944 and assigned as the battalion S3, responsible for coordinating the artillery for CCA. The division staged for overseas movement at Camp Shanks, New York, before departing for Europe on September 20, 1944. It arrived in England on October 2 and moved to France on November 9.

Assigned to Seventh Army, the division moved to the front in December, relieving the 4th Armored Division and taking every assigned objective as it cracked Maginot Line defenses. In early January 1945, the division fought its costliest battle. The fighting began as part of Operation Nordwind, the last offensive by German troops on the Western front. The 553rd Volksgrenadier Division crossed the Rhine and established a bridgehead on January 5. Three days later, the 12th Armored Division attacked Herrlisheim and attempted to eliminate the bridgehead. In the second day of fighting, elements of 10th SS Panzer Division joined in the attack and inflicted heavy casualties. As the 10th SS Panzer attempted to exploit its victory the following day, it was their turn to take heavy losses.

[18]A Combat Command consisted of a battalion each of armor, infantry equipped with half-tracks, and self-propelled artillery. The division insignia reflects this triangular organization with the branch colors of armor (yellow), infantry (blue), and artillery (red). A combat command also contained smaller elements to provide engineer, signal, maintenance, and medical support. An armored division contained three combat commands.

In early February, the 12th Armored attacked south to split and eliminate the Colmar pocket, the last remaining German stronghold in France. During this operation, a machine gun accidentally fired, and two rounds grazed Robert's forehead.

On March 17, 1945, Robert became acting operations officer of Division Artillery, responsible for coordinating all artillery throughout the division sector. The same day, the division was reassigned to Third Army and moved north, beginning its most dynamic period of the war. In three days, the 12th reached the Rhine; in three more, it occupied the river cities of Ludwigshafen, Speyer and Germersheim. However, their hopes of seizing a bridge over the Rhine and emulating the success of the 9th Armored Division further north at Remagen did not materialize.

Rejoining Seventh Army, the division crossed the Rhine on a pontoon bridge at Worms in late March. The division moved rapidly toward the heavily defended city of Wurzburg, then assisted in seizing Schweinfurt. On April 12, the advance turned southeast toward Nuremburg. Five days later a change in Army boundaries turned the division south toward Munich. A rapid advance toward the Danube resulted in an opportunity that had eluded the division along the Rhine. Spotting an intact bridge, a small element of CCA pushed through over a thousand surprised and disorganized defenders, captured the demolition team, and secured the concrete span. Quickly reinforcing, CCA pushed the Germans beyond artillery range to protect the first American crossing of the Danube.

Suddenly, Robert's challenge was to concentrate all available artillery to defend against a German counterattack. After the 3d Infantry Division arrived to take over the bridgehead, the 12th Armored Division once more became Seventh Army's spearhead, by-passing Munich and moving toward Innsbruck, Austria to help bottle up German forces in Italy and prevent more than a million troops from reaching Germany. During all these advances, enemy troops were often on either flank, with more remaining to the rear. The war ended for the division at the foot of the Alps.

The best available record of Robert's service is the citation for his Bronze Star that states in part:

> "…for meritorious service from March 17 to May 8, 1945, in Eastern France and Western Germany. Major Meier, acting operations officer of Division Artillery, handled the problems of fire direction with outstanding aggressiveness. In the fast-moving operations across Germany, he maintained a forward command post in a half-track in order to overcome communications difficulties. He made careful disposition of artillery under his supervision and demonstrated superior efficiency in coordinating artillery fires under the difficult conditions encountered during enveloping tactics…"

Leaving the Army as a lieutenant colonel, Robert worked as an engineer in Charlotte, North Carolina and later in Atlanta, Georgia. He was a member of the National Society of Professional Engineers and retired from Lockwood Greene Architects and Engineers in Atlanta. He passed away on June 3, 1996.

— Bart Engram, classmate, for Bob Meier '70

John Michael Minor (C-3)

I write this for Gerald (**Jerry**) Counts Minor and John **Mike** Minor about their Dad, **Colonel Max Minor**, their Grandad, **Brigadier General Gerald Counts**, and their Step-Grandad, **Lieutenant General Charles Hart**.

Classmate & Soccer Teammate
Larry White F/I-4, USMA 1970

Minor Family Distinguished Service

John Max Minor: Jerry and Mike's Dad was raised in Tahoka, Texas. He was dubbed the "Terror of Tahoka" when recruited for the University of Texas football and track team in 1940. He played for the Longhorns from 1940-43, making the first touchdown in the 1943 Cotton Bowl to win 14-7 against Georgia Tech. Max was also a SWC sprint champion.

Transferring from UT to West Point during WWII, Minor earned Grantland-Rice All-American honors when the 1944 Army team won a national title, trouncing Notre Dame 59-0 along the way. Max claimed an individual track national championship in the 60-yard low hurdles in spring 1946, and at his 1946 graduation from West Point received the Academy's Best Athlete award.

As a 29-year career officer in the United States Air Force, Col. Minor served the country in multiple ways. He was a Strategic Air Command (SAC) squadron commander from 1947 until 1957, flying B-36s, B-47s and serving as a high-altitude test pilot in the RB-57.

He flew missions in the Korean conflict while in SAC. In 1957 he returned to West Point as the Air Force Liaison officer until 1963 when he joined the Air Attaché group, serving in the American Embassy in Paris until 1966.

He returned to war in 1968 shortly before the Tet Offensive in Vietnam and commanded a reconnaissance squadron where he flew **475 missions as an RB-57 pilot** and was awarded the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster and the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster.

He ended his career in the Department of Defense (DOD) at the Pentagon, retiring in December 1975.

Gerald Alford Counts graduated in 1913 as valedictorian of his class and entered the University of California at Berkeley the following fall. While still a freshman he received an appointment to the Military Academy and entered on 14 June 1914 with the original Class of 1918, the Class which, because of the outbreak of World War I, was graduated on 30 August 1917.

His record as a cadet was outstanding. Graduating second in his Class, he was a "Distinguished Cadet" academically for the entire course. He was also a member of the cadet choir, a hop manager, star man, cadet corporal, and cadet lieutenant, and held the unusual distinction of never having walked the area.

Upon graduation, Jerry received commissions as 2d lieutenant, 1st lieutenant, and captain, Corps of Engineers, all dated 30 August 1917. Assigned first to Camp Cody, New Mexico, he transferred in May 1918 to the 604th Engineers and went with this outfit as a company commander to France where his regiment took part in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. After the Armistice he was assigned as an instructor to the Engineer Candidate School at Langres, France, from 27 November until 12 February 1919. Later, in the summer of that year, he was on duty with the 6th Engineers, 3d Division, at Ochtendung, Germany. After more than a year of service overseas, in England, France, and Germany, he returned to the United States in January 1920.

In September 1920 Jerry entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a student officer and graduated the following August with the degree of Bachelor of Science in civil engineering. He was then assigned to river and harbor work at Los Angeles, California, where he served until 1923.

Jerry was in field charge of the construction of the Houston Ship Channel when he was ordered to West Point in 1925 as an instructor in mathematics.

Except for a year spent as a graduate student at the California Institute of Technology, and two years on temporary duty overseas during World War II, Jerry's service at the Academy extended from 1925 until his retirement in 1959.

In 1931, after returning from California Tech, he created and headed the new Department of Physics, and as a captain, became a member of the Academic Board. He became permanent Professor of Physics in 1934, Professor of Physics and Chemistry in 1946, and Dean of the Academic Board in 1957. He was retired for age on 1 October 1959, with over 45 years of service, and was greatly honored when the Class of 1960 made him an honorary member of their Class. The class ring was presented to him by the First Captain, Cadet Charles Otstott, at Jerry's retirement parade, thus making him a member of two West Point Classes.

In his long service at the Military Academy, Jerry served under sixteen Superintendents, from General Townsley to General Davidson. Of the Army's fourteen 4-star generals and twenty-eight lieutenant generals on active duty at the time of Jerry's death, all but five had been students under him. Many of them had also been instructors in his department.

Jerry saw the size of the Corps grow from 600 to 2,500, and over 70 percent of all graduates from the Academy's founding were cadets while he was in a position of some authority. He was very

grateful that he had had the opportunity to participate in the growth of the Academy.

That Jerry had the chance to serve overseas in World War II, under some of USMA's most distinguished graduates, was also a source of great satisfaction to him. In a temporary duty status for two years, he was Deputy Chief Engineer of the North African Theater of Operations, and the Mediterranean Theater of Operations under General Eisenhower, and later under General Devers. At about the time of the invasion of Europe, he was detailed to the General Staff in Great Britain and served in the CM Section, to include a tour as Deputy G-4 of General Omar N. Bradley's 12th Army Group. He was on General Bradley's staff throughout the operations from Normandy to the end of the war and later during the Occupation of Germany. When the staff was finally disbanded, he returned to West Point and his academic duties.

For his service in the North African and Mediterranean Theaters, Jerry was awarded the Legion of Merit, and later, while with the 12th Army Group, he received the Legion of Merit with oak leaf cluster and a Bronze Star Medal. Jerry's other military awards and decorations include: World War I Service Ribbon, with two battle stars; Army Occupation Medal, World War I; Defense Medal; American Theater Medal; European Ribbon with five stars, World War II; Army of Occupation Medal; French Legion of Honor with palm; French Croix de Guerre with palm (and another with star); Belgian Order of Leopold with palm; Luxembourg Couronne de Chene and Croix de Guerre; and from Great Britain the Order of the British Empire.

As Professor, and later as Dean, Jerry had many other assignments in addition to his regular duties. He was a longtime member of the Athletic Board and showed sound judgment in the selection of coaches and professional acumen in helping to keep the finances of the Army Athletic Association on a sound basis. He was among those who were instrumental in bringing Earl Blaik back to West Point as head football coach, and he maintained a very close working relationship with Blaik during his many years at the Academy. Through his activities on the Athletic Board, Jerry made many friends in the intercollegiate athletic world, especially in football circles.

From 1947 to 1957, Jerry was the chairman of the Additional Appointments Committee, which selects cadet candidates from lists of qualified alternates for whom no vacancy exists, but who may be admitted under a specific Congressional statute. Previously, he had been personally instrumental in securing the passage of this statute. On this committee he displayed keen insight in the selection of young men with superior leadership qualifications. Cadets admitted under this provision have made an outstanding record academically and athletically and have provided much of the leadership of the Corps of Cadets during the last decade. Also, as Dean, Jerry served as chairman of the Post Planning Board, which guides the planning of the increase in the physical plant at West Point. Thus, his influence has been felt in many sundry activities other than those directly connected with his primary duties as Professor or Dean.

Jerry died on the morning of 30 July 1964. On the following Monday, 3 August, he was buried at West Point, the place he loved so well. Grandson Mike, C3-USMA 1970, is buried just a few yards away, and Jerry's, D4-USMA 1970, ashes are scattered on both graves.

His memory is further honored by his country in the form of a Presidential Citation signed by Lyndon Johnson.

Jerry's widow, Mrs. Gerald A. Counts; married old friend Charles Hart in 1973.

Charles Edward Hart grew up in Fort Hunt, Virginia and graduated from Western High School in Washington, D.C. Upon graduation, he took a job with a bank and prepared to compete for an appointment to West Point. Having gained an appointment from the District of Columbia, young Ed Hart entered the Academy in July 1920 as a member of the Class of 1924.

Upon graduation in 1924, he was commissioned a second lieutenant of Field Artillery and was posted with the 4th Field Artillery at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

In 1930, Ed was detailed as a student to the Battery Officers Course at the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, from which he graduated in June 1931. A foreign service tour of duty in Hawaii followed, and, in 1935, Ed and Virginia moved to West Point, where Ed was assigned to the Field Artillery Detachment as both battery commander and cadet instructor.

In 1940, Ed was assigned to the staff and faculty of the Field Artillery School as an instructor in the Department of Gunnery. He later attended a special course at the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and upon graduation was transferred back to the Field Artillery School's Department of Tactics as an instructor.

Ed was assigned in June 1942 as Assistant Artillery Officer, II Corps, just prior to its embarkment for overseas. He served as both Assistant and Artillery Officer of II Corps, for the initial assault landing in Algeria, North Africa, and during all phases of the Sicilian Campaign. Upon completion of operations in Sicily, he was designated as the Artillery Officer, First Army, and remained in this position throughout the operations of First Army in Europe. He later participated in the redeployment of Headquarters, First Army to the Pacific Theater.

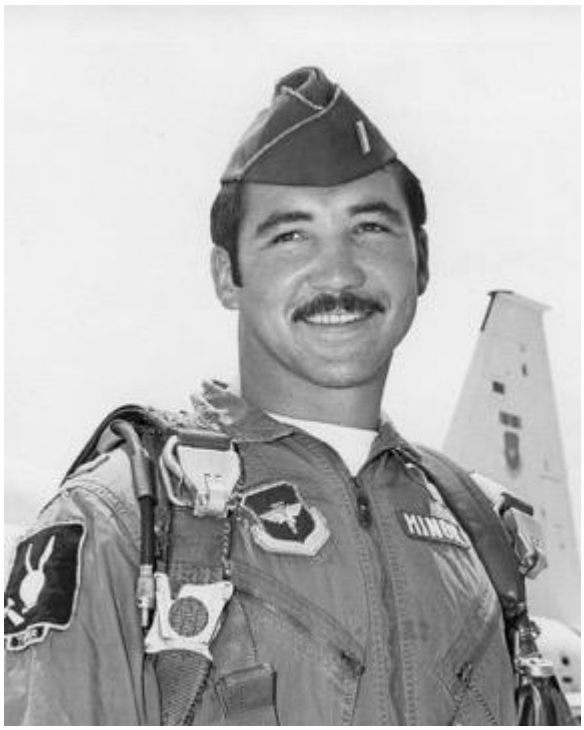
Following World War II and the establishment of the National War College, he was one of the initial group of officers graduated from that institution. In 1946 Ed became the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations of First Army and in 1947 was named Assistant Commandant of the Anti-Aircraft and Guided Missiles Branch of the Artillery School at Fort Bliss. Texas.

In 1949, he was assigned to the European Command as the Commanding General of the 1st Infantry Division Artillery in Germany and a year later became the Artillery Commander of Seventh Army in Europe. In 1951, Ed was appointed Chief of the Joint U.S. Military Aid Group to Greece, with a station in Athens.

Upon returning to the United States in early 1954, Ed became the Commanding General of the Artillery Center and Commandant of the Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Five months later, he again was assigned to Europe as Commanding General, V Corps and in April 1956 returned to Maryland to become Commanding General, Second Army at Fort Meade.

At the time of Ed's retirement in 1960, he was the Commanding General, U.S. Army Air Defense Command in Colorado Springs, Colorado, after which he moved back to the D.C. area in McLean, Virginia, received his brokerage certification and became vice president of Harris Upham and Company, where he served until 1971.

Mike Minor '70



Jerry Minor '70

— **Larry White, classmate and soccer teammate, for Mike and Jerry Minor '70**

John Norton Jr. (B-3)

Following a Mentor and Friend

John "Jack" Norton was born on 14 April 1918 at Fort Monroe to Colonel **Augustus Norton** and Nancy Reed Norton. His father was an artillery officer during World War I, serving in the St Michiel and Meuse-Argonne campaigns, and leaving active duty shortly after the war. Jack spent his early life in Norfolk, VA. He attended Matthew Fontaine Maury High School and spent a year in the Virginia National Guard before turning down an appointment to Annapolis and enlisting in the Army in July 1936. He was stationed with the coast artillery at Ft Monroe and received an appointment to West Point in 1937.

Jack was president of his class during his second-class year and First Captain during his first-class year. His good friend and roommate his first-class year was George Brown, who became Chief of Staff of the Air Force and later Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Jack's most formative experience at West Point, however, was meeting Captain James Gavin, Class of 1929, who was assigned as an instructor in the Tactics Department in 1940. Jack described Gavin as an expert on the German army who knew all about the German airborne successes in Belgium, Holland and Crete and was convinced that the Army needed to develop the capability to move hundreds of miles and get behind enemy lines to prepare for forces coming ashore. Jack believed that most of the Class of 1941 considered Gavin the best instructor at West Point. On occasion, Jack kept Barbara, Gavin's 7-year-old daughter, when the Gavins had social engagements. Gavin became a mentor to Jack, a relationship that lasted throughout Jack's career.

Captain James Gavin circa 1940

Prior to Jack Norton's gradation in June 1941, Gavin took him aside and offered this advice: "Jack, after graduation, as soon as you can, I want to encourage you to make your way to the Airborne. It's going to offer the future of Army tactical operations in WW II."

Norton graduated in 1941 and was commissioned in the infantry. After completing officer basic training at Ft Benning, his first assignment was the 12th Infantry Regiment of the 4th Infantry Division as a platoon leader where he participated in the Carolina maneuvers. When the division was tasked to provide the cadre for a newly formed division, he was the only officer remaining in his company and became the company commander.

In July 1942, Norton was assigned as a company commander at the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Wheeler, GA, before returning to the Infantry School in late November 1942 to attend the Battalion Commander and Staff Officers Course. During this time, he visited COL Gavin who was commanding the 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment (PIR) at Ft Benning. CPT Norton graduated from the Parachute Course in March 1943, and was assigned to Ft Bragg to command H Company of the 505th PIR. The regiment had just been assigned to the 82d Airborne Division and was making final preparations for overseas deployment.

For the first time, Norton was working for his mentor Gavin. Over the next two years, Gavin, always the airborne visionary, progressed in rank and responsibility and brought Norton along as airborne operations increased in size and complexity. Instead of personal discussions and classroom lectures at West Point, he and Gavin faced critical decisions on the battlefields of Europe.

> "The most promising young officer in the Regt is Cpt Jack Norton. He could handle a battalion very effectively right now. If he survives his first fight he is on the way to fame. The Academy will be proud of him."
> Gavin's Diary, May 1943

Norton's first challenge came when, just before the Sicily operation, Gavin relieved the 2d Battalion commander and placed the executive officer in command. Gavin tapped Norton to move to 2d Battalion and fill the executive officer slot. There was only enough airlift for one regiment, and the 505th PIR was selected to make the first regimental-sized parachute assault in US Army history, Norton's first combat jump. High winds badly scattered the drop. The 2d Battalion was the only battalion to drop intact, but far from its intended location. Moving toward their objective, the battalion cleared defenders from the beach area to assist the landing of the 45th Infantry Division. Later, the battalion participated in the drive up the west coast of Sicily that culminated in the capture of Trapani on the northwestern tip of the island.

The after-action report identified a need for specially trained and equipped teams to enter an objective ahead of the main airborne force to locate and mark drop zones with visual and electronic signaling devices and guide aircraft to the designated DZs. Gavin requisitioned British homing equipment that used electronic signals to guide aircraft and the division commander, MG Matthew Ridgway, Class of 1917, put Norton in charge of developing the organization and doctrine for Pathfinder teams. These teams performed flawlessly in the night airborne reinforcement of the Salerno beachhead on the mainland of Italy on 14 September 1943, blocking German forces trying to attack US forces and later participating in the advance to Naples.

Two weeks before his second combat jump at Salerno, Norton was promoted to S-3 (operations officer) of the regiment. Shortly afterward, Gavin was promoted and became the assistant division commander. Stationed around Naples, the 82d was able to refit and receive replacements while participating in a training program designed by BG Gavin to focus on basic combat skills and lessons learned.

Soon, the 82d Airborne Division was sent to England to prepare for the cross-Channel invasion and Norton was immersed in all the details of planning the 505th PIR's role in a multi-division airborne operation.

The 505th PIR also received a new commander, LTC William Ekman, Class of 1938 and the father of classmate Jon Ekman, who had been serving as executive officer of the 508th PIR that had recently joined the 82d Airborne Division.

The veteran 505th PIR received the critical mission of seizing the key crossroads village of Sainte-Mere-Eglise, a mission successfully executed in the early hours of D-Day and held against determined German counterattacks. This was the third combat jump for Norton and the 505th PIR. In the following days and weeks, the 82d Airborne Division was kept in Normandy to fight as infantry and undertake an attack to the west to cut off the Cotentin Peninsula.

MAJ Jack Norton, S-3, 505th PIR, just before takeoff for Normandy

When the division was finally relieved after thirty-three days of combat and returned to England, 57 percent of its infantry were killed or wounded.

Norton assumed command of the 3d Battalion of the 505th in July. In August, MG Ridgway assumed command of the XVIII Airborne Corps, taking most of the division staff with him. As the new commander of the 82d Airborne Division, BG Gavin's first task was to bring together a division staff. He chose MAJ Norton to be the division G-3, in charge of plans and operations. He was the youngest G-3 of any American division during the war.

Flying with Gavin in the lead aircraft carrying the division command group, Norton made his fourth combat jump 17 September in the Netherlands to take control of the bridges from the Dutch border to Arnhem as part of Operation Market Garden, a corps-size airborne operation.

MAJ Jack Norton, Normandy, June 1944

In December, the 82d Airborne Division fought in the Battle of the Bulge, first on the defense in the thickly wooded Ardennes, then on the attack, pushing the Germans back past the Siegfried Line into Germany.

In April 1945, the 82d Airborne Division entered combat again, taking up positions along the Rhine River before being assigned to the British Second Army and participating in the final weeks of the war in Europe.

Selected for occupation duty in Berlin, the division remained in Europe until sailing on the *Queen Mary* for New York in December 1945 and marched down Fifth Avenue as the primary Army

contingent in the New York Victory Parade in January 1946.

LTC Norton returned to Ft Bragg with the 82d Airborne Division, continuing to serve as division G-3, then as a battalion commander in the 325th Infantry Regiment, the regimental commander of the 505th PIR, and a second regimental command tour with the 325th Infantry Regiment.

Norton transferred to Washington, D.C. in 1948 to serve as a staff officer with the Strategic Plans Group of the General Staff, and then with the Deputy Chief for Plans, Office of the Chief of Staff, where he worked for General Albert Wedemeyer, Class of 1919, a preeminent military strategist.

The newly established Defense Department was divided by deep controversy over service roles and missions as the severe budgetary constraints of the postwar period intensified interservice conflict and threatened the effectiveness of the operating forces. Most troubling of all was the realization that the Free World was again threatened by an aggressor. Having just fought and won a great war at enormous cost, the US now faced another, perhaps more dangerous, enemy in the form of our wartime ally, the Soviet Union. This was the environment Norton encountered as he entered the world of grand strategy.

From June 1950 to February 1953, Norton served as Military Assistant and Executive Officer to the Secretary of the Army, Frank Pace Jr., often regarded as one of the most imaginative and effective civilian heads of the Army. As he had with General Wedemeyer, Norton developed a close personal relationship with Secretary Pace that continued throughout the Secretary's lifetime. During a turbulent time that included the Korean War, the establishment of NATO and the buildup in Europe, Norton served as a sounding board for the Secretary's ideas, writing position papers and accompanying him to NATO conferences.

COL Norton then attended the Armed Forces Staff College until he left to become chief of the Army Section of the American Military Assistance Staff to Yugoslavia and had responsibility for administering a $780 million aid program. This program prevented a Soviet takeover of Yugoslavia, but it was halted when the Yugoslavs repeatedly violated the bilateral agreement. Soviet leaders came to Belgrade to convince Tito to drop US aid and join the Soviet bloc. Through his relationship with Tito and the Yugoslav military, Norton was instrumental in the continuation of aid on US terms and the rejection of the Soviet offer.

Norton was then ordered to return to the Armed Forces Staff College as an instructor. Instead, General Gavin, serving as Army Chief of Research and Development, had him assigned as chief of the Airborne and Electronics division of the Army Aviation Branch. Norton served in this capacity until September 1956, when he became a student at the Army Aviation Center and School as part of an effort to bolster Army aviation by recruiting high-ranking officers who were marked as future Army leaders. Norton graduated in June 1957 and became a Senior Army Aviator.

General Gavin was an early supporter of air mobility and had written a perceptive article in 1954 analyzing the inability of the Eighth Army to exploit the return to maneuver warfare following the Inchon landing in Korea. He concluded that the type of forces needed to conduct long-range reconnaissance, rapid advance, and bypass of obstacles did not exist and needed to be created.

Norton returned to the Airborne and Electronics division of the Army Aviation Branch and held this command until August 1958. In October 1957, Norton served as the escort to Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, during his visit to America with Queen Elizabeth II.

After attending the National War College, Norton commanded the 2d Battle Group of the 1st Cavalry Division at the Korean Demilitarized Zone from August 1959 to September 1960. From then until May 1962, Norton served as the Aviation Officer in the Continental Army Command, responsible for all aviation training, support, and doctrinal matters. He also served on the Hoelscher Committee, established by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara to study the functions and organization of the Army. Finishing in October 1961, the committee recommended a dramatic restructuring of the Army, including the creation of Army Materiel Command (AMC) and a functionalized approach to logistics.

COL Norton also served as secretary of the Howze Board, the informal name given to the Tactical Mobility Requirements Board created in May 1962 at the request of Secretary of Defense McNamara to review and test new concepts integrating helicopters into the Army. General Hamilton Howze, Class of 1930 and then serving as Commander of XVIII Corps, had earlier been chosen by General Gavin to be the first director of Army Aviation. The Howze Board released its findings in August 1962 and prescribed an air mobility doctrine integrating helicopters into combat.

As the Kennedy administration national security strategy shifted from massive retaliation based on missiles and strategic bombers toward the likelihood of limited warfare and the need for a robust land force, the Army increased in size and began testing new concepts. In early 1963, the 11th Air Assault Division was created at Ft Benning specifically to test the concepts recommended by the Howze Board. In July 1965, the division was reflagged as the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) and prepared for deployment to Vietnam. As the Assistant Commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning from May 1963 to March 1965, BG Norton played a key role in this Army transformation.

Lieutenant General John Norton

Norton was called to Vietnam in April 1965, becoming commander of the US Army Support Command. After serving as the Deputy Commanding General of the US Army Vietnam, MG Norton commanded the 1st Cavalry Division from May 1966 to April 1967. In June 1967, he became the Commanding General of the US Army Aviation Systems Command, a position he held until September 1969.

From October 1969 to October 1970, Norton was the Deputy Director of Modern Army Selected Systems Test Evaluation and Review project (Project MASSTER) in Ft Hood, Texas, tasked with developing sensors to use in weapons systems in Vietnam. The project director was the III Corps and Fort Hood Commander. but, as his deputy, Norton had effective authority in the organization

and was responsible for the mission of evaluating surveillance, target acquisition, and night observation systems.

Next, LTG Norton became Commanding General of the US Army Combat Developments Command. Occupying the position until June 1973, Norton assisted in the continued reorganization of the post-Vietnam Army. While serving in this position, Norton oversaw the early development of the Sikorsky UH-60 Black Hawk helicopter and the M1 Abrams tank. In his final assignment, Norton served as Chief of Staff of the Allied Forces of Southern Europe from June 1973 to August 1975.

In recognition of the major role he played in developing Army aviation, Norton was inducted into the Army Aviation Hall of Fame in 1977. He was also inducted into the Army Field Experimentation Hall of Fame. He was the #2 inductee in the National Pathfinder Association Hall of Fame (General Gavin was the #1 inductee). In 2004, Norton received the Doughboy Award, presented annually to recognize an individual for outstanding contributions to the United States Army Infantry.

In his later years, Norton became involved in his community, becoming a board member of the Shenandoah Valley Boy Scout Council and the County Mental Health Group. He became a Senior Warden at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Mount Jackson, VA, and served on the board of trustees for the Reserve Officers Training Corps at James Madison University and the Massanutten Military Academy.

General Norton died of cancer in his Basye, Virginia home on 6 December 2004. He was predeceased by his wife of 46 years, Cheyney Norton, and survived by three children, nine grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren.

He was buried at West Point, within sight of the final resting place of his mentor, General Gavin.

Barbara Gavin Fauntleroy, General Gavin's daughter, wrote in her book, *The General and his Daughter*, that Gavin considered Jack Norton "as close to a son as he ever had."

— Bart Engram, classmate, for John Norton '70

Thomas Robert Rozman (A-3)

A Preamble of Family Service in North America Since the 17th Century

On my mother's Boucher/Gagné family side, the family began to arrive in the Acadia and Quebec regions of New France in the early first half of the 17th Century. At the time Acadia included the portion of Maine north and east of the Kennebec River. All able-bodied males were subject to militia service in 17th Century New France.

The first regular soldier was apparently **Major Germain Doucet**, Sieur de la Verdure, who was commandant of the garrison of the fort at Port Royal, Acadia, the Acadian capital (now Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia), from 1650-54.

Later in 1665 a further 14 ancestors arrived with the Carignan-Salières Regiment deployed by King Louis XIV to address the Iroquois incursions. Two family members with the regiment of interest were Boucher Family ancestor junior officer **Jean Vincent d'Abbadie de St. Castin**, 3rd Baron of St. Castin, and Gagné Family ancestor soldier **Louis Bolduc**. On return of the regiment to France over 400 soldiers and officers encouraged to settle in New France remained and these men were two of that number along with 12 others.

Jean Vincent was deployed by Governor Frontenac to what was then the Acadian border with the Massachusetts Bay Colony along the Kennebec River. The mission was to develop the best possible relations with the Penobscot Wabanaki against the English to the south and west. From all accounts Jean Vincent was successful in this mission for many years, marrying the great Penobscot Sachem and War leader's (Madockawando), daughter (my ancestor) eventually becoming a sachem of the Penobscot People. He returned to France in the late 1690s to reclaim his estate in the courts and died while in France during the process of the extended litigation. His two sons, Bernard-Anselme and Joseph, also served as Army officers in the colony. Longfellow wrote the poem, “The Baron of St. Castin” about the Baron and Castine, Maine is named after him.

Louis Bolduc, an ancestor on my Grandmother's Gagné side, remained in Quebec City as a procurement official under Governor Frontenac until recalled to France about two decades later. All Bolducs in the U.S. and Canada descend from this soldier.

Two other ancestors served as militia captains later during the French period.

COL Lucien E. Bolduc Sr.

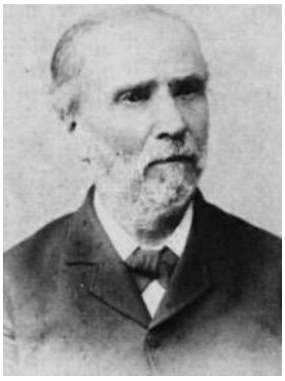
Two Bolduc cousins graduated from USMA, Lucien Bolduc Sr., Class of 1925 and Lucien Bolduc Jr., Class of 1950. Lucien senior retired as a colonel and Lucien junior as a major general. Many other cousins from the French side have attended the academy from branches of the family that had settled in initially French enclaves that became part of the United States as early as the Revolution. BG Donald Bolduc, U.S. Army, ret., and BG Gerard Bolduc, Maine Air National Guard,

MG Lucien E. Bolduc Jr.

are two additional extended family who have served as general officers.

A number of family in Quebec entered U.S. service with the 1st and 2nd Canadian Regiments of the Continental Army.

Paul Octave Hébert as a Cadet



Louis Hébert in later life

On my grandfather's side, some two-thirds of his Acadian Family were expelled from Acadia in 1755 by the British Government (my grandfather's branches of the family remained in what became Eastern Quebec after the Seven Years War). Many of the expelled family made their way over time to Louisiana. Descendants of two Hébert brothers began entering West Point from these expelled family that trekked to Louisiana in the 1830s. **Paul Octave Hébert,** USMA 1840, would serve as the lieutenant colonel of the 14th U.S. Infantry in operations around Mexico City in the 1846-47 War and later as ante-bellum Governor of Louisiana. **Louis Hébert** would graduate USMA in 1845. Both officers ultimately served as brigadier generals in the Confederate States Army. Many distant relations from this Acadian family diaspora served in Louisiana CSA units and some were still with the colors at parole at Appomattox.

The Boucher/Gagné Family and their Service in the United States Armed Forces

Private Augustin Gagné

Stepson Private Fortunat Bolduc in later life

My great-great grandfather on my grandmother's side, **Augustin Gagné** and his stepson, my Great-Great Uncle **Fortunat Bolduc**, served in 4th Maine Light Battery at Petersburg and Sailor's Creek. They had sought service to track down a younger stepson, Augustin Bolduc, who had run away from home without parental permission to enlist as a drummer boy in likely the 31st Maine Volunteer Infantry. My great-great grandfather on arrival in the Army of the Potomac was able to affect the boy's release from service and his return home to St. Ephrem-de-Tring in Beauce, Quebec. Both soldiers served out their enlistment in the Maine battery to the end of the war then returned home to Beauce.

To note, Augustin Gagné had three generations of Bolduc ancestry back to Soldier Louis Bolduc. He married the widow of Remi Bolduc and she, Sophie Lachance Bolduc, had four generations of Bolduc ancestry back to Louis Bolduc.

Augustin Gagné's son, Joseph Gagné, my great grandfather, had seven sons and five daughters. Though the family was primarily resided in Beauce, Quebec, many family members would become long-time residents of Maine where other family lived, and later Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Of the seven sons, five would serve in the U.S. Army during WWI and WWII. All four sons of daughter Marie, my grandmother, would serve in the U.S. Army and Army Air Force during WWII.

Corporal Aimé Gagné

Corporal **Aimé C. Gagné**, Rifle Squad Leader, Company K, 23rd Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Brigade, 2nd Division was killed in action leading his squad into battle in an attack at Belleau Wood, France on 6 June 1918.

Then 1LT Jason Gray, Corporal Gagné's, great grandnephew, visiting his gravesite in the 1990s

Private Arthur Gagné

Private **Arthur E. Gagné**, served in the Army from 1917-18 at Camp Lee, Virginia in Veterinary Replacement Unit Number 5. The war ended before he deployed. He later made a long service career as an Army civilian employee at Springfield Arsenal in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Sergeant **Joseph B. Gagné** served in Coast Artillery Corps (Anti-Aircraft Artillery) units in CONUS and the South Pacific and was awarded the Purple Heart.

Sergeant Joseph B. "Fortunat" Gagné

Private Romeo Gagné

Private **Romeo Gagné** also served in the Coast Artillery Corps (Anti-Aircraft Artillery) in WWII.

Tec/5 Alphonse Gagné

Technician 5th Grade **Alphonse "Al" Gagné** served in CONUS, England, France, and Germany with the 317th Army Service Forces Band. A Graduate of Hart School of Music (now University of Hartford), Al Gagné, a professional musician, made a post-war career as a music teacher in the Richmond, Virginia School district.

Alphonse visiting his brother Aime's grave in France during WWII

Pvt Joseph F. Boucher on a 16" disappearing rifle at Ft Michie, Gull Island, NY, 1930

Marie Gagné Boucher, my grandmother, was one of Corporal Aimé Gagné's sisters and the mother of four sons and 10 daughters. All four of her sons would serve in the Army and Army Air Force in WWII and eight of her daughters' husbands would serve in the armed forces during and after WWII. Her sons' service is listed below.

Private **Joseph F. "Fern" Boucher** first enlisted in the Coast Artillery Corps in 1930. He re-enlisted during WWII and was assigned to an artillery battalion in the 98th Infantry Division.

Pvt Boucher in service during WWII

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Roger E. Boucher was at Hickam Field, HI on 7 December 1941 and rose to Army Air Force 1st Sergeant while later serving in England and France. After the war he made a career as a naval air station firefighter and fire chief in California.

Army Air Force 1st Sgt Roger E. Boucher at home in Wilson, CT during WWII

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Army Air Force Pfc Wildy O. Boucher early in WWII

Private First Class **Wildy O. Boucher**, Army Air Force, served in CONUS during the war and would pursue a long career in the Connecticut Air National Guard's 103rd Fighter Group. Recalled to active service for Korea as an NCO, he would retire from the Air Guard as a Chief Master Sergeant.

Army Air Force Aviation Cadet Lucien F. Boucher.

Corporal **Lucien F. Boucher** served in the Army Air Force in CONUS and later rose to a director position in the town of Windsor, Connecticut.

My grandmother, Marie Gagné Boucher. had nine surviving daughters. Following is a sketch of the service of their husbands.

Captain Napoleon Berubé

A son-in-law, **Napoleon Berubé** (daughter Jeanette), would serve in the National Guard in the 1920s transitioning to the Governor's Foot Guard. A nationally ranked marksman, he proofed weapons for Colt Firearms during WWII. He was a long-time employee of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Engines after the war.

Petty Officer Isidore Couture

A second son-in-law, Petty Officer **Isidore Couture** (daughter Anne), would be at sea aboard the Navy's ARV2 USS *Webster* in the South Pacific during WWII serving as a machinist mate.

A third son-in-law, **Joseph "Emile" E. Couture** (daughter Lorette), would rise to staff sergeant in Company C, 264th Infantry Regiment, 66th Infantry Division. Uncle Emile had a long career as an insurance underwriter in Hartford. He was recalled to active duty for Korea and ultimately retired from the Connecticut Air National Guard's 103rd Fighter group as a first sergeant.

Staff Sergeant Emile Couture in Paris during WWII

Tec/5 Ralph Barnard shortly before deploying to Europe in WWII

A fourth son-in-law, Sergeant **Ralph Barnard** (daughter Noella), would serve in a gun battalion in France and Germany during WWII.

A fifth son-in-law, my uncle **Muzzi Orefice** (daughter Lorraine), would not serve in the armed forces but did serve for many years in the Connecticut Legislature and operated as a private businessman.

Muzzi Orefice and Lorraine Boucher's wedding at St, Gertrude's Roman Catholic Church in Wilson, CT

A sixth son-in-law, my father (daughter Candide), is included in the following section.

Seaman Clifford Jones

A seventh son-in-law, **Clifford Jones** (daughter Yolanda), served in the Navy during WWII.

An eighth son-in-law, **Louis S. Griffing Jr.** (daughter Norma), served initially in Germany in the Anti-Tank Company, 309th Infantry Regiment, 78th Infantry Division, then as a Tech 5 in Troop C, 16th Constabulary Squadron in Berlin from 1945-46. Post war Louis Griffing operated a very successful appliance retail business in Windsor, Connecticut.

Tec/5 Louis S. Griffing

Sgt Leo Manter

A ninth son-in-law, **Leo Manter** (daughter Gloria), would serve in the Army in the 1950s as an NCO for a time assigned to the 11th Airborne Division.

Marie Gagné Boucher had five sisters. Both the Gagné and Boucher families were from Quebec and many siblings remained in Canada. However, sister Aurora Gagné Cantin also raised her family in the United States in the Hartford, Connecticut Area. Aurora had seven children. All of her six sons served in the armed forces, two to retirement.

Seaman Norman Cantin, USN, WWII

Norman Cantin served in the Navy during WWII. When his father was killed in an auto accident, he was released from service to assist his mother who has just had her seventh child. He made a career in firefighting, retiring as a fire chief in the Hartford, Connecticut Area.

Joseph Raymond Cantin served for an over 20-year career in Marine Corps aviation support retiring as a senior NCO.

Staff Sergeant Raymond Cantin, USMC, Guantanamo Bay, 1960s

Corporal Gerard Cantin, USMC

Joseph Gerard Cantin served as a military policeman in Japan during the occupation.

Joseph Maurice Cantin served as an Army medic in Korea in the first MASH formed and later transitioned to service as a Navy Corpsman until retirement as a senior petty officer.

Joseph Maurice Cantin

Joseph Richard Cantin served in an Army missile unit in Germany. (No photo available.)

Warrant Officer Paul Cantin

Paul Cantin was the youngest brother and the youngest pilot to have been awarded his flight wings at Ft. Rucker in March 1964 at the time at 19 years old. He served in the 11th Air Assault Division before assignment to I Corps in Vietnam, then the 82nd Airborne Division and later as an instructor pilot at Ft. Rucker. He was rotor and fixed-wing rated and eventually transitioned to the airlines making a long career with Delta Airlines rising to captain.

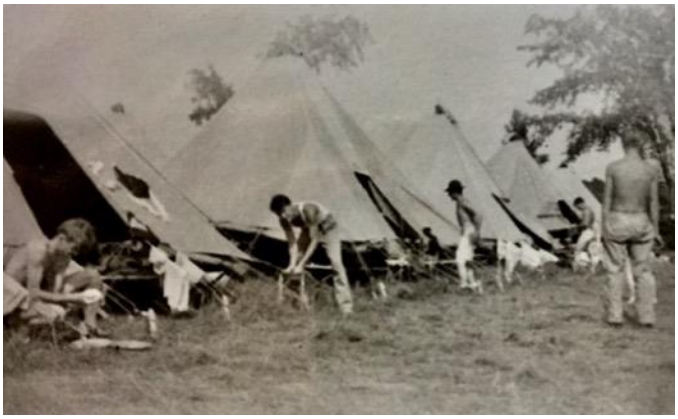
The Rozman's Family Service

On my father's side I have no doubt that family served in the Royal Polish, Prussian. Duchy of Warsaw and Imperial Russian Armies. My grandfather told me about his grandfather who was a soldier in the 1863 Polish insurrection against the Russians. On my grandmother's side, Milnicki (or Mielnicki), I do know of a Polish pilot in an RAF unit that crashed his Spitfire during a training mission. Following are family members on my father's side who served.

Walter Duma, my great Aunt Wanda Milnicki (Mielnicki) Duma's husband, served in the Army during WWI. They made their lives in Florida.

My father, **Robert W. Rozman**, enlisted in Company F, 2nd Battalion, 169th Infantry Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, in October 1939 after a several-month stint in a CCC company as a surveying team member. His unit federalized in February 1941 restationing to Camp Blanding, Florida where it pursued an aggressive training program and filled to full MTO&E (Modified Table of Organization and Equipment). The regiment and its parent 43rd Infantry Division later restationed to Camp Shelby, Mississippi then Camp Ord, California. During this period, it participated in the Louisiana Maneuvers.

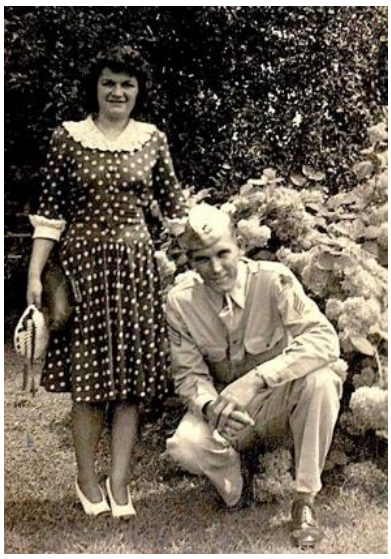
Pvt Robert W. Rozman, Connecticut National Guard, 1939



Pvt Bob Rozman (center), Plattsburg Barracks, NY, Summer 1940

Louisiana Maneuvers, 1942

During this stateside period my father rose to artificer, company supply sergeant, rifle squad leader with promotion to staff sergeant as he boarded the troopship MS *Bloemfontein* at Ft. Mason, San Francisco, California in 1942. The unit deployed to New Zealand then relief of the 25th Infantry Division on Guadalcanal for continued mopping up of Japanese stragglers. A subsequent landing operation followed on another smaller island then the assault landing on New Georgia to eventually seize Munda airfield. This was a tough multi-division battle with heavy casualties. As U.S. units consolidated, Japanese units continued to occupy an island off the coast from the airfield hampering airfield operations necessitating an assault landing on that island to secure it involving my father's battalion.

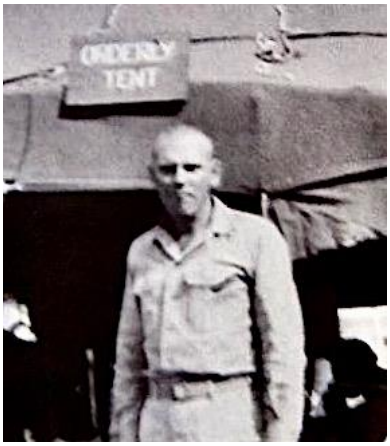


On pass from Camp Blanding at home in Connecticut with fiancé Candide Boucher

End of the operation to seize Munda Airfield on New Georgia, 1st Plt,, Co F, 169th Infantry, acting platoon leader Technical Sergeant Robert W. Rozman standing seven from left without shirt

During this operation my father served as platoon sergeant and acting 1st Platoon leader. He had been promoted to technical sergeant (today's sergeant first class).

The unit returned to New Zealand to refit but was redeployed early to reinforce the cordon along the Driniumor River near Aitapi, New Guinea manned by the 112th Cavalry Regiment intended to deny remnants of the Japanese 18th Army westward movement along the coastal slope of the Stanley Mountains. By this point in the war my father had been promoted to Company F's first sergeant. He had already been awarded three Purple Heart Medals and had made four amphibious combat assaults.



1st Sgt Rozman, Aitapi, New Guinea, 1944, after losing his hair to a case of Dengue fever

1st Sgt Rozman during operations on Luzon, 1945

On conclusion of operations along the Driniumor River, the 43rd Infantry Division with other units would begin filling depleted ranks with replacements and initiate intense training for its next assault landings, a four-division initial assault wave on Luzon in the Philippine Islands. Company F and the 2nd Battalion would fight across Luzon eventually operating in the Ipo Dam sector above Manila to secure the city's water supply.

In the beginning of May 1945 my father was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Infantry, Army of the United States, and continued for the next three months to serve as a rifle platoon leader in continuing operations on Luzon. He was granted home leave at the end of July to return to the regiment for the invasion of the Japanese home islands. He had made five amphibious combat assaults and been awarded four Purple Heart Medals and a Bronze Star Medal.

2nd Lt Rozman, Luzon, May 1945

My father would return to Connecticut National Guard service with the 2nd Battalion, 169th Infantry Regiment serving until October 1950 as the battalion adjutant, Company F and Headquarters and Headquarters Company Commander and as the Battalion S-4. While serving as the S-4 the unit was again federalized in October 1950 as part of the Korean Emergency and redeployed to Camp Pickett, Virginia. Large numbers of personnel were assigned to the division and intense training followed. Several months into the training cycle my father was ordered to the Army Ground School at Fort Riley. There he completed the Tactical Intelligence Officer's Course returning to the battalion as the S-2, a primary task of the S-2 at the time being to train aggressor forces and employ them in force-on-force training of the unit.

Cpt Rozman commanding Co F, 169th Inf, West Germany, 1952

Deployment to Germany on a troopship from Newport News, Virginia in October 1951 followed. Initially garrisoned in the Munich area the unit would restation to Pinder Barracks in Fuerth. The parent 43rd Infantry Division was assigned to VII Corps and intense field and maneuver training followed. The units were almost always in the field.

My father would again command Company F, then Headquarters and Headquarters Company and again serve as the battalion S-4. When the National Guard units returned to state control in summer 1954 my father opted to remain on active duty and was assigned as the regimental assistant S-2 of the 39th Infantry Regiment, 9th Infantry Division, Montieth Barracks, Fuerth.

(L to R) 2LT Robert L. Rozman, dad LTC Robert W. Rozman, and 2LT Thomas R. Rozman, 24 July 1970, St. Paul's Church, Wethersfield, CT

Following a succession of overseas and stateside assignments, last as commander, 112th Service Center, Headquarters, USAREUR, my father retired as a lieutenant colonel on 1 December 1965. He subsequently, with a younger brother, assumed operation of his father's business, successfully operating the company until his final retirement in 1985.

My father's career as an Infantry soldier, non-commissioned, and commissioned officer over a 26-year period of service warranted a posthumous award of the Order of Saint Maurice, Centurion level, by the President of the National Infantry Association in September 2022. He served 15 and half years in MTO&E Infantry companies, battalions, and regiments, nine of those years in active Army service and four overseas tours in Germany, the South Pacific, and Vietnam.

DoD Decorations to LTC Robert W. Rozman (Purple Heart should have 3 Oak Leaf Clusters)

Dad's Order of St. Maurice (Centurion) award

Labor Service Badge Awards to LTC Robert W. Rozman

Pfc George A. Rozman

George A. Rozman rose to PFC in the 32nd Field Artillery Battalion, DIVARTY, 1st Infantry Division in a gun section of the battalion. He would return to the U.S. assigned to the 83rd Field Artillery Battalion, DIVARTY, 9th Armored Division. Post WWII George Rozman was an electrician and long-time employee of Combustion Engineering

Sergeant First Class Henry W. Rozman

Henry W. Rozman served as a machine gunner in Company F, 313th Infantry, 79th Infantry Division and crossed the beach at Normandy with the division following his brother George's 1st Infantry Division. He served through the war and was wounded. He continued in service after the war with the Connecticut National Guard and was mobilized again for active service serving as a sergeant first class in the S-4 Section of the Headquarters of the 2nd Battalion, 169th Infantry Regiment. He was an employee of Combustion Engineering until retirement.

Pvt Carl Rozman

Carl Rozman would serve in the Army during WWII in CONUS.

Then-Pvt Walter P. Rozman, 1948

Walter P. Rozman enlisted in the Connecticut National Guard in 1947 serving in Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 169th Infantry. In 1949 he enlisted in the new Air Force serving a long career to retirement as a senior NCO. He served two tours in Korea during the war to include North Korea where at one point he occupied a defensive position around his forward airfield. He also served tours that put him in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam War.

Cpl. Richard W. Rozman, 1956

Richard W. Rozman was drafted while a student at Florida State University, and a football squad member, in 1954 training at Ft. Dix, NJ and Ft. Lee, VA then serving in Japan leaving active service as a corporal, returning to FSU and his college football career. On graduation from FSU he became his father's company's business manager and when his father died continued with the business with his older brother Robert.

T/Sgt Earl Rozman

Earl E. Rozman enlisted after high school graduation from John Fitch High School in Windsor, CT in 1954. He trained at Ft. Dix, NJ and Fort Gordon, GA and served in the 34th Signal Battalion in Germany rising to Sergeant (T). Initially employed by Pratt and Whitney after active duty, Earl graduated from Porter School of Engineering and was employed by Atlantic Aerospace in New Britain, CT for many years until his retirement.

Yeoman Elizabeth B. Rozman, USN

Elizabeth B. Rozman Jansen served as Navy yeoman during the Korean War primarily in the DC Area. On leaving Navy service she completed her bachelors at Florida State and later her masters at the University of South Florida making a long career in teaching and guidance counseling in the Tampa School District.

Pvt William Chorazy, US Army, WWII

Brother-in-law **Willian Chorazy** (sister Marion) served in the 706th Tank Battalion that operated with the 77th Infantry Division in the South Pacific. After the war he was a long-time employee of the Hansen-Whitney Company in Hartford, Connecticut.

Pvt Edwin Smiley, US Army

Brother-in-law **Edwin Smiley** (sister Wendy) enlisted in the Army before WWII. He was medically discharged after a severe case of meningitis while stationed in Panama. He subsequently made a career as a restaurateur and newspaper owner and editor in the Southeast for many years serving as the chief speechwriter for the Governor of Florida.

Pvt Richard Hood with daughter Sandy before deploying to Europe, 1943

Brother-in-law **Richard Hood** (sister Lucille) served with the 362nd Fighter Group, U.S. Army Air Force in Europe during WWII and made a career as a long-haul truck driver after the war.

PO Nelson Cheverier

Brother-in-law (sister Helen) **Nelson Cheverier** served as a machinist's mate on the carrier USS *Ranger* during WWII. Post-WWII he made a long career with a printing company in the Hartford, CT area as a master printer.

2nd Lt Thomas J. Jansen, Pennsylvania NG, 1948

Brother-in-law **Thomas "Tom" Jansen** (sister Elizabeth) served as Navy petty officer sailing on the USS *Texas* and the USS *Missouri*, the latter as a plank sailor. He was present on the ship at Japan's formal surrender in Tokyo Bay in 1945. After the war while in graduate school he served as an infantry 2nd lieutenant in the 112th Infantry Regiment, 28th Infantry Division, Pennsylvania National Guard. After completing his master's degree, he served for many years as a magistrate in the Florida Department of Social Services.

Carrying on a Service Tradition into following generations

LTC Thomas R. Rozman

Thomas R. Rozman was commissioned Infantry from USMA on 3 June 1970. At Fort Hood, TX, I served as the executive officer, 5th Battalion, 6th Mechanized Infantry, 1st Armored Division, then as 1st Platoon leader, Company A, 2nd Battalion,12th Cavalry; executive officer, Company C, 1st Battalion, 12th Cavalry; and executive officer, Headquarters Company, 2nd Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division. I deployed to Korea serving as 1st Platoon Leader Company B, 1st Battalion, 38th Infantry, 2nd Infantry Division, then as the aide-de-camp to the Assistant Division Commander for Maneuver, BG Thomas U. Greer, then the Assistant Division Commander for Support, BG Robert A. Holloman. Upon return to Ft. Benning, GA, I was assigned as assistant adjutant and medical platoon leader 3rd Battalion, 7th Infantry, 197th Mechanized Brigade (Separate). After promotion to Captain in June 1974, I was assigned through August to the Squad Automatic Weapon Detachment, 3rd Battalion, 7th Infantry, as the commander in support of the U.S. Army Infantry Board in conduct of the Squad Automatic Weapon Developmental/Operational Test 2. I served as battalion operations officer for air operations then served in the same role with 1st Battalion (Mechanized), 58th Infantry in the same brigade and as commander Company A of that battalion and assistant brigade operations officer of the 197th Mechanized Brigade.

Upon completion of graduate business school at the University of Massachusetts Amherst, I was assigned as an assistant professor of military science at that campus. After U.S. Army Staff College, I was assigned to 1st Battalion, 46th Infantry, 2nd Brigade, 1st Infantry Division in Erlangen, Germany in June 1983 as battalion executive officer, commanding the battalion for 64 days in fall 1983. This was followed by duty as executive officer of 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 6th Infantry and assignment as the Assistant Plans Operations and Training Officer for Training Resources 1st Armored Division in Ansbach, Germany. In May 1986, I was assigned as the Infantry representative to the Department of the Army Armored Family of Vehicles Task Force. In 1989, I was assigned as the Division Chief Concepts and Strategy Division, Joint, Combined Unit Training Directorate, Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Training, U.S. Army Training and Doctrine Command, a primary assignment being to act as lead for work that developed the Army's Combined Arms Training Strategy. My last Army assignment was as Director of the Collective

Training Directorate, Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Training, retiring from the Army effective 1 December 1992. This was followed by service with the Commonwealth of Virginia as the Training Officer for the State Parks Division (1992-93), State Parks Region 2 Manager (1993-95), Capital Outlay Operations Manager, Design, Construction and Real Property Office, Virginia Department of Conservation and Recreation (1996-97) and Central Region Director, Virginia Department of labor and Industry (1997-2016). This concluded almost 46 years of continuous public service after USMA graduation.

MAJ Robert L. Rozman

Robert L. Rozman (brother) was commissioned from the ROTC program at the University of Connecticut as an infantry lieutenant in 1971. He would be assigned to mechanized battalions of the 11th and 12th Infantry of the 4th Infantry Division at Ft. Carson, Colorado serving as a weapons platoon leader and Bn Motor officer. He would serve as the S-1 (personnel officer) and adjutant of the 1st Battalion, 23rd Infantry, 2nd Brigade, 2nd Infantry Division in the Republic of Korea. His transfer to the Adjutant Generals Corps would be followed by assignments to 4th ROTC Region at Ft. Lewis, Washington and 1st Army at Ft. Devens, Massachusetts. He attended the Computer Science School at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana and then was assigned to the 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii as the Chief of the Division Data Center. Further assignments would follow in this specialty area to the Signals Warfare Center, Vint Hill Farms Station as a Software Systems Officer and to then to USACCSA, Pentagon, as the Chief, LAN Support Office. His last assignment before Army retirement in 1991 would be as the executive officer of the 401st MMC support group in Leghorn, Italy during the first Gulf War with Iraq. His post-Army service until final retirement would be as an information system Department of Defense contractor in support of various intelligence agencies.

MAJ Bryan T. Rozman

Bryan T. Rozman (son) enlisted in 1st Battalion, 169th Infantry, 43rd Infantry Brigade, his grandfather's original regiment, in 1991 serving as a mortarman, followed by service in the 248th Combat Engineer Battalion. He would earn a commission from the ROTC Program at the University of Connecticut as a Medical Service Corps officer in December 1995. After the Basic Officer's Course at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, he was assigned as a medical platoon leader in the 2nd Battalion 64th. Armor, 3rd Infantry Division and 1st Battalion, 77th Armor, 1st Infantry Division in Schweinfurt, Germany. He would be reassigned to the 123rd Support Battalion, 1st Armored Division in Baumholder serving as a company executive officer and serve two tours in Bosnia with the division. He would leave service for a year on return to the U.S. then reenter service with the 1st Battalion, 172nd Armor with later assignment to the 86th Armored Brigade S-3 in Vermont. A tour with the Colorado National Guard at Buckley Air Force Base and subsequent deployment to Iraq with the 48th Mechanized Infantry Brigade staff would be next. On return, duty at Forces Command with station at Ft. Gillem, Georgia and a tour as S-3 of the 120th Brigade

at Ft. Hood then 1st Army at Rock Island Arsenal and a deployment to Afghanistan would be next. After completing all Army schools through the Command and General Staff Course, Bryan was selected by the Army for the Army Strategist Program and was sent to the Strategist Course at the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. He was then assigned to the Deputy Chief of Staff, Department of the Army in the Pentagon where he did notable service for the country. A tour at the National Guard Bureau followed. Bryan retired as a major in September 2023 after 32 years of service.

CPT Melissa Ann Rozman

Melissa Ann Rozman (daughter) entered service as a Cadet at the United Stated Military Academy in July 1994, separating in October. Enrolling as an Army ROTC cadet at William and Mary in spring 1995, she won a three-year Army ROTC scholarship but also was extended an appointment to the Air Force Academy, reentering service in July 1995. On commissioning from the Air Force Academy as a communications officer in May 1999, Melissa's first assignment was to Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland in her specialty. She was then assigned as the executive officer of the 18th Air Support Operations Group, Pope Air Force Base, North Carolina, deploying with the unit to the Middle East. On return she reported to the University of Colorado Denver's graduate school to pursue a master's degree in English literature preparatory to serving as an instructor in the Air Force Academy's English Department. In 2008 as a captain, she opted to resign from the Air Force. She then served for more than year in the commandant's office at Coast Guard Headquarters. She transitioned to the private sector with Perot Systems, then Dell serving as a program executive for a Coast Guard support contract

Raquel Rozman (granddaughter) enlisted in the Navy after graduating from high school in Aurora, Colorado. On completing her basic training, she completed advanced training as a corpsman at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. Her first assignment was to the Portsmouth Naval Hospital. Portsmouth, Virginia. This assignment was followed by tours of duty at Rota, Spain and, San Diego California where she was separated medically on disability as a petty officer due to injuries suffered during basic training and a later assignment. Completing her education through her master's degree she continues to serve the public as a counselor.

Raquel Rozman

Karl Thomas Rozman

Karl Thomas Rozman (grandson) enlisted in the Air Force on completion of high school in Santa Cruz, Tenerife, Canary Islands in November 2022.

— **Tom Rozman '70**

Gerald O. Saari (G-3)

My Father and Grandfather's Military Service to the Nation

My father, **Colonel (Ret) Albert E. Saari**, had a distinguished military career of 31 years of service in the US Army.

Raised in Ely, Minnesota, by Finnish immigrant parents, my dad graduated from high school in 1937, attended junior college for two years, and in 1939 had the "good fortune," as he recalled it, of being accepted to West Point. He entered on 1 July 1939 as a member of the Class of January 1943.

Following graduation, he attended Engineer branch training at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. He later deployed to England, joining the 926th Engineer Aviation Regiment in anticipation of the Normandy invasion.

Preceding the 926th Aviation Regiment's arrival in France, his engineer company crossed Utah Beach on D+1 making an early start on building airfields across France to extend the range of fighter aircraft and enable ground support and fighter escort. By war's end, the 926th had constructed more than 33 airfields.

Nicknamed "Trailblazer Saari"

At the war's end, my dad met and married my mom, Jacqueline Caye, in Metz, a city in northern France. In their 62 years of marriage, my parents were blessed with seven wonderful children and nine grandchildren. I know that it was his hope that one day one of his grandchildren would continue the West Point tradition.

Following two and a half years of occupation duty in Germany, my dad continued to serve in a variety of challenging assignments. He was with the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington, D.C. (1949-1952) as a Department of Defense liaison working with scientists on the military application of nuclear energy. In Korea (1953-1954), he organized and trained Korean Army engineer troops in combat support. In Vietnam (1965-1966), he was with the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam (MACV), organizing a $1 billion program of ports, airfields, depots, and cantonments to support

the US buildup of forces. His last assignment was in the Pentagon's Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Logistics (ODCS-L) as Chief of the Army's Family Housing Program.

Dad retired in 1970 as a colonel the same year I graduated from West Point with the Class of 1970. He experienced another 15 years of engineering activity as a project manager with Parsons Engineering in Northern Virginia. He retired from that position in 1985 and passed away in 2007. My mother passed away in 2016. Both are buried in the Arlington National Cemetery.

Dad's Retirement, July 1970
L to R: Unknown, brother Philippe, sister Gwendy,
brother Jacques, Mom, Dad,
with me in the background, a newly minted second lieutenant

Lastly, it is most important to recognize and honor my grandfather, **Kristian Saari**, not only for his service to his new country but also for instilling in my dad, as my dad instilled in me, the honor of answering the call of service to country.

In 1906, four years after emigrating from Finland to avoid mandatory conscription into the Russian Army, my grandfather voluntarily enlisted in the US Marine Corps. His four years of military service included deployment to the Philippines at the tail end of the Philippine-American War and the Moro Rebellion. After his honorable discharge in 1910, he returned to Hibbing, Minnesota, where he worked as a miner.

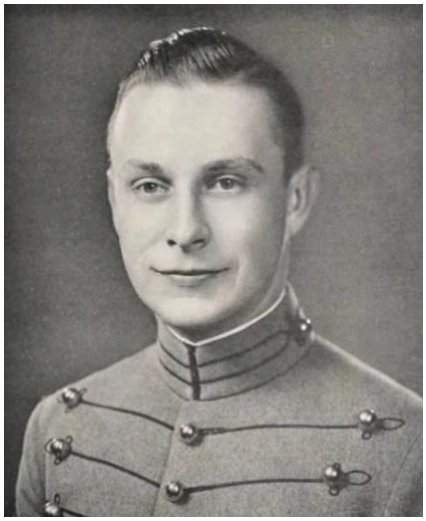
Grandad's love of the Marine Corps and his respect for its traditions largely influenced my dad's decision to seek a nomination to both the Naval Academy (first alternate) and the Military Academy (principal) and, in turn, influenced my motivation to serve.

L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace!
(Boldness, boldness, always boldness!)
– Dad's oft-repeated quote attributed
to General George Patton

— **Gerry Saari '70**

Albert Raymond Shiely III (H-3)

From a B-24 Cockpit to the DEW Line and Beyond



Albert R. (Al) Shiely Jr. was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on 14 July 1920, the oldest of five children. He graduated from high school at the age of 16. He then spent two years at St. Thomas Military Academy in St. Paul before accepting an appointment to West Point, entering in July 1940, with the Class of 1944. This class would become the Class of June 1943, as graduation dates were moved up because of World War II.

I believe he always wanted to be a military officer and wanted to be a military pilot ever since his first flying experience in a Ford Tri-Motor, an iconic flying machine of the 1930s. I think his primary goal was to serve a full career and attain the rank of General. This goal must have been universal knowledge within the family as I heard the same story from several of them. The Shiely family traditionally ate dinner in their large formal dining room. His younger siblings would make a point of arriving early so they would all be present and seated when Al entered. At this point, they would all rise to attention and salute (as only teasing siblings could), and wait for their somewhat tight jawed, but smiling, brother to be seated. This friendly "harassment" probably went on for some time and may have actually become an underlying motivator for my Dad.

Dad began his flying career while a cadet at West Point. Flying training took place at Stewart Field, near the Academy, during the academic year, and at various off-site locations during the summer. Dad did his summer training at Hicks Field near Fort Worth, Texas, a former World War I military airfield that reopened in 1940 to provide primary flight training. It was here that he soloed and learned aerobatics, cross-country navigation, and flying instrument approaches in the weather. Interestingly, my son, Albert IV (Tad), during his own initial flight training, frequented this same airfield 72 years after his grandfather. This coincidence only came to light recently as we reviewed Dad's logbook. Tad is now a Captain and Check Pilot for Envoy Airlines, the commuter carrier of American Airlines. Dad's love of flying seems to be in our genes.

Dad's Army Air Corps wings were pinned on at West Point by Gen "Hap" Arnold, the Chief of Staff for the Army Air Forces. Following graduation, Dad went on to train and instruct as an aircraft commander in the B-24 bomber, eventually arriving in late March 1945, in Torretta, Italy, part of the Foggia airfield complex used by the Fifteenth Air Force.

He and his crew were assigned to the 826th Squadron (H) of the 484th Bomb Group and flew ten combat missions from 1 April to 21 April. Their missions took them in Austria and Northern Italy. Targets included railroad marshalling yards, bridges, and factories. A mission was flown to support British troops in the Po River valley. Two more were flown in support of the Fifth Army's advance northward in Italy.

Although they routinely had fighter escort, there was little enemy fighter action during these missions. Most of the German air force had retreated north. The threat of flak was real but highly diminished. On their final mission their fighter escort was provided by the 332d Fighter Group, the Red Tails, flown by the Tuskegee Airmen. This all-black unit had an outstanding record of protecting bombers and I'm sure they were a welcome sight to my father and his crew.

After the war, and with flying being greatly reduced, Dad decided to put his engineering skills to work, and was assigned to the Research and Development branch of the Army Air Force. He was sent to the University of Illinois where he received a master's degree in electrical engineering. Electrical engineering, at that time, was just beginning to blossom as the use of radar was in its infancy and the first digital computers were just emerging.

Now, with the Cold War threat growing and the threat of Russian bombers reaching the US by using routes over the North Pole, a method had to be devised to provide enough warning time to intercept such intruders. The US Air Force, formed in 1947, and its new Systems Command, was tasked to provide this warning. The proposed answer was a series of long-range radar sites stretching across Northern Canada from Alaska to Baffin Island that would be called the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line.

This was the exciting and challenging situation that welcomed my father. He fell into this world and, essentially, spent the remainder of his career in research and development for the Air Force. Although Western Electric was to be the prime contractor, all the planning and direction came from the Air Force. Dad worked as one of the lead engineers in Western Electric's Special Programs Office (SPO), in New York City. This project was the leading edge of electronics at the time. Radar, microwave communications, real-time digital computing were all in their infancy and all needed to mature in a hurry for the DEW line to be effective.

Dad was also involved with the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) that began when it became clear that the Soviet Union was developing intercontinental ballistic missiles that the DEW Line could not track. BMEWS consists of three phased-array radar sites north of the DEW Line and extending to Scotland (missiles fly higher and faster than aircraft).

An associated project included the Semi-Automatic Ground Environment System (SAGE) that used a system of large computers networked to coordinate data from numerous radar sites and process it to produce a single unified image of the airspace and direct the response to a Soviet attack.

A final project was the Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS) that took advantage of improvements in radar technology and computer-aided radar data analysis to allow a radar disk mounted on the back of a B-707 to view the airspace over a large area as well as "look-down" and detect low-flying aircraft by removing ground clutter. This technology allows commanders to control air operations over a wide area without the necessity for ground radar installations.

Luckily for Dad and his love of flying, pilots were required to maintain currency and proficiency in flying AF aircraft in addition to their full-time 'desk jobs.' The AF maintained surplus WWII aircraft for this purpose at every base. As a result, Dad got to fly a wide variety of 'Base' aircraft throughout the AF. He flew just about every propeller-driven aircraft. He became 'jet' qualified in 1962 and then spent most of his time flying the T-33, which soon became the standard 'Base' aircraft throughout the AF. When he was promoted to General in 1967, he could take the reins of the AF's business jet of the time, the sleek T-39.

Of course, his making general was his boyhood dream come true. I think it surprised him a bit, though, as he was so busy and involved with his work and he missed the phone call from the 4-star on the Promotion Board, letting him know! (And, of course, no longer would his siblings tease him at the dinner table). He had been able to combine his engineering skills and his love of flying and help make the world a safer place.

A second star followed in 1969.

Maj Gen A. R. (Al) Shiely Jr. retired in March 1974. He passed away in February 1989 and is interred at West Point.

— Buzz Shiely '70

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The soldier above all others prays for peace,
for it is the soldier who must bear the deepest wounds and scars of war.
—General Douglas MacArthur

William Cole Spracher (A-3)

Staff Sergeant David E. Spracher: Just Your Average GI Joe

After reading some of the marvelous entries for this outstanding service heritage project, I feared I could never come up with enough material to offer anything meaningful about my beloved father, **David E. (Dave) Spracher,** an Army veteran of World War II. Sadly, my dad passed away from a sudden heart attack in early 1991 at the age of 67, and I never had the chance to interrogate him about his military service. I now deeply regret that gap in our family archives, but when someone is that young you figure you'll have plenty of time to pick his brain in the future once he's ready and willing to talk about his wartime experiences. Like most men of that era, my dad did not bring up the subject and I did not press him on it. Consequently, included in this article are merely a few anecdotes that either my two brothers or I recollect from our all-too-short time with him.

Unlike many members of our USMA class, I did not come from a military family as such. I was the first (and to date only) member of my family to attend a federal service academy. Neither of my grandfathers served in World War I because they were too old. However, two of my great uncles were veterans of the Spanish-American War and a couple of my mom's brothers fought in World War II. My paternal great-grandfather, **William L. Spracher** (catchy name!), fought for the Confederacy in the Civil War, as he lived in southwestern Virginia. Decades earlier, during the final stages of the American Revolution leading up to Yorktown, one of my forebears, a German immigrant farmer named **Philip Greever** who was a private in the Virginia Militia, reportedly fired the first shot at the Battle of Kings Mountain on the border between North and South Carolina, when poorly trained militia and untrained farmers banded together to fight against Tories led by British regular officers. My father, Dave Spracher, grew up on a farm in that same rural area of the Old Dominion and was sent to Virginia Polytechnic Institute (VPI, now commonly known as Virginia Tech) to study animal husbandry (called agricultural science nowadays) and hopefully to succeed my grandfather running the family farm someday in the future. It didn't quite work out that way, as the war ("WWII, the big one," as Archie Bunker used to quip) got in the way.

My dad enthusiastically joined the VPI Corps of Cadets and looked forward to becoming an Army officer. He had graduated from high school in Bluefield, VA, in 1940 and was scheduled to receive his ROTC commission in 1944. In the meantime, my mom was studying journalism at Northwestern University. She was raised on the West Virginia side of the state line, while my dad hailed from

the Virginia side; they met in church. Although Blacksburg, VA, was a long way from Evanston, IL, the couple made the long-distance romance work.

After Pearl Harbor, life on campus became a bit uncertain. As it turned out, the bulk of the VPI cadets who had not yet completed at least three years in ROTC were drafted before they had a chance to graduate. Except for a select few, they did not reap the benefit that USMA cadets were bestowed, being allowed to graduate early and become 2LTs. Instead, they left school, served their time as enlisted men and, God willing, survived to return to campus after the war ended and finish their degrees. My dad did just that. Those who returned to VPI were urged to rejoin the Corps of Cadets and ROTC and finally get their commissions. Dad said he told the brass the same thing the majority of his buddies did—you can take that commission and stick it where the sun don't shine, because we're already combat vets! The GI Bill had just been enacted, meaning there was funding available to pay for completing their college education without having to rejoin ROTC and seek additional financial aid.

As it turned out, my dad never went back to the farm (not on a permanent basis anyway; we spent many boyhood weekends working by his side in the fields to help our aging grandparents), instead getting into the insurance business while my mom was a local newspaper reporter. They married in 1946, my dad finished his studies in 1947, and in 1948 they were blessed with twin sons, the elder **David L. Spracher** following in his dad's footsteps into the Virginia Tech Corps of Cadets (VTCC) and later spending 27 years as an Air Force pilot, and the younger (yours truly) heading off to West Point in 1966 and spending 30 years in the Army's Armor, Military Intelligence, and Foreign Area Officer contingents. Our younger brother, **John C. Spracher,** six years behind us, also joined the VTCC (the only son awarded a ROTC scholarship) and spent four years in Army Intelligence before becoming a banker. Even though Dave Spracher served only three years in the military, from June 3, 1943, until April 28, 1946, I often remarked that, had he stayed in, he likely would have been the meanest first sergeant (or strictest company commander had he become an officer) in the history of the Army! I didn't know until I did a bit of basic research for submitting his name to the WWII Memorial in Washington, DC, that his date of entry into the Army was the same as my commissioning date—June 3—only 27 years apart! Regrettably, my dad never lived to see that memorial. I also ensured there is a brick in his honor on the grounds of the relatively new National Museum of the U.S. Army at Fort Belvoir, VA, for which I'm a founding sponsor and a member of the 1814 Society.

As I lamented earlier, we never found out very much about our dad's experiences during WWII. We know he went to Camp Barkley, TX, near Abilene, for basic training and reportedly deployed overseas to France and Germany from Fort Meade, MD, where I later served and commanded a Military Intelligence (MI) company using one of those old WWII barracks as my HQ. My twin

David recalled that, when he was stationed at Dyess AFB in Abilene in the mid-1970s and hosted my parents for a visit, they went to the site of the long since demolished Camp Barkley, marked by little more than a stone monument. David got the impression our dad worked at an EPW (enemy prisoner of war) facility during part of his stay there. He also remembered the European Theater veteran declaring that the worst combat action he ever experienced in Germany was "friendly fire" artillery rounds raining down on the hill where his outfit was located. I suppose it's comforting to know that by the time he got to the big fight the U.S. Army was a much greater threat than the forces of the Third Reich!

I never learned much about my dad's other military experiences other than he told us that, at various times, he served in a target acquisition battery of the field artillery and was also a medic for a while. I don't know any of the unit designations, locations, or involvement in specific battles other than his outfit made it as far as Heidelberg by the end of the war. After peace broke out and he stayed on with the occupation forces for another year, he was put in charge of a unit whose task was to inspect all structures still standing and confiscate any items relating to the Nazis, to include weapons, ammo, flags, propaganda, uniforms, etc. He did remark to my brother John that a memorable event was participating in GEN George S. Patton's funeral procession in Heidelberg in the wake of "Old Blood & Guts" (Class of 1909) being tragically struck and killed by a vehicle in December 1945, a few months after the war ended. A quarter century later, when I arrived in Germany on my first assignment following graduation, I discovered that our Assistant Division Commander for Support in the 4th Armored Division was Patton's son, also named George (Class of 1946), who was just as colorful a character as his old man (story saved for another day over "*eine deutsches Bier*"!).

I too was privileged to visit the charming university city of Heidelberg with my parents in 1973 while stationed in northern Bavaria with a tank battalion that was one of the elder Patton's former units. I remember with some humor an interaction my dad had with an older German woman during a tour of the famous castle overlooking the Neckar River, which featured in an adjoining cellar the largest wine barrel in the world ("*das Grosses Fass*" in German). Always gregarious around strangers, but never very diplomatic, my dad loudly and proudly announced to the woman that he had served in Heidelberg, loved the food and drink, and asked her where she was at the time (he was trying to be friendly and didn't realize the scars from that war were still deep among the locals). She didn't understand his English but, after he repeated the impertinent question several times while gesturing wildly to make his point, not taking her silence seriously, she finally thrust her arms in a downward motion and blurted out, "*Ich war hinter unter*!" In other words, because U.S. Army Air Forces were bombing the heck out of the beautiful city prior to occupying it, most of the civilian residents were behind the front lines hiding underground in bomb shelters! To this day, I don't think my dad felt he offended her in the least; he was just trying to be personable and celebrate the good old days (at least from his perspective)!

During my childhood, my dad used to yell at me using such German phrases as "*mach schnell*" (hurry up), do "*besser*" (do better), and don't be a "*dummkopf*" (dummy). I'm confident they were fatherly terms of endearment! Since my dad never got to be a senior officer or NCO, I'm sure he enjoyed ordering my brothers and me around and criticizing our failings. I never remember him as anything but bald, though an accompanying photo proves he had hair while in college. The adjacent photo shows my dad and his three sons in the mid-1950s about the time we first joined the uniformed services (i.e., the Cub Scouts, with me on the far right). Whenever I asked how he lost his hair at such a young age, he insisted it was caused by having to wear a helmet and other uncomfortable headgear during his time in uniform. He told me he was almost totally bald by the age of 23 when he left the Army. Later I joined the Army at 17 and, counting my time wearing dress caps, steel pots, and tarbuckets as a cadet, spent 34 years in the Green Machine, almost always with some sort of cover. Yet, I still have a full head of hair (albeit gray) to this day, which means that wearing Army headgear is not the cause of baldness. That said, I always believed whatever my father told me and looked up to him with total respect and admiration. That's just the way we treated the Greatest Generation, and its members certainly deserved it! Unfortunately, there aren't many of them around anymore to continue serving as our role models.

— **Bill Spracher '70**

Eugene Amandus Studer (H-3)

My father Bob and his two brothers Gene and Jim all served in World War II. My namesake, Gene, did not return. Here are their stories.

Bob Studer

"The exercise of vital powers along lines of excellence in a life affording them scope." By this ancient Greek definition of happiness, Robert William Studer was a happy man, a "laughing philosopher," who sought wisdom in all things.

Bob Studer '39

Bob was born on Sep 6, 1914, a farm boy from Lakeville, Minnesota, valedictorian, humor editor, and cartoonist of his high school Class of 1931. In search of higher education during the Great Depression, he enlisted at Ft. Snelling, Minnesota, in 1932. He received an Army appointment to the Academy in 1935, bringing lessons learned on attention-to-detail and on the fundamentals of cribbage and the harmonica from his first sergeant, who in fond memory remained with Bob all his life.

Graduation brought a brief assignment as a signal officer to the 3rd Inf. Div., then at Ft. Lewis, Washington, before he was sent to Ft. Ord, California, to the 7th Signal Co. as part of the newly formed 7th Inf. Div. In April 1941, First Lieutenant Studer received orders to the Philippine Division with assignment to the 12th Signal Co. (Philippine Scouts). Shortly after arriving in Manila, the young bachelor was smitten by a local bank branch manager, a Spanish beauty named Rosario Duarte. While she turned down marriage the first time he asked, his persistence paid off. Their wedding was to have been on Christmas Day 1941, but after the Japanese invasion of December 8th, marriage plans fell aside, dress uniforms and saber were buried, and Bob deployed to Bataan.

During the next four months, with the indefatigable service of his men, Bob helped to maintain division communications in a hopelessly deteriorating campaign. He was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry, an honor he always attributed to the industry and bravery of his Philippine Scouts. He also retained his wry humor. In a letter home on Mar 6, 1942, he wrote "we are not starving although the variety is not good. The old water buffalo tastes better than it looks."

With surrender on Apr 9, 1942, Bob joined his fellow POWs in the brutal evacuation of the Bataan Peninsula to initial internment at Camp O'Donnell. While there, as a member of a prisoner work party, Bob was taken on one occasion to Manila, where, by chance, he and Rosario saw each other from across a city street. After secret nods exchanged, they would not know the fate of one another for almost three-and a-half-years while Rosario remained in Manila under Japanese occupation and Bob shipped to camps in Japan. Fellow POWs would later attribute boosts in morale to Bob's cartooning and drawings of playing, birthday, and holiday cards. In late September 1945, freedom brought Bob back to a decimated Manila to search for Rosario. News of his return sent her running home to find her recently promoted captain; they were wed two weeks later October 6, 1945. The

couple sailed to the United States, she for the first time, to begin a family and continue his military career.

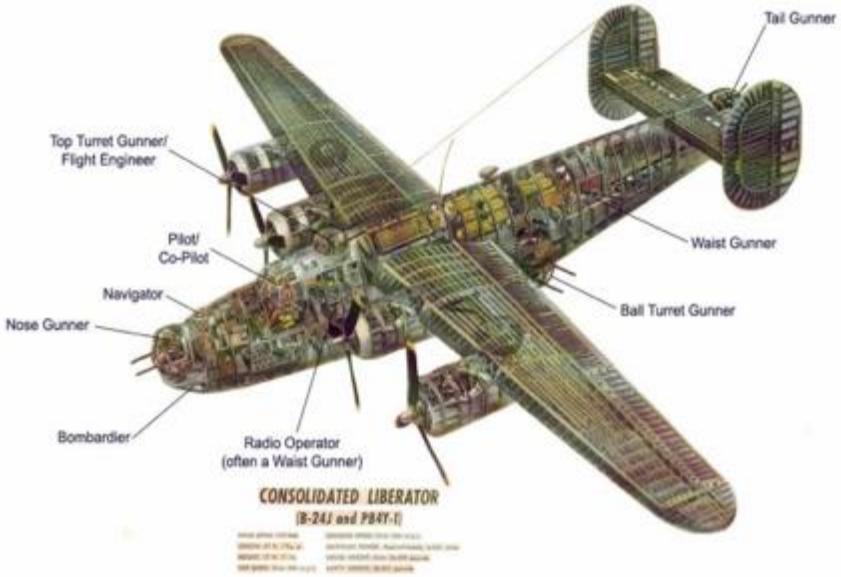
From 1946 until his retirement as a colonel in 1968, Bob's career was richly filled with staff, command, diplomatic, and education assignments. He served in special weapons operations at Sandia Base, NM (1951–53) and at the Pentagon (DCSOPS 1954–56) where he wrote atomic weapon presentations and speeches for Generals Ridgeway and Taylor. He worked in the EUCOM J3 Division in Paris (1957–59). His commands included Chief, Research Support Division, Army Research Office, Arlington, VA (1959– 62), and, in his final Army assignment, Director, Electronics Warfare Laboratory, Ft. Monmouth, NJ (1966–68). He was also a military attaché to Colombia from 1963–66.

It was from Bob's education assignments, however, that he realized his most satisfying and lasting contributions as a citizen-soldier author and thinker both during his military career and in retirement. He taught at the Signal School at Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey (1947–49). He obtained master's degrees in both electrical engineering (U. Illinois, 1951) and international relations (Geo. Wash. U., 1963). And he was a graduate of the Spanish War College, Madrid (1956–57), Command and General Staff College (1953–54), and the Naval War College (1962–63). From these experiences and from his life-long reading he developed a special interest in military organization as it related particularly to national security under the time-honored concept of civil-military control. His Naval War College thesis, "Why Not a Supreme General Staff?" was recognized as an outstanding work that remains in the college library as a resource for those who have come after this scholar.

In retirement, Bob earned a doctorate in political science (U. So. Cal., 1975), again returning to the theme of military subservience to civilian rule in his dissertation on the Colombian military. He would continue to publish articles of military history and political affairs over the next 30 years. He also served as the editor of his local chapter newsletter of the Retired Officers' Association (now MOAA); every edition was imbued with his insights and his humor. On his artistic side, cartoons ultimately gave way to superb award-winning watercolors. His paintings of Trophy Point and the Cadet Chapel graced the covers of the September 1991 and January 1992 issues of the ASSEMBLY. His love of golf, bridge, and cribbage, born of his military service, delighted his days. So too did he delight all with his harmonica. A favorite tune, one that always glistened the loving eyes of his Rosario, abides, "When I grow too old to dream, I'll have you to remember."

Gene Studer

Staff Sergeant Eugene Amandus Studer was born on Nov 9, 1912; he died shortly after his 31st birthday. Gene began his military service on Mar 2, 1942, at Ft. Snelling. He underwent basic training at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri (Mar-Apr '42), followed by what is commonly believed to have been a military police assignment at McDill Field in Tampa, Florida (Apr '42 – Jan '43). He attended basic air armorer school at Buckley Field outside of Denver, Colorado (Jan-Apr '43) and later underwent advanced gunnery, crew, and operational-unit training in B24 bombers at Laredo, Texas (Apr-May '43), Salt Lake City, Utah (May-Jun '43) (where his original crew was formed), Davis-Monthan Field near Tucson, Arizona (Jun-Jul '43), and Pueblo Army Airbase, Pueblo, Colorado (Jul-Nov '43).



Gene and his crew departed from Morrison Field, Palm Beach, Florida on Nov 6, 1943, to the Mediterranean theater likely via Brazil and Senegal. They landed at Anfa Airport in Casablanca, a major hub and staging area, before moving to Enfidaville Airfield, Tunisia, where they joined the 515th Bombardment Squadron ("Satan's Kids"), 376th Heavy Bombardment Group (HBG), 15th Air Force and transferred with the squadron to San Pancrazio, Italy, in mid-November 1943.

Mission 1 (Nov 30, 1943). Gene's first combat mission was to Klagenfurt, Austria, to bomb a Messerschmitt spare parts factory. He flew as the tail gunner, as he did for the next three missions. The attack force of 36 B-24s from the 376th and 98th bomber groups, accompanied by 48 P-38 fighter escorts, encountered some anti-aircraft fire (flak) over the target, but no enemy fighters. The mission lasted almost 7 hours, and the attack force completed its mission and returned safely.

Mission 2 (Dec 6, 1943). Gene's second mission took him to the Eleusis Airfield near Athens, Greece. The target was German aircraft stationed at the airfield that were a threat to Allied operations in Italy and bombers conducting missions in the Balkans. Forty-eight B-24s from the

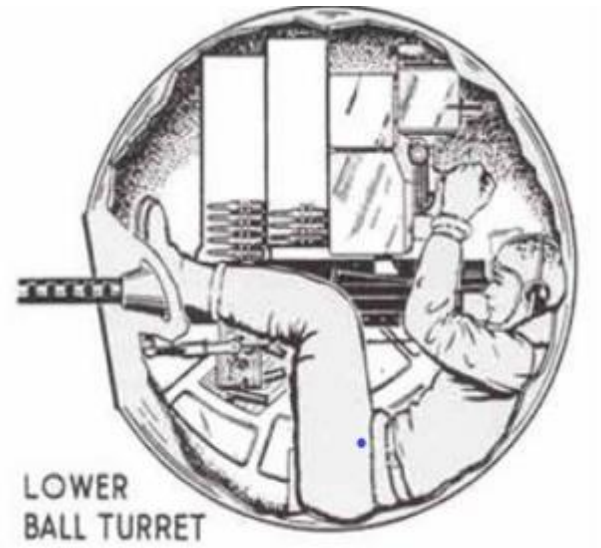
376th and 98th groups, without P-38 escorts, conducted the attack. The attack force was met over the target by German fighters (15 Me-109s and 3 FW-190s) and with "heavy and accurate" flak. The mission lasted a little over five hours. The group lost one plane on the mission, but Gene's squadron completed its mission and made it back safely.

Mission 3 (Dec 8, 1943). This third mission was back to the Athens area to conduct "counter Air Force" ("Get them before they get us") operations against German air bases at Tatoi and Eleusis airfields. A combined force of more than 120 B-24s and B-17s, with P-38 escorts, flew the mission. The attack force encountered enemy fighters and "heavy" flak over the targets. The record reveals that Gene's plane turned back 15 minutes before it reached the target and with the entire group returned safely to San Pancrazio.

Mission 4 (Dec 10, 1943). This was Gene's first mission to Bulgaria. The target was the railroad marshalling yards in the Bulgarian capitol of Sofia and the attack force consisted of 48 B-24s from two bomber groups joined with a fighter escort of 48 P-38s. The formation encountered heavy and accurate flak enroute to the target; two bombers with engines damaged by the anti-aircraft fire had to abort the mission. The attack force was met by approximately 40 enemy fighters over the target. Seven minutes before reaching the target, his plane turned back for the second time. He and the rest of his group returned safely after a flight of almost six hours, but many of the P-38s were either shot down or were forced to crash land in the Adriatic Sea after running out of fuel.

Mission 5 (Dec 15, 1943). Gene's fifth mission took him to northern Italy to bomb the Avisio viaduct and railroad bridge on the main route north to the Brenner Pass. The attack force consisted of 24 B-24s with P-38 fighter escorts. The formation ran into heavy flak at Blazano, south of the target, but, except for three of its planes forced to turn back, the group's planes reached the target, completed the mission, and returned safely. For some reason, Gene switched from tail gunner to ball turret gunner, a position Gene kept during his remaining two missions.

Mission 6 (Dec 19, 1943). This mission was to bomb a Messerschmitt factory in Augsburg, Germany. Gene's plane ran into engine trouble over Venice and could not keep up with the formation. The pilot made the decision to return to base where the plane landed safely with "all bombs brought back." Because the plane's mission was aborted well before it reached the target, and had not engaged in combat, the crew did not receive mission credit.



Mission 7 (Dec 20, 1943). This mission was to bomb the railroad marshaling yards in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, a main junction for German supply lines. Instead, the 18 B-24s from Gene's group, joined by another 12 from the 98th group and escorted by P-38 fighters, diverted to the alternate target of the marshaling yards in Sofia,

Bulgaria. The group attack force dropped its bombs over Sofia at approximately 12:50 p.m. and had begun its return to San Pancrazio when, about 1 p.m. (just as the bomb doors were closing), the group was attacked by an estimated 36 Bulgarian Air Force fighters in Messerschmitt Me 109s. American P-38 fighters engaged, but two managed to make a frontal assault on Gene's section. These two flyers, approached from a one o'clock position low to high toward Gene's bomber. SSgt Robert Renner, the tail gunner and only survivor, who had traded places with Gene on mission 5, recalled in an interview a collision at the right wing of the plane. He remembered reaching for his parachute, but nothing thereafter until he regained consciousness on the ground hours later. Another eyewitness stated that one of the fighters passed Gene's aircraft, but the other "collided into the right wing tearing the wing off." and inflicted fatal damage to the aircraft.

Gene's parents did not receive word about their son until Jan 16, 1944, by telegram, and then only with the news that Gene had been "missing in action" since Dec 20, 1943. They (and brothers and sisters) had to wait another two and a half months before the next dreaded telegram of Apr 30, 1944, confirmed Gene's death. The agonizing delay was caused in part the fact that the United States had to work through Swiss diplomatic channels acting on behalf of American interests in Bulgaria to gain information from Bulgarian authorities about the fate of Gene and his crew.

On Jun 21, 1949, Gene was laid to rest with military honors at what is now Florence American Cemetery. He lies next to his pilot, Lt. Robert Brown, and his fellow airmen, Cyril Heath, Samuel Schankerman, and Kenneth Runyan. The flag that draped his coffin was sent to his parents. The other members of his fallen crew were returned at the request of families for burial in the United States.

Jim Studer

James "Jim" Studer graduated from West Point in the Class of 1942 and was commissioned as an armor officer. After training at the Armor School, he was assigned to the 14th Armored Division (14th AD), activated on 15 November 1942 at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. Jim would serve with the division's 48th Tank Battalion (48th TB) throughout the division's war activation.

Jim Studer '42

The 14th AD landed at Marseilles, France, 29 October 1944, after the Normandy landing of 6 June 1944. It was assigned to Gen. Patch's Seventh Army (of Gen. Devers' Sixth Army Group) in the southern section of the French-German border to contain and attack German forces, then in organized retreat in and around the southern end of the West Wall ("Siegfried Line") -- Germany's defensive line on its western frontier. Moving north from Marseilles, the division was positioned in the vicinity of the Vosges Mountains. Between 20-30 November, the 48th TB, then part of Combat Command A (CCA), battled through Vosges toward the Siegfried Line.

Hard fighting in and around the mountain towns of Gertwiller, Benfeld, and Barr cracked Nazi defenses, and the 48th TB was on the Alsatian Plain early in December. By 18 December, the battalion, under heavy enemy artillery fire, pressed on to the Siegfried Line, only to be pulled back

to an assembly area in the Vosges on 22 December in a strategic defensive response to the German offensive in the Ardennes ("Battle of the Bulge").

On 1 January 1945, the Germans opened a second offensive drive southwest toward the Vosges in efforts to relieve pressure on, and compliment, its Ardennes offensive. This secondary German offensive was met squarely by the 14th AD, including by the 48th TB, as the battalion fought viciously back and forth from 6-20 January north of Strasbourg, on a northeast line along the Alsatian Plain, in what became known as the Battle of Hatten-Rittershoffen. Until the German offensive finally waned on 20 January, the battalion was subjected to intense artillery and mortar fire, street fighting in both towns, and air attacks from the newly employed German jet airplanes, while it also weathered extreme winter conditions. The battalion's valiant fighting helped give the rest of Seventh Army time to withdraw to newly prepared defensive positions on the south bank of the Moder River.

The battalion spent late January until early March in well-deserved rest, re-supply, and replenishment of personnel. By 4 March 1945, the battalion units were scattered within Gen. Brooks' Sixth Corps area, but on 14 March, the battalion, minus one company held in 14th AD reserve, was attached to the 42nd Infantry Division (42nd ID), the "Rainbow Division," with its Seventh Army mission of uncovering and breaching the Siegfried Line. At 0600 on the 14th, the 48th TB joined the 42nd ID, in the wake of supporting artillery and air bombardment, in an advance into the Hardt Mountain Range and through the most difficult terrain the 48th had yet encountered. On 21 March, elements of the 42nd ID breached the Siegfried line. To exploit this advance, the 48th TB was ordered to assemble a task force.

At 1630, 22 March, Task Force Studer, under Major Studer's command, with two companies of medium tanks and two companies of infantry, launched from the town of Ludwigswinkel in what the 48th TB's history described, "with a speed and power yet unprecedented, [the task force] proceeded to advance through Solzwoog and Dahn, halting just short of Busenberg." Battalion after-action reports note that the task force, by the time it reached Busenberg by 2030 and set up defensive positions, had destroyed enemy artillery, neutralized sporadic small arms and rocket resistance, and captured over 1300 German prisoners. On 24 March, the battalion was released from the 42nd ID, and returned through the Hardt Mountains to rejoin the 14th AD in the vicinity of Wissenbourg, France. Between 25-31 March, elements of the battalion assisted in clearing remaining German fortifications in the division's forward sector in preparation of the division's ultimate drive into Germany.

At 1800, 31 March, the battalion joined the division's long march of approximately 160 miles north toward Darmstadt, Germany. The next day, Easter Sunday,1 April 1945, at 0400, the battalion's lead column crossed the Rhine River at the ancient city of Worms. In the four weeks following, the battalion fought through a grand arc, countering varying German opposition and capturing town after town, from Darmstadt east-northeast to just north of Coberg, then south past Bamberg and Nurnberg, crossing the Danube east of Ingolstadt (and later south over the Isar and Inn Rivers), to its ultimate sector northeast of Munich. Here, on 29 April, Jim took command of a second Task Force Studer which cleared and occupied at least three towns on a final line of resistance northwest of Landshut, Germany. On 30 April 1945, the battalion issued its last combat after-action report as the unit met the last corps objective of securing crossings over the Inn River. On 5 May 1945, German Army Group G facing Seventh Army surrendered to Gen. Devers' Sixth

Army Group. The 14th AD, together with the 48th TB, was inactivated on 16 September 1945 at Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia. While fortunately not wounded during his wartime service, Jim did suffer from hearing loss from frequent exposure to shell fire – later in life, hearing aids "made crowd noises sound like a bombardment."

Following the war, 1945-46, Jim was assigned as a staff officer to the Department of the Army's General Staff (G2 – Intelligence). In 1947, he was reassigned to Gen. MacArthur's Far East Command in Tokyo, where he served in Japan's postwar occupation and reclamation. While in Tokyo, Jim became acquainted with Father Hildebrand Yaiser, a Benedictine missionary, and Swiss citizen, who had remained in Japan during the war. Both men had ties with St. John's Benedictine monastery in Minnesota (Jim had attended one year at St. John's University before accepting his appointment to West Point). From their mutual friendship, Jim became interested in the priesthood and in 1947 resigned his Army commission. He returned to St. John's for his novitiate and seminary studies (it was reported that he was in the habit of sending unsolicited "poop sheet" observations and suggestions to his novice master).

Jim was ordained a Benedictine priest in 1954. During his priesthood, he served as the Dean of Men, St. John's University, worked for the university's alumni and development offices, studied at the Catholic Theological Union in Chicago, was the treasurer of the International Benedictine College of Sant' Anselmo in Rome, and served in various pastoral assignments including chaplaincies at Moorhead State University, Southwest State University, and St. Mary's Hospital and Riverside Medical Center in Minneapolis. Jim also had a deep interest in the "theology of healing," and wrote extensively about this subject. On 6 June 1970, he married his nephew, Gene Studer, USMA '70, and Ms. Nancy Feyereisen, at the Old Post Chapel at Fort Myer overlooking Arlington National Cemetery.

Jim died at St. John's at the age of 81, on 14 July 1998, and is laid to rest in the monastery cemetery. He had suffered from cancer and knew his treatments in the end only offered borrowed time, but, in accord with the Swiss-German stoicism of his parents and siblings, he would quip that even "old soldiers DO die."

— **Gene Studer '70**

Terry John Treat (D-3)

My Father's Story of D-Day, June 6, 1944

SFC Marion W Treat

In 1974, I was a First Lieutenant in West Germany with the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment watching the Russians watch us watch them along the East German border. My father, **Marion W. Treat,** was a retired Army Sergeant First Class (SFC), who, as a Staff Sergeant in F Company, 18th Infantry Regiment, 1st Infantry Division (ID), landed with the second wave on Omaha Beach on D-Day.

1st Infantry Division
The Big Red One

I took leave to meet him in Normandie for the 1st ID reunion on the 30th anniversary of D-Day. As we were walking up and back on the beach, he was trying to locate a specific spot. He then abruptly headed inland. I asked, "Dad, where are you headed? He replied, "I'm pretty sure this is where I came ashore." I continued, "How can you remember that after all these years?" And then he related his story:

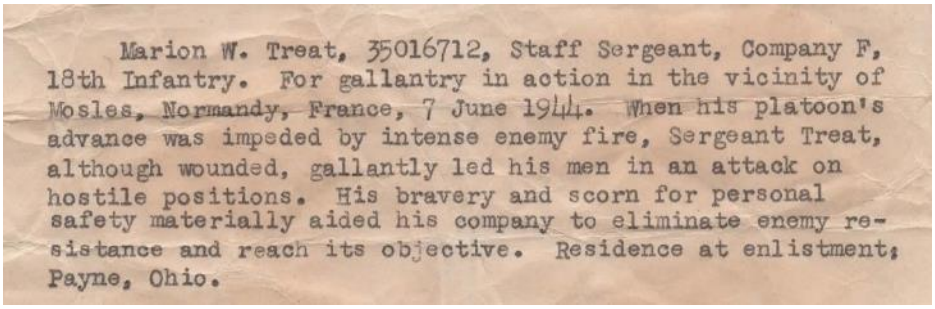
> *Son, the beach has changed, but those foothills have not; they are burned into my memory. I was one of just a few who made it out of our landing craft. When the ramp dropped, a German machine gun fired directly into the Higgins boat. Everybody in front of me died. I climbed over the side and dropped into the water. Fortunately, it was shallow enough that I could stand and hang on to my equipment."* (I didn't realize until years later when I saw the movie *Saving Private Ryan* how brutal the scene was he had just described.)
>
> *I quickly realized I had to get away from the boat; to stay there was certain death. I started to run inland toward cover at the base of the foothills (no seawall on Omaha). A fast shuffle is a better term. Everything was water-soaked and I was carrying a BAR (*a Browning Automatic Rifle which was the infantry squad light machine gun*). It weighed 20 pounds and the 12 magazines I carried on my belt added another 18 pounds.*
>
> *A shuffle was the best I could manage. I made it about this far (*maybe 50 yards*) and suddenly WHAM! I'm looking at the sky flat on my back.... A bullet carved a groove in the meat of my trigger finger and lodged in the heavy walnut stock of the BAR, breaking it in half. It didn't enter my body. Once I got my wits about me, I discarded the useless BAR, held my bleeding finger against my assault jacket and crabbed around on my belly so I could see inland. As I scooted around, I took a quick look along the beach. Nobody was moving. They were either dead, dying or playing dead.*

When I lifted my head to get a better view, a bullet hit the sand not 12 inches from my head. (The German snipers!) *I played dead for a few minutes and then chanced to raise my head again to get another look. Another bullet hits the sand, this one closer. That's when I decided this is suicide. Too move is to die. So I laid here for hours staring at those foothills. That's how I can still remember where I was that day.*

After the remnants of the 29th ID and 1st ID had cleared the bunkers and snipers from the heights, the medics were walking the beach looking for live ones. They found me, saw the big blood spot on my jacket and ordered my evacuation. It took a while to get treated aboard the hospital ship, but when they got to me and saw my wound was minor, they cleaned and stitched it, put on a big white bandage and SENT ME BACK! I found and rejoined my squad on D+1 in the hedgerows."

The only thing my father said about the hedgerows was that, in some ways, they were worse than the beach. You didn't know where the Germans were, and they had created kill zones in the open fields bordered by the nearly impenetrable hedges. He said he removed the bandage from his finger because he felt "like a white-tailed deer on opening day" and it didn't allow him to insert his finger through a trigger guard.

I only learned the rest of the story after his death and discovered his Silver Star citation. His squad was pinned down by a machine gun. He gathered a bunch of grenades, and with a new BAR, flanked the position and took the crew out...with stiches in his trigger finger!



Marion W. Treat, 35016712, Staff Sergeant, Company F, 18th Infantry. For gallantry in action in the vicinity of Mosles, Normandy, France, 7 June 1944. When his platoon's advance was impeded by intense enemy fire, Sergeant Treat, although wounded, gallantly led his men in an attack on hostile positions. His bravery and scorn for personal safety materially aided his company to eliminate enemy resistance and reach its objective. Residence at enlistment: Payne, Ohio.

My father saw combat in other major actions in WWII: North Africa, Sicily, and the Huertgen Forest. He also served in the Korean conflict and retired with 22 years of service.

In June 2024, my 16-year-old grandson Tyler and I participated in a cruise dedicated to the 80th anniversary of D-Day. On June 5th, with the help of one of the history professors aboard the ship, Tyler and I found the section of Omaha Beach where my dad landed 80 years ago. I related the above story as told to me by his great-grandfather, 50 years prior in 1974. The legacy lives on.

– Terry Treat '70

David Franklin Varnell (F-3)

A Tradition of Service

My father, **Henry F. Varnell**, was born in Athens, Alabama, on 9 October 1925. He enlisted in the Army Air Forces after graduating from high school in 1943 and trained in Miami at the Army Air Forces Technical Training Center. His next assignment was in Dallas at US Army Air Forces Sub-Depot, 55th Aircraft Engineering Squadron where he was certified as a Parachute Mechanic in June 1944.

Henry F. Varnell

After completing training, he sailed to North Africa and then to India, where he was assigned to the 10th Air Force, stationed in India and Burma. He remained there until January 1946. While not directly involved in combat or flights over the "Hump", he apparently did fly at least once over the "Hump" for a change of scenery. He was discharged in March 1946 as a Corporal.

Henry F. Varnell, on left, as an MP

Tenth Air Force

The Tenth Air Force operated in India and Burma conducting bombing operations in Burma and Thailand and supporting Allied ground efforts with close air support and operations against communications and supply installations.

The Hump

The Hump was the name given to the Himalayan Mountains over which transport aircraft flew from India to resupply the Chinese war effort and US units in China. Flying the Hump was extremely dangerous.

Henry and Clifford Varnell

My father's brother, **Clifford O. Varnell,** was born 13 March 1917 in Athens, Alabama. In World War II he served in the Navy as Motor Machinist's Mate. He enlisted in April 1942 and went

Naval Advance Base Espiritu Santo

Naval Advance Base Espiritu Santo was the largest advance naval base built in the Pacific. It was located on the island of Espiritu Santo, now Vanuatu, in the New Hebrides Islands. The base included personnel housing, piers, roads, shops, power plants, water plants and large storage depots with fuel, ammunition, food and other supplies as well as ship repair facilities. Advance bases provided the fleet with support to keep ships tactically available with repairs and supply depots, rather than returning them to the United States. It was both a defense strategy and then a staging point for the offense against the Japanese. By the end of the war over 500,000 servicemen and women had spent time at Espiritu Santo.

In 1948 James Michener wrote a sequence of fictional short stories called *Tales of the South Pacific* based on his service at Espiritu Santo. The stories became the basis for the Broadway musical *South Pacific*.

through boot camp at the US Naval Training Station, San Diego, California, before assignment to the Naval Air Station at Moffett Field, California. In July 1943, he was assigned to the Advance Base Espiritu Santo and remained there until September 1944, when he returned to San Francisco for assignment to Camp Elliott, California. In December 1944, he transferred to Coronado until April 1945 when he joined the crew of the LCI(L) 527 (Landing Craft Infantry Large), a type of small steel ship that could carry about 200 troops, substantially more than the assault landing craft (LCA).

The LCI(L) 527 was one of thirty LCI (L) vessels selected for Operation Hula, a secret program where the Navy transferred naval landing vessels to the Soviet Union in preparation for operations against the Japanese in southern Sakhalin and the Kuril Islands. The US Navy crew sailed the vessel to Cold Bay, Alaska where it was decommissioned in the US Navy and commissioned in the Soviet Navy on 29 July 1945.

The crew then returned to the Puget Sound Naval Yard in Bremerton, Washington, and Clifford was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, where he was discharged on 5 October 1945.

Clifford O. Varnell

Landing Craft Infantry Large (LCIL) transferred to the Soviet Union, July 1945

My mother had five brothers who served in the military.

David Wood is buried at the American Cemetery at Nettuno, Italy

My uncle **William David Wood** was born 1 January 1924 in Athens and entered the Army on 10 March 1943. As a private in Company F, 7th Infantry regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, he landed on "X-Ray" Beach on the coast east of Nettuno, 6 miles east of Anzio, Italy on 22 January 1944 as part of Operation Shingle conducted by VI Corps, the Allied amphibious landing designed to outflank German Gustav Line defenses.

On 31 January the British and American forces began a large attack to break out of the Anzio beachhead before German reinforcements could arrive and concentrate for a counterattack. The 3d Infantry Division mission included relieving the 1st, 3d and 4th Ranger Battalions who were scheduled to infiltrate and seize the key town of Cisterna. The Rangers reached the outskirts of Cisterna but were unable to enter Cisterna. Meanwhile, the 3d Infantry Division attack stalled in the face of strong resistance mounted by German forces rapidly moved from other areas.

The attack pushed the Allied lines forward but failed to achieve a breakthrough. It was clear that VI Corps would need substantial reinforcements before resuming the offensive. Cisterna remained in German hands until May 1944. David Wood was killed on February 2, 1944.

Thomas E. Wood joined the Navy just after WWII. **Billy and Bobby Wood** joined the Alabama National Guard and served in Korea.

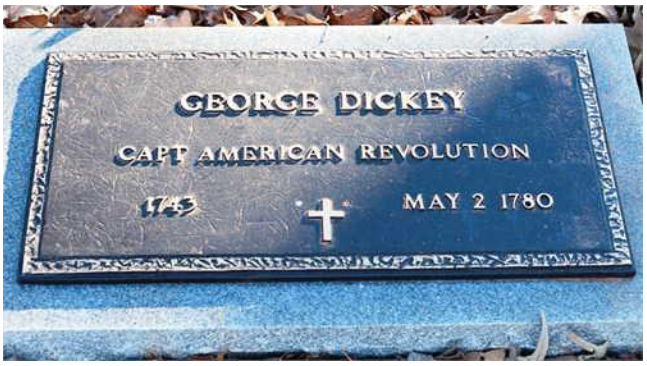
Thomas E. Wood, Hawaii, 1948

Bobby & Billy Wood, Korea, 1951 or 1952

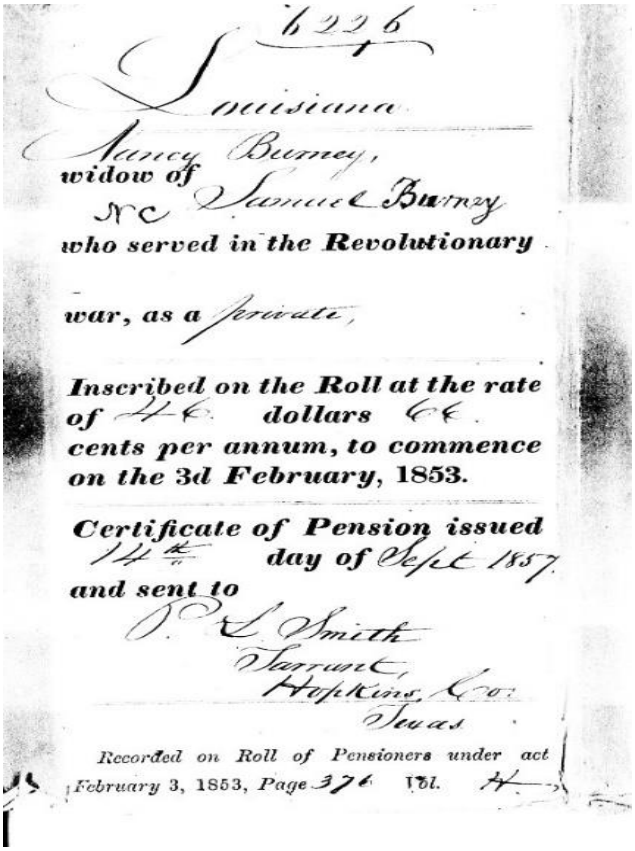
Gerald Wood volunteered for the Army just after Korea. He was stationed at Vint Hill Farms Station, established for signals intelligence and electronic warfare in the Northern Virginia area. It became the first field station of the Army Security Agency, a subordinate to the NSA and conducted signals intelligence operations and served as a training center for radio-intercept operators, cryptanalysts, and radio-repair technicians.

Thomas and Gerald would go on to work at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, with NASA. Both worked on the Apollo and Saturn programs. Gerald also worked in the Space Shuttle program until his retirement.

My 5th great-grandfather from my mother's side, **George B. Dickey**, born in 1743, served in the Revolutionary War as a Captain in the Surry County Regiment Militia from North Carolina. He served under Brigadier General Francis Marion, also known as "The Swamp Fox." Dickey was involved in building battlements in Georgia. then returned to his native North Carolina where he was killed on May 2, 1780, during an attack by Cherokee Indians while leading a group of men.



My 4th great-grandfather from my father's side, **Samuel Burney**, was born in 1763 and fought in the Revolutionary War as a 14-year-old private mounted rifleman from the North Carolina backcountry, under Col John Sevier in 1788. He and his company initially marched to Charleston, South Carolina, where the British held control of the city. They scouted out the area and acted as a buffer between the British and the locals who were loyal to the British Crown. He was discharged in 1799 but volunteered again in 1780 under the command of Col Isaac Shelby and fought in the Battle of Kings Mountain.


6226

Louisiana

Nancy Burney,
widow of
NC Samuel Burney
who served in the Revolutionary
war, as a Private,

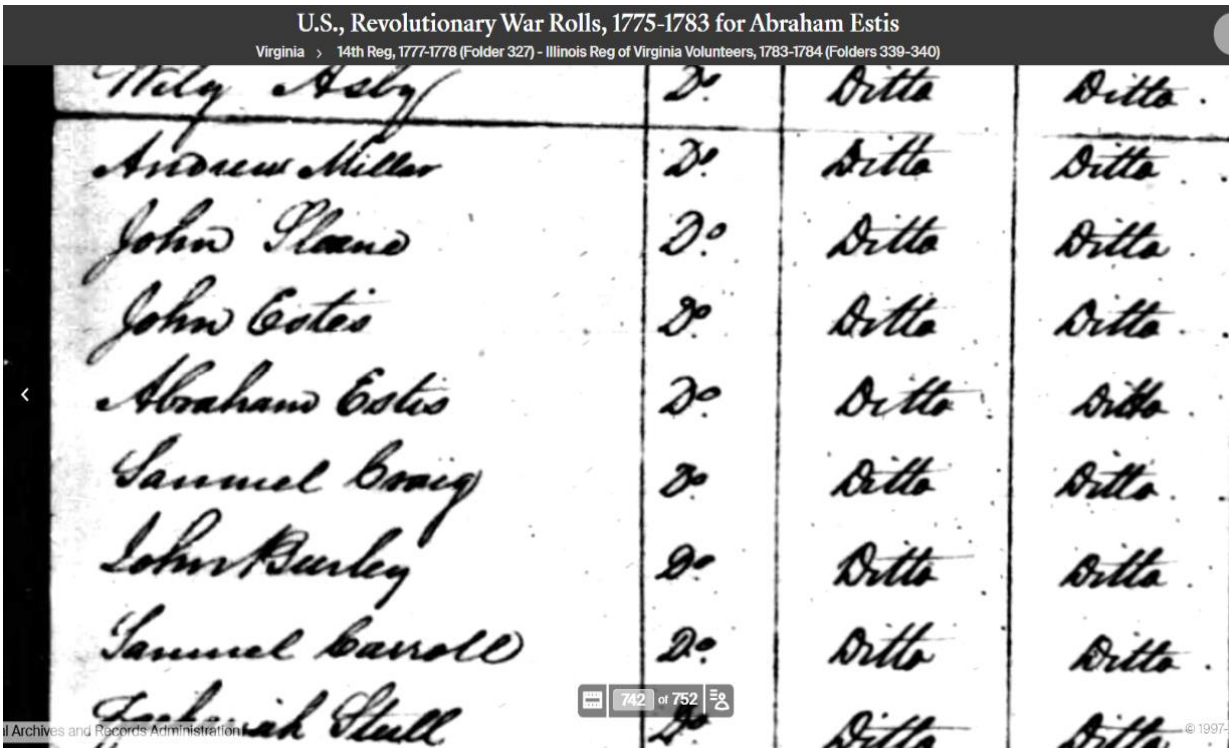
Inscribed on the Roll at the rate
of 96 dollars 66
cents per annum, to commence
on the 3d February, 1853.

Certificate of Pension issued
14th day of Sept 1857
and sent to
P. L. Smith
Tarrant,
Hopkins Co.
Texas

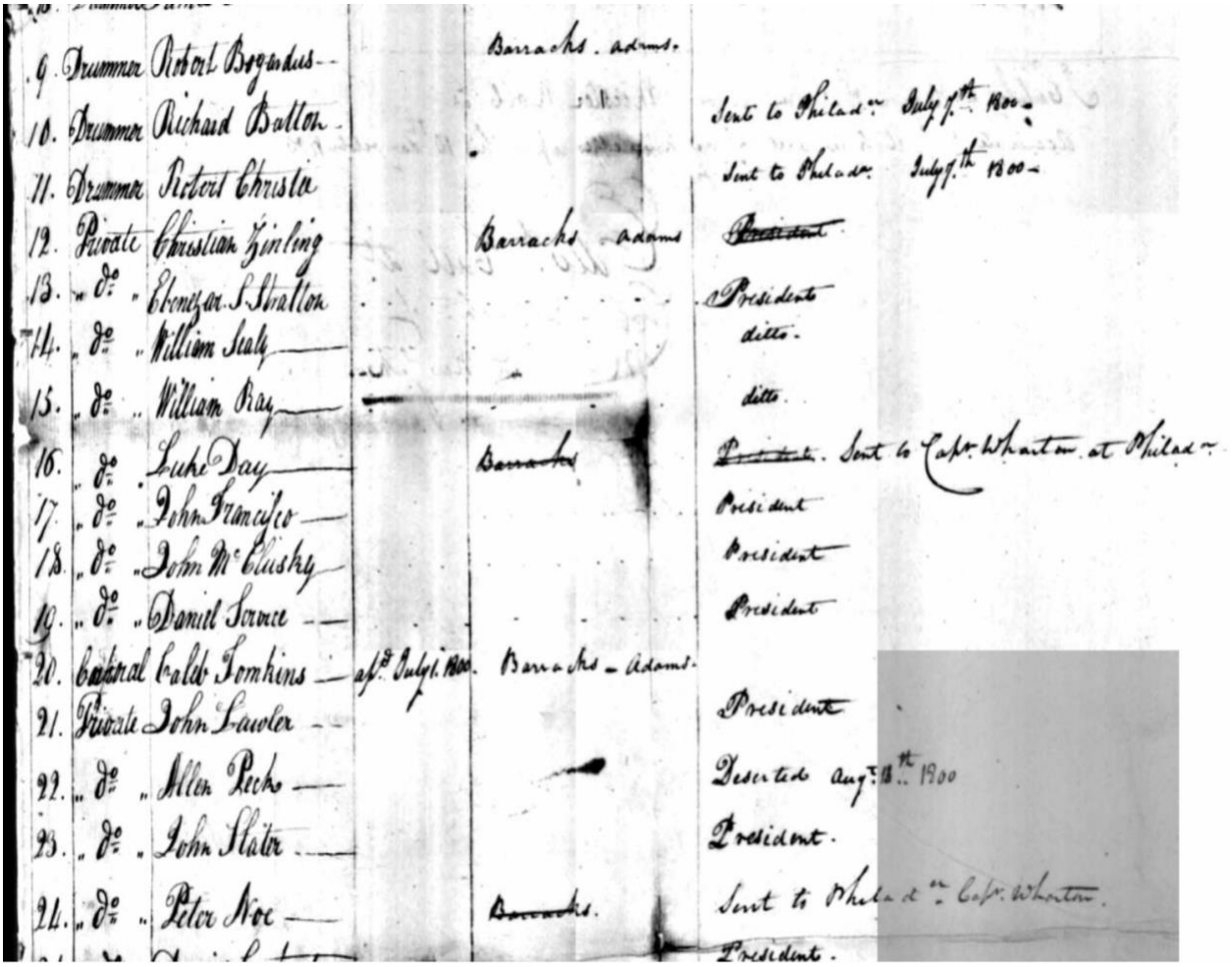
Recorded on Roll of Pensioners under act
February 3, 1853, Page 376 Vol. 4

Also on my father's side, my 5th and 6th great-grandfathers, **Thomas Estes** and his father **Abraham Estes III**, (who enlisted for military duty in 1776 at the age of 58) also fought in the Revolutionary War with the 7th Virginia Regiment of the Virginia line. (The Virginia Line was a formation within the Continental Army. The term "Virginia Line" referred to the quota of numbered infantry regiments assigned to Virginia at various times by the Continental Congress. These, together with similar contingents from the other twelve states, formed the Continental Line.) They both served as privates.

The regiment fought in several key battles, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. They wintered in Valley Forge. Most of the regiment was captured at Charlestown on May 12, 1780, and disbanded on January 1, 1783.



Then in 1800, my 4th great-grandfather, **William Sealy**, born in 1778, served in the US Marines.



9.	Drummer	Robert Bogardus	Barracks. adams.	
10.	Drummer	Richard Batton		Sent to Philad.a July 1st 1800.
11.	Drummer	Robert Christie		Sent to Philad.a July 1st 1800.
12.	Private	Christian Zinling	Barracks Adams	President.
13.	" do.	Ebenezer S. Stratton		President
14.	" do.	William Sealy		ditto.
15.	" do.	William Ray		ditto.
16.	" do.	Luke Day	Barracks	President. Sent to Capt. Wharton at Philad.a
17.	" do.	John Francisco		President
18.	" do.	John McClusky		President
19.	" do.	Daniel Sconce		President
20.	Corporal	Caleb Tomkins	aft. July 1800. Barracks - Adams.	
21.	Private	John Sawler		President
22.	" do.	Allen Peeke		Deserted Aug.t 18th 1800
23.	" do.	John Slater		President.
24.	" do.	Peter Noe	Barracks.	Sent to Philad.a Capt. Wharton.
				President.

Marine muster roll for June 24, 1800, to October 13, 1800.

I had 2 great-grandfathers from my father's side who fought in the War of 1812.

Burney's son in law and my 3rd great-grandfather, **Richard B. Varnell**, born in 1797, fought as a private in Ferdinand L. Claiborne's Regiment of the Mississippi Militia, Creek War which began in July of 1813 with Claiborne's regiment defending the eastern border of Mississippi.

My 4th great-grandfather, **John Harrod Estes**. born in 1778 or 79 fought as a private in McCrory's Regiment, West Tennessee Militia under the command of Col. Thomas McCrory. Since this unit was composed of 3-month enlistees, they were active from October 1813 to January 1814. The unit participated in the Creek War at the Battle of Talladega on 9 November 1813, a battle between the Tennessee militia and the Red Stick Creek Indians.

I had five relatives, great-grandfathers from both of my parents' families, who fought for the Confederacy.

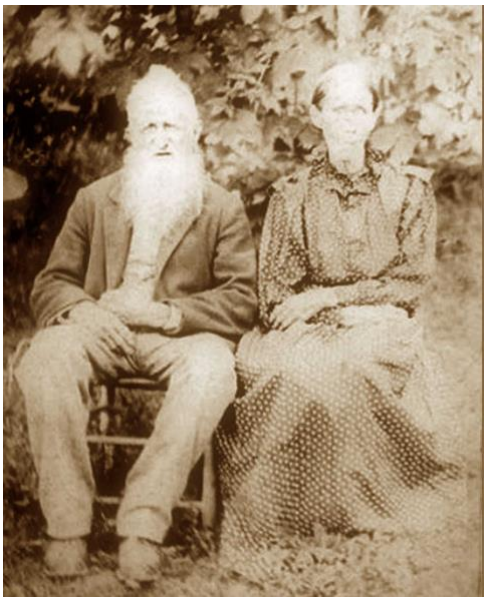
From my mother's side of the family:

James B. Dickey, my 2nd great-grandfather, was in the 25th Infantry Regiment (also called 1st Mississippi Valley Regiment). He joined on Aug 10, 1861, at the age of 24 as a 2nd Lt.

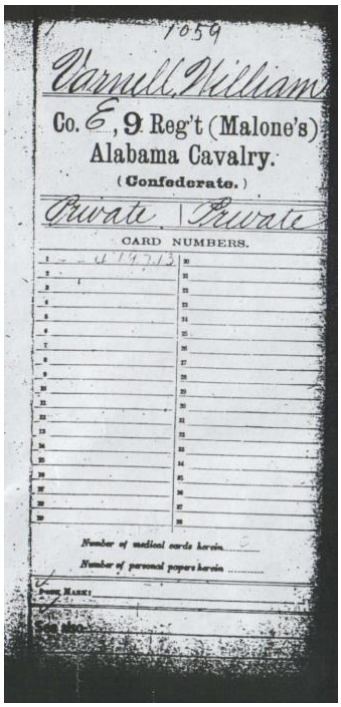
Thomas C. Abernathy, my 2nd great-grandfather, entered as private and ended as Sgt , in the 1st Tennessee Infantry Regiment (Field's). He was in Company K (The Martin Guards). This regiment was organized May 9, 1861, at Nashville, Tennessee; mustered into Confederate service August 1, 1861; reorganized about May 1, 1862, at Corinth, Mississippi, and consolidated with the 27th Regiment, Tennessee Infantry in December of 1862. It was paroled at Greensboro, North Carolina, April 26, 1865."

Nathan B. McAlister, my 2nd great-grandfather, was a private in the 44th Infantry Regiment, organized at Camp Trousdale, Tennessee, in December 1861. The unit fought at Shiloh and lost seventy-four percent of the 470 engaged. The unit also fought at Munfordville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and at Drewry's Bluff. It was active in the Petersburg trenches north of the James River and ended the war at the Battle of Appomattox.

From my father's side of the family:

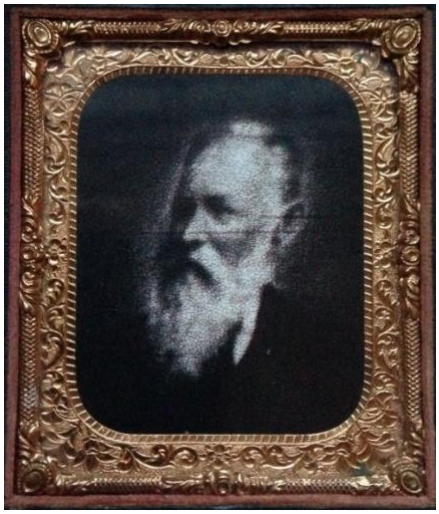


Private William H. Varnell and his wife Martha Ann

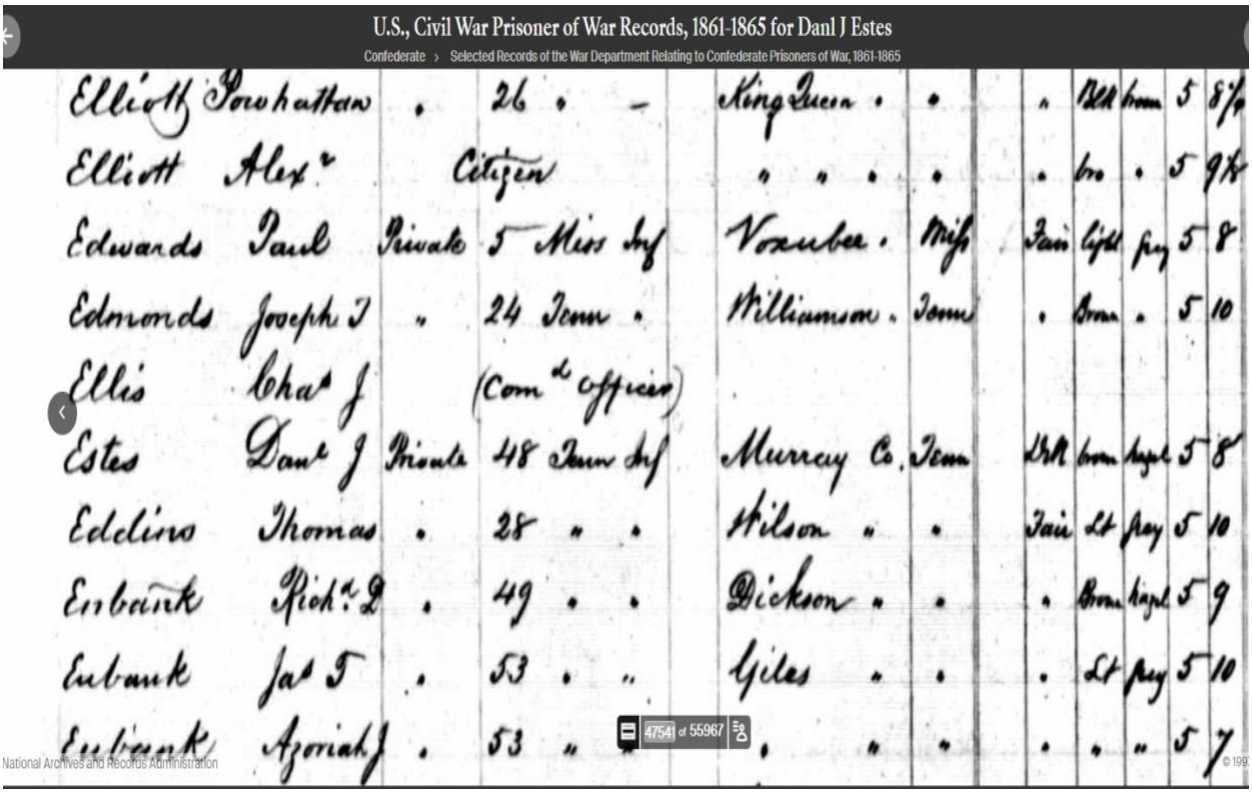


William H. Varnell, a private in the 9th Cavalry Regiment [also called 7th Regiment] that was organized near Tullahoma, Tennessee, in May 1863, by consolidating the 14th Alabama Partisan Rangers and the 2nd (19th) Alabama Cavalry Battalion. The unit participated in the Battles of Chickamauga and Shelbyville, was with Longstreet in East Tennessee, and fought in various battles around Atlanta. Later it was active in the defense of Savannah and the campaign of the Carolinas. The regiment surrendered with the Army of Tennessee near Durham, NC. The terms of surrender, signed on April 26, were modeled on the terms agreed to by Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Court House and included the Army of Tennessee and all other Confederate forces in Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina.

Daniel J. Estes, my 2nd great-grandfather, was a private in the 48th (Nixon's) Tennessee Infantry Regiment. The regiment was organized at Corinth, Mississippi in April 1862. It moved to Knoxville, and fought at Richmond, Perryville and Chickamauga. He was a prisoner of war and was released Jan 6, 1865, in Nashville, TN.



Daniel J. Estes



— Dave Varnell '70

Steven Dale Wilson (I-3)

Front Line Surgery Saves Lives

CPT Dale Wilson, 1942

My father, **F. Dale Wilson**, was an Army officer and all three of his sons became Army officers. Fredrick Dale Wilson was born on a farm in Iowa in 1911. His father, **John Wilson**, served in the Spanish-American War. Even though his family lost their farm during the Depression, Dale earned scholarships and worked his way through college, graduate school, and in 1938 earned his medical degree from Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri. Initially he became a pediatrician, then changed his specialty to surgery when he was unable to heal so many of his child patients suffering from terminal leukemia. He completed surgical residencies at Children's Hospitals in St. Louis and Montreal, Canada. Dale's continued training in Boston was interrupted in September 1941, when he received orders to report to Ft. Riley, Kansas, as a Medical Officer, General Surgery (MOS 3150).

As the US Army prepared to enter WWII, the Army Surgeon General proposed a new medical organization, the Auxiliary Surgical Group (ASG), which was the precursor to the M.A.S.H. – Mobile Army Surgical Hospital - of the Korean War. The ASG was organized as a surgical reserve to be allocated at one per Field Army to augment the front-line Field and Evacuation Hospitals. Surgeons were hand-picked based on their medical experience in general, orthopedic, maxilla-facial, neurological, and thoracic surgery. An Auxiliary Surgical Group typically had 35 Surgical Teams, of which 26 were general surgery teams. Each surgical team consisted of a Surgeon, Assistant Surgeon, Anesthetist, Surgical Nurse and two enlisted Surgical Technicians. The surgical teams were highly mobile, operating out of footlockers in tents, typically located between the front lines and the artillery units, within range of liter bearers and ambulance drivers. Two or four surgical teams deployed together to areas of the heaviest casualties so they could operate around the clock in 12-hour shifts.

GS13, Tunisia, July 1943: Dr. Wilson 3rd from left

In early 1942, CPT F. Dale Wilson was selected by COL James Forsee, CO of the newly formed 2nd Auxiliary Surgical Group, to be an Assistant Surgeon on general surgery team GS13. The 2nd Auxiliary Surgical Group deployed to North Africa in November 1942 and had the longest experience of any of the Groups. From North Africa, 2nd ASG moved to Sicily in July 1943 and was attached to the Fifth US Army in Italy, including landings at Salerno and Anzio. It was then attached to the Seventh US Army for the invasion of Southern France in August 1944 and continued assisting US Forces from the Riviera to the Moselle, treating more than 22,000 casualties before passing

from Mediterranean to European Theater Control in December 1944, where CPT Wilson's surgical team was nearly overrun near Wiltz during the Battle of the Bulge. For the rest of his life, Dale Wilson admired GEN George Patton for rescuing his surgical team that bitter winter.

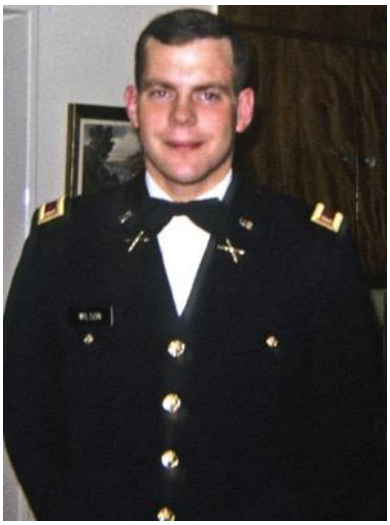
On May 8, 1945, VE Day, the 2nd ASG was in Augsburg, Germany, at the same kaserne where his son, Steve, 27 years later would serve his first assignment after his West Point graduation. During the 30 months CPT Dale Wilson was deployed with the 2nd ASG, he performed nearly 600 surgeries on first-priority critical patients in the most forward field hospitals. For his service, he was awarded seven WWII Campaign ribbons with a bronze arrowhead for amphibious landing, the American Defense Service ribbon, and Meritorious Service ribbon.

Throughout their service the members of the 2nd ASG were required to keep meticulous records of their surgical cases. At the end of hostilities, they were sent to Lake Como, Italy, to chronicle their field surgical experiences. This record was published as the widely read volume "Forward Surgery of the Severely Wounded: A History of the Activities of the 2nd Auxiliary Surgical Group 1942-1945." Their work had a profound effect on American advances in military and civilian medicine especially in the fields of thoracic and abdominal surgery; "wet lung" treatment; neurosurgery; trauma and shock treatment; and care of post-operative infections. To their credit, the mortality rate of soldiers who received initial treatment by frontline medics was dramatically reduced to less than 3%. Over 85% of soldiers operated on at field hospitals recovered from their wounds. The organization and experiences of the Auxiliary Surgical Groups were the forerunners of the M.A.S.H. units deployed in the Korean War.

Following WWII, Dr. Wilson established a private surgical practice in Davenport, Iowa. He served as Commanding Medical Officer with the 34th Division of the Iowa National Guard. He retired after 20 years of service with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Dr. F. Dale Wilson died in 1997 and was preceded in death by his wife, Flora Doreen Instone. Both are buried at the Rock Island Arsenal National Cemetery.

CPT John Wilson, 1970

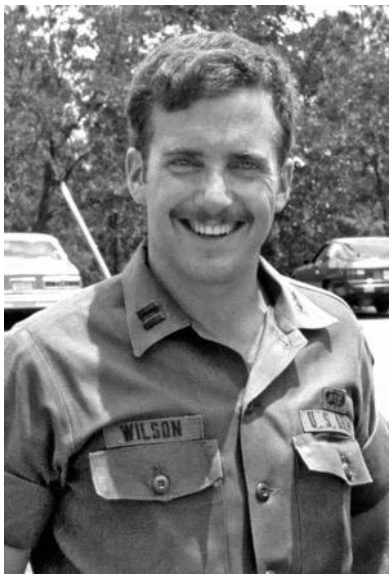
CPT John J. Wilson, Infantry (1946 – 1970), was the oldest Wilson son, born on 23 August 1946 in St. Louis, Missouri. He attended Davenport Central High School and Elmhurst College before enlisting in the Infantry on 2 March 1965. He graduated from the Ft. Benning Officer Candidate School in December 1966. 2LT Wilson served his first tour in the Vietnam highlands with the 4th ID from May 1967 to May 1968. He was promoted to Captain in December 1968. He completed primary rotary wing training, advanced rotary wing training and AH-1 Cobra training and graduated from flight school in May 1970. CPT Wilson volunteered for a second tour in Vietnam and was assigned as a Rotary Unit Wing Commander with the 101st Airborne at Camp Eagle near Hue. On 16 December 1970 he was killed in action at a night ambush site while checking individual troop positions. A wife, Margaret Wilson, and two daughters survived him. He was buried near his mother and father at the Rock Island Arsenal National Cemetery.



1LT Steve Wilson, 1973

CPT Steven D. Wilson, Field Artillery (1948 –), was the second Wilson son, born on 20 May 1948 in Davenport, Iowa. He attended Davenport Central High School and graduated from USMA, West Point in June 1970, commissioned as a 2LT in the Field Artillery. He served three years in Germany with the 1st ID and the 3rd ID, then again with the 1st ID at Ft. Riley, KS from December 1973 until his honorable discharge in June 1976 as a Captain. After leaving the service he worked in engineering and manufacturing management for two Fortune 500 corporations before launching his own successful engineering company in 1986. He retired in 1997 and spends his summers in Idaho and winters in Arizona. Steve has a son, John (Anne) Wilson, and two grandchildren.

CPT Robert D. Wilson, Signal Corps (1951 –), was the youngest Wilson son, born on 29 August 1951 in Davenport, Iowa. He attended Davenport Central High School and followed his brother Steve to West Point. Bob graduated in June 1973 and was commissioned as a 2LT in the Signal Corps. He served four years with the 101st Airborne at Ft. Campbell, KY and one year in Korea before his honorable discharge as a Captain in 1978. After service he received his Law Degree from the University of Iowa. Bob practiced law in the private sector, then served as an Assistant Iowa Attorney General before his appointment as an Iowa District Court Judge. Bob and his wife, Sandy, retired near Des Moines, IA. They have a daughter, Joanna (Brett) Green, and three grandchildren.



CPT Bob Wilson, 1978

– Steve Wilson '70

Bob, John, and Steve Wilson, 1969

Chris Gary Wittmayer (I-3)

An "Old China Hand"

Ray Wittmayer, my father, was a wonderful person, outstanding Army officer, devoted family man, and great dad. He was a man of honor, strength, and intelligence. A gentleman and soldier. A good friend. He set the bar high. He saw most of the 20th century: The great depression, Pearl Harbor, WW II, Korea, Vietnam, 9/11/01.

His Personnel File provides the best information on what he did and how he did it. I've added some personal recollections.

Born: June 23, 1912, in Scotland, South Dakota. Grandson of German immigrants from Russia.

August 1929, age 17 years: Attended the Citizens Military Training Camp (Basic Infantry), Fort Crook, Nebraska

1934: Graduated from St. Cloud State Teachers College, Minnesota (now St. Cloud State University) with a Bachelor of Education. Tackle on the 1933 undefeated, untied Husky football team. The team was later inducted into the State Cloud State University Hall of Fame. During his college years and the great depression, he earned spending money playing bass horn in a small dance band. Hamburgers were a nickel. In 1939, he married Helen Gertrude Nelson, a nurse and daughter of Swedish immigrants.

December 7, 1941: Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. **The next day the US Congress declared war on Japan**

Enlisted as a private in the Army. Oct 1942 – March 1943: Basic Training and Non-commissioned Officer Training, Camp Roberts, California

Enlisted service Oct 1942 – June 1943, promoted to Corporal

March – June 1943, Infantry Officer Candidate School, Fort Benning. Commissioned as a 2LT, Infantry

July 1943 – June 1944: instructor and administrative officer, Weapons Section, The Infantry School, Fort Benning

Feb 15, 1944: Promoted to 1LT

June – November 1944: Military Intelligence School, Yale University. Learned Mandarin Chinese.

March 1945 – Oct 1945, Supply Officer, Training Officer, Executive Officer, Interpreters Pool, Chinese Training Command, Kunming, China. The Japanese invasion of China never reached Kunming, but it was often bombed. It was the headquarters of Allied forces, the Fighting Tigers,

and terminus of the supply route of the Burma Road and over "the Hump" after the Japanese cut the Burma Road. After flying over the Hump, Dad never liked to fly.

US & Nationalist Chinese Base, 1945

May 8, 1945: Victory in Europe Day

June 14, 1945: Promoted to CPT

August 6 & 9, 1945: Atomic bombing of Japan. **August 15, 1945: Victory over Japan day**

September 1945: Awarded Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service in China

March 1946: Demobilized and separated from service

June 1946: Appointed CPT in the Regular Army

Sept 1946 - June 1947: Infantry Advanced Course, Fort Benning

March 1947: Awarded the Breast Order Yun Hui with ribbon and diploma by the Chinese government

Sept 1947 – July 1948: Chinese Language and Area Study Course, Yale University

Sept 20, 1948 – April 19, 1949: Student, Army Language School, Chinese Language and Area Study, Peiping, China. "Developments of the civil war in China have necessitated the inactivation of this school."

January 1949: Peiping surrenders to communist forces

"Evacuation of the Peiping area was under duress." "American official personnel, in Communist areas of China, were living under increasing threat to their personal freedom."

"Memories of Beijing," by Fielding Greaves, June 1980, in *The Retired Officer*: As the communist army was taking over Peiping, three American officers, Ray Wittmayer, Don Housman, and Fielding Greaves, students at the Army Language School, were living at the large, mostly empty, Grand Hotel des Wagons-Lits. The first and second cooks had fled, leaving only the third cook, whose main accomplishment was beef stroganoff, which he served day after day. With the tourists gone, the Americans subverted the chamber music trio into playing popular American tunes. In late January, they watched the victory parade of the communist forces from their windows. The communist treatment of them was coldly correct. One by one our Chinese teachers quit the language school, under threat, and the school closed in April. The hotel became largely occupied by communist forces, likely including a brothel. It was time to move out, so they found lodging in the nearby British Legation Compound.

[Dad told me that the hotel manager told the Americans to take any souvenirs from the hotel that they wanted. Years later, Dad gave me an ashtray from the hotel and a carving of an old Chinese man holding a bat, a symbol of longevity and good fortune. Dad also gave me a coin about the size of a half dollar marked, "Dec 14th, 1948 -Jan 22nd, 1949, A Souvenir of the Siege of Peiping, from (and the name I cannot decipher)." An engraving of the Peiping Temple of Heaven is on the reverse. Dad told me that this person was a newspaper man in Peiping and he had a get-together, (a party?) at which he gave out these coins].

Out of China, Heading Home from Calcutta

April 27, 1949: Left Peiping by rail, arrived Tientsin, China

May 6: Left Tientsin by rail and arrived Tanku, China

May 7, Caught a ride on US commercial ship *Island Mail*

June 2, Arrived Fort Lawton (Seattle), Washington

July 1949 – July 1950: Foreign Liaison Branch; Chief Schools Branch, AC/S, G-2. The Pentagon. "[I]industrious, hardworking, able and competent young officer with a great deal of drive."

January 1950: Promoted to Major, Regular Army

June 1950 – July 1953: The Korean War

August 28, 1950: Assigned for duty with the General Staff

July 1950 – July 1951: Chief of the China Section, AC/S, G-2. The Pentagon. Frequently briefed the Secretary of the Army and the General Staff. "A most competent, serious and highly efficient officer, who possesses the ability to work long hours under trying conditions." "[P]ossesses a pleasing personality and fine character." "[L]oyal, conscientious, dependable, and hard-working." "He has the faculty of weighing evidence impartially prior to arriving at a conclusion and refuses to be stampeded when others would have him make a snap decision or try to pressure him into accepting their conclusion." "[E]xtremely valuable to the service." [Dad told me that once he gave a briefing in his usual manner, based on the best-known intelligence with strong analysis and conclusions. His boss told him it was too strong and that he should make it more tentative. The next day he briefed it as he had been instructed. His boss responded, "What is this???" and told him to brief it the way he had before]

Sept 1951 – June 1952: Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth

July 1952- Feb 1953: Training for overseas assignment, Central Intelligence Agency

Feb 1953 – Aug 1954: Intelligence Requirements, Evaluation Officer, Intelligence Section, re: China and North Korea; sourcing, evaluating, disseminating. Central Intelligence Agency, with duty in Japan. "It appears that he finds compromise difficult although he presents his position in tactful terms." [Yes, Dad was tenacious with the facts and his conclusions]. "He is a valuable member of the organization and his contribution has been most worthwhile. "

Aug 7, 1954 – Nov 22, 1954: Confidential assignment in Indochina under Colonel Edward G. Lansdale. Central Intelligence Agency. "He ...performed his special duties tirelessly, speedily and thoroughly in such a manner as to attain successful and decisive results." [Wittmayer, working out of Saigon, was assigned as a team leader to plan organized resistance to the Viet Minh from bases in the South. Edward Lansdale, *The Unquiet American,* by Cecil B. Currey, p. 162].

VN ID Card, 1954

MAAG Hqs, Saigon, 1954

Meeting with Cao Dai Military Commander Trinh Minh The, 1954

The Pentagon Papers, The New York Times: August 1954: Vietnam: "A second paramilitary team was formed to explore possibilities of organizing resistance against the Vietminh from bases in the south. This team consisted of Army Lt-Col Raymond Wittmayer, Army Major Fred Allen, and Army Lt Edward Williams." P. 57.

[l can't place this specifically in time, but Dad told me of an accomplishment he was particularly proud of while in Vietnam. He was assigned to find out who some Communist negotiators were. So, he made his way to Hanoi, went to the hotel where he learned they were staying, walked up to the desk to register as a guest, found the page where the communists had registered, tore out the pages and left.]

Nov 23, 1954 – March 23, 1955: Intelligence Branch, Requirements. Central Intelligence Agency, Japan. "Outstanding characteristics of this officer include a commanding and impressive appearance, neat military bearing, determination, and forcefulness in expression."

July 1955: Awarded the State of Vietnam Presidential Citation, Ribbon of Friendship. Awarded to certain members of the Military Assistance Advisory Group, Saigon

December 16, 1955: Authorized to wear the General Staff Identification for service on the Army General Staff

May 14, 1956: Approved for intelligence specialization.

Oct 26, 1956: Promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, Regular Army

June 1955 – June 1958: Deputy Chief, Branch Executive Officer, Estimator, Eastern Branch, Office of the Chief of Staff for Intelligence, The Pentagon. Intelligence planner and high level briefer. "[A] mature and highly competent intelligence specialist with a broad and extensive background in Asia." "He has a pleasantly forceful and friendly personality and impresses one as knowing his business." "[G]ets along splendidly with superiors and subordinates." "[H]e is firm, precise, and demanding, he is also approachable, friendly and understanding and always maintains a genuine interest in the welfare of the people with whom he works." Consider for assignment as Military Attache, Hong Kong.

Jan 1958 – March 27,1958: Mid-Career Course on Foreign Affairs, Foreign Service Institute, Washington, D.C. "His analyses were profound and incisive." "[H]ighly respected by his classmates and faculty." [Dad told me that if he had not been in the Army, he would have liked to be in the Foreign Service.]

June 1958 – April 30, 1961: Assistant Head, Estimate Section, Joint Intelligence Division, Headquarters, Pacific Command, Camp Smith, Hawaii. "He has, with little help, produced estimates on 12 Far Eastern Countries, two handbooks for the use of SEATO nations, annexa to CINCPAC War Plans, and other studies and special reports." "I would go to great lengths to get, or keep, this officer assigned to my office or command."

May 1961 – April 1962: Executive Officer, Army Intelligence Board, Fort Holabird. "Demonstrated extraordinary qualities found in few officers of his rank and experience." [Dad did not care for this assignment and reorganized the organization to eliminate his position. He then sought reassignment.]

1962: Branch transferred from Infantry to Intelligence. [When I was approaching graduation from West Point, Dad recommended I request assignment to Engineers, and not to select Intelligence. He liked the potential carryover value for a second career. I selected Intelligence.]

July 1963: Promoted to Colonel, Regular Army

Dad's final Army assignment: May 1962 – September 1967: Professor of Military Science (ROTC), Syracuse University. The turbulent years of the Vietnam war. "He is doing an exceptional job." "[A] very articulate speaker and an extremely effective writer." "[E]xemplary military bearing and presents a very favorable image of a Senior Army Officer." "[H]is tact was exceptional, but he did not compromise at the expense of excellence." "A complete professional." "He demonstrated a remarkable blend of professional competence, moral character and pleasing personality that gained the respect and admiration of his staff, the cadet corps and the university community." [These were my high school years, and we all enjoyed the sports at Syracuse – football with Floyd Little, Bo Nance, and Larry Csonka, basketball with Dave Bing. Dad loved working with the cadets, and liked that Floyd Little was in the Corps. During these Vietnam years there was some unrest on campus. One news story reported that the elderly Chancellor of the university, Tolley, hit a demonstrator at a ROTC parade with his cane].

August 1967: Awarded the Legion of Merit for exceptionally meritorious service as Professor of Military Science, Syracuse University

September 1967: Retired with 30 years of service.

Dad built a retirement home in Laie, Hawaii, and spent summers at the cabin he and his father built in 1938 on Lake Bertha, the Whitefish Chair, Minnesota. He later moved to Hunt, Texas, back to Hawaii, then to San Antonio, Texas. He lost his wife, Helen, in 1989 as they were cruising on the Mississippi to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. In 1991 he married Margaret Lyle Flood, and they enjoyed ten good years together until she died in 2001. Dad died on May 21, 2002, one month short of his 90th birthday, He is buried in the Fort Sam Houston cemetery.

[The cemetery is next to the Fort Sam golf course. One of Dad's favorite jokes went like this: "A foursome was playing golf on the course when they noticed a burial taking place in the cemetery. One of the golfers stopped playing, stood to attention and covered his heart. One of the other golfers noted this and commented on the great respect he was paying the burial. Another golfer responded, "Well, they were married for 40 years."]

October 12, 1984: Inducted into the Fort Benning Infantry Officer Candidate Hall of Fame

Mom, Dad & Me, 3 Jun 1970

Dad's 89th Birthday

Lester E. Gross, my father-in-law, also had extensive military service. This is his story:

Born: February 13, 1910, in York, Pennsylvania. Descended from German immigrants who arrived in Pennsylvania in 1736
Over 30 years of service in the Army, including four years, seven months overseas, in England, France, Germany, the Philippines, and Korea.

July – August 1927, Basic Instruction, Citizens Military Training Camp, Fort Eustis, Virginia

1927: He enlisted as a Private in the Army at age 17 for three years of service, 26th Infantry, Plattsburg Barracks, New York. (His parents stated that he was 18.) In 1930 he reenlisted at Plattsburg Barracks, honorably discharged 1931

1933: Reenlisted for duty at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, honorably discharged 1934

1936: Commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Reserve Corps

1939: Promoted to 1LT

Called to active duty: 1941- 42: Quartermaster Supply Officer, Officer in Charge of the Administrative Section, assigned to New Cumberland Army Depot, Pennsylvania

December 7, 1941: Japan bombs Pearl Harbor, the US declares war on Japan (Dec 8), then Germany (Dec 11)

1942: Promoted to Captain

December 1942: Quartermaster staff, European Theater of Operations. In England preparing supplies for the invasion against Germany. Served across Europe as commanding officer of supply depots as the Allies moved against Hitler

1943: Promoted to Major

1943: Commanding Officer of Quartermaster Depot Q-150 (Shepton Mallet, Southwest England)

1944: Executive Officer, General Depot G-55 (Lockerly Hall, South England); Field Service, Base QM, Southern Base Station, England; Commanding Officer, General Depot G-75, (Coypool, South England)

June 6, 1944, D-Day. He landed in France on the Normandy beaches

1945: Promoted to LTC

1945: Deputy Commander, General Depot G-75; QM staff, Hqs, 73rd QM Base Depot. "A serious, hardworking officer. Ambitious and conscientious in attention to his duties."

May 8, 1945: VE Day, Victory of the US and Allies in Europe
August 15, 1945: VJ Day, Victory over Japan

1946: Executive Officer, 78th Quartermaster Base Depot, Philippine Base Command. "Practical and clear thinker. Makes systematic plans, he is assured and inspires confidence."

November 1946: Resigned from the service

1952: Returned to active duty. 1952- 54: Army Inspector General officer in Detroit, inspecting procurement matters. "[H]ighly capable, and cooperative. He has a pleasing personality, is intelligent, conscientious, and hardworking." "He can be depended upon to do an excellent job at all times."

LTC Lester Gross, France, 1945

1954-55: Army Supply Officer, Member of a Special Task Force on standardization of procurement procedures. Transportation Material Command, Marietta, Pennsylvania. "A mature and quietly efficient officer who works to achieve maximum results."

1955-56: Commander of 501st Communication Reconnaissance Group, Korea

1956-58: Branch Chief, Army Security Agency, Arlington Hall, Arlington, VA. "He is extremely well qualified in the logistics field; thinks soundly and rapidly; exercises good judgment and is exceptionally thorough in his work." "He is an excellent planner and organizer and obtains highly effective results."

1958-61: Post Commander, Two Rock Ranch Station, Army Security Agency, near Petaluma, California. "[H]e directs the operations of a highly specialized and technical unit engaged in high priority work. [O]utstanding qualities of leadership and professional competence. "Lt Col Gross is a competent, logical thinking, experienced officer who inspires the confidence of his co-workers. [O]btains excellent results without fuss or fanfare. Dependable, considerate and industrious. Gets along well with seniors, associates and subordinates." "[R]espected by all."

May 1962: Retired from the Army as a Colonel

Military Awards and Decorations: Bronze Star Medal, Army Commendation with two Oak Leaf Clusters, American Defense and National Service Medals, Philippine Independence Medal, European Campaign Medal, WWII Victory Medal

1965-75: York County, Pennsylvania, Director of Civil Defense and Director of Veterans Affairs. Honored by the Governor for his work during the June 1972 floods, York County's worst natural disaster.

Families also serve: Many may forget that families also serve, but Colonel Gross had a loving wife and four children, all born in the 1930s, except my wife Susie, born after WWII. For all the years he was overseas, they carried on.

LTC Lester Gross

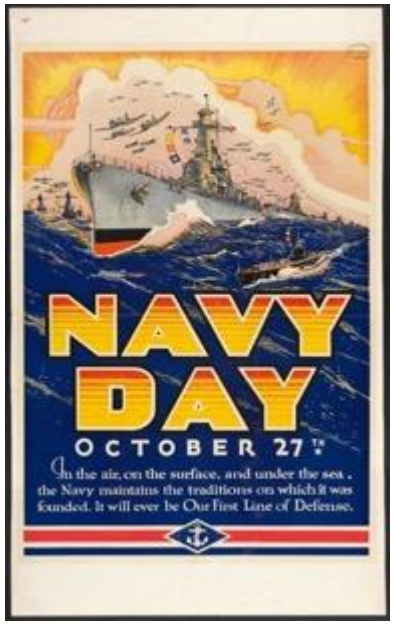
Patriot: One who loves their county and is prepared to defend it.

— Chris Wittmayer '70

Fourth Regiment Stories

That's the whole challenge of life - to act with honor and hope and generosity, no matter what you've drawn. You can't help when or what you were born, you may not be able to help how you die; but you can - and you should - try to pass the days between as a good man.

— Anton Myrer, *Once an Eagle*



Richard Steven Beahm (B-4)

The Family Plot at Arlington National Cemetery

My grandfather, **Carroll R. Beahm Sr.** (1897-1986), enlisted in the US Army in April 1917 as soon as the US declared war on Germany and sought volunteers. He went through training and was assigned to Company I, 116th Infantry, in the 29th Division. He was a Mechanic 1st Class (known to us as a "Specialist") and was basically a Machine Gunner. I am not sure when he went overseas, but on 16 October 1918, he was shot in the heart during the Meuse-Argonne Campaign. Somehow it was not fatal and while in the hospital recovering, he basically went AWOL to return to his unit.

Carroll R. Beahm Sr.

My grandfather left the Army with a "Wound Stripe" and the WWI Victory Medal. The Purple Heart was not authorized for Wounds in Combat until the 1930s. But in 1932 my grandfather received a letter from the War Department with an "Application for Purple Heart." It said that according to War Department General Orders No. 3 dated February 1932,

> *the Purple Heart established by General George Washington at Newburgh, August 7, 1782, during the War of the Revolution, was revived out of respect to his memory and military achievements….*
>
> *Under the regulations governing the award of the Purple Heart for acts or services performed prior to February 22, 1932, the award is confined to those persons, who, as members of the ARMY, were awarded the Meritorious Services Citation Certificate by the Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces, or who were wounded in action under conditions which entitled them to wear a wound chevron.*

After filing the application, he received his Purple Heart Medal by mail. But he did not receive the nice color certificate that we received with decorations while in the Army. When I was at Ft Leavenworth for C&GSC in 1983-4, the Secretary of the Army, John O. Marsh, spoke to my class. When I learned he had served in the 116th Infantry, I wrote him saying that a "few years ago my dad and I (both career officers) attended the 116th Annual Muster in Staunton, VA where my grandfather was recognized as the oldest member of the Regiment." I asked the Secretary for a certificate for my grandfather and that it be sent to my father to give to his father. Because of a a nice gesture by the Secretary of the Army, Dad gave his father the certificate on his 87th birthday.

My grandfather had one more birthday before passing on 3 May 1986. My grandmother Verna had passed away on 23 December 1982, so she was "holding down the spot" in Arlington for him.

My dad, **Carroll R. Beahm Jr.** (1924-1987), graduated from Massanutten Military Academy, Woodstock, VA in May 1942. He and four classmates reported to Ft Benning to attend Rifle and Heavy Weapons Classes (with no mention of OCS or anything like that). Their orders said, "Upon satisfactory completion of the course, they will, if eligible, be appointed 2nd LTS Inf-Res and asgd " (assigned). It referred to them as ROTC Graduates (but this ROTC was High School NOT College)! Dad was 18 years old. Another Masanutten Grad was Ed Gearing, the only Officer from A Company, 116th Inf, 29th Infantry Division to later make it to Omaha Beach.

Dad at home shortly after being commissioned with Granddad in his American Legion uniform, Sep 1942

These youngsters completed the course and were commissioned on 23 Sep 1942, as possibly the youngest 2LTs in the Army at the time. After training in Texas, Dad was sent to the Pacific. For him that meant Hawaii, so he never really saw action. In Hawaii, he went to Ranger School run by LTC D'Eliscu. Dad told me stories about it that I later verified with the museum folks in Hawaii when I was there in 1989-91.

MAJ Carroll R. Beahm Jr.

My dad married my mom just before he was to "ship out " for the invasion of Japan, but his deployment was halted by the Japanese surrender. Our family was in North Carolina and then West Virginia. Dad was going to get out of the Army and move to Hawaii because some folks there were going to give him a job. But the Berlin Blockade started. and no one was released to get out, so Dad had to stay in. Then, with no suitable hospitals in West Virginia, Mom stayed in DC with Dad's folks for my birth at Walter Reed Army Hospital. After the Berlin Blockade ended and Dad could get out, my folks realized that I needed too much medical care for him to leave the service, so he stayed in.

Once I was able to travel, I joined the family in West Virginia and then we moved to El Paso. Before too long, the North Koreans invaded South Korea, and US soldiers were sent there. As a Personnel Officer, my Dad cut orders to send folks overseas and thought he should also go. So with Dad on orders to Korea, Mom, Bob, and I went to Atlanta to sit out the Korean War. But on the way to Korea, he was pulled off the plane in Japan while others went to Korea.

Sometime after being commissioned, Dad had been assigned as one of the white officers in a Black unit. Apparently this led to him getting pulled off the plane in Japan rather than continuing to Korea. Since Dad served in Japan during the Korean War, Mom, Bob, and I joined him there in 1952-53. Dad was promoted to Major in April 1953. From Japan we went to Ft Dix, NJ.

In 1954, the Army had too many officers, so it conducted a Reduction in Force (RIF). Being a very junior Major, having a last name starting with "B," and having a January birthday, Dad was one of the first to be "offered" the choice to stay in the Army or not. To stay in meant he would

become a Sergeant First Class (E7), the highest enlisted grade at the time. Since the Army was all he knew and he wanted healthcare for his family, Dad decided to stay in and become an E7.

Dad as Nike battery First Sergeant

Over the next few years Dad told Bob and me that for officers to avoid a RIF, they needed to be Regular Army (RA) not just a Reserve Officer. So, as boys, we both decided that we needed to go to West Point. In my freshman year of high school Dad put on his officer's uniform and retired at Ft Meade.

When my brother Bob was sworn in at West Point on 1 July 1964, it was the happiest that I had ever seen Dad. Four years later, he swore Bob in as a 2LT. Bob had a full career and retired as a Brigadier General in the Army Reserve.

Dad and Dick, before leaving for Vietnam, Sep 1971

On 1 July 1966, when I marched up Thayer Road to Trophy Point to be sworn in, I saw Dad see me and he was just beaming! On 3 June 1970 Dad swore me in as an Infantry officer . When I came home from Vietnam on "7&7" (Leave and R&R) in March 1972, Dad saw me wearing my Combat Infantryman Badge and was beside himself.

After retiring as a Major on 30 Sept 1962, Dad knew that his final resting place would be Arlington National Cemetery as he had grown up in nearby DC. His last few years were a bit rough as his health deteriorated. He was hooked up to oxygen but was "making it."

In July 1987 I had just arrived in Germany as XO of First Brigade, 3rd Armored Division when my brother called telling me that Dad was at the hospital at Ft Meade and I should get back to see him pronto. The Red Cross did whatever they do, and I was soon on Emergency Leave flying to DC. I made it to his bedside to visit with him for several days, but he passed away as peacefully as he could at the Ft Meade Hospital. I then asked Arlington National Cemetery for him to be buried as close as possible to his parents. At his funeral, I was blown away when I saw just ONE grave separating my dad and his parents. It was like a Beahm Family plot in Arlington National Cemetery!

—Dick Beahm '70

Dick at the "Beahm Family Plot" in ANC, Section 70

Thomas Alex Brandtner (A-4)

Tom's Dad: North Africa and Italy

Claude John Brandtner

My dad, **Claude John Brandtner**, at the age of 22 was managing a lumber yard in Maple Lake, Minnesota, when the attack on Pearl Harbor occurred. At that time, he was dating my mom, Kathleen Jean Gagnon. About a year after the attack, he decided to join the Army and fight as an Infantryman. He was sent to a camp in Louisiana for basic training. From looking at the patch on his uniform sleeve when I was a child, I believe he was in the 88th Infantry Division.

Dad was shipped to North Africa. While there, because of knowing and understanding German, he interrogated German POWs. (Both of his parents were born in Germany and moved to the States as teenagers, and they spoke German a lot as Dad was growing up.) He did that for a couple of months before his unit was shipped to Italy around Naples. The unit encountered the Germans right away. On the first day there, my dad was detailed by his Squad Leader to go get water from a local stream. While doing so, he ran into a German soldier doing the same thing for his unit. My dad yelled in German, "Don't shoot!" Both men turned and ran back to their units.

Several days later, my dad was on patrol and the reconnaissance team hit a land mine. My dad was wounded severely in his leg and was transported back to a field hospital. The ironic thing about this was that my mom, who was still dating my dad at that time, found out about it when she went to the local theater to watch updates on the war. (Newsreels at the movie theaters were how many people in the States got their war information.) She saw footage of him being removed from the battlefield on a stretcher. That was how she learned he was wounded. They immediately shipped him back to the States to Camp Blanding, Florida. There he recuperated and did administrative work. He was then shipped to a camp near Battle Creek, Michigan. That is where my mom and dad were married.

At the end of the war, Dad got out and returned to working at lumber yards until he was 90. He received a Purple Heart and the Combat Infantryman Badge for his service in the Army. He died in 2011 at the age of 92.

Jackie's Dad: Iwo Jima

Lloyd A. Finney

My father, **Lloyd A. Finney**, was born on January 23, 1925, in Zanesville, Ohio. He spent his junior and senior high school years in Clarion, Pennsylvania.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Dad, along with thousands of others, rushed to enlist in the Marine Corps, lying about his age, needless to say. He went through basic training at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, and later Camp Pendleton, California. Dad was assigned to the 5th Marine Division. Following a stopover at Camp Tarawa on the big island of Hawaii, the division landed on Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945. He told us very little about fighting

in the battle for the island, stating that the enemy was entrenched in caves everywhere. Dad was wounded on March 24 and was evacuated from the island. He was shuffled between hospitals in Hawaii, California, and ultimately Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dad married his high school sweetheart on December 31, 1948. He began work with General Electric at that time. In 1957, he transferred to GE's Appliance Park in Louisville, Kentucky, with the Room Air Conditioning Department. He distinguished himself by attaining Professional Engineer credentials without having attended college. Dad traveled extensively for GE to Japan, the Philippines, and South America.

Side note: I grew up boasting to my friends and teachers that my father was one of the Marines pictured in that famous photo of the flag raising on Mt. Suribachi. On a family trip to Washington, DC, when 16, I could hardly maintain my excitement at visiting the Marine Corps Memorial. I was puzzled as none of the figures remotely resembled my dad. I began to question him and became quite agitated at his blank stare. Upon seeing me cry and hearing me wail, he said, "Jackie, I never told you I was there for the flag raising. Hell, flags were popping up all over the place!" – Oops!

I was fortunate enough the escort my parents to several reunions of the 5th Marine Division. One of the great joys of my life was being born on Dad's birthday, January 23rd. He was my hero. He died on April 20, 2011. – Semper Fi.

Jackie and Her Dad

— **Jackie and Tom Brandtner '70**

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Among the men who fought on Iwo Jima, uncommon valor was a common virtue.
—Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief,
Pacific Ocean Area

Julian Hall Burns (F-4)

Old Corps Cavalryman

Julian Hall Burns Sr.

"You need to get into the Army now, before the War starts." Such was the advice given in 1941 to my dad, **Julian Hall Burns Sr.**, by his father-in-law, my granddad, US Cavalry LTC John Wall, West Point Class of 1911, and veteran of the Philippines/Moro Insurrection and WWI. He was right, and my father and everyone knew – War was inevitable. Another World War. WW II. This tale of the distinguished role of Mom and Dad (like countless other couples) show that families serve as surely as do soldiers. My own family with 35 years in the Army was strengthened and inspired by their example. Here is their story.

Acting on that good counsel of John Wall, Lt. Julian Burns embarked upon brief but distinguished Army service. He was commissioned, and off to Fort Belvoir, for Engineer School. A military career had been far from his mind, apart from his halcyon days in cadet/military training at the Citadel in Charleston: his mind was on construction: "Soils and Materials" and bulldozers. After graduation in the Citadel Class of '36, he launched his Civil Engineering enterprise in projects with a string of big plants along the Eastern Seaboard. Big wood processing plants from South Carolina to Florida, with smokestacks still there to this day, and then Mobile, Alabama, after his honeymoon in 1940.

Julian and bride Helen in Texas

Yet, his family heritage was one of military service: the Huguenots in France and on to the new ontinent in the late 1600s, distinguished bloodlines in no less than Major General Moultrie and Brigadier General Richardson in the Indian Wars in the Carolina's and key leaders in the Revolution in the South, and a family nearly wiped out in the Civil War at Manassas, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Petersburg. A Great Uncle on Pershing's Staff in WWI. And, by the end of 1945, his name and that of his brothers, Moultrie and Benton, would be added.

He found himself a newly-minted Lieutenant, miles from his new bride, Helen, building "Coastal Defenses" in North Carolina at Wilmington and Seymour Johnson Field. The war overseas for him would not be long in coming. With Pearl Harbor, the Army had big plans and big troop lists to fill, that included new orders for him. Europe would be the priority, and Nazi Germany the main effort, for which large, modern formations were needed. It was a mounted Armored force, and Dad would be joining the new type of Cavalry: mounted, Combined Arms combat with tanks, to the wonderment of his Horse Cavalry father-in-law.

On 3 June 1943, the 4th Armored Division arrived at Camp Bowie after a yearlong activation. Now a Captain, he found it at full strength except in the staff positions in the "Combat Commands,"

"CC A" and "CC B", the equivalent of today's Combined Arms Brigades...with artillery and infantry and tanks, and, of course, Engineers -- vital for Armored mobile defense and offense. All the choice Engineer slots were filled. He was that "new fella," and found himself in the 24th Engineers, with duties assigned as Liaison Officer (LNO) to CC A. It was a disappointment, a staff job. And he was apart from his comrades in the Engineers, but it proved to be a fortunate assignment. It set Julian upon the path to distinction in the toughest fighting to come in Patton's famous Third Army in Europe, at the very spearpoint.

A word about his wife -- my mother, Helen: Mom had given birth to Juliana in 1942, their first. All Army families know the life they were about to embark upon as absentee soldier-parents. Mom, a military brat herself, was equal to the task. Yet, when it was known Dad was to deploy, she could not guess the destination or duration; she nevertheless resolved to see her husband, and left Camden, SC, by train in November 1943, for one last farewell.

Helen and daughter Juliana in Camden

That farewell soon followed in December when the Division departed for Boston. And days later he boarded ships, with no forwarding address… only the soon-to-be familiar address millions were to come to use, the "APO," and micro-filmed "Victory Mail," all heavily censored and late in delivery. From the very instant of the good-byes, the couple generated over a thousand such APO letters. We retain the trove of all those letters – an equivalent of today's "Email" over the nearly two years of separation.

Julian on board transport to Normandy

After marshaling in England, the 4th Armored Division landed at Utah Beach on 11 July, and first entered combat on 17 July. On 28 July it led the Normandy break-out and exploitation in Operation Cobra. Seizing Coutances, the Division swung South to take Nantes, cutting off the Brittany Peninsula, 12 August 1944. Whereupon it began the campaigns that earned the 4th Armored its reputation and gave the Third Army Commander, LTG George Patton, undying fame. At the very tip of the spear was the 4th, and with them CC A and LTC Creighton Abrams' 37th Tank Battalion, and my father.

Julian at the Battle of Nancy-Arracourt

Dashing across France North of the Loire, by-passing Paris, they smashed across the Moselle River 11–13 September, flanked Nancy and captured Lunéville 16 September, and precipitated the largest tank battle in the West, as depicted in the movie *Patton*. The 4th was exposed, stalled for lack of fuel diverted to Montgomery's forces, and at the very borders

of Germany. German tanks counterattacked. The SS *Panzergrenadier* Brigade 49 and SS *Panzergrenadier* Brigade 51 vastly outnumbered the Division. The 4th fiercely out-maneuvered and defeated the SS in the swirling tank Battle of Nancy-Arracourt.

Reverting to a hasty defense, the 4th AD rested briefly before returning to combat 9 November with an attack in the vicinity of Viviers. The 4th AD cleared Bois de Serres, 12 November, advanced through Dieuze and crossed the Saar River, 21–22 November, and took Singling, 24 November, to refit on 8 December. But only briefly, for the Germans launched the famous Ardennes Offensive on 16 December. The 4th AD was committed immediately. On 18 December, they raced Northwest into Belgium, covering 150 miles in just 19 hours. Spearheading Patton's Third Army, they attacked the German Southern flank directly from the march; and, on 26 December Dad fought and was wounded in the break-through by LTC Abrams' 37th Tank Battalion that relieved Bastogne and the besieged 101st Airborne Division.

Dad with the first type medium tank the 4th AD received at Bastogne

Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton, and others at Buchenwald

Reducing "the Bulge" in desperate fighting, and only six weeks later, the 4th AD was on the attack again, crossing the Moselle River at Trier, and then the Rhine River, 24–25 March 1945. Advancing all night, the 4th AD then crossed the Main River south of Hanau, and into Germany's heart. Lauterbach fell 29 March, Creuzburg across the Werra River on 1 April, Gotha on 4 April –- and on 10 April, the Ohrdruf concentration camp -- infamous Buchenwald, where the 4th just missed saving the life of the German prisoner-theologian, Dietrich Bonhoeffer. There, on 10 April, Dad and all of America first saw the cruelty of the Nazi regime. The mayor of the town was forced to walk through the piles of bodies, and that night murdered his own family and committed suicide.

Pursuit by the 4th AD was relentless. By 6 May the Division crossed into Czechoslovakia and established a bridgehead across the Otava River at Strakonice as the war came to its end. Dad had collected a Purple Heart, a Bronze Star for Valor, the Presidential Unit Citation, the ETO medal, Croix de Guerre with Palm (27–29 July 1944), Croix de Guerre with Palm (12–29 September 1944), and French Fourragère in the colors of the Croix de Guerre.

Though Dad was offered promotion to Major, he had joined to fight this war and now it was over. He wrote his father-in-law of his decision and spent his remaining ETO days riding the recently liberated Lipizzaner Stallions. This delighted Colonel Wall, and his wife, Helen, who had despaired the total absence of Horse Cavalry in the entire Campaign. And, so, he returned to Camden, South Carolina to build a home and a stable and buy an Arabian polo pony not long after.

Dad back on horseback with a Lipizzaner, 1945

Thus was a masterstroke to fulfill the honor of the Burns Family and to please both wife and father-in-law, who no longer despaired the apparent demise of Horse Cavalry in an Army of tanks and in the family legacy.

—JB Burns '70
US Cavalry

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No bastard ever won a war by dying for his country.
He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country.
— General George S. Patton

James Allan Chandler (F-4)

He Stepped Up

Here's the story about my father that was written by our classmate Skip Clarkson as part of his message to me and my other F-4 classmates on my birthday:

As the stories of what our fathers did to save the free world continue to accumulate, there is none more harrowing than that of the sailor **Arthur W. "Jim" Chandler** (29 Nov 1918 – 12 Oct 2000). He enlisted in the Navy on July 23, 1940. That was four months before the military draft of that era started up, and more than a year before the attack on Pearl Harbor. So, he did not have to join up, he stepped up and did it voluntarily. The winds of war were blowing, so maybe young Chandler was answering President Roosevelt's call to patriotism. Or could it be that this son of the Illinois soil just wanted to see the ocean, perhaps for the first time?

Regardless of why he got there, Seaman First Class Chandler ended up in the middle of things in the battle for Corregidor in the late spring of 1942. One of the beautiful things about living in a small town is that the local paper covers so many individual stories, and once a week the locals devour the news of everybody they know. "The Weekly Wiper" is what we called our little town's newspaper in South Carolina, and it looks like the *Bureau County Tribune* was a very similar rag. The great thing for A.W. Chandler's descendants is that the *Tribune* preserved his amazing wartime story in chronological order.

Jim was serving on a submarine tender when it had to be scuttled in Manila Bay three weeks after Pearl Harbor. The citation for his POW Medal tells that story.

> Arthur Chandler was a member of the crew of the submarine tender U.S.S. CANOPUS (AS-9), serving in the Philippine Islands. After the ship was severely damaged on December 29, 1941, and subsequently scuttled to prevent the vessel from falling into enemy hands, he and his surviving comrades joined the ground forces in defense of Bataan and Corregidor. He was subsequently captured and interned as a Prisoner of War.

So, the sailor had to join General MacArthur's ground forces in defense of Corregidor, a role for which he was probably ill-prepared. When the writing on the wall became apparent to President Roosevelt, he ordered MacArthur to break out and take himself, his family, and his staff to Australia. The general got on a PT boat and left behind the troops he had led. Corregidor fell on May 6, 1942.

Bureau County Tribune, May 1942

Another Bureau county boy who is with Uncle Sam's scrappy crew of fighters holding out against the vicious Jap siege of the Corregidor Island fortress in Manila Bay is Arthur (Jim) Chandler, 23-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Chandler, route 3, Princeton.

What the folks in Bureau County did not realize was that Jim had already been captured by the Japanese on May 6, 1942, when General Jonathan "Skinny" Wainwright had to surrender all of his Allied forces in the Philippines. Three days later, he led them on the hellish Bataan Death March. Those who faltered, fell, or even had to stop to defecate were shot, bayoneted, or beheaded. That horror story is captured here:
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bataan_Death_March

At the end of May, A.W. Chandler's parents were told that their son was missing. For the next year, they did not know if he was alive or dead. They had received a postcard from him written in February, and that was the last thing they heard from him for the next three years. We can only imagine the grief, the anxiety, and the terror this mother and father had in their hearts.

Bureau County Tribune, May 22, 1942

BUREAU COUNTY NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chandler received a message last week that their son. Arthur W., a Navy man aboard the U.S.S. Canopus at Manila, P. I. was among the missing. He enlisted in the Navy July 23, 1940, and was with the Pacific fleet until Jan. 8, 1941, when he volunteered for service with the Asiatic fleet, and was there when the Japanese-U.S. war broke out. He is a graduate of the Malden high school.

Bureau County Tribune, July 30, 1943

Seaman Chandler

Prisoner of Japs

—

Mr. and Mrs. William Chandler, Routes 3, Princeton, received good news recently from the Navy department informing them that their son Arthur William Chandler, seaman first class, who was reported missing in action a year ago, is now found to be alive and a prisoner of the Japanese. For months they had feared that he was dead.

Seaman Chandler entered the navy in July 1940, serving in the South Pacific. The last word received from him was a postcard in Feb. 1942. He attended Malden schools and was graduated from the high school with the class of 1936.

Toward the war's end, Japan was running out of human resources. So, they started shipping their prisoners in the Pacific to Japan to serve as slave labor. After more than two years of enduring a harsh and tortured POW life in the Philippines, young Chandler boarded the *Noto Maru*, on what came to be known as a Hell Ship and headed to Japan. He was sent to Hanawa, a prison for the Allied soldiers and sailors who worked as slave labor in the Mitsubishi copper mine a few miles away.

Here is an eyewitness report of what it was like to be a POW on the *Noto Maru* Hell Ship:
https://www2.gvsu.edu/walll/the%20hell%20ships.htm

James Murphy[19] was one of the prisoners who slaved away at the Mitsubishi copper mine with your father. He wrote a riveting five-page history of the Hanawa slave camp. It recounts in vivid detail the horrifying experience that your Dad had to endure:
http://www.mansell.com/pow_resources/camplists/sendai/hanawa/murph_1.html

[19] James Murphy went to the Simon Wiesenthal Center in L.A. in 2015 to hear an apology from Mitsubishi executives for their wartime treatment of POWs. Mr. Murphy accepted their apology on behalf of your Dad and the other five hundred or so American and British POWs who had worked the mine at Hanawa. You can watch a two-minute report of the event here:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XUr61gXDVLY

Finally, at the end of May 1945, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler got a message from their boy. We can imagine that the Japanese were becoming increasingly aware that the end of the war was coming, and they were concerned about their culpability in the mistreatment of prisoners. We cannot be sure of why, but they finally let a message go through. Jimmy- do you have any of those few letters and messages that your father sent back home? They have to be heart-rending.

Bureau County Tribune, May 22, 1945

BUREAU COUNTY NEWS

A message from A. W. Chandler, Seaman First Class, prisoner of the Japanese government, was received this week by his parents. Mr. and Mrs. William T. Chandler, Route 3, Princeton – the first direct word from their son in more than three years.

Then came the word that Jim was free and headed home:

Two months after our atomic blast leveled Hiroshima, the Allies liberated Jim from the Hanawa slave camp. He said that "he was feeling fine" (What?!). That might give us a peek into where Chunko Chandler got his resilience and his iron will to push through adversity.

The next page has a great shot of Lieutenant Jack Bresnick with his rescue contingent arriving at the Hanawa camp. They were the first free Americans these guys had seen in over three years. Bresnick is being joyously greeted by some of the five hundred or so prisoners who had been waiting for that rescue. Your Dad is somewhere in this crowd. Can you spot him?

You might notice that everybody looks pretty healthy. Two likely reasons for that: The Japanese were depending on these slave laborers to produce the war materiel they needed. So, unlike the starvation rations our people endured and died on in the Philippine prisons, the prison labor force in Japan needed to be fed in order to produce. That was one of the few blessings involved in any of this. The second reason is that these men had been eating well for a month. This picture was taken on September 14, 1945. Emperor Hirohito had surrendered on August 15; five days later the Japanese guards deserted the camp. Starting in the middle of August, U.S. B-29 Superfortresses dropped over 4000 tons of food, medicine, and clothes to the POW camps in Japan.

Bureau County Tribune, October 5, 1945

Chandler Released From Prison Camp

Arthur "Jim" Chandler. seaman first class, has notified his parents. Mr. and Mrs. William Chandler, east of Princeton, that he has been released from the Japanese prison camp where he has been interned since the fall of Corregidor in May 1942.

He said that he was feeling fine and expected to be with them as soon as possible. It was five years ago Tuesday that he graduated from Great Lakes Training school and came home for three-day leave. His parents have not seen him since as he was immediately shipped out. He had enlisted in July 1940. As Mrs. Chandler said, they followed the papers closely following the fall of Corregidor and learned that the sub tender on which their son was stationed had been scuttled in Manila Bay before the crew went on to Corregidor. From time to time they received cards from the government stating that he was in Balboa prison camp, and that in January of this year, he was sent to Tokyo. During these past three and one-half years, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler received one card from him.

Four weeks after that picture was taken, Jim was back in the arms of his Mama. Can you visualize that reunion?

Bureau County Tribune, October 26, 1945

Arthur Jim Chandler, S 1/c, who has been a prisoner of the Japs since May 1942, has arrived in the States and is at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chandler, east of Princeton.

After getting back home, the newly ranked Gunner's Mate Third Class Chandler did not do a tour of the major radio networks, he did not do a book deal, and he did not climb onto a shrink's couch (even though that would have been perfectly justified). He quietly went back to his father's farm, hooked up a plow, and started back to work. Just three weeks after getting back home, all of Bureau County turned out for a covered dish supper to hear the war hero tell his story.

Bureau County Tribune, November 9, 1945

A covered dish supper will be served at 7 o'clock after which Arthur "Jim" Chandler, gunner mate 3/c, will give a talk on his experiences in the Navy and as a Japanese prisoner of war. He is a former Malden high school graduate. There will also be a one-act play and other entertainment. Come and bring a covered dish. Everyone is invited

In one of the enduring patterns of the strong generation that preceded us, the young farmer fell in love with Miss Vivian Hall from a little town ten miles away. Nine months after their wedding, the world welcomed their firstborn, our own James Allan Chandler. (Did they call you Little Jim?) The little family settled into a life full of good work and contributions. The elder Jim became a leading figure in the booming agriculture economy of the county and was a perennial elected county official.

Bureau County Tribune, July 8, 1947

Hall - Chandler

Miss Vivian J. Hall, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, DePue, became the bride of Arthur W. Chandler, son of Mr. And Mrs. William Chandler, Rte. 4, in a pretty ceremony at 9 o'clock Saturday morning in St. Mary's Catholic Church in DePue. Rev. M.T. Szalewski performed the double ring ceremony.

The bride attended DePue schools and was graduated from the DePue high school. She has been employed at Westclox.

Mr. Chandler was graduated from Malden high school and served in the Navy in the Pacific. He was captured at Corregidor and spent almost four years in a Japanese prison camp. He was discharged in July 1946 and has been farming with his father. The couple will make their home with the senior Chandlers.

What a story...what a man.

—Jim Chandler '70 with thanks to classmate Skip Clarkson

Francis Ancrum Clarkson (F-4)

Generations of Military Service

My father, **Robert Johnson "Bob" Clarkson**, was born in 1912 at "The Raft," his grandfather's plantation in South Carolina. He missed his high school graduation in 1929 because he had to stay on his father's rented farm, harvesting the winter wheat crop that he and his brothers had planted. He worked all summer to save money for his first year at Clemson A&M, which was then a small land-grant military college. When fall arrived, my father stood by the side of the road, stuck out his thumb, and hitchhiked 180 miles to the upstate of South Carolina to begin school. He was drawn to textile engineering because of his talent for working with machinery and the abundance of textile mills in the Southeast. An uncle lent him money to get through each year of school, and he spent the summers working back on the farm to pay off the loans.

Cadet Lieutenant Robert Johnson Clarkson
Clemson A&M Corps of Cadets - 1933

The years between the world wars were austere, with few opportunities for training troops, so nearly all of the 178 Clemson graduates in the Class of 1933 were enrolled in the inactive reserves. At graduation, Dad was commissioned as an infantry officer and began searching for a civilian job.

Graduating during the height of the Great Depression, work was scarce for the Clemson graduates. My father found his first job in one of South Carolina's textile mills. Colonel Elliott Springs offered to hire any of the thirteen textile engineering graduates who needed work, paying them the exact amount it cost to stay in a local boarding house in one of his mill towns. For Bob, that was nine dollars and some change per week. He would take his paycheck straight to the boarding house owner, ensuring a roof over his head and three meals a day for the week.

Over time, the young engineer proved his worth and was lured away by the U.S. Rubber Company (now Uniroyal) to work in their Hogansville, Georgia, plant. On the 1940 U.S. census, Dad was earning thirty-two dollars a week as an "experimental worker," a precursor to his lifelong passion for research and development. It was in Hogansville that-he met and fell in love with a schoolteacher named **Rebecca Marshall Crawford**, who was staying at the same boarding house. She was destined to become the mother of my two brothers and me.

Lieutenant Robert Clarkson of Camden, S.C. demonstrates the absence of recoil as he fires the .45 caliber submachine gun.

Ordnance Department

In the early 1940s, with the mobilization for World War II in full swing, Clemson's Class of 1933 answered the call. Five days after Pearl Harbor, the Army placed Dad on active duty. Someone in the Department of the Army noticed his research work with textile machinery and transferred him from the Infantry to the Ordnance Department. He was sent to Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, and assigned to the Arms and Ammunition Division. As a junior lieutenant, he was put in charge of all machine gun work at Aberdeen. His primary focus became the T17E3 .60 caliber high-speed machine gun project.

In 1942, Great Britain presented American intelligence with a Mauser MG 151 machine gun from a downed Luftwaffe aircraft. The U.S. decided to reverse-engineer it and modify it to fire an American .60 caliber cartridge. Initial work was done by the gunsmiths at Colt Firearms, and then the project was turned over to the Frigidaire Division of General Motors for manufacturing, with Bob overseeing development and proof testing. Interest from the combat forces was strong; the U.S. Navy ordered 2,500 guns, and the U.S. Army Air Corps ordered 5,025. However, the project encountered significant issues: guns blew up, the belt-fed ammunition jammed, and rates of fire were inconsistent. Dad shuttled between Aberdeen, the Frigidaire plant in Dayton, Ohio, and Eglin Army Airfield in Florida, testing prototypes during flight. After making modification after modification, he finally produced an effective weapon. Despite his efforts, the working weapon was completed too late to be used meaningfully in the war. By the end of World War II, there were 309 working guns and six million rounds of .60 caliber ammunition, but the new Air Force ultimately shifted away from heavy machine guns in favor of cannons.

Lieutenant Robert J Clarkson testing the .60 caliber T17E3 high-speed machine gun.

A month before Japan's surrender in 1945, the U.S. Rubber Company requested Dad's release to return to his textile research, but the Army refused, citing his critical role in the machine gun project. Major General Charles T. Harris described him as "the best qualified engineer at Aberdeen Proving Ground" for the task.

After the war, my father returned to U.S. Rubber's operation in Winnsboro, South Carolina, where he earned 26 American and Canadian patents. His most significant invention was the Clarkson Cord Former, which revolutionized the production of synthetic cord used in tires, until steel-belted tires took over the market. When the United States opened trade with Communist China, one of the earliest purchases was the Clarkson Cord Former. The machine was shipped in containers with a videotape showing him demonstrating how to set it up and operate it, complete with Chinese subtitles—a preview of the intellectual property transfers that continue to this day.

My dad came from a long line of soldiers (and one sailor). It can be argued that his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, **Colonel (**and **Admiral) William Rhett**, saved the Carolina colony twice—first in 1706 during Queen Anne's War, when Rhett's improvised flotilla drove off a French and Spanish naval attack on Charles Town, and again in 1718 when he tracked down and defeated the rampaging pirate Stede Bonnet, bringing him to the gallows in what is now downtown Charleston.

Another 5th great-grandfather, **John "Tuscarora Jack" Barnwell,** was sent by the governor to quell a violent Tuscarora Indian uprising in North Carolina. Barnwell led a combined force of Yemassee Indians and colonists to crush the rebellion and end the war with a peace treaty.

My father had multiple ancestors who fought in the American Revolution, including Continental Army surgeons **Tucker Harris** and **James Martin**. One 4th great-grandfather, **Adam Fowler Brisbane**, was a firebrand member of the Sons of Liberty and fought throughout the war, witnessing Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown.

Captain Richard Gough, a 4th great-grandfather, commanded a company of dragoons under General Francis Marion. **Edward Barnwell**, also a 4th great-grandfather and the grandson of **Tuscarora Jack**, was a lieutenant when his unit was ambushed, and he was taken prisoner. Held on one of the notorious British prison ships, he led a rebellion among the prisoners off the coast of North Carolina, escaped to shore, and returned to the Lowcountry of South Carolina to continue fighting. He ended the war as a colonel, leading the Beaufort Regiment.

One more 4th great-grandfather, **George Ancrum**, was a merchant in Charleston. He was tasked by Governor Henry Laurens to outrun the British warships and make multiple runs to France, there trading rice, indigo, and cotton, for much needed hard currency.

Alas, family stories are not always perfect, and one we would like to forget is that of another 4th great-grandfather, **Colonel Benjamin Garden**. After making headlines in combat as the distinguished commander of a militia regiment, he defected to the British during the siege of Charleston in 1780. As punishment for switching sides, the South Carolina government confiscated a large portion of his estate in 1782.

During the Civil War, Dad's great-grandfathers, **Thomas J. Ancrum** and **William E. Johnson Jr.**, both served in the Confederate Army. Each enlisted as buck privates and ended the war as lieutenants. Johnson was captured at the Battle of Cold Harbor and became part of the "Immortal 600," a storied group of Confederate officers used as human shields by Union forces in Charleston Harbor. They were eventually moved to Fort Pulaski, outside of Savannah. There, in retaliation for the inhumane treatment of Federal POWs in southern prison camps, the six hundred were put on starvation rations. They existed on a few ounces of rancid corn meal each day, supplemented by the occasional stray cat or rat a lucky prisoner might catch. As might be expected, the prisoners were ravaged by scurvy and other diseases. As the war ended with General Lee's surrender, the prisoners who were still alive were released only if they were willing to take an oath of allegiance to the United States government. Dad's great-grandfather did so, and found his way back home to Camden, South Carolina, which had been devastated by General Sherman's march through the South. There he rebuilt his life.

My father lived until 2009, long enough to see his grandson, **Francis Ancrum Clarkson Jr.**, go to war with the 10th Mountain Division—continuing the family tradition of military service. As a medical doctor, Anc went to Iraq as a captain and came back a major. He also served in Korea, at Fort Drum, New York, and at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Washington, DC.

2-22nd Infantry Battalion Surgeon Anc Clarkson & Security Detail, Kirkuk, Iraq

Anc values his family history and appreciates his military and medical connections, especially to the Continental Army surgeon, Doctor Tucker Harris. It is remarkable he has served as the historian of the same medical society in Charleston that was started by his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather back in 1789.

Looking back, my father, **Robert Johnson Clarkson,** always chose to do the harder right instead of the easier wrong, years before we ever heard those words uttered in the Cadet Prayer. His imprint on our family is indelible.

— **Skip Clarkson, '70**

John Valentine Cogbill III (G-4)

Five Generations of Service to Our Country

My father, Jack Cogbill, 1943 before shipping out to England.

Our family has a long and proud tradition of service in the military. Since the 1700's, almost every generation has had at least one son raise his hand and swear to support and defend his country. Five generations since the 1920's have served in succession in the United States Army.

My grandfather, **John V. Cogbill**, served briefly during World War I. In 1942, my father, **John V. Cogbill Jr**. ("Jack"), enlisted in the United States Army to serve in the Army Air Corps. He subsequently served 20 years in the Army and then served another 20 years at the National Security Agency. He devoted his life to service to our country. His legacy has been carried on by me, my sons, and my grandsons. My sons and my grandsons are still serving today.

Jack Cogbill enlisted from his hometown of Richmond, Virginia, and was soon on his way to England where his unit supported bomber squadrons of the 8th Air Force. Subsequently, he transferred to the infantry and served in the 104th Division landing at Le Havre, France, and, thereafter, fought across France and Germany as a machine gunner in the 414th Infantry Regiment, earning the Bronze Star Medal. He returned to the United States after VE Day and married the love of his life, **Patricia Buchanan**.

Thus began a 20-year military career as a Warrant Officer serving in the United States, Germany, and Korea in the Intelligence arena. Upon his retirement from the Army, he continued with his work at the National Security Agency for another 20 years.

The oldest son, I decided to follow in my Dad's footsteps. I secured an appointment and entered West Point on July 1, 1966, as a member of the future Class of 1970. I wanted to serve in the U.S. Army, and I wanted to be an Infantry officer.

After graduation and commissioning, I spent the next nine months learning about being an Infantryman at the Infantry Officer Basic Course (IOBC), Airborne School, Jumpmaster School, and Ranger School. In between IOBC and Jumpmaster School, I married the love of my life, **Janet Henry**, at the Catholic Chapel at Fort Benning.

In March 1971, after graduation from Ranger School, Janet and I began our lives together as part of the Berlin Brigade in Berlin, Germany. While in Berlin, our family grew. **John Patrick Cogbill** arrived at Father Flanagan Hospital in Berlin in 1972.

After 37 months in Berlin, we returned to Fort Benning for the Infantry Officer Advanced Course. Another "gift from Heaven" arrived at the Cogbill home as **James Buchanan Cogbill** ("Jamie") was born in 1975 and the newly expanded family of four travelled across the country in a Volkswagen van from Fort Benning, Georgia, to Fort Lewis, Washington.

A year passed, and I left active duty and began a career as a civilian ultimately becoming a lawyer (but still serving as a Reserve Army Officer). Years later, another "gift from Heaven" arrived in the form of our daughter, **Christine Marie Cogbill** ("Chrissy").

Time marched on (in good infantry fashion) and our children grew. John Patrick decided that he, too, wanted to serve in the U.S. Army and was selected to attend West Point as a member of the Class of 1994. Upon graduation (even as a "Star Man"), he elected to serve in the Infantry. Upon completion of all his Army "charm" schools at Fort Benning (that his father had endured), John began a long career as an Infantry officer and is currently a Brigadier General at Central Command (CENTCOM) in Tampa, Florida.

Jamie considered West Point, but elected to forego the "Hudson Highlands," and, instead, entered the Georgetown School of Foreign Service. He joined the Georgetown ROTC and, thereafter, graduated as a Distinguished Military Graduate in 1997 near the top of his class. He was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Intelligence Branch (following in his grandfather's footsteps). He has served around the world as an Intelligence officer. Currently, he is a Colonel and serves as the Professor of Military Science at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Virginia. His "New River Battalion" was named the best Army ROTC unit in the United States in 2023.

Our sons John and Jamie served multiple combat tours in Afghanistan and Iraq. John also served in Kosovo, and Jamie did tours in Bosnia and Macedonia.

With my sons at John's promotion
BG John P. Cogbill, John V. Cogbill, Col Jamie Cogbill

Grandson ROTC Cadet Jack Cogbill with his father John and uncle Jamie

Chrissy arrived about 10 years after Jamie. She watched her brothers head off to college and missed them dearly. She was very proud of her soldier brothers. But shortly after Jamie's graduation and commissioning, Janet and I were surprised to hear Chrissy announce that she did not plan to go to college. When questioned about this seemingly odd pronouncement, Chrissy announced that she would not attend college because she did not want to be in the Army! Fortunately, Janet and I were able to convince her that not all who go to college are required to serve in the military upon

graduation! Much relieved, Chrissy went on to graduate from the University of Virginia and, thereafter, became a lawyer living and practicing in Richmond, Virginia, with her husband and their three children.

With my grandson Spc3 Alex Cogbill

The story does not stop here. John and Jenny Cogbill's oldest child, **Jack Cogbill,** graduated from Harvard in June 2024 and was commissioned as an Infantry officer. Jamie and Carrie's oldest son, **Alex Cogbill**, is currently serving as a Guardian in the newly formed Space Force.

Chrissy and Philip's son, **Philip Valentine Noonan,** will attend Benedictine College Prep, a military high school in Richmond, Virginia, and follow his father through that military high school tradition.

Service to our Country is a large part of the Cogbill Family traditions. We have all learned from our fathers that "freedom is not free" and that "giving back" to this Country that has given so much to us, is an important part of being a citizen of these United States of America.

My father-in-law Bill Henry, probably 1944 France

"Learning from our fathers" is not just a part of the Cogbill Family history. Janet's father, a schoolteacher in New Jersey, enlisted in the United States Army at the start of World War II with two of his brothers. **Bill Henry** (Janet's Dad) attended OCS and married **Evelyn Borkstrom** before he shipped out to serve as a counter-battery Artillery Officer in Patton's Third Army in Europe. He, too, earned a Bronze Star Medal for his service in the European Theater. At the end of the war he returned home to again pursue his love of teaching in both high school and college in his home state of New Jersey.

It was a good thing Bill Henry returned to Evelyn and New Jersey after the war because their daughter, Janet, was born there and later, on a blind date in 1968, met an awkward West Point Cow on a Soccer Corps Squad trip in New York. The rest, folks, is history. What a great legacy!

God bless America and those who serve her!

— **John Cogbill '70**

John Horn Colacicco (C-4)

Major "Muscles"

My father, **Frank Colacicco**, graduated from West Point in 1940 and was assigned to the 18th Infantry Regiment, 1st Infantry Division in New York City. He was with the 18th Inf at the landings in North Africa (Nov 1942), Sicily (Jul 1943), and Normandy (Jun 1944). During the landing in North Africa, he was the Regimental Cannon Company Commander and captured a Vichy French Army Fort.

Maj Frank "Muscles" Colacicco, Normandy, June 1944

Later he became the Regiment S-3 (Operations Officer) and planned the invasions of Sicily and Normandy. At the time of the actual landing on Omaha Beach at Normandy, he was the XO of 2nd Battalion in the second wave. His landing craft was hit by an artillery round prior to reaching the beach. He was a "rock" (weak swimmer) at West Point and had a hard time swimming to shore.

By the end of the Longest Day, my dad's battalion, 2/18 Inf, was one of the 1st ID's units furthest inland. There were no front lines, just perimeters held by one side or the other. The following pages show two newspaper articles about Dad being captured on the night of 6 – 7 June 1944 (night of D-Day) by a German patrol that had entered his battalion lines.

My mother Anne, me, Dad, and brother Mike '69, at Honolulu airport before the Hawaii-based cadets and middies take a 12-hour C-141 flight w/ jump seats back to the East Coast, Christmas 1968

In February 1945, he became the 2nd Battalion Commander. On 19 March 1945, his jeep ran over a German land mine, killing the driver and S-1 (Adjutant) and severely wounding my father. He was retired disabled on 31 December 1947. During his WWII service, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and received 2 Silver Stars, the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star, 2 Purple Hearts, and the Combat Infantryman Badge.

When we lived in England, the family took a vacation in Spain for 2 weeks at Easter in 1957. On the way back to England, we visited Omaha Beach, Normandy, and town where the "Major Muscles" event took place.

— John Colacicco '70

Nazis Forced To Use Tactics Of Guerrillas

Reinforcements Slowed by Ruined Railways; Snipers Fail to Bar U. S. Advance

By Don Whitehead

For the combined American press

WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN FRANCE, June 9 (Delayed) (AP).—Four days after landing amid bitter fighting on the beach the American troops in this sector have launched an attack to push their beachhead deeper into Normandy.

This was accomplished as a result of the unprecedented speed with which troops, guns and supplies were landed once the crust of the enemy's opposition was broken. Never before have troops, guns, armor and supplies been put ashore with such speed, despite a slow beginning and when the enemy was fighting to crack the American landings.

I believe the Germans now have lost their chance to break the beachhead. They lost that chance the first two days of the invasion when they committed their reserves to desperate battles. The doughboys charged across the beaches and the enemy was unable to launch a counter-attack.

Allied air support is magnificent, and not a single enemy plane has been seen over this beachhead during the daylight hours since the landing in this sector. Indications show that the Germans are unable to rush in heavy reinforcements with any speed because our air forces have bombed the railway lines.

The Germans are fighting guerrilla warfare in a desperate attempt to stop the steady progress of the stout-hearted Americans, and they are making great use of snipers.

The enemy is fighting from trees, hedgerows, buildings and farmhouses and sending snipers to infiltrate our lines to harass the rear, but they have been unable to halt the advance.

There was one verified case of a sniper being found garbed in the clothing of an American soldier.

Outside the town in this area the Germans are spotting our advance from dugouts. During an exchange of fire six enemy soldiers came out with their hands up in surrender.

A patrol led by Lieutenant Brown, of Jackson, Miss., going forward to an assembly area, when a sniper opened up from behind a bush. Lieutenant Brown silenced this fire.

The German sniping technique is to leave one or two men with machine pistols, rifles and ammunition hidden in the trees or along the thick hegerows which border Normandy's narrow, winding lanes. If a large body of doughboys passes the snipers hold their fire. They wait for small groups of men, walking singly and in pairs, and then they open fire.

But the doughboys stalk them down, and few snipers come back alive. Most of them are very young or men in their forties and fifties. During the night the Germans send sniping patrols to rough our lines, but these tactics, while irritating, have not stopped the infantry.

The other night a German patrol slipped behind our lines along the hedgerows and surrounded one unit's command post where Major Frank Callicco, of Utica, N. Y., was in command. It was about 1 a. m. They sneaked in and covered Callicco and his men with machine pistols.

"You are prisoners," a young German said in English, and ordered Callicco and his men to accompany them. Callicco had other ideas. The major suddenly grabbed the machine pistol from his captor and tried to shoot him but the gun jammed. He beat the German over the head. Another German grabbed him from behind, and Callicco tossed this one over his head.

In the mean time the other boys were in action, too, and when the fracas was over the major and his men had taken the German prisoners. Now the boys are calling him Major Muscles Callicco.

Never before have the Germans used such tactics against American troops, but this country lends itself to this type of fighting. The hedgerows are very thick and each neat field is bordered heavily by trees or shrubbery instead of fencing. Green oak, beech and elm trees provide cover for snipers.

One eighteen-year-old sniper was hiding in a field toward which our unit was moving to set up a command post. He opened fire and a doughboy shot his through the heart. Even as his heart was bursting through the bullet hole in his chest the German was frantically trying to get his first-aid kit. Then he collapsed. An

ONE DAY AFTER 'D' DAY
1944

Utican Turns Tables On German Captors; Saves Command Post

By snatching a machine pistol from one would-be captor and tossing another German, attacking him from behind, over his head, Maj. Frank Colacicco, son of Erminio Colacicco, 1201 Kossuth, saved the personnel of his command post from capture in Northern France.

When the fracas was over, Colacicco and his men had captured the Germans who, a moment before, had them covered.

The details of Major Colacicco's heroism were related by Don Whitehead, an Associated Press correspondent representing the combined American press, as follows:

"The other night a German patrol slipped behind our lines along the hedgerows and surrounded one unit's command post, where Maj. Frank Colacicco of Utica, N. Y., was in command. It was about 1 a. m. They sneaked in and covered Colacicco and his men with machine pistols.

"'You are prisoners,' a young German said in English, and ordered Colacicco and his men to accompany them.

Colacicco had other ideas. The major suddenly grabbed the machine pistol from his captor and tried to shoot him, but the gun jammed. He beat the German over the head. Another German grabbed him from behind, and Colacicco tossed this one over his head.

"In the meantime, the other boys were in action, too, and when the fracas was over, the major and his men had taken the Germans prisoners. Now the boys are calling him Maj. 'Muscles' Colacicco."

A sister of the Major, Mrs. James E. Monahan, 638 Arthur, commented last night that "I can't imagine him doing a thing like that. He has always been so gentle."

The account of Major Colacicco's bravery was the first definite knowledge the family had that he is participating in the invasion, Mrs. Monahan said.

Major Colacicco, who will be 29 on July 4, is a graduate of the Utica Free Academy, and while attending high school he was a member of Company L, 10th Infantry, New York National Guard.

Later, he entered the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy, and served with an infantry company of the Texas National Guard. He was appointed to study at West Point, and was graduated in June, 1940, receiving his commission as a second lieutenant.

MAJ. FRANK COLACICCO

In July, 1942, he was promoted to the rank of captain and named commanding officer of a cannon company in the 18th Infantry, First Division.

In April, 1943, he was promoted to major while serving in North Africa. Gallantry in action during the North African invasion earned for him the Silver Star the previous November.

Major Colacicco's wife, the former Miss Anne Horn, and their daughter, Patricia Anne, 2, live in Hyattsville, Md.

Dominick Anthony Crea (G-4)

WWII Quartermaster Railhead Company Commander

My father, **Pasquale Crea**, grew up in New York City and graduated from St. John's University. He was working for the Department of Public Works in New York City when he was drafted in January 1941. Assigned to the Quartermaster Corps, he was stationed at Fort Frances E. Warren in Wyoming. An old frontier fort established in 1867 on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to protect the workers building the transcontinental railroad, it was a Quartermaster Corps training center in World War II. He graduated from Quartermaster Officer Candidate School there in November 1942 and took additional training at Camp Normoyle, a quartermaster ordinance and engine replacement depot in San Antonio, Texas.

Stationed in the Southwest, probably with an African American Quartermaster truck company, he most likely provided logistical support at the Desert Training Center (DTC), an 18,000 square mile facility located in southern California and western Arizona that opened in April 1942 where approximately 180,000 men were training at any given time with an average tour of fourteen weeks. There were numerous supply depots and rail sidings within the complex. More than a million men, including thirteen infantry divisions. seven armored divisions and numerous non-divisional units, trained there. In 1943, Mom traveled by train to Yuma, Arizona, her first trip outside "Little Italy" in lower Manhattan, to marry Dad.

Grace and Pasquale Crea, September 1943

Filling 5-gallon fuel cans at a DTC railhead

As the Desert Training Center scaled down and closed in early 1944, he deployed to Europe in March 1944 and would serve there for eighteen months. His major assignment was commander of the 307th Quartermaster Railhead Company, a unit composed of African American soldiers.

African American Quartermaster units included truck, car, railhead, bakery, salvage repair, salvage collecting, laundry, fumigation and bath, gas supply, sterilization and pack units that varied in size from regiments to detachments. Before the war's end there were 1,600 African American Quartermaster companies. The railhead company

received, broke down, and issued food and clothing supplies at railheads, truckheads, navigation heads, beachheads, and other supply points and thus served as the last connecting link in the long chain of supply from the farm and factory to the fighting men. Petroleum and ammunition supplies were generally handled by specialized units. Each corps usually contained one or two quartermaster railhead companies.

Picking up supplies at a European Theater railhead

The 307th Quartermaster Railhead Company served in several locations in England before joining the Ninth US Army in France where it became part of XIX Corps. In December 1944, it was located in Heerlen, the Netherlands. By May 1945, the 307th had joined the Seventh US Army and was stationed at Sennfeld near Schweinfurt, Germany.

He returned to the United States in September 1945, and was discharged at Ft Dix, New Jersey, in December 1945.

— **Dom Crea '70**

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You will not find it difficult to prove that battles, campaigns, and even wars have been won or lost primarily because of logistics.
—General Dwight D. Eisenhower

Logistics is the stuff that if you don't have enough of, the war will not be won as soon as.
—General Nathaniel Green, Quartermaster,
Continental Army, American Revolution

Roger William Cross III (F-4)

Patrolling the Palau Islands

My father, **Roger W. Cross Jr.**, was born in 1923 and grew up initially in the small village of Clifton Station, VA which is in Fairfax County in northern Virginia. He was the first child of Roger W. Cross Sr. and Julia Campbell Cross. The Cross family had been in the area since at least the early 1800's. His father had a high school education and trained as a pharmacist in nearby Manassas. His mother had grown up on a farm in King William County, VA before going to Longwood Normal Teacher's College. Her first teaching job was in a nearby school system.

By 1930, the family was living in nearby Manassas, VA where his father was working as a pharmacist in a drugstore. My father graduated from Osbourn High School in 1941 and enrolled in Randolph Macon College in Ashland, VA, in fall 1941. He enlisted in the Navy on December 5, 1942, in Richmond, VA and was placed in an inactive status to continue his education while waiting for orders to enter active service. I am not sure why he chose the Navy other than I know his father was in the Naval Reserve during WWI. His patriotism may have also been influenced by his mother's sister who had served in the American Red Cross in France during WWI from 1918-1919. The following details are from Navy orders and a partial diary that he kept, both of which are in my possession.

He entered active service on July 1, 1943, at Cornell University, Ithaca, NY where he was enrolled in the Midshipmen School. He was part of the Navy's V-12 Program and completed 36 weeks of training at the University of Richmond, 4 weeks at the pre–Midshipman School at Asbury Park, NJ, and 12 weeks at the Midshipmen School, Cornell University, Ithaca, NY. During the transition between schools, he became engaged to my mother, Marie Mitchell Dozier, on September 26, 1943. He completed the school and was commissioned an Ensign in the US Naval Reserve on July 4, 1944. He was ordered to the Amphibious Training Base Solomons, MD to arrive by July 31, 1944. His travel records indicated that he departed by train from Ithaca, NY at 0102 on July 26, 1944 and arrived in Washington, DC at 1835 the same day. This gave him time to get married to my mother, his high school sweetheart, at 7:30 pm on July 28, 1944, spend 2 days on their honeymoon in Richmond, VA and be back in DC to depart at 1530 on July 31, 1944 and arrive at Amphibious Training Base, Solomons, MD at 1730 on July 31, 1944. Not atypical of many servicemen and women before heading overseas.

LCI (L) 870

From ATB Solomons, MD, on September 25, 1944, he received orders to proceed by train with the 4 other officers and crew to Pier 42, North River, NY for the commissioning of U.S.S. LCI (L) 870 (Landing Craft Infantry-Large). LCI (L)'s were 158 feet long by 23 feet beam/wide used to land 180-210 soldiers on a beach. Pictures taken in October 1945 show 5 officers with a crew of 27 enlisted men. LCI

#870 was commissioned on October 9, 1944 and left New York for Norfolk, VA. My father always said that they stayed in sight of land for days. By the time they got to the Panama Canal, they knew what they were doing and were comfortable with navigation. My father was the Communications and Commissary officer. His diary says that they departed Norfolk, VA on November 11, 1944, and arrived at Coco Solo, Canal Zone. While they were going through the Panama Canal on the night of November 22, 1944, LCI 870 was in the lead. They encountered a PT boat heading east without running lights. LCI 870 was able to avoid it but the second ship in the line did not and it was damaged. His diary notes that they put into San Diego, CA on December 6, 1944, with LCS 21 in tow. They spent 7 weeks in San Diego while the ship was repaired. A footnote to the story is that my mother traveled across country by train by herself as a newly married 19-year-old Navy wife to be with my father for several weeks before his departure. After the repairs, LCI 870 departed in a convoy of Navy vessels for Pearl Harbor, Hawaii on January 29, 1945.

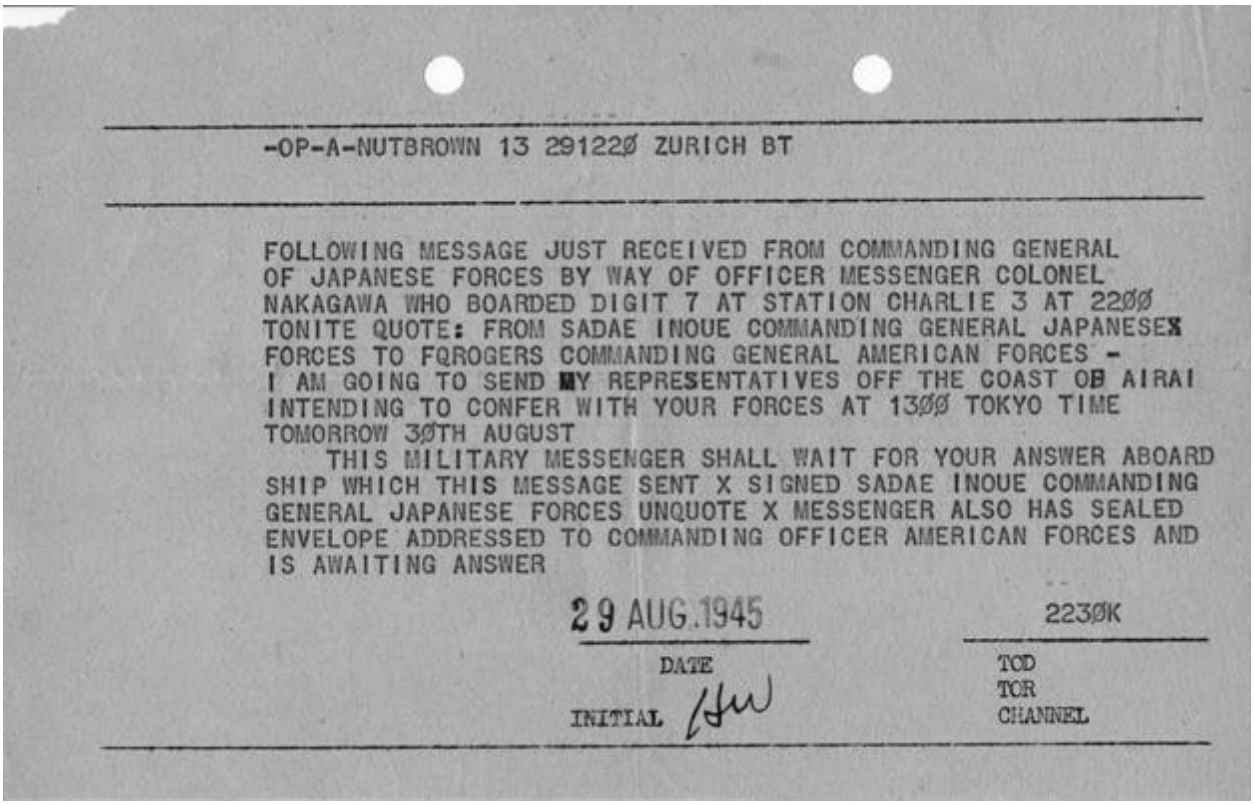
Roger W. Cross Jr., on ramp of LCI.

They arrived in Pearl Harbor on February 9, 1945. At this point, the Battle of Iwo Jima (February 19 to March 26) was about to begin 1600 miles to the northwest followed shortly by the Battle of Okinawa (March 26 to July 2) further to the west. LCI 870 was assigned to the Asiatic-Pacific Theater, LCI Flotilla Thirteen, LCI Group Thirty-Eight, LCI Division Seventy-Eight.[20] They departed from Pearl on February 15, 1945, and proceeded towards Peleliu in the Palau chain of islands approximately 600 miles southeast of the Philippines. The Battle of Peleliu ended on November 27, 1944, and it had become a major airfield and part of the supply chain for the U.S. forces. However, because of the U.S. strategy of bypassing small islands, enemy troops were on nearby islands. My father's records have a copy of a March 14, 1945, article titled "Morrill's Black Cat LCI's Keep Japs on Palaus Occupied," filed by a war correspondent for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. Another source indicated that there were ~25,000 Japanese in the islands north of Peleliu and that a thin line of LCIs (Flotilla Thirteen) were charged with fighting off attacks from Japanese swimmers and rafts with bombs and mines. This is the duty that my father's LCI supported.

[20] Search for LCI 870, NavSource Online: Amphibious Photo Archive accessed 1/13/23

They made several stops (Johnston Island, Majuro atoll, Eniwetok, Guam) on their way to Ulithi near Yap, arriving on Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945. A note in the diary says that they ate turkey obtained in Key West, FL. They departed Ulithi on April 5, 1945, and arrived in Peleliu, part of the Palau chain of islands on April 7 where he noted that they saw their first enemy-held island. My father indicated that their main duty was to patrol islands that still held Japanese soldiers. Their main concern was at night when the Japanese would tie anything that could explode to rafts to act as floating bombs. His records contain a copy of an after-action report dated April 16, 1945, which reports an action that occurred on the nights of April 13-14, 1945. A raft with a mine attached was observed at 0310 about 300 yards off the starboard bow. This mine exploded before it could be fired upon. Later at 0717, a floating mine (2 logs on either side of a gasoline drum) was noted about 200 yards off the starboard bow. It was exploded by .30 caliber rifle fire. During the day a detachment went ashore on Abapamogan and were attacked by the Japanese. One sailor, Powell, was wounded and received the Purple Heart.

Part of the diary is missing so I do not have details for the next several months. The next entry is in August 1945 (no specific date since it is a continuation of an entry on the missing page) and said that they were off Abapamogan while an Army unit invaded it. The next line is of great interest, "Atomic Bomb sends hopes sky high. Heard rumors of Peace." An August 29, 1945, diary entry says that the Japanese "send negotiator in small boat to ship next to us in Picket Line. Everyone is excited." See the attached message, OP-A-NUTBROWN 13 291220 ZURICH BT from Sadae Inoue, Commanding General Japanese Forces, to FORogers, Commanding General American Forces.



-OP-A-NUTBROWN 13 291220 ZURICH BT

FOLLOWING MESSAGE JUST RECEIVED FROM COMMANDING GENERAL OF JAPANESE FORCES BY WAY OF OFFICER MESSENGER COLONEL NAKAGAWA WHO BOARDED DIGIT 7 AT STATION CHARLIE 3 AT 2200 TONITE QUOTE: FROM SADAE INOUE COMMANDING GENERAL JAPANESE FORCES TO FQROGERS COMMANDING GENERAL AMERICAN FORCES - I AM GOING TO SEND MY REPRESENTATIVES OFF THE COAST OB AIRAI INTENDING TO CONFER WITH YOUR FORCES AT 1300 TOKYO TIME TOMORROW 30TH AUGUST
THIS MILITARY MESSENGER SHALL WAIT FOR YOUR ANSWER ABOARD SHIP WHICH THIS MESSAGE SENT X SIGNED SADAE INOUE COMMANDING GENERAL JAPANESE FORCES UNQUOTE X MESSENGER ALSO HAS SEALED ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO COMMANDING OFFICER AMERICAN FORCES AND IS AWAITING ANSWER

29 AUG.1945 — DATE
2230K — TOD
INITIAL — TOR
CHANNEL

Message dated 29 Aug 1945 from Commanding General of Japanese Forces

Regarding the August 29 entry, further research shows that the commander of the American Forces at Peleliu was Brigadier General F.O. Rogers. After the atomic bombings of early August, General Rogers showed his own initiative and prepared a surrender document which was later approved by Vice Admiral George D. Murray, Commander of the Marianas, as the official surrender document within Murray's area of command. In this capacity, Rogers accepted surrender of Lieutenant General Sadae Inoue, Commander of all Japanese forces, aboard the destroyer USS *Amick* on September 2, 1945.[21] This is documented by a September 2 diary entry which says that "Brig Gen. F.O. Rogers signs treaty aboard DE off Koror City, Bablethuap (large island in the Palau chain) surrendering all Palau's to U.S. Forces." Another diary entry for September 2 notes that General MacArthur signed the peace treaty with Japan on board the USS *Missouri*.

A September 14 diary entry says that they went into Malakal Harbor and picked up East Indian troops held captive by the Japanese since the fall of Singapore. On September 15, they went into Malakal Harbor again with troops of the 111th Infantry of the Pennsylvania National Guard (occupation troops) one year after the invasion of Peleliu by U.S. troops. This was further described in a press release from an Enlisted Naval correspondent saved in my father's papers. On October 5 they departed Peleliu, destination Saipan, with High Point GI's. On October 15, they had returned to Schenian Harbor, Peleliu. On November 3, they departed Peleliu for Guam and arrived on November 6. That is the last diary entry.

LCI 870's officers, 29 Oct 1945, Roger W. Cross Jr., kneeling on right.

Notes on a map of the Pacific Ocean show that they went to Halmahera Island, Schouten Island, New Guinea (Hollandia) and Truk. This was explained by a letter from a shipmate in the 1990's. He said that they were directed by a Navy Commander at Guam to test out a mail run. They crossed the equator near New Guinea where my father was given a 15" x 20" colored certificate stating that he was "Summoned to the Royal High Court of the Raging Main and duly initiated into The Solemn Order of the Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep" on November 28,1945, a Navy tradition for sailors crossing the equator for the first time.

My father was detached from LCI (L) 870 on January 6, 1946, and ordered to report to USS LST 881 for duty as the Communications Officer on January 10, 1946. He was promoted to Lt (J.G.) on February 7, 1946, and released from active duty on February 15, 1946. He left Pearl Harbor on the USS *President Hayes* and arrived at the Twelfth Naval District, San Francisco, CA. on February 25, 1946. He traveled by train to the U.S. Naval Personnel Separation Center in Washington, D.C., arriving on March 4, 1946. He was granted 1 month and 13 days of leave which meant that he was released from all active-duty effective midnight of April 17, 1946. For his Navy service, he was awarded the American Area Campaign Ribbon, World War II Victory Ribbon, and the Asiatic Pacific Area Campaign Ribbon with 1 star. His military career was officially over.

[21] Search for Gen. F.O. Rogers, En.m.wikipedia.org accessed 1/11/23

After the war, he returned to Randolph-Macon College on the GI Bill and graduated on May 26, 1947, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Chemistry. In the fall of 1947, he was one of eight Virginia students accepted by the State of Virginia in conjunction with the University of Virginia for a new graduate program in Charlottesville, VA in support of the textile industry. He started in fall 1947 and graduated from the Institute of Textile Technology on June 21, 1949, with a Master of Science degree. I was born on February 28, 1948, in Charlottesville while he was a graduate student.

In July 1949 he accepted is first job as a Research Chemist for Callaway Mills in LaGrange, GA. His father died later that year in Manassas, VA so we moved to Waynesboro, VA by June 1951 to be closer to his mother in Manassas. My sister, Julia, was born in Waynesboro in 1952. My father worked for the Crompton-Shenandoah Company for the remainder of his career initially as plant chemist, later moving into management and advancing to higher levels at the Waynesboro plant. In 1968, he became Manager of velvet operations responsible for overall coordination of production for both Plants No. 2 and 3. In 1973, he was appointed divisional head of Crompton's western division, which consisted of plants in Osceola and Morrilton, Arkansas, necessitating a move to Osceola. My parents returned to Waynesboro, VA later in the 1970's where they retired, allowing my father to pursue his lifelong love of woodworking in his retirement. My father passed away in November 1999 at the age of 76.

While my father rarely spoke of his military service, I knew that he was proud that he answered the call in 1942. He was always interested in history as indicated by the fact that he kept many of his Navy records and pictures of his ship, fellow officers, and sailors. In the late 1980's he made the effort to attend a few Landing Craft Infantry Association reunions and corresponded with a few of his shipmates. After he passed, I was able to obtain contact information for some of his shipmates. I found a few that remembered my father and they all said that he was an excellent officer who took care of his men. As the Commissary Officer, he was appreciated for his horse-trading abilities with Australian and New Zealand ships that brought them above-average Navy food. He was a loving son, husband, father, and friend who always had time for helping family and friends in need.

Regarding other patriotic service in my family, I am a member of the patriotic lineage society, the Sons of the American Revolution. A requirement is that you provide documentation of an ancestor that provided service in support of the American Revolution. To date, I have documented that one fourth great-grandfather, **Whitaker Campbell**, was a Lt in the King & Queen County VA Militia as a recruiter in 1777 and provided supplies to the Army in 1780 and 1781. I also have another fourth great-grandfather, **Col William Lyne II**. He was a Colonel in the VA Militia, a member of the King & Queen Committee of Safety and was a member of the VA General Assembly before and after the Revolutionary War. As such, he attended the 1775 Virginia Convention where Patrick Henry gave his famous "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" speech. So, I definitely have a legacy of patriotic service in my family going back to the earliest days of the United States.

— **Roger Cross '70**

Jonathan Pierce Deason (F-4)

In the Air and On the Sea

William Deason, US Army Air Corps
Scott Field, Illinois, 1942

My father, **William Pierce Deason**, was born in McCormick, South Carolina, on October 8, 1919. On the "Day of Infamy," December 7, 1941, he "like everyone" heard of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. And, like many other young men, he decided that day to enlist in the U.S. Army. So, he traveled across the state to the big city of Columbia for his formal induction at Fort Jackson 12 days later, on December 19, 1941, the day after the U.S. declared war on Germany and Italy. Because of men like him, the Army grew from fewer than 200,000 service members on Pearl Harbor Day to more than 8.2 million by the war's end.

After undergoing physical and psychological screening at the induction center in Columbia, he moved to a reception center where he took the Army General Classification Test (AGCT). As a volunteer, he was eligible to select whatever Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) for which his AGCT score qualified him. The requirements for the radio operator/mechanic MOS required that the service member had to be between 18 and 30 years of age, no more than 5'10" tall, weigh no more than 180 pounds, score at least 100 on the AGCT, and pass a mechanical aptitude test. Since he met those qualification requirements, that was the MOS he chose.

In early 1942 he was assigned to the Army Air Corps and sent to Scott Field in Illinois (20 miles east of St. Louis) where he graduated from the famous Scott Field Radio Operator Mechanic School, subsequently known as the "Radio University of the Army Air Corps," where the primary mission was to train radiomen for bomber crews. After completing his required 720 hours of radio operator/mechanic training in mid-1942, he was sent to a five-week aerial gunnery school. (Combat bomber radio operators were required to also serve as backup gunners.)

Army Air Corps

According to an article entitled "The Radio Operator-Gunner Enlisted Crewmember During World War II" by Senior Master Sergeant (SMSgt) R. H. Holley, by 1943 the war had claimed so many bomber lives that it became necessary to open another school, which was done at Truax Field, Wisconsin, and the radio operator/mechanic MOS standards were loosened to 6' and 180 pounds "as combat crew volunteers became hard to find," according to SMSgt Holley.

B-25 Mitchell Bomber
North Africa, 1942-1945

After completing gunnery school, Dad was promoted to Staff Sergeant, placed on flying status, awarded the Combat Crew Badge, and assigned to Combat Crew Transition Training, where he was assigned to the B-25 Mitchell bomber, an aircraft to which he would remain assigned for the duration of the war.

B-25, 12th Bombardment Group, North Africa

After completion of Combat Crew Transition Training in late 1942, he served from then through 1944 with the Air Transport Command, European Theater of Operations, ferrying bombers from manufacturing plants in the continental U.S. to the war zones of North Africa and Italy. The European Theater of Operations, United States Army, was a theater of operations responsible for directing U.S. Army operations throughout the European Theater of World War II from 1942 to 1945. It was bordered to the south by the North African Theater of Operations in which Dad served, which later became the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, United States Army.

During that time, he participated in multiple Army North African campaigns including Egypt-Libya, Western Desert, Algeria-French Morocco, and Tunisia. This included support for the Allied landings in North Africa and the Italian campaigns. Although his flight logs were lost in the National Personnel Records Center fire of July 12, 1973, in St. Louis, we know that one of the B-25 bombers he flew in the European Theater was named "Stinkey."

B-25 Bomber "Stinkey"
North Africa 1942-1944

Rosamond Deason with baby, 1953

In June 1944, Dad was selected for pilot training at the Army Southeast Air Corps Training Center in Maxwell Field, Alabama. He immediately took advantage of that fortuitous assignment to marry his 19-year-old girlfriend (our mother, **Rosamond Willette Thompson)** on June 26, 1944, at the Maxwell Field Chapel. After completing the Aviation Cadet Pilot Training Program just as the war in Europe was ending on May 8, 1945, he was assigned as an instructor at the Army Radio Technical Training School in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where my older brother William David Deason was born on May 24, 1945.

A few months later, on October 29, 1945, Dad was Honorably Discharged at Truax Field, Wisconsin, from the 3508th AAF Base Unit. After his discharge, he attended The Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina. As a Veteran Student, he graduated in the Class of 1949 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Electrical Engineering.

Dad after his discharge, 1945

Along the way, he went on to have four more children, including me in 1948. My other siblings are Theresa (1949-1990), Priscilla (born 1953), and Anne (born 1970). Dad worked a long career as an electrical engineer in Delaware, South Carolina, and Florida, mostly in the aerospace industry. He died on March 23, 1989, in Cocoa Beach, Florida, while still working for the space program of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Cape Kennedy, Florida.

My father-in-law **Knut Schade**, born on July 2, 1914, in Liverpool, England, was a seaman in the Norwegian merchant fleet at the time of the Nazi invasion of Norway on April 9, 1940. Shortly after the invasion, in late April 1940, the Norwegian merchant fleet was nationalized into the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission, also known as the Norwegian Merchant Marine or "Nortraship" by an agreement of the Allied nations in London. Nortraship immediately became the world's fourth largest shipping fleet in the world with 1,100 ships and over 30,000 seamen.

Flag of the Norwegian Merchant Marine during WWII

M/S Oslofjord, 1939

The ship on which Knut was serving at that time, the M/S *Oslofjord*, was put into service as a troopship and sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where it was outfitted with armament, including 4" cannons, Colt-Marlin machine guns, Lewis machine guns, and a QF 12-pound anti-aircraft gun. During the course of the war, the Norwegian Merchant Marine lost about half of its ships to German U-boats, Luftwaffe attacks, and mines. One of the first to be lost was the M/S *Oslofjord* on which Knut was serving as a 4th Engineer. The *Oslofjord* was sunk on December 1, 1940, off the coast of Tynemouth, England.

12-pounder anti-aircraft gun, MS Oslofjord, 1940

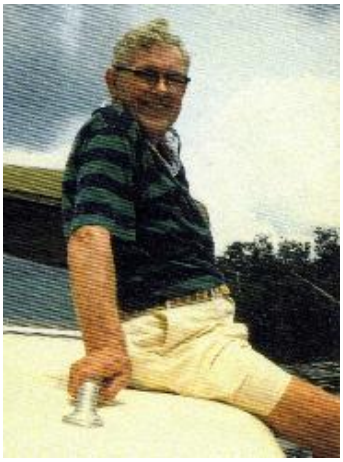
Propeller of the MS Oslofjord recovered in 1989

Surviving that early encounter with the Germans, Knut served on continuous missions for the duration of the war, delivering troops, arms, and ammunition over routes to and from India, Australia, and the U.S., including support of the Allied invasion of North Africa. During his visits to the U.S., he met a Norwegian girl who had left Norway and traveled in December 1939, just before Germany's invasion of Norway, to New York City. Knut and that girl, **Signy Theodora Larsen**, were married in New York during his wartime assignments in the U.S.

Although he continued to serve in the Merchant Marine past VE Day (May 9, 1945), he immigrated to the U.S. in December 1945. While Knut and Signy had intended to return to Norway after the war, that did not happen. Knut and Signy stayed in the U.S. and had two daughters, Karin (born July 1, 1944) and Elisabeth (born August 6, 1948). I met Elisabeth (aka Lisa) at Camp Buckner, dated her throughout our time at the Academy, and married her just after graduation, on June 7, 1970, an event resulting in our three children Kristin, Lauren and Andrew, born in 1976, 1980, and 1987, respectively.

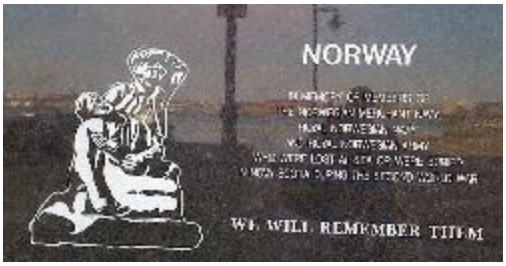
Medal of Freedom Plaque

Although it was a long time in coming, Knut was awarded Norway's Medal of Freedom by King Olav VI on April 22, 1988, in Oslo. His award plaque indicates that the honor was bestowed on behalf of King Haakon VII, King of Norway, 1905-1957, and that Knut was honored for his "long and independent service in Norwegian trading ships during the World War 1939-1945, providing great services to the cause of Norway."



Knut on his retirement yacht New Bern, NC

Over the following years, Knut put his seagoing experience to good use by becoming a senior officer in the Golten Marine Company, an internationally famous ship repair company. He retired to North Carolina in 1984. While Golten Marine still existed at the time of this writing, the company's headquarters building in the Red Hook area of Brooklyn where Knut worked for so many years closed in 2014. (At the time of this writing, the building was being used as a Tesla dealership, thus staying on the forefront of technology.)



Monument to members of the Royal Norwegian Merchant Marine, Navy and Army in Nova Scotia

Knut died on March 7, 1997, in New Bern, North Carolina. In receiving the Nobel Peace Prize in 1959, British Secretary of State Sir Philip Noel-Baker said, "without the Norwegian Merchant Fleet, Britain and the Allies would have lost the war. … The Norwegian Merchant Navy rendered an eminent service to the world at that time."

— Jon Deason '70

Knut Schade's Norwegian Merchant Marine Class, 1940

Thomas Carson Dockery (C-4)

Shipyard Service During WWII

During WWII my father, **Ed Dockery**, went down to enlist after Pearl Harbor only to be turned down because of "flat feet." He had worked before the war in Tuscaloosa for Freeman's Electric Motor Company rewinding electric motors. So, he put his electrical talent to use helping his country by building ships at Ingalls Shipyard in Pascagoula, Mississippi. He married my mother, Grace Hughes Dockery, and took her down to the coast with him.

Ingalls was one of the nation's largest industrial employers during the war years. Located on the east bank of the Pascagoula River on the coast of Mississippi, the shipyard produced over seventy ships for WWII. The war impacted Mississippi's economy and society, and Ingalls Shipyard impacted the war effort in return.
("Ingalls Shipyard," salutetofreedom.org).

Ed and Grace Dockery

Eddie Dockery, lifetime friend/partner George Mouchette, and brother-in-law Gene Murphree

Tom with father Ed and older brother Rusty

Ingalls Shipyard, Pascagoula, MS

—Tom Dockery '70

American Industry

When the war ended American industry could rightfully share in the pride of victory. Production had been pushed to unprecedented heights. Although occasional shortages of materiel on the battlefield sometimes hindered military operations, none of them could be conclusively traced to a production failure on the home front, still less to a failure on the part of labor to stay on the job. The nation's tremendous industrial accomplishment was achieved, furthermore, without any lasting or substantial disruption of the national economy and without serious infringement upon civil liberties. The men and women who labored in the factories and those who managed and directed the industrial effort merit much of the credit for the successful outcome of the war.
(Byron Fairchild and Jonathan Grossman, *The Army and Industrial Manpower*, Center for Military History Pub 1-8)

James Wilson Duncan Jr. (I-4)

Dad's 20th Tank Battalion Battle Notes

My father, **Colonel James W. Duncan Sr.**, USMA Class of '37, passed away in October 1993. He'd been a bachelor for his last 10 years or so and kept things ungodly clean and neat. When my brother, his wife, and I cleaned out his last keepsakes down in the basement storage cages, we found an old Samsonite suitcase. It had been my mother's, so we expected clothing or costume jewelry or a few small mementos. Instead, we found military insignia (American & SS German) along with a military tactical map (US) of the Munich (München), Germany, area. Mixed in with the map and insignia was a typed, four-page report titled BATTLE NOTES OF BN HQS AND HQS CO. A scanned copy of the battle notes and the map are attached below. I wish my father had reviewed the events with us kids, but I'm sure he had his reasons.

CDT Jim Duncan '37

BATTLE NOTES
OF
BN HQS AND HQS CO

Task Force 20, commanded by Lt. Col. JAMES W DUNCAN was given the mission of advancing to, and seizing the airport at Neuherberg. On Saturday, 28 April 1945, they advanced with such speed that Co "D", leading the task force was able to seize intact three bridges which were fully prepared for demolition by enemy.

Bn Hqs and Hq Co of the 20th Tank Bn as part of the task force moved forward subject to sniper fire. They killed three snipers at the edge of the woods and seized many prisoners who were hidden in houses which displayed white flags. Saturday night the company pulled into an assembly area ready to attack the next day.

On Sunday, 29 April 1945 Bn Hqs advancing behind Co "C" on highway 13 reached the town of Lohhof. Two rounds fired by a tank into the town resulted in the display of white flags. In the belief that the town was surrendering, Bn Hqs and Hqs Co proceeded to enter. All was quiet until they reached the middle of town. Suddenly "all hell seemed to break loose." German soldiers concealed in foxholes, dugouts, ditches, woods and buildings opened fire from the left side of the road with machine guns, rifles, pistols and panzerfaust.[22] When most of our fire was directed to the left, another group opened fire from a factory on the right side of the road. During this action Col NEWTON JONES was killed by sniper fire. Sgt Parsoff and two medics were also killed while performing their duties under fire. The enemy appeared to be all around in buildings, hedgerows, foxholes, ditches and woods so that small arms fire was intense from 360 degrees. Two assault

[22] Editor's note: *Panzerfaust* was a German single-shot, man-portable, AT weapon with a light-weight disposable launcher.

guns firing at point plank range together with the Mortar Platoon, which had dismounted, succeeded in clearing the town. The task force then moved into an assembly area and prepared to attack the airport the next day. Vehicles were refueled and reloaded with ammunition.

The next task of the battalion was to drive through to a line parallel to an SS barracks and school north of München. Co “C” with the 2nd Bn of 180th Inf Regt and one platoon of Co "D” were on the left of the road. Co "A" with 1st Bn of 180 Inf Regt and one platoon of Co "D” were on the right side of the road, with the Assault Gun and Mortar Platoons in support. The attack was scheduled to start at 0700 following preparation by Corps Artillery. It actually got under way at 1000. Co “C" progressed fairly well against heavy enemy resistance. On the right Co "A" had difficulty getting started until they knocked out two AT guns. They finally drove almost to the barracks when enemy fire was so intense and casualties so severe that they were forced to fall back and reorganize. Then, supported by Mortar and assault platoons, the tanks, with elements of the 45th Inf immediately behind them advanced, firing as they moved. The mortar platoon dismounted and joined the infantry in taking care of snipers in the foxholes. A second wave of infantry followed about 300 yards to the rear. The objective was taken and mission accomplished.

It is estimated that 1500 SS troops opposed our forces, from well prepared defensive positions including concrete pillboxes, deep foxholes and V shaped slit trenches. The enemy troops were well trained in anti-tank defense. They would wait until the tanks passed, popping up from their foxholes and firing panzerfaust at the rear of the tanks. In addition, they were fanatical in their resistance. With their dying breath they hurled curses at our men and their last conscious thought was to kill at least one more American.

INDIVIDUAL HIGHLIGHTS -- -- -- -- --

Reconnaissance Platoon - - - Sunday, 29 April 1945

The Recon platoon had gone through Lohhof immediately behind Co “C.” When the ambush was set in motion Co "C" stopped causing the Recon to stop too. S/Sgt Chott was struck in the leg while manning his machine gun. He stepped out of the peep[23] and rolled into the ditch. The entire Recon left their vehicles and hit the ditch, firing their individual weapons from there. T/5 Flanakin and Lt Woods, under fire, returned to their vehicle to secure the .30 cal. machine gun which they set up in the ditch. The intense fire by the Recon caused the enemy to leave the foxholes and seek safety in the woods.

There were 8 wounded infantrymen close by, exposed to enemy fire. All the Recon men assisted in bringing them into the ditch, for safety, turned the half-track around and evacuated 7 wounded men to the rear where they could be treated.

The Recon platoon was pinned down by enemy fire for a total of about three hours.

Mortar Platoon - - - Sunday, 29 April 1945

When the enemy opened up at Lohhof the Mortar Platoon went into position and laid HE and Smoke on the factory from where the machine guns and snipers were firing. They also used .30 and .50 cal. machine guns on every building where snipers were reported. The men dismounted and cleaned out snipers nests in buildings with hand grenades and small arms. After leaving town they

[23] Editor’s note: Peep is not a typo. In WWII Armor units, “peep” referred to a 1/4 - ton wheeled, command/recon vehicle and “jeep” to a larger 1 1/4-ton vehicle.

engaged in sporadic action against the enemy in foxholes and roadside ditches. Lt Radewagen's command half-track was hit by shrapnel and the radiator punctured causing them to abandon it. The platoon leader transferred to another track and continued.

Monday, 30 April 1945

Mission of the Mortar platoon was to support Companies "A" and "C" in taking the SS school. The Mortar platoon smoked the flanks where AT guns were reported and laid HE Light and HE Heavy on the barracks itself. Following Companies "A" and "C" they moved forward and were pinned down by machine gun fire. After the machine gun had been neutralized the platoon moved up and cleared out a sparsely wooded area by dismounted action. Tanks and infantry withdrew into the woods and reorganized. While the infantry was pinned down, Cpl Poindexter noticed two wounded infantrymen who were being held down by enemy gunfire. Every time they would raise their heads to call for help the enemy opened up on them. Cpl Poindexter asked Lt Sellers to help him recover the wounded men. At great personal risk they both crawled out to the wounded men. Being unable to crawl and drag the injured men, they stood up and, in the face of enemy fire, carried the men to safety. Lt Radewagen had been advancing to reconnoiter and was pinned down in a shell hole by enemy fire. Sgt Burre, fearing that Lt Radewagen had been hit, went up to him in the face of enemy fire. Finding the Platoon leader uninjured, he returned and directed mopping up operations.

When the tanks reorganized and advanced on the barracks, the Mortar platoon dismounted and joined the infantry, behind the tanks, in clearing out the foxholes in the wake of the tanks.

Assault Gun Platoon - - - Sunday, 29 April 1945

During the action at Lohhof the demand for the Assault Guns was so great that it was necessary for the Ammo half-track to come forward and reload the tanks under fire. Sgt Norman E Carter, tank commander of number 1 gun manned the .50 cal mounted on the turret and when the enemy fire became so heavy he was told to go back to the half-track. Being zealous in his desire to eliminate the enemy, he went to the other tank and manned the .50 cal there, disregarding his own safety. As a result of this, he was wounded in the arm and chest.

The Assault guns served many purposes during this battle, frequently firing at point blank range at buildings where snipers were reported and also covering medics while they treated the injured under enemy fire. The Germans fired on the medics whenever they exposed themselves. During the hottest part of the action, Pvt Piowaty turned to the other members of his crew and asked "Who wants a cookie?" Everyone laughed and took a cookie and a great deal of tension was dispelled. The fighting was so close that one of the tanks had a periscope shot out and the bullet ricocheted and damaged the tachometer in the instrument panel.

Lt Thomas C Sellers, who was shot in the head during the action, had this to say, "My men were magnificent and I can't praise them enough - the gunners, loaders, bogs[24], drivers and tank commanders all did their work equally well and cooperated perfectly." Lt Sellers' helmet was pierced four times. He was told not to return to the tank after having his head dressed, but he did return and continued to take charge of his platoon for the remainder of the action.

[24] Editor's note: "Bog" refers to the assistant driver/bow gunner. The bog's position had no controls or instrument panel. He manned a hull-mounted, .30-cal machine gun with a limited traverse arc.

Company Headquarters - - - Sunday, 29 April 1945

At approximately 1145 the headquarters vehicles were caught in the ambush. 1st Sgt Stoltz, Pfc Yagley and Capt Haley dismounted and took cover in a roadside ditch. T/5 Annen, Pfc Borio, T/5 Jones, T/4 Newman, M/Sgt McGowan and Pfc John Cole remained in the half-track and used the machine guns to good advantage against the enemy, who were on both sides of the road in houses, ditches, foxholes and woods. The men in the ditches used their individual weapons against the enemy and 1st Sgt Stoltz left the safety of the ditch and returned to the half-track to secure the bazooka which he used against snipers in the buildings. The enemy machine guns were zeroed on the road forcing light armored vehicles to withdraw. They reorganized and proceeded to Task Force 20 Bivouac area when the enemy was wiped out. Pfc John Cole was severely wounded in the head during this phase of the action. The Headquarters section accounted for about 35 enemy dead.

Medics - - - Sunday, 29 April 1945

The medics were in the column behind Hq Co. At the edge of town they found an injured man and halted to treat him. By this time the wounded started pouring in and they remained there. S/Sgt St. Julian, Cpl Fink and Cpl Watkins took a 3/4-ton carrier to the other end of town where Col Jones had been killed and his driver wounded. There they dismounted and gave aid under fire for 1 1/2 hrs. Chaplain Love and Father Wudarsky were with the medics rendering aid and comfort to the wounded, expediting their evacuation and bringing up medical supplies. Two ambulance drivers from B Co of the 220th Medics assisted in evacuation of the wounded under fire. They are Pvt Manuel Kupfer and Pfc Kenneth Johnson.

Pvt Irving A. Peavy and Pfc Christain S. Bannehr dismounted from their peep under fire to render aid to wounded men along the road. While bending over, treating a wounded soldier, Pvt Peavy was shot through the head. Pfc Bannehr left his security in the ditch to treat an injured man on the road and was shot through the back. Both men were wearing helmets plainly marked with a red cross and were shot from close range. Both were killed instantly.

Wounded American soldiers, despite the severity of their wounds begged to have others treated before themselves and there was no word of complaint uttered by them.

The shooting of medical aid men was apparently in conformity with orders issued to the SS troops. Prisoners told us that those were the orders they had.

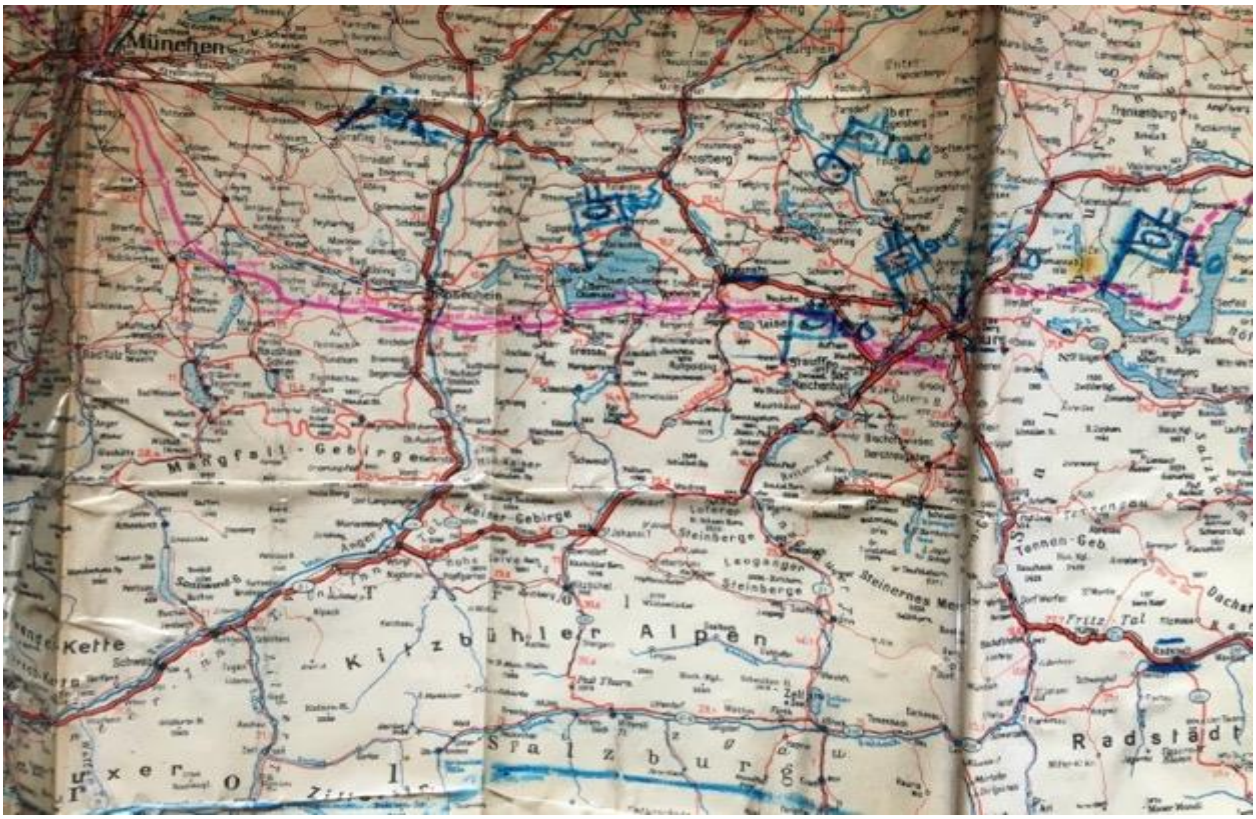
Quotes from Maj WEBSTER - - Executive Officer

"Everyone did his job magnificently and refused to be scared by enemy fire but carried out their tasks in the manner they were trained to do. Tec 4 Gershman silenced at least one machine gun nest by firing his 30-cal. machine gun while standing up, disregarding the enemy fire. Sgt Parsoff was killed while trying to gain the protection of the ditch. He had previously marched two prisoners back under fire and had tried to assist Tec 5 Carlone who was shot while driving his peep."

Quotes from Lt Col DUNCAN - - Battalion Commander

"Resistance of the SS troops was fanatical. Only the wounded surrendered. Defensive positions before the school were well prepared, including concrete pillboxes, dugouts, interlocking trenches and at least 12 88mm Anti-tank guns in our sector. Officers and men showed no fear or hesitation, no questions on anyone's part — everyone trying his damndest to get to the objective

against the enemy's last ditch, kill or be killed type of fighting." For example, one enemy soldier although badly wounded had only one thought, to get another American soldier, and though dying he crawled to his rifle. Just as he reached it and Col DUNCAN was about to shoot him, an infantryman saw him and finished him off. "PW's said they had instructions to shoot medics. Also contrary to Geneva Convention, the Germans used portions of a hospital as an ammunition dump."



German map used by Lt Col Duncan during the TF20 operation (Munich in top left)

The units which operated together as Task Force 20 were awarded a Distinguished Unit Citation for their collective action in the Central European (Southern Germany) Campaign. The Recommendation for Unit Citation, dated 3 October 1945, states:

> These units, which constituted Task Force 20, are cited for outstanding performance of duty in action during the period 28–30 April 1945, in the vicinity of Neuherberg, Germany. With soldierly courage and irrepressible determination members of Task Force 20 pushed an armored spearhead 45 miles beyond the Danube River to the outskirts of Munich, destroying a supply train, capturing almost 800 prisoners, and securing four bridges over the Amper River intact. Continuing the attack on 29–30 April against an enemy entrenched in elaborately prepared dugouts and behind the thick walls of the SS Training Center and an Anti-tank School which were defended by small arms, machine guns, hundreds of panzerfausts and twelve 88 mm guns, our troops killed 700 SS Troops, who fought stubbornly and fanatically. This victory destroyed the defenses of Munich, Germany, removing resistance to the entry of troops into the City.[25]

[25] Wikipedia contributors. "20th Armored Division (United States)." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. 7 Aug. 2021. Web. 3 Aug. 2022.

Lt Col Duncan, TF 20 CO, 1945 (left, in tanker jacket)

During the Rhineland and the Central European campaigns, then-Lt Col Duncan was awarded the Silver Star, the Bronze Star Medal and the Combat Infantryman Badge. He returned to the States shortly after V-E Day and was preparing to go to the Pacific when V-J Day was declared.

"McGillicuddy's Fright"

My parents were living at Schofield Barracks when the Japanese attacked on 7 December 1941. Here's a press release from an interview at Camp Bowie, Texas, with my mother, **Margaret Bonney Duncan**, about her experience:

Office of the Public Relations Officer
June 9, 1942
Release number 25
TO THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS

CAMP BOWIE – It was eight o'clock on the morning of December 7, 1041, when McGillicuddy – a brown and white spaniel belonging to Captain and Mrs. James W. Duncan – saw his first hail and lightning and heard his initial bursts of thunder.

The scene was the Duncan home at Schofield Barracks bordering on Wheeler Field, Oahu. McGillicuddy rushed from the house with his owners to see and hear the shots "heard around the world," the Bunker Hill of Hawaii. Planes roared overhead, smoke curled from the nearby hangars and barracks, ponderous blasts floated to their ears at short intervals and flashes of flame shot across their vision. Puffs of dust, broken twigs and patches of grass jumped around them. The captain and his wife stood momentarily dazed, too surprised and startled to recognize the significance of that rain of bullets.

McGillicuddy's hail, Iightning and thunder was coming from the bellies and gun snouts of planes that passed over in continuous waves. The dog whined and crept closer to his mistress. A neighbor boy, whose home was in California, shouted to his father, "Look dad, those planes must be from home. See the insignia of the orange on their wings."

Mrs. Duncan, attractive brunette daughter of Colonel Frank E. Bonney, commanding officer of Camp Bowie, ran in the house and turned on the radio. A routine Japanese broadcast was in progress. She spun the dial again to hear the Governor of the Islands proclaim martial law.

The captain hurried out of the house and ran toward his post. It was the last time his wife saw him for almost two weeks.

A guard was sent to inform all military dependents that they were to be evacuated to Honolulu by commercial bus that evening.

The calm young woman waited. Not only for the expected bus did Mrs. Duncan and her neighbors remain on the alert, but they also anticipated another hit-and-run attack from the treacherous enemy. They saw khaki-clad figures in the distance, darting to and fro, setting up small batteries of guns of all calibers. These men were expecting a return engagement too, and – according to Mrs. Duncan – were bitterly disappointed when the Japs failed to come back.

It was dark when the bus arrived. Mrs. Duncan admits that the ride into Honolulu was a grueling trip. "The bus was crowded and the narrow winding road had sheer drops of several hundred feet on the sides in many places. I stood in the bus door and helped the driver stay on the road."

Pressed with the question of how she assisted the driver, Mrs. Duncan explained simply that they were driving without lights, and she had to lean out the door and instruct the driver when he was drawing too near the edge. Enroute, the people saw the battleship Arizona as it lay in flaming ruins in the harbor.

Upon the arrival in Honolulu, the party was quartered in a school. "There was plenty of food and we were never extremely inconvenienced. The morale of the people was excellent, notwithstanding the fact that many thought the Japanese would return any day."

Following this period, the evacuees were permitted to return to their homes. Captain Duncan remained at this post in the Islands, and Mrs. Duncan – with McGillicuddy – sailed in April for the United States to establish residence in Brownwood.

"An amusing thing is the caricatures of the Japanese one sees in newspapers and billboards," said Mrs. Duncan. "A natural picture of a Japanese is repulsive enough for me."

"I'm afraid poor McGillicuddy won't forget Hawaii for many days to come. When we have any sort of electrical storm, he is frightened half out of his wits. Our dog isn't the only one who will remember that day either," added this soldier's wife and daughter, with a meaning that went straight to Tokyo.

Distribution:
The Dallas Morning News
The Army Times
The Brownwood Bulletin
The Houston Chronicle
The Port Worth Star Telegram
Camp Callan's Newspaper
The Shreveport Times
PRO - Washington

— **Jim Duncan '70**

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Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by the naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.
—President Franklin D. Roosevelt

William Jonathan Ekman (A-4)

505th PIR "H-Minus" Commander

Bill Ekman prior to a regimental practice jump

BG William (Bill) Emmett Ekman '38, son of a retired Army WWI veteran, entered West Point in June 1934 from the USMA prep school at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Upon graduation from West Point in 1938 in the Infantry, Bill's military odyssey began at Fort Benning, Georgia, with the 29th Infantry training support battalion as a company commander and battalion adjutant.

However, his burning desire was to complete airborne training and gain assignment to a regiment of the emerging provisional parachute command group forming at Fort Benning. This special group developed, tested, and established U.S. airborne doctrine, eventually leading to the activation and deployment of five operational American WWII airborne divisions. In 1942, Bill succeeded in both endeavors, undergoing training to get jump qualified and securing an assignment to the 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment (PIR).

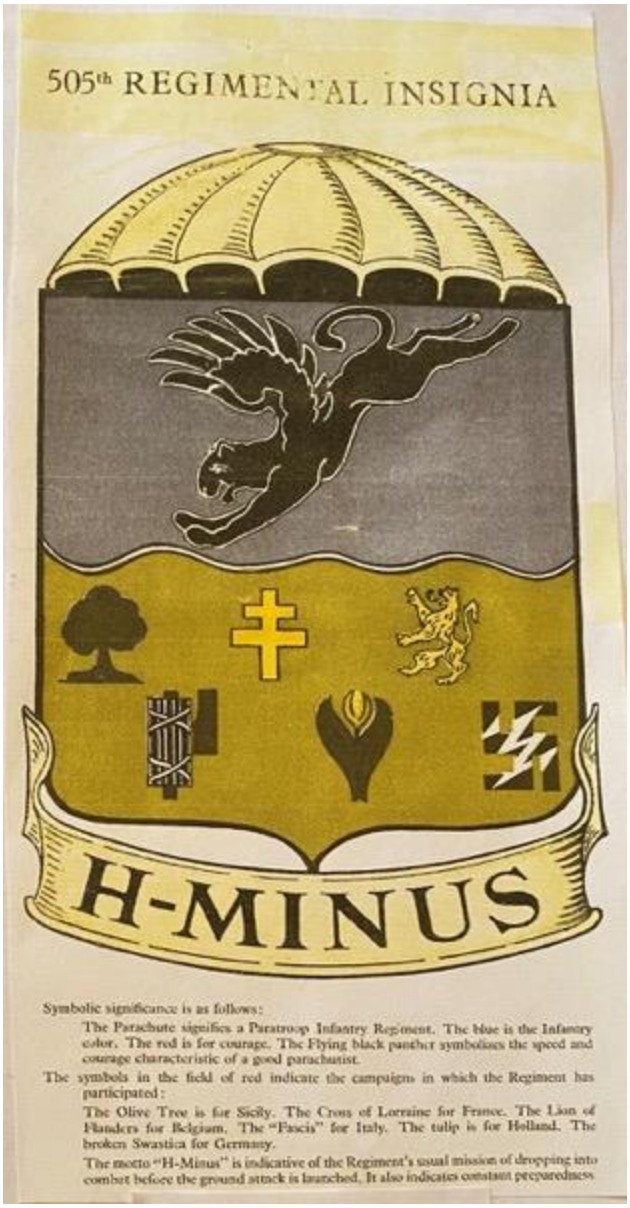
Eventually rising to regimental executive officer, he was instrumental in the 508 PIR's preparation for deployment to Ireland in December 1943. There, the regiment joined the 82d Airborne Division in its six-month recovery, following Allied operations in North Africa and Italy and preparation for Operation Overlord and the Normandy landings.

In March 1944, just three months before Normandy, Bill was selected by Major General James M. Gavin (USMA '29), the 82d Division Commander, to assume command the 505 PIR. Prior to his rapid ascent to Assistant-Division and Division Commander, General Gavin had been the initial commander and highly venerated founding father of the regiment, leading it through its first campaign in Sicily and Italy, in 1943. In assuming command of the 505 PIR at the age of 31 and as a Lieutenant Colonel, Bill was one of the youngest regimental commanders in the Army.

Moreover, General Gavin's superlative leadership was a hard act to follow. Even so, throughout the Normandy Campaign, Bill more than met the challenge of commanding the combat-savvy, battle-hardened 505 PIR. Indeed, he proved his mettle to his two tough mentors, MG Gavin and LTG Ridgway (USMA Apr '17), XVIII Airborne Corps Commander. Upon the 82d's return to England following the Normandy Operation, July 1944, Bill was promoted to Colonel and retained command of the 505th to the war's end, bringing the regiment home from Berlin in 1946. He officially gave up command at Fort Bragg, the division's final peacetime home, in September 1947.

Throughout the war, the 505 PIR exceeded its motto, "H-Minus, Panthers," as its mascot, the black panther, noted for its speed, courage, and fighting ability, reflected the regiment's spirit and character. The "H-Minus" reflected the fact that its airborne insertion in support of Operation Neptune, was executed five hours prior to the scheduled H-hour of the Normandy beach landings on 6 June 1944.

Bill Ekman, Feb 1945



Bill's commanders and mentors – LTG Matthew Ridgway, XVIII Abn Corps, and MG James Gavin, 82d Abn Div

In his military odyssey, Bill's WWII service was tied to the exploits of the 505 PIR and 82d Airborne Division. It included a combat jump into Normandy and his regiment's liberation of the first French town in Normandy—Ste Mere Eglise on 6 June 1944. (This was depicted in the movie, *The Longest Day*.) It included a second combat jump into Holland on 17 September 1944, as part

of Operation Market Garden and the 82d's mission to secure the bridge crossing of the Waal River at Nijmegen. (This was depicted in the movie, *A Bridge Too Far*.)

Bill and his regiment also fought in the Allied defense and counter-thrust during the Battle of the Bulge in December 1944. The 505 PIR stubbornly defended its portion of the Salm River against several of the failed German attempts to seize the Meuse River and port of Antwerp. They also were part of the Allied counter-offensive and drive to Berlin, as well as its fight through the Seigfried Line and across the Elbe River.

Finally, the 505 PIR and 82d was part of the Allied occupation of Berlin in 1945-1946 after the German surrender. It was "America's Guard of Honor."

By the war's end, Bill had been awarded two Silver Stars and two Bronze Stars for bravery. In all, he served his country for 32 years, retiring as a Brigadier General in 1968. Following the war, his assignments included command of the 10th Special Forces Group in Bad Tolz, Germany, service as Director of the Army Airborne and Air Mobility Department, Ft Benning, and several major Army command and Joint-staff assignments. He is also the father of three Academy graduates: **Mike Ekman '61**, **William (Jon) Ekman '70**, and **Rick Ekman '72**. Bill and his partner in life, Iris, are laid to rest in the USMA cemetery.

Bill Ekman, Airborne, well done! Be thou at peace.

Dad signing my Army enlistment papers to attend USMA Prep School

(l -r) Brothers Rick '72, Jon '70, and Mike '61

— Jon Ekman '70

Charles W. Ennis Jr. (B-4)

Air Defense Operations, Planning, Training, and Command

Charles W. Ennis

My father, **Charles W. Ennis**, grew up on a farm in Baldwin County, Georgia. He graduated from High School at Georgia Military College (GMC) in Milledgeville in 1938, and GMC Junior College in 1940. He was commissioned as a second lieutenant and assigned to Battery D, 214th Coast Artillery Regiment, a US Army Reserve unit stationed in Milledgeville. In November of that year, Battery D was called up to Federal Service. On December 5th, Dad and 132 other soldiers fell into formation at GMC and marched to the train station for their initial unit movement to Camp Stewart, Georgia, where they joined the rest of the regiment. Although the regiment deployed first to San Francisco, then on to the Pacific Theater, Dad remained at Camp Stewart as an instructor and plans officer.

Receiving an Award in Korea

Dad deployed to Germany with the 143rd General Battalion, 30th Air Defense Artillery Group and the 9th Air Defense Command shortly after VE Day, part of the occupying force assisting the civilian population in post-conflict rebuilding efforts. He later deployed to Korea in 1954, where he commanded an augmentation unit that trained the Republic of Korea (ROK) Air Defense Brigade and was the ROK Brigade Commander's advisor.

Dad was most comfortable either in operations and planning assignments or in an instructional roll. Relocating the family every one to three years, Dad was an instructor at the Air Defense School at Fort Bliss, Texas. Later he was Commandant, Far East Air Defense School and Eighth Army Staff Air Defense Officer in Japan. His only branch immaterial assignment was with the Office of the Inspector General, Fort Bragg and XVIII Airborne Corps, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Dad went on to command the 4th Missile Battalion Army Air Defense at Fort Richardson, Alaska. The 4th Missile Battalion fired the first missile from a tactical site in the United States, successfully destroying a target aircraft seventy-five miles out over a glacier. Promoted to colonel, he was initially assigned as the Army Air Defense Staff Officer with the 78th Fighter Wing, Hamilton Air Force Base, California. Two years later he

Commander, 49th Air Defense Artillery

became Deputy Commander, 6th Region, U.S. Army Air Defense Command, at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, followed by Commander, 49th Air Defense Artillery, at Fort Lawton, Washington, in the Seattle area.

After thirty years of service, Dad retired from active duty on June 30, 1970, just 27 days after he read the oath to swear me in as a second lieutenant. Thirty years later, he was present to read the retirement order when I completed my own thirty-year stint.

During his years of service, the active-duty roles were a mix of officers with reserve rank and regular army (RA) rank, the latter providing a bit more security in the event of the inevitable reduction in force. Dad served a full thirty years as a reserve officer on active duty. I once asked him why he did not accept a regular army commission any of the times it was offered. Dad said he expected to be able to compete with his contemporaries without that RA status. Looking back at his career, I concluded that he exceeded that expectation.

— **Charlie Ennis '70**

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To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.
– President George Washington in his first Annual Address
to both Houses of Congress, Jan 8, 1790

Thomas Anthony Gerard (I-4)

Japanese Signal Code Breaker

Tom Gerard with his father Victor

First off, many WWII vets just do not want to talk about their experiences. I guess they were traumatized and do not want to further any trauma.

My dad, **Victor Peter Gerard Sr.**, still alive at 100 years, served as an enlisted signal man in the Pacific theater. His unit received a Presidential Unit Citation for their efforts in breaking the Japanese code. My Dad was trained in Japanese code and his job was to record what he heard and pass it on to the code breakers. He served in New Guinea and Philippines from what he would share. He was on land watching the ships get attacked by kamikaze planes during the Battle of Leyte Gulf in October 1944. That is reportedly one of the largest naval battles in history and allowed the US access to bases to bomb Japan's homeland. As with many battles, it came with cost in lives.

Many of us and them have scars from military service from bad knees and backs to internal organs ingesting toxics of war and open pit burning. However, Dad has a positive result from his military training of learning Morse and Japanese code. At 100 his mind is still sharp, and he memorizes phone numbers and addresses better than our smart phones. Just thought I would share that.

Victor's 100th Birthday
(L to R) Tom's wife, Tom, Victor's wife, and Tom's daughter

— **Tom Gerard '70**

POSTSCRIPT:

(From the National Center for PTSD)

For centuries men who served in the military often returned suffering from conditions known varyingly as soldier's heart, battle fatigue, shell shock and more recently PTSD. Symptoms included rapid heartbeat, nightmares and sleep disruption, panic, trouble breathing among other things.

Exposure to traumatic experiences has always been part of the human condition. Attacks by saber tooth tigers or 20th century terrorists have likely led to similar psychological responses in survivors of such violence. Literary accounts offer the best descriptions of what we now call post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). For example, authors including Homer (*The Iliad*), Williams Shakespeare (*Henry IV*), and Charles Dickens (*Tale of Two Cities*) wrote about traumatic experiences and the symptoms that followed many events.

In 1919, President Wilson proclaimed November 11 as the first Armistice Day, the day World War I ended. At that time some symptoms of present-day PTSD were known as "shell shock" because they were seen as a reaction to the explosion of artillery shells. Symptoms included panic and sleep problems.

Michael Winston Hobson (B-4)

Keeping the Big Guns Firing for First Army

Harold Winston Hobson was born in 1920 on a farm near Rosendale, Missouri. He answered his nation's call to join the military by enlisting in the Army's Enlisted Reserve Component at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in December 1942. Harold completed branch training at the Santa Anita Ordnance Training Center in Arcadia, California, that opened in November 1942 to supplement the ordnance training center at Aberdeen Proving Center. He recalled being bivouacked inside the repurposed Santa Anita Racetrack there. Later training in the Mojave Desert prepared him to deploy to North Africa.

Harold Hobson (#2) during Ordnance training

Engineer Special Brigade Amphibious Assault Patch

Harold was shipped to England, however, and went ashore at Omaha Beach during the great invasion in June 1944, assigned to the 544th Ordnance Heavy Maintenance Company. He recounted the time when the soldiers had to stay on their ships in England to wait for good weather for the invasion to begin. Many soldiers had colds and they would roll up paper sheets into tubes, hold them up to the mouths of their buddies, and blow crushed aspirin into their throats for medication.

Harold's unit was assigned to an amphibious engineer special brigade for the landing at Normandy and he wore a seahorse patch on his uniform denoting this unit. One of his jobs was to operate Bangalore torpedoes on the beach to break up wire barriers.

During World War II, the Army used five echelons of maintenance, with the highest echelon being the fifth, also known as base shop maintenance. The fourth echelon of maintenance was called heavy maintenance. While some ordnance heavy maintenance companies specialized on tanks, the 544th focused on field artillery. While these companies were located at the field army level between the base level and the combat corps, they often pushed maintenance detachments forward to the corps and even division ordnance organizations.

After the landing, the 544th became part of the 1st U.S. Army Ordnance Service. By December 1944, the 544th was located near Sprimont, south of Liege, Belgium, where the First Army had a good railhead close to the front. As cold weather came on, ordnance units found shelter in schoolhouses, factories, and other buildings abandoned by the Belgians for lack of coal to heat them. By May 1945, the 544th was located near Bonn, Germany. With the end of the war in

1SG Harold Hobson, 544th Ordnance Heavy Maintenance Company, in front of City Hall at St. Joseph, MO, 1945

Europe, the immediate job was to catch up on the backlog of work that had accumulated during the drive into Germany; the next was the inspection and repair of the weapons and vehicles that were going to the Pacific.

Harold participated in the battles and campaigns of Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe and was awarded five bronze stars. By December 1945, when he separated from the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, he had risen to the rank of first sergeant and his final enlisted specialty was Administrative (502) NCO.

After the war, Harold settled in Kansas City, Kansas, and began his post-war life and family. His only child, a son, Michael, graduated from USMA in 1970, retiring as a major and Army aviator after 20 years of service.

— **Michael Hobson '70**

Michael Lindbergh Jones (I-4)

From Sharecropper's Son to Family Hero

Dad during a weekend R&R in Japan during the Korean War

My father, **Lindbergh Jones**, was a man of humble roots, the son of a sharecropper in Texas, who left home when he was sixteen and worked at any job he could find. He never finished high school or attended college. He lied about his age so he could join the Army as World War II ended and found his consuming passion for the rest of his life.

He was a superb Soldier and after training took his first assignment with the US Army occupation forces in Germany where he met and married his wife of almost 58 years, Maria Anna Adamietz. Lindbergh and Maria were assigned to many different places during his 21 years of service as a Soldier.

He volunteered for combat duty as in an Infantryman in Korea in July 1950. He fought there as a mortar platoon forward observer and rifle company 1st sergeant during that combat tour. He was awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge (CIB), an honor that he cherished until his death. He was proud of saying that his family had more CIBs than most as his son Michael and grandsons Michael Jr., Austin, Ryan and Joshua all wear the CIB. He was also very proud of his granddaughter Elisa who completed a combat tour in Afghanistan as a flight surgeon with the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault).

Dad calling in fire in Korea

Lindbergh was promoted quickly in the enlisted ranks and went from private to master sergeant in eight years. When he returned from the war in Korea, he became a maintenance warrant officer and several years later attended Officer Candidate School at Ft Sill, Oklahoma, where he was the oldest Soldier in his class. He was commissioned as a 2LT in the Corps of Engineers because he stood as one of the top graduates in his class. Assignments to Ft Polk, Ft Belvoir, Agana, Guam and Schwetzingen, Germany followed. He was reassigned to Ft Polk and in May 1965 was deployed to Vietnam with the 35th Engineer Group to improve the old French port at Cam Rahn Bay. [26] During that year, they made this port one of the

[26] When Dad's Engineer Group arrived at Cam Rahn Bay in April 1965, they had to provide their own security with some of the combat engineers assigned to them. One of Dad's really humorous stories from summer 1965 was when the first troop ship arrived with elements of the Big Red One. It was going to be a big press story and all kinds of reporters with their camera crews were present. Dan Rather was one of them and it was arranged for two Infantry platoons to assault the beach a la D-Day – fully loaded, ready to fight as they disgorged from two landing craft right

best and busiest deep-water ports in the world. He was promoted to Major before his return to Ft Polk in 1966. While an officer, he earned a reputation as a Commander who demanded discipline and attention to detail that kept his Soldiers and units prepared for war, but who also loved and sacrificed all for the Soldiers he commanded. While he retired from Active Duty in 1967, he never lost his love for his Army and our Soldiers. He wore a miniature CIB for the rest of his life. It was from his service that he inspired his sons, grandsons, and granddaughters to understand that service in the US Armed Forces was an honorable path and made one a person more worthy of the title United States Citizen.

MAJ Lindbergh Jones

After he retired from the Army, Dad went on to pursue a variety of civilian opportunities with great success. He attributed his success to the leadership and organizational skills he learned in the Army. He went on to lead a residential Job Corps center for 3 years in St Louis. Then he went on to Nashville leading and supervising the assembly line at the Peterbilt truck manufacturing plant for 3 years. The family moved to Virginia where he accepted a job with the Virginia Department of Transportation as the supervisor for operations in the southeastern part of the state for three years. Continuing to expand his horizons, he accepted a job with as a coal mining company supervisor in Pikeville, Kentucky for 2 years before Mom put her foot down and said "We're not in the Army anymore. While every job has more pay and benefits for us, I want to stop moving so much." She definitely decided Pikeville was not their forever home.

Dad accepted a job with family-owned Campbell Crushed Stone and Limestone Company in Blacksburg, South Carolina, supervising operations at their 4 rock quarries. He discovered his passion here for the rest of his life and was able to bring to bear his experiences in the Army Heavy Construction units he worked with. He developed a reputation of demanding high standards in performance and safety, but ensured his work force was well cared for and had the equipment needed to get the job done.

Mom and Dad attended the annual National Crushed Stone Convention in Miami, Florida, after three years with Campbell. While there, he was approached by the President and CEO of Vulcan Materials Company, an international quarrying and construction company, who offered to move him to corporate headquarters as a quarry inspector in Birmingham, Alabama, to let him become familiar with their operations. It was a great opportunity with a huge increase in pay and benefits. Mom found her forever home the first year. They bought a 30-acre farm, bought cows, goats, chickens, and guinea hens, and built beautiful vegetable/flowers gardens. They erected a big flagpole where Dad would raise Old Glory each morning and take her down each night, and they put in a pool on a beautiful hilltop in Argo. True to his word this time, it became their forever

into the waiting arms of the press corps and cameras. Dad said some of their engineers set up an area with folding chairs on the beach, laughing their asses off as their conquering heroes arrived to take care of them 3 months late! He used to really laugh over that incident.

home until Mom passed in 2007. It was also a place where the grandkids could spend summer weeks alone with Mom and Dad. One of the grands came up with the name Windy Hill.

After two years at the Vulcan HQ, Dad was offered another promotion, overseeing all operations in Central Alabama, North Alabama, and Mississippi with 18 active quarries. He loved working shoulder to shoulder with his teammates in using explosives to excavate, crush, and size stones. He ensured they maintained clean and well-organized quarries and motor pools as well as well as beautifully landscaped entrances at each location. During his 19 years in that job, his region and individual quarries won many bonuses and awards for "best in maintenance, safety, production, innovation, beautification, and personnel retention, etc." – some at the national level. He refused several promotions back to HQ, because in his words "it would take him away from his troops." (As a side note, he hired our classmate Bill Wessels at the huge Vulcan quarry in Huntsville, Alabama, for his first civilian job.) Dad also served as the elected Registrar of Voter Registration for 8 years in St. Clair County.

Dad never lost his love for the Army and our Soldiers. He was a hard but loving father who never forgot the barefooted son of a sharecropper in East Texas living with 6 siblings in a three-room, dirt-floored shack with no indoor plumbing, no electricity, and heat provided by a cookstove fueled by wood and a single fireplace in another room. He provided a wonderful life for my mom, sisters and brother. When we buried him with Mom in 2010 at Cookeville, Tennessee, I made sure that an engraved CIB was placed on their headstone. Very simply put, Lindbergh Jones was and is my lifelong hero.

— Mike Jones '70

* * *

Discipline is the soul of an Army. It makes small numbers formidable; procures success to all of the weak, and esteem to all.

—*General* George Washington

Thomas Stewart Lampley (G-4)

A Family of Six Air Force Pilots

My father, **Colonel (Ret) John Harmon Lampley Jr.,** was an honest-to-God war hero, and people need to know about him. Jack, or Harmon, or "Jay Lamp" was a strong member of the Class of 1939, smart and talented with great social skills.

JACK entered West Point with a barely understandable Southern accent. He has long since lost it, but this person can think of nothing else that life at West Point has taken from him. He has always been one of our social lions, and a hop without him and his 3.0 drag is a rarity indeed. In academics he ranks high enough to select any branch of the service he desires. Wherever his career may take him, we know he is going high.

"Jay Lamp"

SERGEANT (2, 1)
ACADEMIC COACH (3, 2, 1)
LACROSSE (4)
BOXING (4)
TRACK (4)
PENTATHLON (3, 2)
PISTOL SHARPSHOOTER

JOHN HARMON LAMPLEY, JR.
EUFAULA, ALABAMA *Third District, Alabama*

Dad and his classmates were reading the news and seeing the build-up of our forces, so they probably figured out that something big was coming. Little did they know that a war that-would slaughter over eighty million people was just around the corner, and that they would be thrown into the breach. They were the Lieutenants and Captains who took the fight directly to the enemy, in a very hands-on way. The crucible of unrelenting combat transformed the Class of '39 from fresh-faced kids into battle-hardened men over the course of just a few years.

Dad was born the elder of two sons to Harmon and Gatra Lampley in Eufaula, Alabama. Eufaula was a small, rural town at the time, located on the muddy banks of the Chattahoochee River. It was there that he learned many of the core values that sustained him in life and made him so fiercely independent and resourceful. He attended Eufaula High School, where he was a star student and an avid athlete, lettering in football and track, and participating in several other varsity sports.

He and his younger brother Hinton were described by friends as fun-loving adventurers. Some called them outright hellions; they were precarious, gregarious, outspoken, and full of self-

confidence (perhaps a precursor to the audacious missions they later flew as pilots). The two brothers fought with each other regularly, but when one was threatened, there was no greater loyalty than to each other. They remained closest friends their whole lives.

After getting a congressional appointment, Dad reported to West Point in the summer of 1935. Academics never were a real challenge for him, and he graduated in the top ten percent of his class. However, the discipline and regimentation of the Academy were an entirely different story. He was one of the area birds from I Company, and Dad pounded the concrete in Central Area far more than the average cadet. (This was probably the reason he discouraged me from attending West Point.) Along the way, he played lacrosse, boxed, ran track, and competed in the military pentathlon. And each week, he always seemed to pair up with the prettiest girls at the Saturday night hops (according to his classmates that I've met).

As was the case for so many of the Class of '39, soon after graduation Lieutenant Lampley started moving toward the sound of the distant guns. Not long after graduating from West Point, he was sent to join the ranks of "America's Greatest Generation," fighting for his country in World War II. After transferring out of Field Artillery to the Army Air Corps, Dad was assigned to the 30th Bomb Group (B-24s) in the Aleutian Islands to fight the Japanese on the northern front; he then served a series of assignments in Europe, flying heavy bombers (B-24s and B-17s) out of North Africa, Italy, and England. In 1940, Dad was a First Lieutenant. Four long years later, he was a Lieutenant Colonel. Anyone reading Stephen Ambrose's book, *The Wild Blue*, or watching the TV series, *Masters of the Air*, can get an idea of the terror Dad had to experience while on those missions. A pilot would have to drive a Liberator or Flying Fortress for eight or so hours over enemy territory while holding straight and level over the target, through clouds of flak "so thick you could walk on it," to deliver their heavy load of bombs. When we read Joseph Heller's novel, *Catch-22*, we can also get a glimpse of how many men coped with their demons, the horrors of bomber warfare, and the loss of their friends, by developing the dark sense of humor that he writes about. It might have been a tough way to earn a living, but it was also a noble and heroic way of doing the hard right things. And Dad did just that, commanding a bomber squadron as a young man, and earning the Distinguished Flying Cross.

After the war and following a tour at the Pentagon, as a Lieutenant Colonel, my dad served as the Chief of USAF Mission to the Mexican government. Dad and Mom fell in love with Mexico, so after retiring as a Colonel, they decided to move back there. So, the die was cast for me to grow up in Mexico. Dad chose not to transition to become an employee of some big company during his retirement years. Instead, he became a blazing success as a self-employed investor in real estate, being part of venture capital partnerships in Mexico, and as a successful investor in the stock markets of the world.

Dad went on to live long enough to see me graduate from the Military Academy and then follow in his footsteps to become a USAF aviator. Dad passed away in 1989 after enduring the loss of his youngest son and later a daughter. Today, there are two oak trees in front of where his old home stood in Eufaula. Two commemorative plaques pay tribute to Dad and his best friend, his brother Hinton, who also was a pilot in WWII.

Here is a snapshot of Dad presenting me with the Class of '39 silver tray. You can see the pride in his eyes...looking at me, his son, who chose not to accept his father's admonition to not go to the Academy but chose instead to go anyway. Dad was my role model and set the stage for all that that I was to become. I'll always be proud of him for how he served his nation, and for instilling in me those values that have sustained me in my flight through life.

A little about me. After graduating from West Point in 1970, I took my commission in the US Air Force following my father's footsteps in a flying career. Back then only 33 of us in the Class of 70 were allowed to go AF. My first assignment was to Vietnam where I flew 236 combat missions in the F-4 (over two consecutive tours). I held a number of flying and staff jobs (three tours at the Pentagon) and a number of flying tours in the US, Europe, Thailand, Korea, and an assignment commanding the largest flying training squadron at the USAF Academy. I retired in 1999 after working as the Director of Legislative Liaison for the Secretary of the AF. After that I worked for several defense contractors: Johnson Controls, IAP, and currently with KBR as VP for External Relations. As you can see, I learned a lot from my father.

Since we are honoring our ancestors, I should also mention that my mother's father (my grandfather), **Thomas W. Blackburn**, was also a highly decorated pilot who flew fighters and bombers during WWI and WWII and retired as a Brigadier General. I was named after him. Unfortunately, I never got to know him very well as we were never stationed close by.

Dad's brother Hinton was also a pilot in WWII flying a C-47 transport plane supplying General Patton's advance through Germany. My uncle, **Hinton Lampley,** stayed in the Army Air Corps until the end of WWII, then returned to work the family farm in Eufaula. His son, **Hinton Lampley Jr.,** graduated from the Virginia Military Institute (VMI), joined the US Air Force and flew KC-135 Stratotankers as a pilot until he retired and moved to Fort Walton Beach, Florida, where he lives now.

Lastly, I'm very proud of my nephew, **Mark Dewey**, who graduated from the USAF Academy and had a distinguished career in the AF as a pilot flying KC-135s. He is now a Captain for Alaska Airlines. I guess some of my father rubbed off on him, too.

—Tom Lampley '70

* * *

The US Army will never control the ground under the sky,
if the US Air Force does not control the sky over the ground.
—Colonel Gene Cirillo, USAF (Ret)

William DeWitt Lane (C-4)

Generations of Military Service – from Concord to Afghanistan

The Lane family has a long ancestral history of support for our national security. Several ancestors are highlighted below while several others are not mentioned.

As noted by the Bedford Historical Society, the history of the Lane Family of Bedford, Massachusetts, began in 1664 when Job Lane, an immigrant from Rickmansworth, England, acquired a large tract of land in exchange for building a house in Connecticut for the grandson of Governor Winthrop. The land deeded to Job Lane comprises one-fifth of what is now Bedford. Thus began the long involvement of Job Lane and his descendants in affairs of the area, serving as public and church officials throughout the colonial period and as officers and soldiers in every military engagement of note during that time. In 1775, ten Bedford men named Lane marched as militia and Minutemen[27] to the Battle of Concord.

It included **Joseph (Job) Lane Jr**., my 5th paternal great-grandfather, who served in the Revolutionary War. He was a Bedford settler and a Minuteman in Captain John Moore's Company. He fought in the Battle of 19 April 1775 (Lexington-Concord) between the Minutemen and the British forces stationed in Boston and was wounded.

On my mother's side, **Benjamin Parsons**, my 3rd maternal great-grandfather from Springfield, Massachusetts, my wife's hometown, enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War and served in the Army of the Potomac. He served his enlistment in the Washington, D.C. area.

During the pre-World War II era, my dad, **Lieutenant Colonel (Ret) Charles F. Lane**, was activated from the U.S. Army Reserve after graduating from Colorado State University in 1938 with an Animal Husbandry Degree and an ROTC Commission. He was ordered to active duty in February 1941 as a Second Lieutenant and assigned to the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Dad and Mom, Ft. Sill, c. 1942

In July 1941 he was transferred to the 349th Field Artillery Battalion at Fort Sill. He served with the battalion through WWII until December 1945. While assigned to the 349th, his duties included Battery Commander, Regimental Staff Intelligence Officer, and Plans and Training

[27] Minutemen were members of the organized New England colonial militia companies. They were known for being ready at a minute's notice, hence the name. The Battles of Lexington and Concord were the first major military campaign of the American Revolutionary War, resulting in an American victory and outpouring of militia support for the anti-British cause. They marked the outbreak of armed conflict between the Kingdom of Great Britain and Patriot militias from America's thirteen colonies.

Officer. He was awarded the Bronze Star as a Major for combat duty He retired from the Army Reserve as a Lieutenant Colonel after 20 years of service.

It is interesting to note that my dad was introduced at Ft. Sill to my mother-to-be (**Bettye Mildred Richards**) by **Major Raymond L. Cato** (Field Artillery, Colonel (Ret), USMA 1936, Cullum #10543) who was initially the Regimental Supply Officer and married to my mother's sister. He and his wife, Dorothy, had two sons who graduated from West Point: **Colonel (Ret) Richard W. Cato** (Infantry, USMA 1960, Cullum #22827, Silver Star recipient) and **Colonel (Ret) Robert B. Cato** (Field Artillery, USMA 1965, Cullum #25572). Interestingly, my uncle left the 349th to go to Airborne School. He subsequently commanded the 460th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion that deployed first to Italy and then in August 1944 led a combat jump by the battalion into southern France.

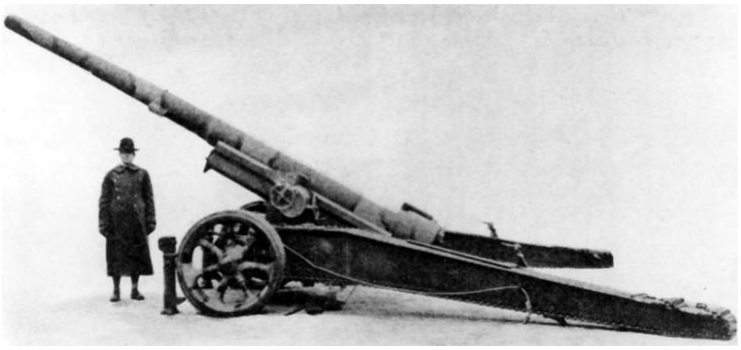
My dad's unit – the 349th Field Artillery Regiment (FAR) – was part of the 18th Field Artillery Brigade from 1940-1946 and had a significant sociological and combat history that he experienced firsthand. It was the first integrated FA unit in the US Army. At that time, units were structured to have all African American soldiers and NCOs, with white officers. President Truman signed Executive Order 9981 (26 July 1948), Desegregation of the Armed Forces, ending the segregation of African Americans.

The 349th FAR was originally constituted on 24 October 1917 in the National Army and assigned to the 92nd Division (Buffalo Soldiers). The unit served in the Lorraine Campaign during WWI. After the war, the unit was organized into the Army Reserve and then deactivated.

CHARLES F. LANE
1st Lieutenant
Commanding,
Battery C

The 349th was reactivated in August 1940 at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where it was reorganized under 18th Field Artillery Brigade. By September of the following year, the battalion was equipped with Model 1918 155mm guns and in September 1944 was ordered overseas to the European Theater. It served there until December 1945. The late Master Sergeant Hansen Outley, who served with the 349th in WWI was awarded the honor of firing the first round in live-fire training for the new battalion. He stepped forward, pulled the lanyard, and with the command, "On the way, Sir," the soul of the 349th was born again.

349th Field Artillery



M1918 155mm Howitzer

The unit deployed to Italy as well as to central Europe to support XVI Corps under Ninth Army. During this time, the unit participated in four campaigns (including Ardennes and Central Europe) and VE Day. The unit received the Rhineland Central Europe Campaign Ribbon for its service during World War II. The 349th FAR was deactivated 26 May 1946 in Germany. It was redesignated on 5 February 1947 as the 72nd Field Artillery Group which is now the 72nd Field Artillery Brigade at Joint Base McGuire-Dix-Lakehurst.

Ninth Army

After VE Day in May 1945, my dad remained in Europe as part of the Army of Occupation until his return as a Lieutenant Colonel in December 1945. At that time, he reverted to the Army Reserve and became a County Agricultural Agent for Weld and Arapahoe Counties, Colorado. He retired from the Extension Service after more than thirty years of service.

Perhaps, my wife, Sue, and I are proudest of our son, **Lieutenant Colonel (Ret) Christopher C. Lane** (Aviation, USMA 2000, Cullum #57073), who served for 22 years and had 3 years of combat deployments to Iraq, Afghanistan, Kuwait, and Qatar. After initial training and qualification on the Apache helicopter, he deployed for 15 months with 1st Armored Division in Iraq as part of Operation Iraqi Freedom.

1st Armored Division

Subsequently, he transitioned to the MC-12 (EMARSS-Enhanced Medium Altitude Reconnaissance and Surveillance System) aircraft. He commanded the 15th Military Intelligence Battalion with MC-12's and MQ-1C (Gray Eagle) drone aircraft. He also served several deployments and flew with Task Force ODIN in Afghanistan.

15th Military Intelligence Battalion

Following his active-duty service, he became a commercial pilot for Atlas Airlines and now flies for United Airlines. He and his wife, Candice, live in the Austin, Texas, area and have one son.

Among the "small Army" coincidences during my career, in 1942 there was a draftee Private in Headquarters Battery of the 349th FAR by the name of Roscoe C. Cartwright. He would go on to obtain his commission via OCS in 1942 and be assigned to the 599th FA Battalion, 92nd Infantry Division (Buffalo Soldiers). He subsequently was promoted to become the third African American to reach the rank of Brigadier General and in 1972 was assigned to be the Assistant Division Commander for the 3rd Infantry Division in Germany. At the time, I was the Aide-de-Camp to the incumbent ADC, BG Hugh J. Bartley (USMA 1947, Cullum #16205). After serving for BG Bartley for almost a year, I served for a couple months for BG Cartwright until he selected his own aide. Unfortunately, at the time I did not know his connection back to the 349th. Additionally, BG and Mrs. Cartwright were killed in 1974 in the crash of TWA Flight 514 into Mount Weather, Virginia, northwest of Dulles Airport. I spent many hours working at the FEMA facilities at Mt. Weather.

3rd Infantry Division

Another small world incident occurred while I was assigned as an instructor in the Electrical Engineering and Computer Science Department in 1979. During graduation week of 1979, I was

assigned escort duties for the "Oldest Living Graduate" to attend Grad Week ceremonies. The oldest grad to attend that week was General (Retired) William Hood Simpson (USMA 1909 – graduated 101st of 103, Cullum #4850), Commanding General of Ninth Army in Europe during WWII! Once again, in my naivete, at the time I did not know the connection! That event was overshadowed that week by the attendance of General of the Army (Ret) Omar N. Bradley (USMA 1915, Cullum #5356).

Other family members who have served our country include:

Colonel (Ret) Albert N. Stubblebine Jr., Field Artillery & Quartermaster Corps, USMA 1924. Cullum #7497, maternal grand uncle.

Major General (Ret) Albert N. Stubblebine III, Armor & Military Intelligence, USMA 1952, Cullum #18688, CG ERADCOM, CG INSCOM, maternal first cousin 1 time removed.

Lieutenant Colonel (Ret) Lemuel J. Cato, Infantry, USMA 1969, Cullum #28627, maternal nephew of husband of aunt.

Numerous members of my wife's family including her father, **Russell O. Coon**, and several uncles, also served in the Navy during WWII. Her father served on the USS *Hancock* (CV-19) in the Pacific theater.

Bill Lane '70

Robert McClean Love (A-4)

Multiple Generations of Love Family Service

1LT Bob Love
Luzon, Philippines, 1945

Like many in his generation, my father, **Robert Berry (Bob) Love** (1920-1974), did not share very many details about what he had done during his service in World War II. The paragraphs below are based on what I gleaned from old papers and the backs of old photos, along with unit histories found online, plus what I remembered of things my father had spoken about.

Bob Love enlisted 11 June 1940, at Opelika, Alabama in the National Guard in the 167th Infantry Regiment of the 31st Infantry Division ("Dixie"). The 31st ID was inducted into federal active service on 25 November 1940. He completed Infantry Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia on 25 November 1942. After OCS, my father was assigned to the 33rd ID ("Golden Cross"). The paths of the two divisions crossed several times on their island-hopping enroute to Japan. He was with the 33rd ID for training at Fort Lewis, Washington, and the Desert Training Center in California, before the division shipped from San Francisco to Hawaii in July 1943.

Upon arrival in Hawaii, the 33rd ID was assigned to defend key installations. My father's unit also completed jungle warfare training during this period. In April 1944, the division departed Hawaii and arrived in New Guinea on 11 May 1944.

33rd "Golden Cross" Infantry Division

The division's 123rd Infantry Regiment was detached to Maffin Bay, New Guinea, on 1 September 1944, where it relieved the 31st ID and patrolled the Wakde airdrome and Toem-Sarmi sector until 26 January 1945. The remainder of the division moved to the Gila Peninsula on Morotai in the Maluku Islands (part of present-day Indonesia) and landed on 18 December 1944. The 33rd ID relieved 31st ID forces garrisoning Race Island and Wajaboela. The Japanese had managed to land a regiment on the island and although it lacked heavy weapons, it had fortified the thick jungle of the area referred to as Hill 40. In early January 1945, the 33rd ID's 136th Infantry, supported by 1st Battalion of the 130th Infantry, assaulted Hill 40 and reduced the Japanese forces. The 33rd ID then staged for operations in the Philippines.

The 33rd ID landed at Lingayen Gulf, Luzon, 10 February 45, and relieved the 43rd ID in the Damortis-Rosario Pozorrubio area, 15 February. The division drove into the Caraballo Mountains, 19 February, toward its objective of Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines and the headquarters of General Tomoyuki Yamashita. Fighting against a fanatical enemy entrenched in the hills, the 33rd took Aringay, 7 March; Mount Calugong, 8 April; and Mount Mirador, 25 April.

Baguio and Camp John Hay fell on 26 April, under the concerted attack of the 33rd and the 37th IDs. Manuel Roxas, later President of the Philippines, was freed during the capture of Baguio. After mopping up isolated pockets of resistance, the 33rd ID broke up the last organized resistance of the enemy by capturing the San Nicholas-Tebbo-Itogon route, 12 May. My father was wounded during this campaign on 10 April 1945. The division was relieved in the Baguio general area by the 32nd ID on 30 June 1945 and moved to Bauang for rest and rehabilitation.

At the time of the Japanese surrender following the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the 33rd ID was training for an amphibious assault on Kyushu, Japan's southern island, in the first phase of Operation Downfall, the planned invasion of Japan.

The 33rd ID landed on Honshu, Japan's main island, on 25 September 1945 and performed occupation duties at Kobe and vicinity until the division was deactivated in February 1946. From a story I remember he told while I was a kid, my father was on Honshu as part of an advance party just a few days after the surrender. He remained in Japan and served on the General Headquarters, US Army Pacific, staff in a counterintelligence corps position until returning stateside to Fort Holabird, Maryland, in early 1947.

Between 1947 and 1954, my dad served at several stateside posts and in Germany in S-2/counter-intelligence assignments. Upon return to Fort Holabird from Germany and a Reduction in Force (RIF) in 1954, he became a warrant officer as an ordnance guided missile specialist. He was stationed at Redstone Arsenal, Alabama until we left for Germany in 1960, where he commanded an ordnance detachment supporting a Corporal missile battalion. Our time in Germany, 1960-1963, included the Cold War construction of the Berlin Wall and the Cuban Missile Crisis. I remember that Dad was gone in the field a lot during those periods. We returned to Redstone Arsenal in 1963, and until he retired from the Army in 1965, Dad headed up a training site for Pershing missile units preparing to go to Europe.

Recently, I put together a shadow box with some items from my dad's Army career. Most are from a small box that sat in my closet for years. My father had kept the box in the top drawer of his dresser and my mother gave it to me after he died back in 1974. The picture in the shadow box, one of my favorites of my dad, was taken while he was in Japan. Decorations he received include the Combat Infantryman Badge, Bronze Star with oak leaf cluster, Purple Heart, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign with two battle stars, Philippine Presidential Unit Citation, and six overseas bars. Other items in the shadow box are from his time as a chief warrant officer from 1954 to 1965.

Dad's legacy continued with my service in Vietnam. My brother, **Bill Love**, served as a Navy medical corpsman. My son, **Scott Love**, served in the Army in Iraq where he died on patrol in Ramadi, and my son, **Dan Love**, served as a Marine in Iraq and Afghanistan.

When the class service heritage project kicked off, I pulled out paper currency that my father gave me years ago to include with a coin collection I put together for a Cub Scout project. The bills were taped together in a long string that he called a "Victory chain." I could not find the term when I searched for it on-line, but I found the term "short snorter," and the idea is the same. The notion was to start the chain when you left the States and to add to it with bills from where you had been until you reached Japan, and hopefully eventually got home. People you met along the way would sign the bills and sometimes add comments. My dad's string of bills started with a dollar bill with a "Hawaii" overprint that had been issued in the Hawaiian Islands after the attack on Pearl Harbor. The string ended with a bill that occupation forces were paid with in Japan. Along the way, it became a challenge ritual at bars to ask someone if they had their short snorter. If not, then they had to buy the next round.

Dad with my brother Bill and me at graduation.

My dad's brother, **Charles Smith Love (1923-1992)**, graduated from Field Artillery OCS on 1 Jul 1944. He was assigned to Division Artillery, 42nd Infantry Division, entering the European Theater early in 1945. In February 1945, the 42nd ID took up defensive positions near Haguenau in the Hardt Forest. After a month of extensive patrolling and active defense, the division went on the offensive and broke through the Siegfried Line. In April, the "Rainbow" division captured the cities of Würzburg, Schweinfurt, and Fürth. By war's end, it had completed its drive into Bavaria and had entered Austria. The division remained on occupation duty until it was deactivated.

Uncle Charles in Austria during occupation duty

My uncles on my mother's side also served in World War II:

> **William Chichester (Chub) McClean** (1913-2011) was a Lieutenant in the US Navy during World War II and served in the Pacific aboard an LST (Landing Ship, Tank), the same sort of vessel that carried his brothers-in-law, Bob Love and Bill Mulquin, from one island to another during the island-hopping campaign.

William Russell (Bill) Mulquin (1915-2005) served in the 7th Infantry Division in the Pacific during World War II. The division was engaged in amphibious assaults at Attu Island in the Aleutians, Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands, Leyte in the Philippines, and Okinawa.

Howard Leonhardt (Hal) Halstead (1911-2010), worked at Bethlehem Steel Corporation in Sparrows Point, MD. The Bethlehem Steel mill was adjacent to the Bethlehem Sparrows Point Shipyard near Baltimore's busy marine terminals. It was one of the few places in the world where a shipyard was located that close to the source of its main building material. It was fully operational at the beginning of World War II and built Liberty Ships as part of the United States Maritime Commission's Emergency Shipbuilding Program to help rebuild the British Merchant Fleet that was being decimated by German U-boats. During World War II, the yard constructed 101 vessels of 16 different classes.

During World War I, **John Henry Smith** (1895-1947), my paternal grandmother's brother, was in the US Navy serving aboard the battleship USS *Wyoming* from 1916 to 1918. The *Wyoming* was part of the Battleship Division Nine, which was attached to the British Grand Fleet. During the war, she was primarily tasked with escorting convoys and with patrolling in the North Sea for German U-boats. On 21 November 1918, after the Armistice with Germany ended the war, *Wyoming* and an Allied fleet met the German *Hochseeflotte* in the North Sea and escorted it into internment at the base in Scapa Flow, Scotland. On 12 December, *Wyoming* left for France and rendezvoused off Brest with USS *George Washington*, which was carrying President Woodrow Wilson to the peace negotiations in Paris. Subsequently, *Wyoming* departed for the US, arriving in New York on Christmas Day, 1918.

John Henry "Bubba" Smith

USS Wyoming (old postcard photo)

The only family story I remember as a kid about the Civil War was that as a young man, my mother's grandfather had been present in the crowd at Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. In recent years I've found that although they were attorneys during the Civil War rather than soldiers, there are some interesting Gettysburg tales about my maternal 2nd great-grandfather Moses M. McClean and his brother-in-law David M. McConaughy.

Moses M. McClean

Moses M. McClean (1804-1870) was a prominent Gettysburg attorney who was a member of the United States House of Representatives from 1845-1847 and was a member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature in 1855. At the time of the Battle of Gettysburg, Moses, his wife Hannah, and family lived downtown at 11 Baltimore Street.

Moses had leased to David H. Beams the McClean family farm situated northwest of Gettysburg at the foot of Oak Hill along the Mummasburg Road. Beams was drafted in October 1862 and served with the 165th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry Regiment. The 165th was serving in Dix's Peninsula Campaign in Virginia at the time of the Battle of Gettysburg.

McClean Farm on the Gettysburg National Military Park, looking from Oak Hill.

Beams' wife Harriet and their three-year-old child were forced out of the house on July 1 as Confederate Colonel O'Neal's infantry brigade moved across its fields under heavy fire from Union 1st and 11th Corps Artillery. After the battle, they returned to find their belongings gone or destroyed. The McClean farm is owned today by the National Park Service.

In the 1860s, the house downtown on Baltimore Street was a two and a half-story building. During the battle, it was struck by an errant cannon ball. Moses's daughter Elizabeth McClean later wrote that "there was a loud crash, and a shell came tearing through a fifteen-inch brick wall, striking a beam that supported the roof, split it in two, broke out a rung from the crib in which we had slept when children, and having spent its force rolled down the stairs to the first landing. The garret was filled with a cloud of brick dust, and we thought it was on fire, but the shell did not explode."

The Baltimore Street house was subsequently converted to a three-story building. When it was sold in 1877, the new owner had a Parrott rifle shell mortared into the spot where the original shell struck the home. The shell is still visible on the building, even if it's not the correct type of projectile.

David McConaughy

David McConaughy (1823-1902) was a younger brother of Hannah Mary McConaughy, Moses McClean's wife. After he graduated from college, David studied law under Moses McClean and Thaddeus Stevens and became an attorney. He helped found Gettysburg's Evergreen Cemetery in 1854 and served as president of its Association until 1863. A former Whig, McConaughy attended the Republican National Convention in 1860.

At the war's outbreak, many of Gettysburg's citizens felt uncomfortable about the town's proximity to Virginia and the Confederacy. As a result, several civilian groups banded together to serve as scouts, including the "Adams Rifles," which formed in spring 1861 and chose McConaughy as

their captain. During the early years of war, they kept watch on the South Mountain passes, to serve as an early warning system for Gettysburg. When the Army of Northern Virginia invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, this early warning system became a scouting and spying operation aiding and informing the federal response to the invasion.

By mid-June 1863, the Gettysburg group began passing key information about the arrival of Confederate troops in Pennsylvania to Major General Darius N. Couch in Harrisburg, who forwarded it to Washington. As the Army of the Potomac moved north, reports from McConaughy began to flow directly to the Colonel George H. Sharpe, the Army's head of the Bureau of Military Information - its centralized intelligence arm. The reports of the Gettysburg band, combined with those of federal cavalry and the Bureau of Military Information, helped the Army of the Potomac's high command make an accurate assessment of the Army of Northern Virginia's relative positioning. On 29 June, Sharpe replied to McConaughy, "The General directs me to thank you for yours of today. You have grasped the information so well in its directness & minuteness, that it is very valuable."

After the battle at Gettysburg, McConaughy is best known for becoming a driving force behind the creation of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, as well as for preserving the grounds and founding the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association.

George Johnston McLean (1842-1862)[28], a cousin of Moses McClean, enlisted in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, 4 August 1862, and mustered into federal service at Harrisburg, 10 August, as a corporal with Company D, 130th Pennsylvania Infantry. He was slightly wounded at the Battle of Antietam, 17 September 1862, although the nature of the wound is not described in his military records. He was wounded again in the back at the Battle of Fredericksburg, 13 December 1862. Although the injury initially appeared to be minor, he died ten days later in Harewood Hospital in Washington, D.C.

On the Confederate side, my father and his parents never told stories about family members who served in the Civil War, but I came across several when I began searching the family tree in Ancestry.com. There may be others for whom I haven't found documentation. I admire the service and bravery of these men. However, it is so sad that the sacrifices they and their families made were for a cause that was simply morally wrong.

Robert Morgan Prater

My paternal 2nd great-grandfather, **Robert Morgan Prater** (1820-1901), was in the 8th Alabama Cavalry Regiment. The regiment was organized in April 1864 at Newbern, Alabama, by adding a company to the nine of Hatch's Battalion, Local Defense Troops, which had entered service the previous winter. The regiment was ordered to Blue Mountain, Alabama, and was assigned to C. G. Armistead's Cavalry Brigade. Moving into north Georgia, the regiment was in a desperate encounter at Lafayette, with a loss of 30 killed and wounded and about 75 prisoners. Shortly after, the 8th fought at Rome, losing about 20 men killed and wounded. It was ordered to west Florida soon after and was in front of Union General

[28] It's common to find the McClean family name spelled differently (e.g., McClean, McLean, Maclean – all anglicized versions of the Scots Gaelic) in different family branches over the generations.

Frederick Steele as he moved on Pollard, Alabama. After further skirmishes, the 8th surrendered at Gainesville, Alabama, on 4 May 1865.

Robert and his sons were listed as farmers in the 1860 census. No slaves were listed. Robert and his first wife, Anne M. Cain (1818-1855), married in 1837 and had seven children. Five of their sons also served in Alabama regiments and are listed below. Robert married his second wife, Louise Catherine Peeples (1834-1893), my 2nd great-grandmother, in 1860.

> **William Frances Prater** (1838-1905) was in Company B, 58th Alabama Infantry Regiment. William was captured on 25 November 1863, during the Battle of Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was sent as a prisoner of war to Rock Island Barracks, Illinois, where he remained until paroled on 20 June 1865.
>
> **Joseph Elden Prater** (1839-1865) enlisted in Company H, 41st Alabama Infantry Regiment on 14 April 1862, in Fayette County, Alabama. He was captured on 21 April 1863 in McMinnville, Tennessee, but was released in Baltimore, Maryland in May 1863, possibly in a prisoner exchange or as a parolee. Apparently, he rejoined the 41st Alabama in Petersburg, Virginia. On 25 February 1865, he was admitted to Fairgrounds Hospital in Petersburg with a Minié ball wound to the thigh. Union forces captured the hospital when the rebels abandoned Petersburg. Joseph died of complications resulting from the wound and amputation on 24 May 1865.
>
> **John A. Prater** (1840-1862) enlisted in Company I, 11th Alabama Infantry Regiment, on 11 June 1861, in Fayette County, Alabama. He was wounded at the Battle of Frayser's Farm in Henrico County, Virginia, 30 June 1862 and admitted to Chimborazo Hospital in Richmond, VA on 2 July 1862, dying shortly thereafter.
>
> **Valentine Prater** (1843-1869) enlisted in Company L, 41st Alabama Infantry, on 6 Oct 1863, in Fayette County, Alabama. He served as a private in Company I, 56th Regiment Alabama Partisan Rangers on detached service to Ferguson's Cavalry Brigade.
>
> **Erby Prater (1844-1862)** was a private in Company E, "Reed's Company," 26th Alabama Infantry Regiment. He died in a hospital in Richmond, Virginia, of "sickness," 21 July 1862.

John A. Berry (1836-1917), my paternal 2nd great-grandfather, was in Company F, 8th Arkansas Infantry Regiment. He was wounded in his left hip in the Battle of Stones River at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on 2 January 1863.

During the Revolutionary War, **John Weir** (1743-1819), my paternal 5th great-grandfather, was a captain in the Lincoln County Regiment, North Carolina Militia. Records show he was in the Battle of Kings Mountain, South Carolina, 7 October 1780, in which the Patriots defeated a force of Loyalists and Provincial troops. Shortly before the Battle of Cowpens, he was caught by a Loyalist party, severely whipped, and left tied to a tree, but was found soon after by friends and released. A short time later, he led his company in the Battle of Cowan's Ford, North Carolina, 1 February 1781, against Cornwallis's forces. On another occasion, his wife, **Elizabeth McKelvey Weir** (1752-1819), was beaten by Loyalists for failing to divulge where Weir and his men were concealed.

Moses McClean (1738-1810), my maternal 4th great-grandfather, was a captain in 6th Battalion, COL Irvine's Regiment, Pennsylvania Line. He commanded the battalion's 6th company during the ill-fated Quebec campaign and was captured at Isle aux Noix, 21 June 1776. After his exchange as a prisoner of war, he remained on the rolls of the 7th Battalion (formerly the 6th) on the supernumerary list. In Pennsylvania archives, he is listed as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1780, commanding the 2nd Battalion of the York County Pennsylvania Militia.

Moses's brothers also served during the Revolution.

William McClean (1733-1807) is listed as a captain commanding 3rd Company (Hamiltonban Township) of the 2nd Battalion of the York County Pennsylvania Militia.

Archibald McClean[29] (1736-1786) was a member of the first Committee of Safety of York County, the first Assembly, and other public offices. When the Continental Congress relocated to York from September 1777 to June 1778 due to the British army advancing on Philadelphia, Archibald's home served as the de facto US treasury. The funds were kept in a vault in the cellar of his home. In addition to Continental currency, there was $600,000 worth of silver that had been sent from France as a loan to the new US government. Also, during the war, Archibald's daughter Mary earned a vote of thanks from Congress for tending to ill and wounded Patriot soldiers.

Marker at the McClean House, York, PA

Alexander McClean[30] (1746-1834) served in the Pennsylvania Militia from Westmoreland County.

Recent search on Ancestry.com shows that my maternal 4th great-grandfather, **James Patterson** (1731-89), was on the Committee of Safety of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in 1775. He was a private in Captain Cowden's Company, 4th Battalion in 1776 and a first lieutenant in 6th Company, 2nd Battalion, Lancaster County Militia in 1777. Search also shows that my maternal 5th great-grandfather, **David McConaughy** (1716-1815), was a member of the Committee of Safety of York County, Pennsylvania, and a private in the 2nd Battalion of the York County Pennsylvania Militia.

— Mac Love '70

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29 Archibald McClean began his career as a surveyor in 1760 when he was commissioned by Thomas Penn, William Penn, and Frederick, Lord Baltimore to re-adjust the boundaries of the three lower counties of Pennsylvania and their Maryland borderline. He and his colleagues successfully established a middle point between the various territories. He became one of the leading surveyors in the region and a chief associate of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. Beginning in 1763, Archibald and his brothers, worked with Mason and Dixon surveying what would become the Mason-Dixon line. Their party surveyed westward until they reached Dunkard Creek, near Mt. Morris in what became Greene County, when the Indian guides informed the group that the Indian chiefs' commission ended there. In 1768 Mason and Dixon considered their work completed.

30 The border dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia continued into the Revolutionary War until finally, in 1782, Alexander McClean was appointed by the Pennsylvania Supreme Executive Council to finish the work, along with Virginia representatives. He had worked with the original Mason-Dixon party. The work was completed for the southern and western Pennsylvania boundaries and accepted by Virginia in 1786.

Charles Francis McAteer III (G-4)

Undercover FBI Agent

My father, **Charles F. "Charlie" McAteer Jr.**, grew up on Staten Island and put himself through Fordham Law School. When the US entered World War II, he tried to enlist in the Army but had flat feet and was declared "4F." Since J Edgar Hoover wanted Special Agents with law degrees, Dad joined the FBI and would serve seven years receiving two Letters of Commendation from Hoover.

Dad worked with the Texas Rangers to secure the border from German spies entering from Mexico and received a photograph of the legendary Chief of the Texas Rangers, Homer Garrison, stating "To Charles McAteer, my friend and one of the best "G" men. Sincerely, Homer Garrison Jr."

Later, he was sent undercover to the Lockheed aircraft plant in California to find a German saboteur and caught him. He and another FBI Special Agent were sent to Venezuela to advise the government on how to protect Lake Maracaibo oil field from German sabotage. During the war there were nearly four thousand German immigrants residing in Venezuela and the USA was getting much of our oil from there. He worked counterespionage until the war ended.

After the war and because of his language skills he was sent to Cuba to learn Spanish with a Cuban accent. He was trained in espionage skills such as the use of the Minox camera and safe cracking.

Charles McAteer's Cuban Passport

He was then sent to Argentina to pose as a Cuban businessman to spy on the Peron government. (The CIA did not exist at that time.) Juan Peron was protecting German aircraft engineers employed by Messerschmitt and Focke-Wulf who were developing a fleet of jet-powered fighters for Peron. My dad was 100% Irish (both sides of the family) and had blond hair and blue eyes, so he dyed his hair black. He transmitted his intel through the US embassy in Buenos Aires.

Charles McAteer with Juan and Eva Peron

After leaving the FBI he practiced law in NYC for 24 years as an honest criminal attorney (if he didn't believe you were innocent, he wouldn't take your case) and became quite famous on Staten

Island, NYC. When he needed something from the FBI or the New York Police Department, he got it.

In 1958 he was recalled to active service by the FBI for the 1958 revolution and coup in Venezuela. Our basement was filled with guys with white short-sleeve shirts, ties, and crew cuts handling twelve wire taps (tubes back then not chips so they were bulky). He and my mother took a "vacation" to Caracas. She stayed in their hotel room listening to grenades and machine gun fire in the streets.

In 1971 he was again recalled to crack some safes, but he never told me what that was about.

In retirement, he sailed his 40-foot sailboat up and down the east coast making friends in the yacht clubs and repairing engines, rigging, and sailing gear for "dinner and drinks." (A psychiatrist told him once that he was a mechanical genius: he could build or fix anything.) He was an absolutely fearless sailor. He passed away in 2002.

— Chuck McAteer '70

WWII Poster warning about the fifth column, people who undermine the country from within

Gerald Counts Minor (D-4)

Minor Family Distinguished Service

The article for Jerry and his brother Mike, John Michael Minor (C-3), is included in the Third Regiment Stories.

Jerry Minor '70

Mike Minor '70

Michael Thurman Mitchell (H-4)

Navy Pilot in WWII and Korea; Tool Designer for Jet Fighters and NASA Spacecraft

1944 Graduation from Flight School

My father, **Joseph M. Mitchell**, was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1924. He served as a US Navy pilot in both WWII and the Korean War.

Dad entered military service in 1943 and went to the naval flight school at Pensacola, Florida. He received his wings in 1944, learning to fly the Vought F4U Corsair (inverted gull wing fighter). He was scheduled to deploy to the Pacific Theater when the Japanese surrendered.

After WWII, Dad went to work for McDonnell Aircraft Corporation and stayed in the US Naval Reserve. In 1952, he was recalled to active duty during the Korean War.

He was assigned to a fighter squadron on the USS *Essex* (CV-9), which deployed in 1953. For four years, he flew the Grumman F9 Cougar and McDonnell F2H Banshee, which were the first all-weather jet fighters for aircraft carriers.

On the flight deck of the USS Essex aircraft carrier somewhere in the Pacific during the Korean War

Flying a F2H Banshee fighter over Mount Fujiyama, Japan

While serving on the aircraft carrier, my father had additional duties as a Landing Signal Officer. This was before they used light systems to land aircraft on the carrier. So, he used paddles and stood at the edge of the carrier platform to signal the planes in. A net was to his right for him to jump into if an aircraft came too close.

As a Landing Signal Officer on the USS Essex, guiding a fighter jet to the carrier for a landing

After the Korean War, Dad returned to McDonnell Aircraft Corporation in St Louis, Missouri, where he was a draftsman/tool designer for tools to manufacture numerous jet aircraft for the Navy and Air Force such as the F101 Voodoo and F4 Phantom.

Later, Dad was transferred into designing tooling for the Mercury and Apollo capsules to be flown in space by NASA astronauts. When McDonnell merged with Douglas Aircraft Corporation in 1967, he became Chief Tool Designer for the wing of the DC10 commercial jet. He later retired in 1997 after Boeing bought out McDonnell-Douglas.

Wedding photo of my mother and father and picture of me at 7 years old. They were married in February 1945.

Son-in-Law Dereck K. Wilson '02

My son-in-law, **Dereck K. Wilson**, is a graduate of the US Military Academy, Class of 2002. He married my daughter, Kellyn, after graduation on June 2, 2002, and served three tours overseas – twice in Iraq and once in Afghanistan. He retired at the rank of Lieutenant Colonel on October 1, 2022, and currently works for the Federal Aviation Administration.

— **Mike Mitchell '70**

Francis John Monaco (B-4)

World War II Combat Medic

Tech Sgt Joseph F. Monaco

My dad, **Tech Sergeant Joseph E. Monaco**, was born in New Haven Connecticut. He served three years on active duty in the Army during WWII as a medic from 30 April 1943 to 20 April 1946.

My dad never discussed details of his service in France during the war. He did not want to talk about it. I imagine there were countless deaths and serious injuries that he witnessed working as a medic in the field hospitals.

After the war, he worked as a licensed plumber and for BF Goodrich in Shelton, Connecticut, until the plant was destroyed by arson in the 70s. After that, he worked with my late brother fixing up old houses. He and my Mom (**Vincenza Rose**) raised 8 kids in an Italian family. I was the oldest.

I served for 27 years in the Army retiring as a Colonel in 1997. I think switching from Field Artillery to Automatic Data Processing after grad school was just lucky – the right decision by accident, because not many folks were "into computers" at the time. My last 20 years in uniform were involved with Information Systems and leading the use of Computer Technology for both cadets at USMA and the Army in the early days of the Internet.

My last assignment was my "dream assignment" – Commander, Information Systems Command, West Point and Director of Information Management. After Army retirement, I became the first Chief Information Officer for Pace University in New York, in part because of a tip from one of our Computer Science teachers while cadets (LTC Farrell Patrick, EF382) who told me that the school he was an adjunct at was looking for someone like me!

Paulette and I were married at Most Holy Trinity Catholic Chapel at West Point on Sunday 3 October 1971 by Father McCormick (I was his head Acolyte Firstie Year). We celebrated 50 years on the exact same day in 2021-- in the front row of the Chapel surrounded by cadets. After the Mass, two cadets asked me how we stayed together for 50 years – I said two words: "Yes dear".

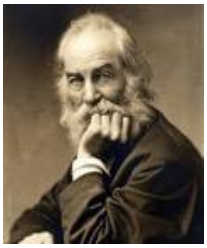
Three of our four sons are Academy grads and combat veterans. Our son **Francis Joseph** (**Frank)**, USMA Class of 1996, is a retired Army Major who saw combat in Iraq. Our son **Michael Paul** (**Mike)**, USMA Class of 1998, also saw combat in Iraq and spent 10 years in unform (Captain) and has been working for the National Geospatial Intelligence Agency in St Louis ever since. Our son **Joseph Edward (Joe),** USAFA Class of 2001, flew many C-17 missions in Iraq and Afghanistan and currently is a Colonel and Director of Strategy for Air Mobility Command, Scott Air Force Base, Illinois.

My Dad and Me

—Frank Monaco '70

Editor's Note: For centuries, wounded soldiers of all countries were responsible for their own care. Medical attention was often primitive, not a priority and with limited results. Due to injuries, bleeding, infections, diseases and amputations, the soldiers often died right where wounded.

Gradually, medical care in battle became more advanced, spurred by several factors to include the heroic efforts of caregivers such as Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton and Walt Whitman (below, left to right). Nightingale was an English social reformer and founder of modern nursing. Barton was a teaching nurse during the American Civil War. Whitman, famous for his poetry, voluntarily moved from Brooklyn to Washington DC to tend to the wounded.



By World War I, motorized ambulances and railroad lines could move the wounded quickly to treatment facilities. By World War II trained medical staff swelled the ranks of the US Army's Medical Department. The peacetime Army with 1200 doctors grew to 50,000 physicians (83 women!), 15,000 dentists, 2000 veterinarians, and 52,000 nurses.

The Army enlisted medic (or aidman) was not a doctor but well-trained, nevertheless. They quickly became beloved by their fellow soldiers because like Frank's father Tech Sgt Joe Monaco, they were on the battlefield to lance and patch blisters, apply tourniquets, inject pain-killing morphine and rush the wounded to rear hospitals. And these medical soldiers faced the same dangers of combat as did the combat branches. It is estimated that 5000 physicians, 9000 medical workers and 48,000 aidmen and stretcher men were killed or lost in action during this war.

Army Medic's Helmet

Richard Pershing Moser Jr. (B-4)

Our Family Service in World War II and Beyond

My father, **Richard Pershing Moser Sr.**, was born on June 7, 1918. His middle name was selected by his parents in honor of General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing, Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces in WWI. My father died at age 60 on July 2, 1978.

Richard Pershing Moser Sr.

He entered the Army on April 23, 1941, and was discharged on November 12, 1945, as a staff sergeant. He began his service in Company A, 175th Infantry, 29th Infantry Division, at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland. He served in the European Theater in World War II, participating in the Normandy (landing on D-Day plus 2), Northern France, and Rhineland Campaigns. He served as the driver for General Newman and also served with the 902nd Air Force Engineer Headquarters Company during the war

His decorations included the Good Conduct Medal, American Defense Service Medal, WWII Victory Ribbon, American Theater Service Ribbon, the Meritorious Unit Badge, and the European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Ribbon

My father's younger brother, **Clarence Arnold "Larry" Moser**, was born December 18, 1924, and died in July 1996 at age 71. Uncle Larry began his Army career in May 1943 as a member of Company R, 1st Ordnance Training Regiment, Ordnance Replacement Training Center, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, and eventually served in the European Theater until his discharge in late 1945.

My mother's maiden name was **Mary Elaine Requard** (born in 1917). During WWII, she served in her hometown of Baltimore, Maryland, in the WAVES. On her side of the family (3 girls and 3 boys), all her brothers: **Oliver Requard** (born in 1915), **Melvin Requard** (born in 1922), and **John "Jack" Requard** (born in 1925) served in either the United States Navy or Coast Guard during WWII.

My mother, Elaine R. Moser, WAVE, WWII

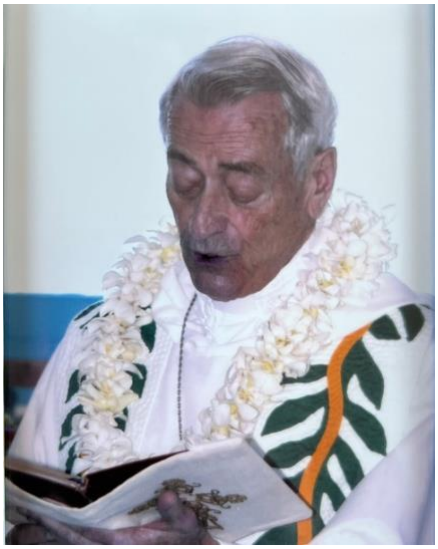
On my wife Patti's side of the family, four uncles and one aunt served in WWII. (Within the family, there was varied Americanized spelling of their last name.) Aunt **Tena Stewartz** served as a WAC. Uncle **Anthony Benjamin "Bennie" Stewartz** was a PFC in the Army serving in the Pacific Theater. Both Uncles **Albert Stewartz** and **Joseph Stewartz** were an Aviation Mates 3rd Class in the Navy.

L to R, Row 1: Tena Stewartz, Joseph Stewartz, Father Jack Stawasz; Row 2: Stanley S. Stewartz, Albert Stewartz; Row 3: Anthony "Bennie" Stewartz

Uncle **Stanley Stewartz** served in the Coast Guard as a Seaman 2nd Class. On May 3, 1944, he was a crewmember aboard the destroyer escort USS *Menges* which was on convoy escort duty. The *Menges* was searching for a radar contact when it was struck by a torpedo from a German U-boat (which was sunk the next day by two other destroyer escorts with the convoy). Stanley and 30 other crewmembers were killed by the explosion.

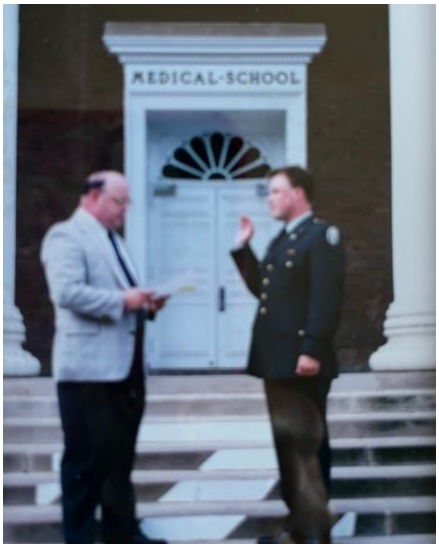
Regrettably, none of the surviving World War II veterans above ever talked about their WWII experiences in my presence.

My wife's Uncle **Jack Stawasz** (born in 1926) became a Catholic priest and served for 20 years (1956-1976) as an active-duty chaplain in the Air Force. While in the Air Force and stationed in Turkey, Father Jack flew home to the United States and celebrated the Mass of my marriage to his niece, Patricia Rapchinski, in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, on August 26, 1972. At our wedding, one of the groomsmen was USMA '70 B-4 classmate Richard S. Beahm (a fellow Baltimorean, like yours truly). Father Jack served as a priest in Hawaii after his retirement from the Air Force.



Father Jack Stawasz (LTC, USAF, Ret.)

My wife's brother, **John "Butch" Rapchinski**, served as an enlisted man in the Army for 3 years in the late 1950s.



Swearing in our son Richard P. Moser III, MD, as a Captain in the Medical Corps, at Walter Reed Medical Center, June 2000

Our son, **Richard P. Moser III, MD**, served in the Medical Corps of the United States Army for 9 years at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C., from 2000-2009, before departing the service at the rank of Major.

—Dick Moser '70

CPT Richard P. Moser III, MD, with his mother Patti, 2001

James Lawrence Mowery (F-4)

A Leader Who Lifted People to Their Better Selves

My father, **Lawrence "Larry" Louis Mowery**, was born on 24 Dec 1922 in Salt Lake City, UT. His parents were poor and placed him with my grandmother's parents in San Francisco, CA, where he grew up, learned to speak Italian fluently, skipped two grades in school, and, by age 17, had two years in college: aeronautical engineering. He joined the California Army National Guard infantry at age 17, rising at age 18 to the grade of SSG. Called to active duty in March 1941, he served at various posts in California before reporting to Ft Benning (now Ft. Moore), GA, for OCS.

After graduation in Dec 1942, he joined the 507th Parachute Infantry Regiment (PIR). Activated in July 1942, the regiment completed basic training and airborne school by late 1942 before starting unit training. During this training, in a parachute test jump, then-1LT Mowery was propelled through his shroud lines, could not extricate himself, hit the ground on his shoulder and head, and broke his neck in three places and legs in seven places. He spent 18 months in the hospital before going to Fort Bragg (now Ft. Liberty) in 1944. He met Nancy Lee Worrell on a blind date in Raleigh, NC, and told his friend that night, "I am going to marry that girl." Three weeks later, he married my mom (6 Sep 44) and shipped out for Europe.

He joined the 82d Airborne Division and was assigned to E Company of the 505th PIR, commanded by COL Bill Ekman, father of classmate Jon Ekman. Rushed to the front during the Battle of the Bulge, the 2/505th had the mission of defending Trois Ponts, Belgium, to prevent the 1st SS Panzer Division from crossing the Salm River. With D & F Companies on the west bank, E Company crossed the river and established an ambush position on a bluff overlooking the river. On the morning of 21 Dec, approximately 800 SS troopers supported by armor hit E Company. Although the Germans took heavy losses, the weight of numbers forced E Company back across the Salm. Despite E Company losing over half its strength, the attack was stopped. He was wounded and received a Bronze Star with V device for this action.

In further actions in Belgium in early 1945, he was again wounded and received another Bronze Star with V device. *Note:* In 1977, I deployed to Wildflecken, Germany as a mechanized infantry company commander, where I met Major Volker Von Baer, who was the brigade operations officer for a German Airborne Battalion. Von Baer's father attended the US Army Airborne school while my father was the operations officer. They struck up a friendship where my father discovered that Von Baer's father was the commander of the unit that hit E/505 and wounded my father at the cliffs above the Salm – small world.

1LT Mowery & platoon in Germany shortly after World War II

After the German surrender, 1LT Mowery remained with the 82d as it was selected to occupy the American sector in Berlin and participated in the Allied Victory Parade there on 7 September 1945. Berlin was one of the few occupation locations where U.S. forces directly interfaced with Soviet troops and

gained a firsthand perspective of a future adversary. In late Dec 1945, the 82d boarded the *Queen Mary*, arriving in New York on 3 Jan 1946. On 12 Jan 1946, the 82d marched down Fifth Avenue as the primary Army contingent in the New York Victory Parade.

1LT Mowery & his father, Thomas Henry Mowery, after returning from World War II

1LT Mowery decided to stay in the Army and returned to Ft Bragg with the 82d (I was born Oct 46). He was one of only five officers in the regiment selected to stay in the Army during the major drawdown after WWII, an early indicator of his abilities.

Mom & Dad at Ft Knox

In 1947, he completed the Infantry Officer Career Course and deployed to Japan with the 11th Airborne Div (sister Donna born 1949). Returning to the USA just before the Korean War, he graduated from the Armor Career Course at Fort Knox in 1951 and went back to Ft Bragg, where he commanded the Triple Nickel, the 555th Airborne Company. His respect for all men made him the perfect commander for the unit. He established friendships and corresponded with men of this company for the remainder of his life

In 1952, he deployed to the Korean War with the 45th Infantry Division, where he was again wounded twice and once more decorated for Valor. He then attended CGSC at Fort Leavenworth, KS (brother Tom born 1955). From there, he went to the Infantry School at Fort Benning, (sister Ellen born 1956), served as the Operations officer at the Army's Airborne School, and completed his bachelor's degree from the University of Georgia (UGA) in 1959—Go Dawgs!

From there, Major Mowery attended the Joint Forces Staff College in Norfolk, VA. He then traveled to Germany, where he was an Infantry battalion XO in Friedberg (Elvis Presley served in the armor battalion), the Division G2, 3rd Armored Div in Frankfurt, and the battalion commander of the 2-48 IN at Gelnhausen (brother Bill was born in 1962 and eventually served in the 505th PIR just like his Dad and me). After Germany, LTC Mowery was assigned to Infantry Branch, and we lived in Alexandria, Virginia. While at Military Personnel Command (MILPERCEN), he completed his master's degree in international relations from George Washington University. Subsequently, he earned four additional master's degrees in subjects he wanted to teach.

From 1964–1965, he rented out the family home in Alexandria and we all moved to the War College at Carlisle Barracks, PA. While there, I joined the Army. After graduation from the War College he returned to MILPERCEN and the family home in Alexandria. Then, in June 1967, COL Mowery was assigned as the Commander of the 3rd Brigade, 101st Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, KY, with the task of preparing for deployment to Vietnam. The division deployed in Nov 1967, making history as the largest and longest airlift operation directly into a combat zone.

My brother Jack was born the month before Dad deployed to Vietnam (Nov 67). I was granted leave from West Point to come home and say goodbye and see my new brother. Because Dad was quite busy, his driver/RTO SGT Louis E. Bracksieck, a draftee who extended his term of service to go to Vietnam, drove me to the airport. We struck up a lifelong friendship and he kept me up to date on my Dad. Louie came home, graduated college, and became an FBI agent where he served with distinction and retired after 35 years of service. My Mom, my two sisters, and three brothers moved to Como, NC to live with my Mom's parents on their farm in Como, NC, as our family always did when Dad was gone for six months or more.

Late on the afternoon on 18 March 1968, D Company 3/187th Infantry encountered an NVA battalion and fought an all-night battle for survival. COL Mowery spent that afternoon and night flying over the unit coordinating fires. The company commander, CPT Paul Bucha, USMA 1965, received the Medal of Honor for this action. This picture was taken 19 March 1968 as COL Mowery's command & control helicopter landed in early morning to pick up the three most seriously wounded soldiers. All three soldiers survived. COL Mowery received a Silver Star.

After leaving the 3rd Brigade, he commanded the Division Support Command (DISCOM) while waiting to assume the duties as Chief of Staff for Major General (later General) Melvin Zais. During this 18-month Vietnam tour, he was wounded two more times and received four silver stars, the Legion of Merit, two distinguished flying crosses, a Soldier's Medal, and numerous other awards.

After Viet Nam, he returned to Fort Benning, where he served as the Director of the Brigade and Battalion Operations Department (BBOD) until his retirement in 1974. He had five other full colonels working for him. He took great care of them, and two went on to be selected for general. He was reverently referred to as "Chairman Mow," a moniker my son David has assumed.

MG Zais & COL Mowery, Vietnam 1969

In 1973, he was selected for promotion to Brigadier General, but the Secretary of the Army, Robert Froehlke, felt COL Mowery would not be chosen for Regular Army (RA) BG and would have to

retire after only six months. Although the Army Chief of Staff, GEN Abrams, and Dad's good friend, GEN Kroesen, assured Mr. Froehlke that he would be selected for RA, he was nonetheless removed from the list. He never once complained and gladly turned his attention to his family and retirement after 35 plus years of service.

COL Mowery retired in 1974 and received the Distinguished Service Medal. According to the National Infantry Museum, he is one of 325 Soldiers who have earned the Combat Infantryman Badge with two stars. After retirement, he taught for and served as the Dean of Admissions for Troy State University at Fort Benning, which he held until his death. One of his students confided in my sister that she took classes she did not need just so he could be in Dad's class.

Character: What was my father like? Well, to me, he was a god. I worshiped him. He was very tough on me, but I knew he loved me. I knew it every day I was alive, and so did all my brothers and sisters. That love was not just for us but for his Soldiers and others—a few examples:

In Germany, my dad had relieved CPT Redder as the commander of C/2-48 Infantry, so I was perplexed when MAJ Redder came to visit him at Ft. Benning while I was on leave. During a private moment, I asked MAJ Redder, "Hey, what's the deal? I thought my Dad fired you, and yet you are here like you are visiting a long-lost brother." His response tells it all: Your father did indeed "fire" me because I wasn't good at commanding an Infantry company, but I was a master logistician. He made me the S-4, and I was very proud of the great job I did there. He put me in a situation where I could succeed and wrote a great efficiency report that got me promoted to Major. Your Dad is a great man, and I would follow him into Hell.

Another example is CPT Joe Johnston, who was stationed with me at Ft. Campbell following the Vietnam War. My dad grew to know what a fine person and officer Joe was during his visits to Ft. Campbell where my sister Donna's husband, Steve Marks, and I were stationed. Joe, after Fort Campbell, was sent to the Infantry Advanced Course at Fort Benning. Unfortunately, Joe had not completed his bachelor's degree when the reduction in force occurred in 1974, and despite his excellent command performance, commanding three companies, he was given notice. My father intervened, and Joe was sent to the Bootstrap (an Army College degree completion program) at Troy State University, Fort Benning, where he completed his bachelor's degree and eventually a master's degree in business and executive management. He retired from the Army as a Colonel, after a very successful career, became the CFO and then CEO of the Greater Cincinnati Behavioral Health Services Organization, and, after many awards and positions, became the National Commander of the Disabled American Veterans. He will tell you he owes it all to my Dad.

In my sister Donna's position as the Chief of Education for Army JROTC, many of the retired Army instructors who worked with our Dad loved to tell her stories about him. She said they all respected and genuinely loved him and considered him a legend. One of them reported to him in BBOD as a CPT. He went into his office, and the only thing Dad said was, "Get a haircut." So, he left and got a haircut. He came back, and Dad only said, "Get a haircut." He had to get two haircuts before he could even report in. He added that my dad was the finest Army Officer he knew in his entire career (he retired as an LTC). There were many more, but she sincerely believes the respect so many people had for him helped her to break barriers as a 38-year-old female dealing with crusty old Soldiers. As she worked in that position for 25 years, and as the retired instructors kept

getting younger, she eventually started hearing similar stories about me! To be compared to my Father was beyond special.

Then, there was the young 2LT reporting for duty at Ft. Benning, who ran into the back of my sister Ellen's car. When he heard who her father was, he was terrified as he was on his way to report to BBOD for duty. But Dad took him under his wing, helped him get better car insurance, and made him feel welcome.

One of the greatest things about our Dad is that he was always looking for ways he could help those who worked for him even if it meant not pleasing the boss. He ingrained it in us to do that as well. We owe whatever successes we have had in life to him and to my Mom, who taught us so much, including giving without expecting any reciprocation.

Insights: My father was also a Freemason. I did not know it at the time, but no Mason—even if you are his son—will ask you to join Masonry. When I eventually became a Mason at 72, my eyes were opened. Let me simplify Masonry: It makes a good man better and puts him closer to his maker, in my case, God Almighty. COL Mowery lived the core principles of Masonry: friendship, morality, and brotherly love; and he received Masonic Rites at his interment.

He loved woodworking and set up a woodworking shop in a separate building at his retirement home in Columbus, Georgia. He built clocks, benches, storage chests, children's toys, and so many other things. Two of my most prized possessions are a blanket box and a clock for a mantle. It was such a joy to watch him build things, and all the other kids and grandkids loved to visit him in the woodshop, where he would always make them something for their room or for play. After spending two weeks in the summer with his grandparents, my nephew exclaimed he wanted to be an engineer when he grew up—a building engineer like his grandpa.

Lastly, all six of his children remember him and our Mom as the best parents anyone could ever wish for in a family. He and my Mother were demanding, but that taught each of us the discipline to achieve success. Their emphasis on education motivated us all. Like Dad, both sister Donna (71) and my son David (99) graduated from UGA. Donna and I earned doctorates; Tom earned a bachelor's and master's degree in electrical engineering from Georgia Tech, but unfortunately, passed in 2005 before he completed his doctorate in electrical engineering from Auburn, Ellen earned a master's degree in education from Fort Hays State University in Kansas, Bill an electrical technician's degree from Columbus Tech, and Jack a bachelor's degree in engineering from Georgia Tech,

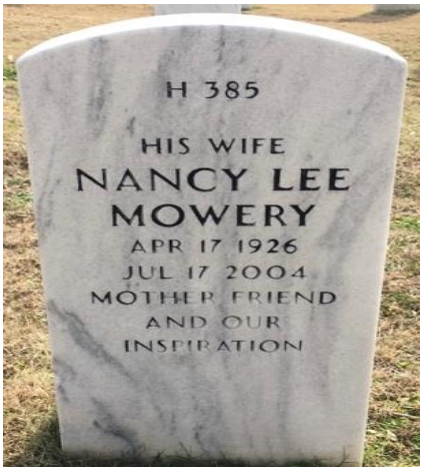
Ellen is now working with Donna in continuing the development of a leadership curriculum for middle school students. Bill suffered a stroke and is now disabled, but works in construction while living with me in Lower Alabama, and Jack is working as a computer programmer for Total Systems Services (Tom's son, Cullen, is now working there in cyber security as well). My son Michael attended Georgia Tech for two years and graduated from the University of California, Santa Barbara. Dad would be immensely proud of all of us. He dearly loved his family and friends—especially his grandkids and grand-dogs.

My father died on 7 May 1991, four days before I was to redeploy to the USA from Desert Storm. Three years previously, though he was only 65 at the time, he asked me to take two weeks' leave and help him develop a plan should he die unexpectedly. When my brother Tom called to ask what they should do, I told him to look on the right side of the top shelf in the hall closet, get the white, orange, and black three-ring binders, start with the white one, and that I would be home somewhere in the middle of the orange one. His organization was evident; it worked perfectly.

On the flight home, I listened to "Processions" by Vangelis over and over. It was a musical rendition of a great man's procession through life. My father, whom I had loved and cherished, was gone, and I would not be able to discuss the war with him or gather any more wisdom. It was up to me now. I had to take what he had given me and go forward, armed with the adage so encapsulated in the Cadet Prayer: The harder right instead of the easier wrong. Thank you, Dad.

My father was laid to rest at Fort Benning by his initial WWII Parachute Infantry Regiment, the 507th. He was also inducted into the Officer Candidate School Hall of Fame.

My Mother is buried with my Dad, passing in September 2004. There is not a day I do not think of my Father and Mother and the great childhood and support they gave to me, my three brothers, Tom, Bill, and Jack, and my two sisters, Donna and Ellen. Rest in Peace, Dad. See you and Mom in Valhalla.



Lessons Learned from My Father:

People first. There are some missions you have to say no to, as they will just get your men killed.
Be prepared to stand your ground and to appeal to your boss's boss if necessary.
Always tell the truth. No matter how bad it is.
You owe your loyalty to your boss and his boss. If they need to get fired, that is up to their boss.
Consider bad experiences good training.
If you are assigned to a manure pile, make it the best manure pile on the post.
It is good to make a bad unit good, but even better to make a good unit great.
Take care of your people, and they will take care of you.
There are no bad units, only bad leaders.
God, country, family.
Freedom is not free.

And from my Mom:

If you cannot forgive your friends for their faults, you will not have any.
Always tell the truth, then you don't have to remember anything.

— Jim Mowery '70

The greatest leader is not necessarily the one who does the greatest things.
He is the one that gets the people to do the greatest things.
— President Ronald Reagan

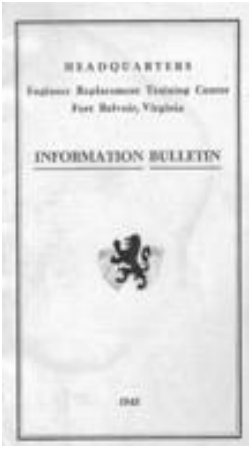
Robert Edward Opatovsky (A-4)

My Dad's Service in the Army and the Air Force

Joseph Gerard Opatovsky

My father, **Joseph Gerard Opatovsky**, was born in New York City on 16 October 1917 to immigrant parents of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was raised in the city, along with his sister, Mary, and his two brothers, Rudolph and Peter. His first-born sister, Teresa, was sent back to Austria-Hungary, as was customary, to provide help on the family farm. Following a hard upbringing in the city, he graduated from the New York Industrial High School in 1933 with electrical installation and practice trade skills. Shortly thereafter, with the Great Depression well underway, he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) at Camp Dix, NJ in October 1934. For the next year, he spent time learning discipline and logging skills in the Pacific Northwest.

After completing his one-year CCC stint, he worked in a variety of jobs until the attack on Pearl Harbor. Like many others of his generation, he enlisted in the US Army. In March 1942 he found himself at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, enjoying basic training with the Corps of Engineers at the Engineer Replacement Training Center. It appears the vocational electrical skills he learned in high school benefitted him. His two brothers also enlisted: **Rudolph** as an aerial reconnaissance photographer with the Army-Air Corps, and **Peter** in the Army.



Engineer Basic Training Manual

Following basic training in September 1942, he left Belvoir as a sergeant. As we've learned through life, timing is everything and my father's arrival back at Camp Dix for overseas deployment coincided with elements of the 34th Infantry Division. Shortly thereafter, from 5-12 October, he was on a troop ship to Northern Ireland where he hooked up with the 34th and began training for deployment to North Africa. In early November 1942, he landed in Algiers with Operation Torch's Eastern Task Force. Following completion of the Tunisian combat operations in May 1943, the now-Master Sergeant (MSgt) Opatovsky was selected, along with other American and British military personnel, to attend the Allied Control Commission (ACC) School in Tizi-Ouzou, Algeria. The Allied government established military government school training for selected officers and non-coms to enable and oversee government political, administrative, security, health and economic services in the soon-to-be liberated parts of Italy during the Fifth Army's upcoming Italian Campaign.

34th Infantry Division "The Red Bull"
"The Sandstorm Division"

MSGT Opatovsky (3rd from left) with classmates at ACC school in Algeria

Upon completion of his ACC training, MSgt Opatovsky was assigned to the 2675th ACC Regiment that went into Italy with the 34th ID in January 1944, He subsequently saw combat at Cassino, Anzio and participated in the May 1944 breakout from the Anzio beachhead that kicked off the Rome-Arno Campaign. It was one month later, on 28 June, that the truck he was riding in hit a land mine in Civitavecchia, Italy, that sent him to the 23rd General Hospital in Naples for 103 days. Following his release from the hospital, he was assigned to a replacement company, but apparently did not see further combat action.

End of the War

In April 1945, he returned to the US where and was separated from the Army in July. His discharge papers mention his unit of assignment as Company C, 2675th ACC Regiment, Corps of Engineers. My father loved the military and realized he would rather be in the military than a member of the civilian society of post-WWII America. Unfortunately, his attempt to re-enter the Army following his separation happened to fall outside the November 1945 window for reinstatement into the Army. Indeed, in a February 1946 letter from the War Department it was suggested he maintain contact with his local Army recruiting Officer for the latest information regarding directives for reenlistments. The letter was signed by the War Department's Chief of Staff, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

In 1947, the State of New York recognized my father's WWII service when he received the New York State Conspicuous Service Cross, presented to "NY citizens whose service to their country has been exceptionally meritorious."

He married my mother, Josephine Reich, in November 1945 - - perhaps that's why he missed the November reenlistment window - - and subsequently joined the newly-established US Air Force in April 1947. In 1949, he became Lt Gen Charles Myers' crew chief and flew with the general on his many visits to USAF bases under his command. Myers was the Vice Commander of the new Continental Air Command. In 1951, Gen Myers became Commander-in-Chief, Northeast Air Command at Pepperell AFB, Newfoundland, and my father and our family of five spent two nice years in Newfoundland, before returning to the US for a non-flying assignment at Mitchell AFB on Long Island, NY, in August 1954. In 1960, he reported to Warner-Robbins AFB, Macon, GA,

for what would be his final assignment. As my brother and sister were entering high school, we opted to remain on Long Island with our mother. In 1963, my father retired from the USAF ending a 22-year honorable military career. As I recall, he was always happy and proud of his military service, especially those moments he shared memories with other veterans and enjoyed their comraderie. My brother **Joseph** is also a veteran, having served aboard our Navy's River Boats as part of the Brown Water Navy in Vietnam.

— **Bob Opatovsky '70**

Operation Torch

Operation Torch, the Allied invasion of French North Africa in November 1942, led off a key World War II campaign to open a second front against the Axis and to end Axis control in Africa. It was the first major combined combat operation involving American and British army and naval forces. It was also the first time American ground forces engaged Nazi German and Fascist Italian forces in the war. Lessons learned and relationships forged between British and American forces and their leadership during the campaign would ultimately lead to the liberation of Europe.
["Operation Torch: Invasion of North Africa," Naval History and Heritage Command. History.navy.mil
Wikipedia contributors. "Operation Torch." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 9 Feb. 2025.]

Bruce Norman Peltier (A-4)

Full Service

Research for this project plunged me into several stacks of old family papers and documents. To my surprise I realized that virtually all the males in my extended family have served. Most were drafted; some enlisted during wartime. They all seemed proud of their service, but none chose to make the military a career.

While I've never felt that I came from a military family, I have clear memories of how "war stories" always made it into the discourse when the men of my father's generation got together by themselves. The stories were not tales of great courage or sacrifice; they tended to emphasize the absurdity of war and the requirement to do one's duty, nonetheless. All are now gone, with the exception of my father-in-law, who is 100 years old.

Grandfather. My paternal grandfather was inducted into the Army in August 1918 to serve in "the emergency." His discharge certificate asserts that he had "Excellent Character," which turns out not to have been the case. I know very little of him, but it appears that our last name somehow changed from Pelletier to Peltier sometime between his birth in 1893 and 1918. Mystery persisted because my grandmother—his (ex) wife—would not speak of him. It seems that she was the first of four other wives he walked out on. I know this story to be true because, one Sunday afternoon when I was at the Infantry Officer's Basic School, I remembered that my grandma had told me that he "took up with a woman" in Columbus after he'd abandoned her. I rifled through the local phonebook, found two people with my last name, and called the first one listed. When I reported my reason for calling, the woman said, *"Grandma, it's for you."* This grandma confirmed my grandma's story and said that she was the second of four abandoned wives. Grandfather Pelletier (or Peltier's) discharge document for some reason noted that he reenlisted four years later.

Father-in-Law. My wife's father was drafted into the Navy in 1942. He recalls that about a third of the population around Newcastle, California, was of Japanese descent at that time, and by mid-1942 they had all been removed and transported to relocation camps. This meant that there were, as he put it, "slim pickings" for the draft board at the time he became of age. He was drafted almost immediately after his 18th birthday in September, and was shipped to San Diego for basic training, then to Seattle for six months of gunnery school.

He subsequently manned a 40mm anti-aircraft gun on the USS *Wiley*, a Fletcher-class destroyer that escorted aircraft carriers in the Philippines and off the coast of China during World War II. I asked him whether he felt fear during that action. His response was, *"No, we were too busy trying to make sure we got it right."* After the war he returned to Northern California and raised a family. He lives near Newcastle now, where this photo was taken of him in the 1940s.

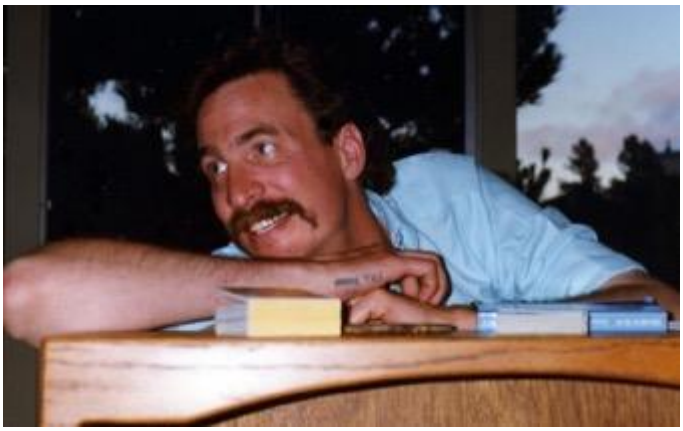
Father. My dad was drafted into the Army from Rhode Island in August 1942 at the age of 25. He was selected for OCS and became a "90-day wonder" in Miami Beach. He was then assigned to transportation and airline/automobile maintenance in the Army Air Corps. That assignment landed him at Alliance Army Air Field in the Sand Hills of Nebraska where they trained glider pilots and parachuting. He served as the Motor Pool Officer. That was where he met my mother, who had been born and raised in Alliance. Here's her account of the meeting (from a letter she sent to me in 1981):

> "Dad and I met at the Officers' Club in Alliance where our singing sextette was chaperoned to the club to do our numbers. We were allowed to dance a few times with the officers before being chaperoned back home. It was a veritable smorgasbord for me, and the time was quite limited. Nonetheless, your dad tried to monopolize those few dances, while I had other ideas. We ran into each other every Saturday night, and since Alliance was desperate for any kind of entertainment, we were it. Along with any other amateur juggling acts or an occasional magician or perhaps a trained dog. Each time we danced he would ask me to have dinner with him. I couldn't imagine having dinner with anyone but Mom. I rather liked him and didn't quite know how to handle the situation, so I would say "*Call me during the week."* He would ask for my number, but my brothers always told me to *"never give out your phone number. Tell them that you are in the book."* I did that, and then forgot about the conversation until the following Saturday night when the whole thing would take place again.
>
> I went away to college, the base closed down, and Dad was sent to Wendover, Utah where the new atomic bombs were being tested. The money for college ran out, and I got a civil service job in Ogden. The smorgasbord was over, and I was very lonely for a date, so I asked a friend to line up a blind one. Now you know who showed up for me, don't you? Dad and I were married six weeks later in Elko, Nevada in 1945."

They remained married until Dad's death in 1967 during my Plebe year. He'd smoked Chesterfield and Pall Mall cigarettes until he died of lung cancer at the age of fifty.

Here are photos of father and son at the motor pool, taken about thirty years apart.

Brother. I had one brother, and he served, as well. His military story began in 1972 when his draft lottery number was 13. He had no intention of serving. He was called up anyway, and had somehow learned that one would be excluded from service if they had a disfiguring or offensive tattoo, especially if it were on his hand. So, he went out and got a tattoo that said: "FTA," fully spelled out, right on the spot that would show most prominently when saluting. He actually did salute the civilian clerk at the Induction Center in Detroit. Apparently, she looked up, and with yawning indifference said, "*That's nice,"* and began to process his paperwork. My brother was so unprepared for such a response that he panicked, snatched his paperwork from her desk, and ran out the door. My mother and her neighborhood friends prevailed on him to return, warning him that he was flirting with desertion. The very next day he was whisked off to basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky. He served uneventfully in the army for two years as a company clerk in Germany near the French border and was honorably discharged in 1974.



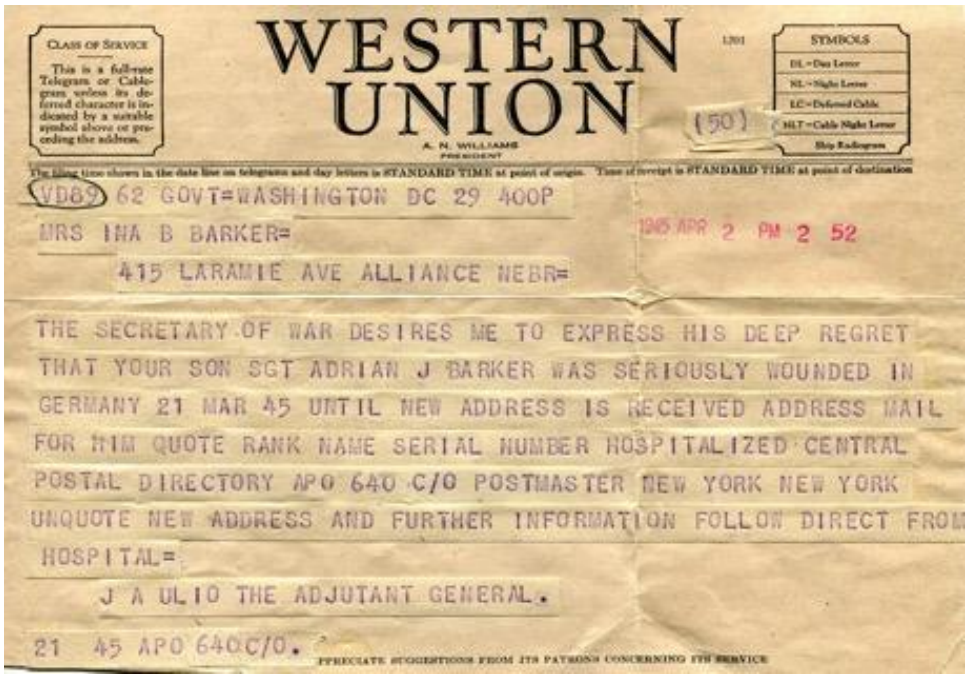
Uncles. I had four uncles, and they all served during World War II. Three enlisted, one was drafted. Two served in the Army Air Force, one in the Infantry, and one in the Navy as a pilot. That's my mother in the middle of this photo.

The one I knew best, the Infantryman, was also the most interesting to me. He apparently said almost nothing about the war to his family until I visited him in California on leave after my Yearling year at West Point. Then he spilled the beans, and told a number of compelling tales of life as a foot-soldier on the Western Front. He spoke with the cynicism and skepticism often observed in "grunts" and "doughboys." He fought his way across France all the way to Germany, most of the time carrying a BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle) and walking "Scout" (which we called "Point" in Ranger School). He reported that he was issued a small mechanical clicker on D-Day, the kind that came in boxes of Buster Brown shoes, so that he could communicate with comrades in the dark night of the invasion. He recalled that—at the very end of the war—his best combat companion drank schnapps they found in an abandoned house and died from the poison that the occupants had planted in the bottle. He reported that when a flare lit the sky he could look out of his foxhole and see soldiers who had elevated their foot in hopes of catching a bit of shrapnel in order to escape the front. He, himself, cultivated a case of trench foot, encouraging the pathology until squad members grabbed him and thrust his foot in Merthiolate to ensure that he'd be able to continue to walk Scout. Here's a lightly edited excerpt from the local Nebraska newspaper:

> "He was wounded seriously in infantry operations in Germany on March 21 according to the War Department. His mother was greatly relieved to receive a V-mail letter from her son on Tuesday, written at an evacuation hospital in France:
>
> *'Two days ago we – the Jerries and the GIs – were really mixing it up. They wanted to hold a mountain and we wanted to change their minds. We fought fiercely for two days and finally kicked them off the mountain. Reaching the other side, we immediately began to dig in when Jerry started throwing his famous 88 artillery shells at us. I didn't think the Jerries had that much artillery in the whole of Germany, but anyway a tree burst kinda clipped my wings a little and left a small piece in the back of my head. It has been removed two days now, and I am feeling excellent, so you needn't worry.*

"Tree bursts" were a thing in WWII. They are defined as:

> "the explosion of a projectile on contact with some part of a tree showering fragments down on the surrounding area. A tree burst would send steel fragments and timber raining down, and foxholes provided scant protection. Tree bursts were a major factor in the Allied defeat and 33,000 casualties in the Hurtgen Forest in late 1944."



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SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
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(50)

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

VD89 62 GOVT=WASHINGTON DC 29 400P

1945 APR 2 PM 2 52

MRS INA B BARKER=

415 LARAMIE AVE ALLIANCE NEBR=

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR SON SGT ADRIAN J BARKER WAS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED IN GERMANY 21 MAR 45 UNTIL NEW ADDRESS IS RECEIVED ADDRESS MAIL FOR HIM QUOTE RANK NAME SERIAL NUMBER HOSPITALIZED CENTRAL POSTAL DIRECTORY APO 640 C/O POSTMASTER NEW YORK NEW YORK UNQUOTE NEW ADDRESS AND FURTHER INFORMATION FOLLOW DIRECT FROM HOSPITAL=

J A ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

21 45 APO 640C/O.

APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

On another occasion near the end of the war, he came upon an abandoned house and busted in the front door, only to find a half-dozen armed Nazi soldiers in the front room. He was horrified, and figured that he was doomed (if memory serves, he mentioned that he soiled his pants), only to see the Nazis—who had had enough of the war—immediately drop their weapons and surrender. He was credited in his hometown newspaper with capturing six (or twelve, depending on the source) Nazi soldiers single-handedly, a story of heroism that he chuckled about 25 years later. Here are excerpts from two news clippings:

> "Twelve German prisoners were "on the inside looking out" due to the efforts of PFC Jack Barker, son of Ina Barker of Alliance, Nebraska."

> "SGT Barker is credited with the capture of six Germans during operations in January."

The discrepancy in reports of his rank was due, I believe, to the fact that he was demoted at least once during his service. He left the war with three Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts, and a nasty case of Shell Shock, or PTSD as it is now called.

Here are two photos of him taken about thirty years apart, the first somewhere in Europe and the second in Auburn, California.

It took him a while to re-integrate into regular civilian society, and perhaps he never fully did. He went back to school, finished college, and was later installed into the school's hall of fame in football. He married, raised a family, ran for public office, rode a Brahma bull at the California state fair, and taught high school until he retired in the 1980s.

Upon reflection, it seems clear that I absorbed many of the views and attitudes of my forebears.

— **Bruce Peltier '70**

In war there are no unwounded soldiers.
—Jose Narosky, Argentine writer

McDonald Plummer Jr. (B-4)

"One-legged DI" and Confederate "General"

3rd Marine Division

Both my dad, **McDonald Plummer Sr.**, and Rachel's dad, **Earsel Wade King**, served in the 3rd Marine Division in the Pacific.

My dad was in the wholesale candy business in Tifton, Georgia, and after church on that day in 1941 when he heard about Pearl Harbor, he went to his area manager and turned in the keys to his truck and made his way to Montgomery and became the first person in the state to enlist in the Marines the next day. After service in the Pacific, he became a DI at Parris Island, South Carolina, and learned all about "drilling the jarheads!"

He became famous for "Drilling the Troops" at the Greenville, Alabama, country club after all who had gathered had indulged in enough libations to participate in his training near the 18th green of the golf course. That's where he taught them the tune he learned in the Marines - "Over the Sand Dunes Comes the Doleful Cry of the One-Legged DI, "Your Left, Your Left, Your Left!!!"

My maternal grandfather, **John Glenn Stanley**, served in WWI and made myriad pencil drawing descriptions of life on the front, then he took over *The Greenville Advocate* newspaper from his father.

My maternal great-grandfather, "General" **James Berney Stanley**, enlisted in Company C, 17th Alabama Infantry and served three years in the Confederate Army until he was severely wounded in the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, in November 1864. Following the war, he founded *The Greenville Advocate,* and he served in the Alabama Legislature for 40 years.

James B. Stanley (left) and W.C. Christian, the last two Confederate veterans to serve in the Alabama Legislature

The following was posted on "The Art of Alabama Politics" Facebook page on 6 April 2022:

> Alabama's governors have traditionally declared April as "Confederate History and Heritage Month," so it seems appropriate to share the stories of Judge W.C. Christian and General James B. Stanley, the last two Confederate veterans to serve in the Alabama Legislature.
>
> Throughout his political career, Stanley campaigned as "Gen. Richard Stanley" despite the fact that he never rose above the rank of private while serving in the

Confederate Army. He was given his "rank" by the post-war United Confederate Veterans Association, so he was as much an actual General as Tom Parker and Harlan Sanders were actual Colonels.

Stanley was severely wounded in the Battle of Franklin when he was shot in the shoulder with a Minie ball bullet. The bullet penetrated so deeply that the surgeon opened Stanley's back and removed it from behind. Furloughed because of his wound, Stanley walked home to Greenville, Alabama, from Franklin, Tennessee.

Elected to the Alabama State Senate in 1890, he held the seat until 1930. Stanley, who founded the Greenville Advocate newspaper and served as its editor for 70 years, passed away in 1934 at 90-years-old.

William C. Christian of Greensboro, Alabama (shown on the right in the photo) joined the Confederate Army as a cadet at the University of Alabama and fought under Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest and Gen. Joe Wheeler. He was taken prisoner when federal troops captured Selma in the closing months of the war.

He was appointed as circuit clerk in 1889 by Alabama Gov. Thomas Seay and won election as probate judge of Hale County in 1892. Christian served in the Alabama House of Representatives from 1918 to 1930.

He died in 1940 at age 93 and was the last Confederate veteran in Hale County at the time of his passing.

— Mac Plummer '70

William Fossum Pratt (D-4)

Pilots, Cavalrymen, and Engineers

My father was **Ogden Nelson Pratt**. He was born on May 15, 1912, in East Hartford, CT. He is the author of the (tongue in cheek) bestselling personal history of his early years entitled "From the Egg to Puberty." It's quite entertaining and has illustrations done by his own hand.

Dad regaled me with stories from his youth, many of which never made it into his Egg account. He built his own log cabin on land my grandfather owned from the original land near Essex on the Connecticut River ceded to **Lieutenant William Pratt** in 1537. He built his own sailboat and used it to sail to the ocean and back, a distance of about five miles.

O.N. Pratt, circa 1940

Anyway, Dad graduated from the University of Connecticut in 1938 as an engineer and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Infantry (reserve or guard). By the summer of 1940 war clouds had descended on Europe and my father entered flight school for the Army and became an Army Air Corps Cadet as a Second Lieutenant.

His graduation flyby was in biplane P-6s and the single-winged P-26s. At the end of the War, five years later, he had gone from a Second Lieutenant to a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army Air Corps.

He was assigned to Middleton Army Air Depot during the war and served as one of two test pilots and as a maintenance supervisor in charge of refurbishing training bombers like the B-18 which looks like a pregnant C-47. He tried several times to transfer to the South Pacific theater but was denied since engineers, especially competent ones, were rare.

He retired in 1970 as a Colonel in the Air Force having been in charge of airbase maintenance and materiel all over the US, Taiwan, and England. He commissioned me at the Academy.

My maternal uncle, **Major General Thomas Benton McDonald II**, was born in Cumberland, MD, in 1907. He graduated from the U.S. Military Academy, West Point, NY, on June 13, 1929, on which date he was appointed a second lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps, Regular Army. He was detailed with the Air Corps on June 13, 1929, and was transferred to the Air Corps on December 11, 1930.

He graduated from the Air Corps Primary Flying School, Brooks Field, TX, and at the Air Corps Advanced Flying School, Kelly Field, TX. In February 1931, he was ordered to Wheeler Field, Oahu, and served as armament officer, 26th Attack Squadron and later as operations officer, 19th Pursuit Squadron of the 18th Pursuit group. In March 1933, he became supply officer of the group and remained as such until June 1934, when he was transferred to Barksdale Field, Shreveport, LA, and assigned to the 77th Pursuit Squadron of the 20th Pursuit Group. He was operations officer and senior flight commander of this pursuit squadron until July 1936, when he was assigned to Wright Field, Dayton, OH, as a student in the Air Corps Engineering School.

Graduating from that school in August 1937, he was assigned to Duncan Field, San Antonio, TX, where he served as assistant depot engineering officer, chief inspector, and chief test pilot. In October 1940, he was transferred to Olmsted Field, Middletown, PA, where he served as depot engineering officer, station engineering officer and, later, as chief of the Maintenance Division, Middletown Air Service Command. It was here where he introduced my father to my mother (his little sister). It seems Dad married the boss's sister!

Lt. T.B. McDonald next to his P-26 at Wheeler Field, Oahu, about 1931

In May 1943 he was assigned as a member of a mission headed by Major General Follet Bradley to the 8th and 12th Air Forces in England and North Africa, respectively to study and determine the personnel and organizational requirements of the 8th Air Force and coordinate the results of these studies with the 12th Air Force.

During the period March 1944 to November 1945, he was chief of Maintenance Division of the China-Burma-India Theater Air Service Command (later India-Burma Air Service Command). On the latter dates, he became deputy commanding general, India-Burma Air Forces and, on January 10, 1946, he assumed command of the India-Burma Air Forces, remaining as such until inactivation of that organization on April 30, 1946.

My great grandfather, **Captain John McDonald**, was born in Ireland May 24, 1837. He spent his early life in his native land, coming to this country when about eighteen years old, a year after his father's death. He made the voyage in company with a schoolmate and was variously employed for about a year after his arrival, enlisting August 18, 1857, in the Regular Army as a member of Company K, First Regiment of Dragoons, which he joined at Fort Buchanan, AZ.

After participating in several campaigns against the Indians in that State and California, he was ordered with his troop to the seat of war in November 1861, being assigned to the Army of the Potomac. He was first sergeant during the Peninsular campaign, and for brave and judicious conduct at the engagement of Williamsburg, VA, May 4 and 5, 1862, was honored in presence of his unit by his superior, Capt. B. F. Davis. On July 17th following he was appointed a second lieutenant of the First Cavalry and sent to Carlisle, PA, to recruit his unit to its full complement of one hundred.

He rejoined his regiment in February and was severely injured at the Battle of Kelly's Ford by his horse, which was wounded and fell with him. He was then ordered to Washington for medical treatment. Thence he was sent to Carlisle and to Harrisburg, PA, where he was assigned to recruiting duty until once more fit for active service. He had been complimented by General Averill for his part in the action at Kelly's Ford, and he was equally effective in the Gettysburg campaign.

On December 29, 1863, he was promoted to first lieutenant; in November 1864, he joined his regiment at Winchester, VA; the next month went on a cavalry raid to Gordonville, VA; and from February to May 1865, was in the general hospital for officers at Annapolis, MD. On July 1, 1868, he was retired from active service with the rank of captain of cavalry, though later, from November 1868 to March 1869, he was on court martial duty in Texas.

For years Captain McDonald held an influential place in the direction of public affairs in the Maryland State Legislature, and in 1896 he was the successful candidate for Congress from the Sixth district by a majority of four thousand and served as a member of the Fifty-fifth Congress. In this office he was chosen to various important committees, being member of the committee on Military Affairs and chairman of one of its sub-committees and member of the committee on Expenditure for Public Buildings.

My brother, **Captain Douglas M. Pratt**, graduated from the University of Connecticut as an electrical engineer and entered the US Air Force. Following completion of his pilot training he was assigned to fly F-111As over North Vietnam flying out of Thailand. After six months he was assigned to fly as a Forward Air Controller out of the Saigon area and became fast friends with our classmate Charlie McGee in 1971. He mustered out after twelve years in the Air Force and served as a senior air-ground radar engineer/supervisor for several very advanced systems in use today.

While only my grandfather and brother risked their lives in combat, both my father and uncle served a vital mission to this nation in the fields of logistics. They were professionals and engineers. Seems engineering was always in my blood.

Amateurs talk strategy, Professionals talk logistics
—General Omar Bradley

— **Bill Pratt ‘70**

Kurt Bernhardt Reineke Jr. (C-4)

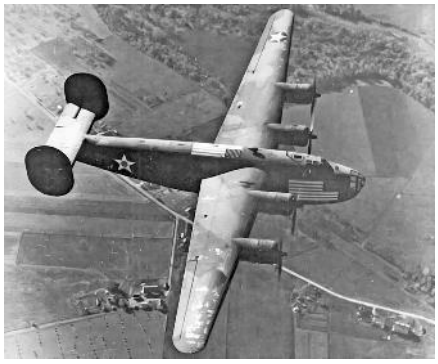
Army Dad, Navy Mom, and Army Air Corps Uncle

Kurt's father, **Kurt Bernhardt Reineke Sr.** (1921-1997), was a native-born German and fluent German speaker. During WWII, he served in the US Army in the early version of intelligence. Kurt's mother, **Dori A Riel** (1924-2010), was born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. During WWII, she enlisted in the US Naval Reserve and was stationed in Texas doing clerical assignments.

Kurt's maternal uncle, **Vincent L. Riel**, served during WWII in the Army Air Corps as a Staff Sergeant and right waist gunner on a B-24H "Liberator" heavy bomber crew. On a bombing mission to Frankfurt on 4 February 1944, they were shot down near Bray Sur Somme, France. In 1986, he described this and his four months as a POW. Here are excerpts from his two letters to a researcher:

SSgt Vincent Riel (third from left)

We'd been "knocked up" at 0200 and been scrambling some six hours just to get where we were and, like all crews, hated seeing all that effort going down the porcelain facility along with the opportunity to add another notch in the record….



Something exploded above my head and I was hit by shrapnel in the face and neck. This put me down and blood getting in the eyes blinded me for a while…. Fire was whipping through the canvas fly from the inferno in the bomb bay, and oxygen tanks on the waist deck were exploding. When a chance for life suddenly appeared, you have never seen real panic until you've seen yours truly scrambling for a chest chute and swanning out the camera hatch. I was the last one out and it was a short trip down….

So, the count wound up 5 KIA and 5 heading for the Jerry rockpile…. I "did time" at Stalags Luft VI, IV and I in that order, until sometime in May of 1944 when we were " recovered" by advancing Russian troops.

Der Herr Kommandant, perhaps mindful of the broadcasted warnings of the fate awaiting "war criminals," decided to leave us to our fates. Our captors folded their tents and silently stole away in the nite…. The next morning the camp was an American Army post and was operated as such…. When the Russians arrived, vacation time was over…. After a week with our "liberators" we wished we were back with the Germans.

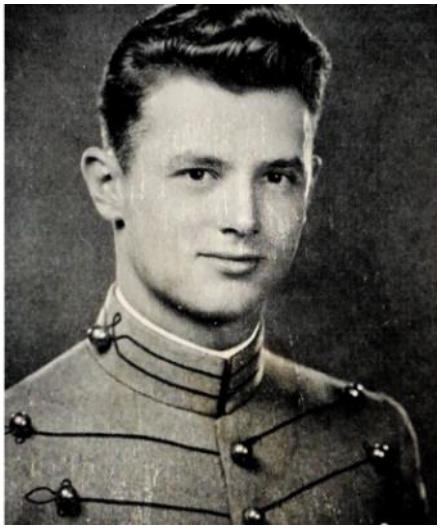
They said they were going to send us overland ON FOOT to the Black Sea and then home on a boat when available…. In the end Ivan picked up his cameras and paper pushers and headed for Berlin. 8th AF flew in 200 B-17s to a nearby airfield….

— Cher Reineke and Claudia Riel Ferrero Doran, for Kurt Reineke '70

William Harvey Roedy (A-4)

A Veteran of Three Wars – WWII, Korea, and Vietnam

My dad, **Colonel William H. Roedy Sr.** (28 June 1916 - 20 December 1987), graduated from West Point in 1940 just before the United States entered the war in December 1941. He served in Hawaii at the start of WWII and in Korea and Vietnam, so he was a veteran of three wars, which is engraved in his tombstone in Arlington. His many decorations include the Legion of Merit.



Here is his USMA yearbook entry, which I think is mostly true.

The classic phrase "Are you'se from New Joisey?" originated with this curly-haired, broad-shouldered beach-comber from Atlantic City. A good athlete, a superior scholar (what a "specoid!"), and a strong, virile personality all combined gave us a man who promised to go far in any branch of the Service. The Air Corps psychologist said he was stable, confident, aggressive, alert, and energetic, but personally we know he was always lazy and "boodle" hungry. "Harv"

Corporal (3-2) Lieutenant (1) Track (4-3-2-1) Numerals (4) Major "A"' (2-1) Engineer Football (2) Pistol Marksman.

Dad was raised by his grandmother in New Jersey. Growing up, he took a job in Atlantic City delivering telegrams. One door he knocked on turned out to be the summer home of my future-grandparents near the boardwalk. Their daughter (my future mother) answered the door, and my father was immediately bewitched, and "the rest is history."

After graduation and their wedding, Mom and Dad were first assigned to Pearl Harbor and he served in the Coast Artillery Corps during the attack on December 7th. While I was managing HBO-West Coast in the eighties, I would sometimes join him in Hawaii, where he would give me a tour of his sites around the island of Oahu; one site was in the volcanic crater known as Diamond Head. Before my mom died, we would watch the film, *Tora! Tora! Tora!* She would recall the memory of the first wave of 177 Japanese planes flying overhead at 7:48 a.m. that Sunday morning. My dad was shaving, he quickly left for his command post and said the world has changed and that he may be gone for a long time.

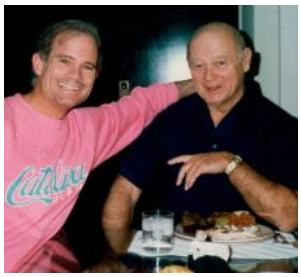
After the attack, my sister Peggy was born in a makeshift hospital set up in the hills outside Honolulu at the Kamehameha School for Boys. Soon afterwards, both mother and daughter were evacuated to La Jolla, California, just outside north of San Diego, and lived in the Valencia Hotel (where I've subsequently stayed several times) until the end of the war.

My dad went on to study at Harvard University, earning a Master's in Public Administration in 1948 in Boston where I was born that June. His career also included a transfer to the Corps of Engineers. During this time, one notable assignment included a posting at Redstone Arsenal, Alabama, where he was Deputy Engineer for the Nike-X project from 1963 to 1966, the era of the Cold War and the race for missile defense technologies. The US had an advantage because after the war, Nazi German missile experts were assigned to the project (including Werner von Braun). Ironically, my Army career later included command of the successor to Nike-X… the Nike Hercules missile system, which was equipped with nuclear warheads. My father would visit me many times during my missile command in Northern Italy (where he also had served many years earlier).

As my mom and dad divorced when I was quite young, I actually did not grow up with him, but we had numerous times together after my Army service. He married two other times after my mom, resulting in me having a total of six sisters.

I remember fondly many stories. He once told me he had the track and field record at West Point for the discus throw. But as it was a practice throw, there is no record of it. He also once told me we were distant relatives of Cassius Clay. Disbelieving both stories, I tried researching and came up with no evidence.

One of my favorite memories is our many chess matches. As he had a lot of experience, he usually won until I discovered a simple trick. Whenever he took a break to refill his glass with port, I moved the board to a different angle/tilt. When he returned, it threw him off-balance, never recovering, enabling me to claim victory.



– Bill Roedy ‘70

Ronald Lee Rold (A-4)

My Father (US Navy 1941-1952) and My Uncle (US Army 1942-1945) -- Boyhood Friends Who Became Brothers-in-Law

Leonard Lee & Vernetta Jean (Bees) Rold
Wedding picture: Sep 6, 1942
US Navy 1941-1952

Axel C. Kjeldgaard
US Army 1942-1945

Today gravel roads meander through the rolling farmland in Southwest Iowa just off of Interstate 80 between the towns of Avoca and Walnut, about halfway between Council Bluffs and Des Moines. When my mom and dad were growing up on farms, there were dirt roads, and Dad told the story about Grandpa and Grandma getting stuck in the mud in their Model T coming home from church when he was just a kid.[31]

My dad, **Leonard Lee Rold,** joined the US Navy in January 1941, I think to escape the hard life of farming, as he described earning $1.00/day picking corn with a team of horses. A short 11 months later, while he was training to be a Navy airplane mechanic at the Naval Air Station in Corpus Christi, Texas, Pearl Harbor was attacked, throwing Dad and his generation into World War II. **Axel C. Kjeldgaard**, his boyhood friend from a neighboring farm, joined the Army in 1942 in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

This is the story of two men, boyhood farm neighbors who went to the same one-room schoolhouse that, until recently, still stood on the corner of my grandfather's farm. They would soon be bound for life as brothers-in-law by marrying sisters. Like most men of their generation who fought in WWII, the details of their actual service are scarce because they didn't/wouldn't talk about it much. For that reason, in addition to what little I know about their service, I'll add what I know about their family history and thus what influences formed them. This may tell us more about what kind of men won the war and eventually created post-war America. They influenced my generation in ways still impacting our country.

[31] Dad said he was told to get out and push the car. He got in trouble because he pushed from behind a rear tire instead of the middle of the car and got his Sunday suit full of mud. Grandpa thought Dad should have known better!

My father, **Leonard Lee Rold,** was born on December 16, 1920, the third child of Oscar Wilhelm and Amy Louisa (Lee) Rold. Oscar built a farmhouse from 1912-1913 with a hired man on 100 acres given to him by his Danish immigrant parents, Peter and Dorothea Rold. He "sold 20 acres of the of the east 80 to … get money to build the house which cost $1,200."[32] Many old farm houses have not survived because farms grew larger due to modern mechanized farming techniques. However, Oscar's house, where he took his bride in January 1913, was modernized, fortunately, and still stands. On the corner of this farm stood a one-room schoolhouse that dates back to at least 1878, with the last entry for a school board meeting in 1957. This is where Dad and Axel attended school, as did Oscar, my grandfather. My great-grandfather, Peter Christian Rold, was very active in his church, school, and community activities. I have the Ledger of the school board and he is mentioned several times throughout the years.[33]

Dad would serve most of WWII repairing Navy aircraft in the South Pacific during the "island hopping" phase of the Pacific Theater campaign. He was promoted quickly and supervised maintenance crews. He mentioned one time that he was on the island of Kwajalein and then in the Philippines. I regret not asking him more about his Navy service, especially during WWII. He did say that often a pilot would fly a plane in and then Dad and his crew would change out the engine overnight. The pilot would get up the next morning and fly off in a fighter with a brand-new engine. He also served on aircraft carriers, including the *Midway*, which at the time was the largest carrier in the Navy.

Dad decided to end his Navy service in 1952 after 11 years of service when I was only four. I only have a few memories of him during his time in uniform, but my clearest memory is waving "Bye-bye" to him as he drove off in the dark for another Mediterranean cruise from Naval Station Norfolk, Virginia. We lived in an old, rented house in the country outside of Great Lakes Naval Training Center. It had out-buildings, deep woods leading back to railroad tracks, and a basement where Mom would do the laundry and can food. Mom and Dad eventually had six children--four girls and two boys. I'm child # 3, right in the middle of four sisters. The youngest, my brother, is seven years younger than me.

Dad left the Navy from Great Lakes Naval Training Center just north of Chicago. They moved to Wauconda, Illinois, in 1953, a year before I entered 1st grade. Dad became an entrepreneur upon leaving the Navy, first running a business we called the "Meat Route." He had a different route every day, selling frozen meats and foods to restaurants. First, he had freezers in the basement and garage. Later, the freezer truck that he wore out was parked behind the garage where he would store his frozen foods, which was purchased in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Rockford. He was constantly busy, and his work ethic was amazing. The big treat in the summer was to be able to go with him on the "Meat Route!" Seat belts weren't required yet, and his freezer truck didn't even have a passenger seat. I would stand in the door and hold on to the sides, sometimes leaning

[32] Rold, Effie and Golay, Irene. *Branches from the Rold Forest, A History of the Rold Family*. Published by Ontario Instant Print, 1986. Rold is the name of the largest forest in Denmark, known as Rold Skov, with the small town of Rold on its southern end.

[33] *Sub-District Record for Sub-Dist No 7, District Township of Fairview, County of Shelby, State of Iowa*, with entries from 1887 to 1957. The original Ledger on this school's meetings was given to me by my Aunt Leota Swensen, Dad's younger sister. I used to play in this school as a kid. It stood empty until recently, when it was torn down because it became increasingly unsafe.

out as Dad went around curves… think a UPS delivery truck! Probably not the safest thing in the world, but we all survived. Because of his frozen food business, we also ate better than we would have otherwise, considering our lower middle-class economic status.

Then, a serious misfortune hit. Our house caught fire while no one was home, and although not completely destroyed, it was totally gutted on the inside. It was an old two-story farmhouse outside the small town of Wauconda, with a walk-out basement. We lost almost everything. Dad would spend the next several years rebuilding it. Note 2 below discusses this and its effect on our family and how Mom and Dad responded.

An even more serious setback struck when Dad had a very painful event that would affect him the rest of his life. I think this happened in the late '50's or early '60's before I was in high school. He was lifting a double horse trailer to hook it to a pick-up truck for a friend and hurt his back. I remember him being in such severe pain! He was admitted to Hines Veterans Administration Hospital where he was diagnosed with osteoporosis. From that time on, his back was a major problem, but he continued to persevere and work. The doctors said it might have been the result of his service in the South Pacific during WWII and all the quinine tablets they had soldiers and sailors take then to ward off malaria. Mom once said that he was offered disability, but that Dad was too proud and wouldn't take it! Dad would enter Heaven at the age of 87 on April 12, 2008, after several years in a wheelchair following a mini-stroke.

My uncle, **Axel Kjeldgaard**, was born on an Iowa farm on November 12, 1921, and served in the US Army from 1942 to 1945. His parent's farm was close to my grandparent's farm, and he went to the same one-room schoolhouse as Dad on the corner of my grandfather's farm. These two Iowa farm boys, who played and wrestled together on the school playground, eventually grew up to marry sisters.

I knew "Uncle Axel" as a home builder in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and it wasn't until after I had retired from the Army that I learned about his extraordinary experience in the Army during WWII. I was in Iowa visiting family shortly after I retired from the Army in 1993. I was visiting my aunt and uncle when Uncle Axel mentioned that he had been in the Army. I replied that I never knew he had been in the Army, as a couple of my other uncles were farmers and served by farming. I knew that another uncle, **Virgil Thompson**, Dad's sister's husband, had served in the Army Air Corps during WWII (see Note 1). Surprised, I asked Uncle Axel what he did in the Army, and he replied that he was a combat engineer. As I probed a little more, he talked about landing in the second wave on Omaha Beach on D-Day. I knew the mission of combat engineers was to clear lanes and remove obstacles. He said the fire was so intense as they approached the beach that they were dropped off early in deep water. He had to ditch his backpack and swim to shore. Then he got quiet and wouldn't talk much more about his experience.

A few years later the movie *Saving Private Ryan* was released, and when I saw it I was struck by the opening scenes from the movie, which looked exactly how Uncle Axel described his D-Day Omaha Beach experience. Several years later I was back in Iowa and asked, *"Uncle Axel, have you ever thought about writing your memoirs?"* He replied, *"Nope."* I said, *"They might be interesting for your kids and grandkids."* Again, he said, *"Nope."* It was obvious that he wasn't

going to go there again, which is consistent with many of his generation who served our country in WWII.

When I asked Mom about his service, she said that as he jumped headfirst into a crater, he was hit by incoming artillery fire on August 28, 1944. This ended his active fighting in the war, just short of three months after landing in Normandy. He would recover from his wounds and was awarded the Purple Heart. Mom, convinced that seemingly small decisions can have lifetime consequences, said, *"Can you imagine if he had jumped in feet first instead and gotten hit in the upper body?"* By this time in late August 1944, Paris had just been liberated, and the allies had taken most of France. Uncle Axel helped make history, as he had participated in the Normandy, Rhineland, and Central Europe campaigns.

Dad and Uncle Axel were outstanding members of "The Greatest Generation," contributing to our victory in WWII. They continued to "serve" as hard working, outstanding citizens, living lives of Integrity and Honor. They inspired others and had a significant impact on me. They are my heroes! I have more details about Uncle Axel below in Note 3.

It was with great feelings of awe, gratitude, and love that I stood on Omaha Beach this past June at the 80th anniversary of the D-Day Invasion. Several classmates had put together a trip to Normandy, and Uncle Axel's story was the prime motivation for me joining them in June 2024. Our military historian guide was outstanding, and I learned a lot about the planning and execution of this operation. But, standing on that beach, knowing that I enjoyed freedom and safety because of men like Uncle Axel at Omaha Beach and Dad in the South Pacific, was both emotional and inspiring. I brought back home a little sand from that once deadly beach to share with his children, my cousins. Such courageous, honorable men! I loved and respected both of these men deeply!

My mother, **Vernetta (Bees) Rold**, was born on an Iowa farm on January 20, 1922. Her parents, Arthur and Teresa Bees, were Iowa farmers, both descendants of German immigrants. She was the oldest of four children and was raised with a very strong Christian faith. The Bees farm was just over a mile east of the Rold farm, which was a different school district, so she attended a different one-room schoolhouse. She went to high school in Walnut, about five miles east, while Dad and Axel would go about six miles west to the Avoca High School after eight years in the one-room school.

Although they grew up on farms only a little over a mile apart, they didn't meet until Dad was working on the threshing ring and Mom was helping the women provide a big lunch for the threshing crew. As Dad told it, Mom invited him to a "lawn party." At this party he said something and Mom responded, *"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!"* Dad said he couldn't remember what he said, but he did remember thinking to himself, *"Maybe that's the kind of girl I need to be the mother of my kids!"* In my mind I'm wondering what kind of young man thinks like that? Mom's response would have scared me away! Well, soon after that lawn party Dad enlisted in the Navy, and their courtship consisted mainly of letter writing. I don't know if they ever even had a real "date" after meeting at that lawn party.

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Mom attended 1 ½ years of college so that she could teach, and was eventually driven down to Corpus Christi by Dad's older sister Mildred and her husband Virgil Thompson (see Note 1

below). She and Dad were married on September 6, 1942. However, before she would marry him. she made Dad, a Baptist, promise to become a Lutheran, and raise their kids Lutheran. Together, their faith informed and guided their entire life, as it had all four of their parents.

Like many who served in his generation, Dad was shipped out to the South Pacific and didn't see his daughter Janet until after the war when she was 14 months old. Dad once told me a saying, *"The toughest job in the military is Navy wife!"* Now, I don't know if that's exactly true, but I'm not sure that Mom knew what she was signing up for when she married Dad. She was certainly tough, raised on a farm that didn't have electricity until she left home. But times were hard for those generations, and I often think we don't respect enough the hard work they put in to make our country as successful as we are.

Mom did the work of raising a family alone, not only during WWII, but also during much of his remaining time in the Navy until he left the service seven years later in 1952. By that time child # 5 was "on the way" and Dad was about to leave on another six-month Mediterranean cruise on an aircraft carrier. Dad's Navy income as an E-6 wasn't great, and times were stressful. As we were growing up she would substitute teach, and while I was in high school she returned to college to get her degree. She eventually had a very successful teaching career. I have the greatest respect for not only Dad's service, but Mom's unselfish service in keeping our family together and strong. Her strength and determination would be challenged in future years, as our house would burn down, and Dad would be hospitalized with osteoporosis. Together they met all challenges, watched all six children work and earn scholarships and graduate from college. They were very proud of their Iowa license plates that read, "6 Grads."

Short Family History of Rold Ancestors

My father was born to Oscar and Amy Lou (Lee) Rold and was the grandson of Peter (Peder) and Dorthea Rold, immigrants from Denmark. Peter was born in Denmark near the town of Rold and the forest called Rold Skov, the largest forest in Denmark. It is believed that the family adopted the name Rold when they immigrated to the US. As a quick aside, during my second tour in Germany (1985-88), we camped in Rold Skov and attended the largest annual celebration of the American 4th of July held outside of the US. Started in 1912, over the years it has featured guest speakers such as Walt Disney, Richard Nixon, Walter Cronkite, Ronald Reagan, Pat Boone, and Victor Borge. Maureen Reagan, daughter of Ronald Reagan, was the speaker when we attended in 1986.

Peter was born in Denmark in 1843 as the second son of Christen Jensen (CJ) and Anna Rold. It was the custom that the first son always stayed with the farm, and the second son was compelled to military service. During the Prusso-Danish War of 1864, he hid in wheat fields with his older brother to avoid the Germans who would confiscate wagons and make young Danes drive them. Once, when he thought the Germans were gone, he walked out of a field only to be met by a German army cook, who questioned him! Peter lied about falling asleep in the field and thus missing the army's pull-out. The German soldier cooked him a great breakfast and let him go![34]

[34] Rold and Golay, op. cit., pp 69-70.

After the Danes were defeated, Peter immigrated to the US at the age of 21 in 1864. Peter eventually settled in Southwest Iowa, homesteading the fertile land. He built his house and barns and raised his 14 kids on this farm. Oscar Rold, my grandfather, the ninth child of Peter and Dorthea Rold, was born July 3, 1886. Oscar married Amy Louisa Lee in 1913, and they had four children, their third being my dad Leonard, born on December 16, 1920. Peter and Dorthea sold their farm, gave 10 percent of the proceeds to their church, and moved to California shortly after Oscar and Amy were married.

Amy Louisa Lee was of Irish ancestry, whose great-great grandfather William Lee Jr. (born 1730 in Ireland) unexpectedly and unwillingly came to America at the age of 14 when he and a couple of friends snuck aboard a ship in an Irish harbor. That night a storm sprang up and the ships all put out to sea and landed in North Carolina. To pay for his passage he was bound out to a blacksmith as an indentured servant for seven years. He eventually became a "hatter" and lived the remainder of his life in North Carolina. Many of the Lee family were members of the Society of Friends (Quakers). William Lee Jr's grandson, Ishmael Lee, was part of the underground railroad in Cass County, Michigan, for slaves escaping to Canada. Ishmael's son, **Peter Lee**, died when serving in the Union Army.

Notes:

Note 1. My uncle, **Virgil Thompson**, husband of Dad's older sister Mildred, was in the US Army Air Corps during WWII. Unfortunately, I know very little about Uncle Virgil's service, other than he was very proud that he did serve his country. He and Aunt Mildred were also Iowa farmers, and I loved spending time on their farm when we were kids!

Note 2. Our house burned when I was in 4th grade. My younger sister Connie and I were walking home from school and noticed smoke coming out of our house after we crossed under a bridge about a ¼ mile away. We hurried, and I went to Sharkey's Tavern next to us to call the fire department. I probably hadn't been in Sharkey's Tavern before or since, and it's long gone now. As a kid I would often look out into their back acreage from our yard. With so many bushes and trees it was hard to see anything, but they had out-buildings and animals. It was fascinating to my young mind that a place that had probably served as a tavern with a hotel on the second floor was still standing in the 1950's! But back to our destroyed house. This had to be a major setback for Mom and Dad. I don't know if they had any insurance in those days, but the next several years were spent with Dad rebuilding it on weekends and after coming home from the meat route, loading for the next day's route, or traveling to get re-supplied. I learned a lot watching and helping. Initially younger sister Connie and I were farmed out to stay with the preacher's family, while Mom and Dad and the other four kids would stay with another church family until Dad found a place to rent. He worked every night and weekends to rebuild the house. Initially we took a lot of burned/charred stuff out; but little was salvageable. I learned not only how to pull nails out of boards that could be re-used, but to sort the different dimensional sizes of 2x4's. Every Saturday was a bonfire for what was not re-usable. Dad eventually got the basement suitable to move the family back in, while he continued to work on the house. Dad would sell the Meat Route business, and purchased a Restaurant, Bait Shop, Gas Station business in 1964 on US HWY 12 just north of Wauconda. I'll digress a bit here: I would spend my last two years of high school living there with my little brother Mark. I would work in the Bait Shop (with no wages) when I wasn't involved

in school activities, which included sports (football, wrestling, and track all four years), and many activities (band, Honor Society, Student Council, and clubs). I left for West Point in the summer of '66. Fortunately, Judy, the oldest, had already graduated from college and was a TWA stewardess in New York City. So, my first airplane flight ended with my sister picking me up at the airport, taking me to the top of the Empire State building. The next day, July 1, 1966, she drove me up to West Point. Thus began my journey, starting out as what I thought was a good college scholarship, without any thought about eventually having to repay it with a five-year obligation to serve in the Army. That seemingly small choice of a "scholarship" resulted in a career in the Army.

Note 3. Upon leaving the service after WWII, Axel Kjeldgaard became a home builder in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and married Mom's younger sister Dorothy A (Bees) in 1946. They had four children and attended Timothy Lutheran Church. He was a member of the VFW (Veterans of Foreign Wars), the American Legion, and also served as the president of the Council Bluffs Home Builders Association. They were a big reason Mom and Dad chose Council Bluffs when they moved back to Iowa from Wauconda, Illinois, in 1968. Unfortunately, their youngest son Doug was killed in August 1966 when he was hit by a car while riding his bike back from a home his Dad was building. Doug was only 10 years old, and his loss was devastating. Uncle Axel was often quiet, at least from my observations, and Aunt Dorothy grieved and would talk openly about her pain until the day she joined Doug in Heaven on March 3, 2022, at the age of 97. Son Duane followed in his father's footsteps as a respected and sought-after custom home builder. Daughter Debbie retired from the railroad and now enjoys training and riding horses with her husband. The oldest son Don is a retired pharmacist. They made a great team, were loved and respected, raised a wonderful family, and were great "servant leaders." I'm sure that God welcomed Uncle Axel home on March 30, 2012, at the age of 90, as He did Mom and Dad, with the words,

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

— Ron Rold '70

Stephen F. Schwaderer (H-4)

Rendezvous with Destiny in the 101st Airborne

My father, **George J. Schwaderer**, was born in Altoona, PA on May 28, 1914, and he grew up there in the railroad and coal mining town. His dad–my grandfather--worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad for many years, but by the late 1920's he secured a job operating the local bowling alley and at age 13, my dad was a pinsetter with daily access to the sport. My grandfather would decline games with patrons who wanted a friendly bet. By age 16, Dad would get called in to bowl against an unwary gambler and make a run at some easy money because he had mastered the sport of bowling. The Altoona newspaper even noted his highest score—297! By 1931 times were tougher so the family turned to hunting to support the food supply, and Dad would come to learn the basics of hunting, as he would accompany his dad.

Dad was still in search of a career when December 7, 1941, occurred. It changed everything. He enlisted and recorded his first day of service as February 3, 1942. During basic training, an Army major who was already part of a new concept, "The Airborne Corps," asked the recruits, "Who wants to jump from an airplane while in flight?" Dad raised his hand and later admitted that the extra monthly jump pay might have played a role in that decision.

His Army career included basic training, jump training at Fort Benning, training at Fort Bragg and Camp Shanks (along the Hudson River), movement to Europe on August 22, 1943, and combat in the European Theater. His service spanned the time from February 3, 1942, to September 20, 1945, in the 101st Airborne Division, which earned four battle stars and a Presidential Unit Citation in Europe. Dad was wounded on three separate occasions and along the way earned the Bronze Star with an Oak Leaf Cluster.

502nd PIR Regimental Patch

When training at Fort Bragg, Dad's unit, the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment, made a name for itself. It was instrumental in creating one of the Army's most recognized division nicknames--the "Screaming Eagles"--the result of a regimental boxing competition that Dad watched. According to the official unit history, *Rendezvous With Destiny: A History of the 101st Airborne Division:*

The Screaming Eagle team of the 502nd … not only became the local champions but won the district Golden Gloves contest at Greensboro and the regional fights at Charlotte. Three men… were sent to the New York Golden Gloves meet.

The title, Screaming Eagle, eventually belonged to the entire division, but seems to have been used for the first time in connection with this team. The 502nd used it again in England for the football team. The Division boxing team that fought at Rainbow Corners in England took it up. Some "Stars and Stripes" correspondents applied it to the Division itself, and other correspondents copied. Thus did the Eagle Division of Fort Bragg become the Screaming Eagles of battle fame.

Upon its departure from Camp Shanks, NY, the 502nd boarded the S.S. *Strathnaver*, an ageing British "four-stacker" ship designed to carry 4,300 troops. But the ship also loaded the 377th, 907th, Engineers, Quartermaster, Signal, and Ordnance companies, so it now totaled 5,800 troops. As fate would have it, the ship broke down while in convoy and had to be towed to St Johns, Newfoundland, for repairs. Dad's unit spent September 12 to October 3, 1943, completing twenty-mile road marches while awaiting a replacement ship – a German-built Swedish ship purchased by the US Lines. Once joining a convoy, they arrived in Liverpool on October 18, 1943, and soon started their further preparations for the invasion of Europe.

Members of 3rd Bn, 502nd PIR are present in the famous photo of Ike speaking to 101st paratroopers.

On a practice jump, Dad was bumped to the next plane. Sadly, the other plane crashed on the run-up to the Drop Zone. When D-Day arrived, the 502nd, minus 1st Battalion and designated as part of Serials 7 and 8 with 1,400 troopers, lifted off from Greenham Commons Airfield, England, to land on Drop Zone A in Normandy. This was the northern-most DZ near St. Martin-de-Varreville, behind Causeways 3 and 4 on Utah Beach. LTC Robert G. Cole, a West Pointer Class of 1939 from Texas, led the 3rd Battalion of the 502nd and found it was the worst scattered of the three battalions in the 502nd.

Dad most likely landed between Drop Zone A and the town of Ste Mere Eglise, a mile and a half from Drop Zone A. Upon exiting the aircraft, he lost several panels and impacted the ground hard enough to knock him unconscious. Luck was with him, however, as a nearby trooper found him. After taking a few minutes to revive Dad, he opened a couple of Hershey bars that had arrived in a large box of them during the last unit mail delivery prior to D-Day. His sister had sent them a few weeks before, and they arrived just in time to be handed out to his squad members.

His fellow trooper had lost his equipment bag and personal weapon, so together they moved toward the objective of Causeway 4. This led them to the beachhead that would receive 1st Bn, 8th Infantry of the 4th Infantry Division after dawn. As they moved down a lane in the moments before dawn, they detected German troops approaching them directly. Being penned in on both sides of the lane by hedgerows, Dad and his fellow trooper laid down in the ditch and covered themselves in leaves and depended on darkness and camouflage to conceal their position. As it turned out, they assessed the German formation to be about a platoon size strength.

Later that morning they secured a weapon for his fellow trooper and joined with a larger group. By mid-afternoon they became part of a larger group surrounding and assaulting an expected German position known as Objective WXYZ, a group of buildings housing German artillerymen. By nightfall, Dad was part of LTC Cole's now-250-man 3rd Battalion and ordered to go along with 1st Battalion to attack Houseville. On D+2, 3rd Battalion entered Houseville. an objective on the route towards the larger town of Carentan, which was a major division objective.

In a later taped interview, Dad said he was not certain if it was D+1 or D+2, but that during a battalion movement with troopers on each side of the road, out of nowhere, a lone German courier on a motorcycle approached the battalion, accelerated, and against the odds, drove right between the two columns of troopers, and escaped safely to the rear of the formation in a cloud of dust.

On June 10, LTC Cole, leading with G and I Companies, initiated an attack on Carentan along the main road running from Cherbourg to Carentan. They found one of four bridges blown, and the Bridge 4 blocked by German small arms, machine gun, and supporting 88 fire. At 2330 hours, two German Stuka dive bombers crossed over the battalion, one dropping personnel bombs and the other strafing the length of the causeway causing 30 casualties, mostly in I Company.

Dad had been moving with I Company and the troopers immediately in front of and behind him were killed. While transiting under Bridge 3 hand-over-hand, Dad was hit by rifle fire in the lower right leg after the round ricocheted off his bayonet. LTC Cole continued to press the battalion forward in chest-deep water along the causeway with G and I Companies enduring numerous casualties. In desperation, later the next morning, LTC Cole called for a smoke screen and led the first bayonet attack of the Division, which succeeded. For his heroism, he became the first officer in the history of the 101st Division to win the Medal of Honor.

Dad back in England, July 1944

About a week later, Dad was evacuated to a hospital in England. Within a week, he and another 101st trooper felt they could resume duties, so they both convinced the hospital orderly to return their uniforms and they departed the hospital under the cover of darkness, bound for Portsmouth and the next available naval craft headed to Normandy. Back with his unit two days later, he was allowed to remain, but his fellow trooper was immediately sent back to England for treatment. Dad ultimately returned to England when the division left the continent in July.

Operation Market Garden on September 17, 1944, marked the re-entry to combat for the 101st Airborne Division and for Dad, who was still with HQ Company, 3rd Bn, 502nd. The regiment landed intact on the designated Drop Zone B, and 3rd Bn had orders to secure the western approaches to the main DZ, where the German defenses were growing stronger near the town of Best. Initially it was a company mission. The next day while the battalion remained under continued artillery and mortar fire, it became a battalion-size requirement, and the 3rd Bn moved to confront the reinforced German positions in the vicinity of Best.

LTC Cole was out front again, and while laying out marker panels for the supporting P-47 fighter-bombers, he was killed by a sniper. Dad was in the immediate area, and he and several other troopers carried LTC Cole back to a foxhole. LTC Cole was awarded his Medal of Honor posthumously for his earlier leadership in Normandy and the successful bayonet charge.

Dad seen checking the equipment for Dr. Platt, the battalion surgeon, in the loading area at Greenham Commons, England, September 17, 1944

A few days later Dad was hit in the right shoulder while out of his foxhole repairing commo wire damaged by an artillery barrage. When he returned to his foxhole, he discovered it had received a direct hit by a mortar shell.

Dad remained with his battalion throughout the entire Holland campaign as they manned their portion of the division perimeter along the lower Rhine River.

During their stay in Holland, an incident occurred which Dad very much enjoyed relating later. He and a buddy decided to find out what was in a building near the front line. It turned out to be a jelly factory and they decided that some of the contents would need to be brought back to the squad. As they entered one side of the factory, two German soldiers entered from the opposite side. A fire fight ensued and after they began to run low on ammunition, they made a grab for all the jars of jelly that they could carry and promptly departed the scene.

The division departed Holland on November 26 headed for Reims, France, and a designated rest area -- a former French Army barracks area called Mourmelon-le-Grand.

The Battle of the Bulge changed all of the plans for the 101st. By 1700 hours on December 18, the last of the 380 trucks needed to transport the division had arrived at Mourmelon, and by December 19, Dad and his 3rd Bn fellow troopers were taking positions on the north and northwest side of the Bastogne perimeter. The 101st division, now commanded by BG Anthony C. McAuliffe, USMA Class of Nov 1918, who became famous for his "NUTS" response to the Germans' demand for surrender, was also joined by Combat Command B, 10th Armored Division, commanded by COL William L. Roberts, USMA Class of 1913.

Dad's 3rd Bn 502nd operated near the town of Longchamps on the high ground, located just about four miles north of Bastogne and about 500 yards northwest of the town of Foy, made famous in the miniseries "Band of Brothers." Dad received a shrapnel wound in his right upper leg and then ten days later became snow-blind for several days. The American defensive forces in Bastogne initially faced the German 2nd Panzer, the Panzer Lehr, and the 26th Volksgrenadier Divisions. Then just prior to Christmas, the 15th Panzergrenadier Division was added to the German attacking units and began attacking at 2200 hours on December 24 toward the 502nd on the northern perimeter of Bastogne. By this time, it became clear that the Screaming Eagles were successfully holding up the advance of the German 7th Army.

The 3rd Bn 502nd experienced a lull in the fighting around New Year's Day, but as the temperatures continued to plummet in early January, the German units continued to build up strength for an attack on the 502nd. While the 2nd Bn held the left side of the regimental perimeter and Dad's 3rd Bn tied into their right and to the left flank of the 506th PIR, the division sent the 502nd additional tank destroyers from the 705th Tank Destroyer Battalion, bringing the total to over 20. Some of the crews were short-handed so they asked for volunteers, and Dad spent a few days as a machine gunner on a tank destroyer while they were detached to the 3rd Bn. On January 5, the 1st Bn 506th took over Dad's 3rd Bn sector which had occupied the rightmost unit in the 502nd, so their line stretched from Foy northward to the town of Monaville.

By the end of January 4, the whole division had captured 905 German prisoners, and there were an estimated 7,000 Germans killed. Facing the 101st Airborne Division at various times was a vast array of German divisions: the 26th Volksgrenadier, 15th Panzer, 2nd Panzer, Panzer Lehr, 3rd Panzergrenadier, 5th Parachute, 2nd SS Panzer, 12th Panzer, 9th Panzer, 340th Volksgrenadier, and the 273 Army GHQ AA Battalion, as noted in the 101st official unit history.

By January 14, the division was on the offensive with the 506th pointing north on the Bastogne-Houffalize highway. The 3rd Bn moved north-northeast up the railroad track which had earlier in December been near the right boundary for Easy Company 506th. The day cost the battalion 37 men, 12 of which were killed.

Among the casualties was LTC John Stopka who was killed when American planes bombed the 3rd Bn by mistake. When serving as the battalion executive officer as a Major, Stopka had helped LTC Cole in Normandy with the bayonet attack at Carentan, and just a few days prior to his death, he had received the Distinguished Service Cross.

MAJ Cecil Simmons then took command of the 3rd Bn. On January 15, the 2nd Bn 502nd passed through the 3rd Bn and proceeded to clear the northeast sector of the Bois-Jacques. The last day of the Bastogne clearing effort kicked off at 0830 hours with the 2nd and 3rd Bn of the 502nd seizing the town of Bourcy, but they were ultimately halted by artillery and dug-in German tanks.

Celebration gathering of 3rd Bn 502nd PIR paratroopers, Roosevelt Hotel, November 1945

Dad remained with his battalion and on January 26 moved into a new combat area by truck transportation. The Moder River and the town of Haguenau became the new home for the 502nd. The 3rd Bn relieved the 1st Bn to protect the front line from Feb 9 – 18. In early March, Dad moved with the division back to the base camp at Mourmelon, and by April 2, the 502nd was settled east of the Rhine River in the Ruhr Pocket and went into Division Reserve.

During his three-and-a half years of service, Dad made it to Tech Sergeant and must have learned at some point that he was the oldest man in the unit -- to include the battalion commander, LTC Robert Cole.

He was age 30 at the outset of the D-Day invasion, a point he would recall in his later years when recording his experiences as a Screaming Eagle. An interview that Dad did for the *Dayton Daily News* in 1963 for the anniversary of D-Day is included below.

Once he returned from the war, Dad began the search for work and landed in Middletown, OH, where he befriended an Armco Steel employee, Fred Banker. One day Dad was invited to dinner where he met Fred's daughter Margie who had recently returned from two plus years of overseas duty in the Army Nurse Corps. Not long after, **1LT Margaret Ann Banker** became Dad's wife,

She had graduated from nursing school in Cincinnati, then heard on the radio about the Army's need for nurses and volunteered in October 1942. She shipped out to the Pacific on a convoy that stopped for several days en route awaiting a destroyer escort to their destination. She ended up stationed at field hospitals in Dobodura and Buna on the large island of New Guinea.

LT Margaret Ann Banker, New Guinea, 1944

Mom would treat wounded GIs. She often said that some had been missing in action and lost in the jungle but were found and brought in by local friendly tribal natives. She enjoyed telling us that one morning, a giant 25-foot snake was discovered right outside her tent. Luckily, a guard shot and killed it. She also talked about a time she was asked to sit at dinner next to a visiting dignitary, whom she called "Henry." Little did she know it was the famed senator from Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

After Mom and Dad got married, they moved to Normandy, France, and lived in an apartment in Carentan. Dad had secured a one-year contract with the Army for work in "graves registration." Working with many others, his job was to secure the remains of GI's and airmen who had fallen in the line of duty all over Europe. The goal was to return them home to the United States or be buried with honors in the national cemeteries located near Omaha Beach or at other designated locations in France, Holland, Belgium, and Italy.

In Carentan, my mother stayed at home while Dad would travel. When she became pregnant, Dad took her to Bremerhaven to return by transport ship to the US. She arrived in Middletown in time for my birth on June 20, 1948. Dad returned from France a few months later.

Dad continued working for the next 30 years as a civilian for the US Air Force at Wright-Patterson AFB in Dayton, OH. He was part of a three-man team that would travel to aircraft crash sites around the world to recover the remains of crew members lost in a crash. Mom raised me and my siblings and eventually returned to nursing on weekends at a county hospital for a number of years. Dad passed in 1999 and Mom in 2004. Both are buried in Arlington Cemetery.

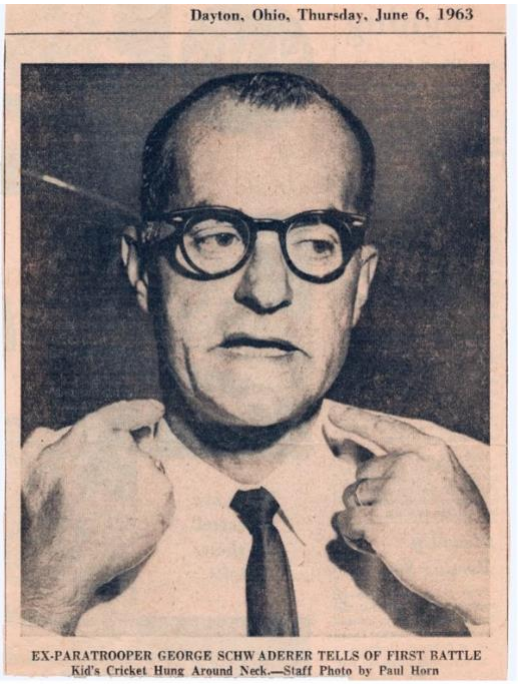
— **Steve Schwaderer '70**

There's nothing stronger than the heart of a volunteer.
— Major General James H "Jimmy" Doolittle

D DAY RECALLED

Midnight '44, Jump Into War

By MARY ELLEN LYNCH, Daily News Staff Writer


Dayton, Ohio, Thursday, June 6, 1963

EX-PARATROOPER GEORGE SCHWADERER TELLS OF FIRST BATTLE
Kid's Cricket Hung Around Neck.—Staff Photo by Paul Horn

Dad describing the cricket that he had hung around his neck on D-Day for ID communications

Nineteen years ago today George Schwaderer was in a C-47 over France with chocolate smeared on his face and a kid's tin cricket hung around his neck.

He was 30 years old, a paratrooper, and scared.

It was Schwaderer's first combat mission. It was D-Day.

TODAY SCHWADERER, an Air Force identification specialist currently taking a management course at the University of Dayton, took time out to talk about it.

"We found out at noon the day before," the graying father of three said. "We spent the afternoon sharpening our knives, readying our gear and camouflage. That night we had steak and cake for dinner. I had the same feeling I have now when I have to make a speech. I wanted to go first and get it over with."

Schwaderer was a member of the famed 101st Airborne Division, the "Screaming Eagles." The outfit had never seen action before, but it was one of three divisions (two American, one British) that would dump 10,000 men into German-held France before of several hundred men into German-held France before dawn.

"WE LEFT our encampment about 8 p.m.," he went on. "We were in full battle gear with liquid chocolate on our faces and toy crickets hung on our necks. They were so we could identify each other in the dark later on. I think we were all scared. I know I was.

"There were 500 C-47's loading, just like a line of taxis in front of a hotel."

The mission of the 101st was describable feeling." to drop some seven miles inside Normandy.

"WE WERE to fight our way back to the beach," Schwaderer said. "We were to neutralize the German coastal defenses before the 2nd Infantry Division landed at dawn. In other words, we were to knock out all the German guns that could shoot our planes down."

The jump came at midnight.

"IT WAS LIKE daylight. You could read a newspaper," Schwaderer said. "The German fire and the flames from our own crashed planes really lit up the sky.

"I got down OK. There was all this confusion. We assembled in a ditch and realized all 16 men from our plane were there. We did what we had been trained to do. It wasn't too bad at first."

Schwaderer, who lives at 7425 Eastern Dr. in Knollwood, said by about 6 a.m. the Americans suddenly became a fighting unit of several hundred men.

"BEFORE THAT we'd just been in scattered groups," he went on. "Now we were acting like professionals. We encountered our first major action with a comparable number of Germans. We did OK."

An hour later, he said he stood on the cliffs over Omaha Beach and watched the assault troops stream ashore.

"It was," he said, "an indescribable feeling."

TWO DAYS LATER Schwaderer was in the assault on Carentan, the first major French town to be liberated.

He was to jump once more in combat and be wounded five more times before the war's end.

John Frederick Shull (D-4)

Lawyer Who Ran Clandestine and Censor Operations

Two of my close relatives served in combat in World War II – my uncle in the European Theater and my father in the Pacific Theater. Here are their stories.

Major Ben F. Counter

My uncle, my mother's brother, **Benjamin F. Counter**, served with the 45th Infantry Division, (Thunderbird), for the final three years of the war. The Division entered the European Theater in Italy in July 1943 and spent 511 days in combat on that front. Uncle Ben was in the field artillery. He served through the campaigns in Sicily, Naples, Anzio, Rome, Southern France, Ardennes-Alsace, and Central Europe**.** He rose in the ranks to Major and was called the "Baby Major" by his troops because he had a cherubic countenance and was only about 5 foot five. He was awarded the Bronze Star for Valor in the brutal Anzio campaign in 1944.

Family members have told me that he was well-known for his jokes and pranks with his soldiers and was loved by those he led and served. Like most of the Greatest Generation, he rarely spoke about the war or of his role in it. But, in his later life, as a farmer and canning factory executive in a small rural community in Colorado, he proudly wore his old Army field pants or khakis as a badge of honor when out on his tractor sowing oats in the back pasture for their horses.

My father, **Brigadier General Lewis F. Shull**, was born in North Platte, Nebraska, and grew up in the tiny railroad town of Broadwater, in the southwest corner of the state, where his father was the local "druggist," or pharmacist, as we know it today. He attended Chadron State Teachers College, working as a waiter and was an amateur boxer, graduating in 1936. With no prospect of a teaching job in the Midwest at the height of the Depression, he hitchhiked to Washington, DC, where he found work on Capitol Hill as a junior staffer. While working there, he earned a law degree from George Washington University at night. After law school, he returned to Scottsbluff, Nebraska, to join a law practice.

BG Lewis F. Shull, 1968

Anticipating that the United States would become embroiled in another world war he entered an ROTC program, becoming an infamous *"ninety-day wonder."* I remember him telling us that he was playing basketball with friends in the church hall on December 7, when they got the horrific news of Pearl Harbor

and the entry of the United States into the war. After a training assignment in Cheyenne, Wyoming, he was posted to Oakland, California, to the 387th Port Battalion for four months, as a quartermaster officer, awaiting orders to the Pacific. As many young couples did in those days amid the chaos and stress of the war, my father and mother, Helen, met in San Francisco, where she was working as a lab-tech, and, in barely six weeks of courtship they were married, on June 26, 1942. My father, in his autobiography described the times: "these were the war years, and I knew I could be shipped out at a moment's notice. There was an aura of fatalism hanging over all of us." Three weeks after they got married, he left for the Pacific Theater of Operations, to be separated from my mother for 42 months.

My father was soon moved to an intelligence billet and assigned to General MacArthur's staff for much of the war. He served as an Intelligence Officer, in the GHQ (General Headquarters) in Australia, but soon became part of the forward command post that preceded the general staff as the front progressed westward toward Japan. He ran two large operations for the command: he ran a counter-intelligence operation of clandestine agents, and he was the Theater Censor. In the first operation, he worked closely with indigenous New Guinea and Filipino agents, collecting intelligence on Japanese movements and intentions. As Theater Censor, he supervised a team of over a hundred Australian women who read every letter home from soldiers in the Pacific Theater of Operations. He briefed General MacArthur weekly on the letters soldiers were sending home. The General told him, "I want to see the worst things they write about me every week."

As part of the forward command post for the Pacific Command, life was dangerous. The Japanese often bombed US encampments in New Guinea, where then-LTC Shull was stationed. In one such raid, Dad's tentmate was killed but he was unharmed. Such were the "fortunes of war." There were other dangers in the Pacific theater, as well. Dad contracted both malaria and dengue fever with repercussions for his health for many years after the war. In 1945, as the war ended, Dad was asked by MacArthur to remain in the Pacific and run intelligence operations in Korea. He replied that he was eager to go home.

After the war, Dad returned to civilian life to practice law in small town Scottsbluff, Nebraska, for a short time – about two years. With the Cold War heating up, he was recalled to active duty in the intelligence field. As a practicing lawyer, it made sense for him to transfer to the JAG Corps which he did in 1948 and to become a Regular Army Officer, a distinction without a difference in the modern Army of today. Lewis Shull had assignments of increasing responsibility, often overseas, in Brazil, Italy, France, and Germany offering international legal advice and assistance to Army commands in those locations. He reached the temporary rank of Brigadier General and retired from active service in 1970. He went on to two additional careers in international law and philately for another 30 years. Multiple health challenges didn't prevent him from living to age 95, enjoying eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. As he approached the end of his life, he asked to be remembered as "a fair man who loved his country and his family."

Additional relatives who served include:

Colonel Erland A. Tillman

Colonel Erland A. Tillman, a second cousin on my mother's side, was commissioned in the Corps of Engineers in 1937, with his first assignment at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Subsequently, he served as Project Engineer on the Denison Dam project in Texas. During WWII from 1943-1945, he was commander of the 322nd Combat Engineer Battalion, 97th Infantry Division. Following basic individual training, the battalion formed with the 97th at Fort Polk in fall 1944 to conduct division maneuvers in preparation for the invasion of Japan. The division was diverted to the European theater after the Battle of the Bulge, arriving in Europe in March 1945, where they participated in the reduction of the Ruhr pocket. The 97th captured Solingen and Dusseldorf as well as other smaller towns in Germany. Later the 97th was transferred to Third Army where they participated in the liberation of Czechoslovakia. Following the war, he oversaw various US Army Corps of Engineers (USACE) projects. He retired from the Army in 1965.

Captain Lowell Little

Captain Lowell Little, MD, father-in-law of Ben Counter, my uncle, served with the British Army as a field doctor in WWI. Despite being severely gassed in the trenches, he lived a long life after the war as a country doctor in rural Colorado.

—John Shull '70

There is no security on this earth; there is only opportunity. Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid, one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory.

—General Douglas MacArthur

Richard Ogden Snider (C-4)

Seeking to Serve with Integrity

My father, **Colonel Albert H. Snider,** USMA Class of 1941, graduated from Army Aviation Flight School in January 1942. As a West Pointer, instead of being transferred directly to the war, he was assigned to Advanced Fighter Flight School.

Col Albert Snider

As commander of that Flight School, he and his executive officer would take the next graduating class associated with fighter aircraft and organize them into a fighter squadron, along with the latest fighter aircraft coming off the line. The new graduate pilots would then learn and practice tactics in how to fight as a squadron or team before being sent as a unit to the European or Pacific Theater. Then Dad would take the next graduating class and train them likewise, but utilizing the latest techniques learned from the experiences of the previous classes while in combat.

This approach proved very effective in place of sending individual replacement pilots. However, to avoid giving this approach away to spies in America, each class had to be stationed at different small airfields. Therefore, Dad and Mom moved twelve times in their first eighteen months.

The flight training evolved as noted in the National Museum of the US Air Force's website:

> *At the beginning of the war, flight training lasted nine months, with three months of primary, three months of basic, and three months of advanced training. Each pilot had 65 flying hours of primary training and 75 hours of both basic and advanced training. During the war, each phase was reduced first to 10 weeks and then to nine weeks.*
>
> *Primary training was accomplished in aircraft such as the PT-17, PT-19, PT-22 and PT-23 while basic training took place in mostly in the BT-9, BT-13, BT-14 and BT-15. Advanced training for fighter pilots took place in the AT-6, and training for multi-engine aircraft occurred in the AT-9 and AT-10 aircraft. The AT-11 was used to train bombardiers and navigators.*

C-45 Expeditor (AFHRA photo)

When Dad was sent to the Pacific, one of his duties was to take a C-45 small twin-tailed tail dragger and land on enemy-occupied islands to pick up Aussie observers or parachuted US pilots before the enemy could capture or kill them. He would land on the beaches and never come to a full stop before roaring back into the air, often under fire. I asked him what his biggest worry was in doing this, and he answered, "logs." Dad held many important assignments in his full career, but I found this story to be the most exciting to a young kid.

My great-uncle, **Lt General David Ayres Depue ("Dad") Ogden**, USMA Class of Nov 1918, and his classmates graduated early to get them into WWI. He spent about seventeen years as a Lieutenant in the Engineers prior to the beginning of WWII. However, he became General Douglas McArthur's Chief of Staff for Amphibious Operations, where he and his team masterminded most if not all the amphibious landings in the Pacific Theater. I cannot imagine the extraordinary pressure he was on to ensure each landing was successful. His final assignment before retiring in 1956 was as Inspector General of the Army.

LTG David Ogden

My first cousin is our classmate Bob Walton (G-1), and Uncle Dave came to West Point to visit us as plebes – and boy did we suck after that visit. And having my father's classmate BG Dick Scott as Commandant when we were plebes didn't help either!

I am convinced that our Class Motto, ***"Serve with Integrity,"*** along with the lessons of integrity I learned from my father and great-uncle in WWI and WWII have significantly embedded themselves in my own heart and spirit. I cannot think of a better legacy or motto for our or any future class of West Pointers.

It has served me well even up to today, and I only pray that I have also served it well. According to Psalm 101:2 in the Bible, King David felt the same way: "I'm trying to walk in the way of integrity, especially in my own home."

— **Dick Snider '70**

***

Integrity is the fundamental premise of service in a free society. Without integrity, the moral pillars of our military strength, public trust, and self-respect are lost.
—General Charles A. Gabriel

Bruce Lee Spear (A-4)

The Spear Family Record of Military Service

My dad, **Bruce Spear**, served in the US Army for five years after graduating from West Point with the Class of 1970. He was commissioned in the Armor Branch and later transferred to the Finance Corps. My sisters and I were born into a family with a record of military service, but the story goes back further than Dad…

Left to right: Matt, Erin, Bruce, Amy, and Cortney

Dad's father (our paternal grandfather), **Oliver Theodore Spear,** was born November 15, 1922, in Indianapolis, Indiana. He served in the United States Naval Reserve as an Aviation Mechanic and was stationed in the Hawaiian Islands during World War II. He then earned a degree in Mechanical Engineering from Purdue University and worked as a design engineer at Merz Engineering in Indianapolis. He passed away on April 27, 1958, at the age of 35.

My dad's grandfather (our great-grandfather) was **James Bruce Spear,** born August 19, 1894, in Owen, Indiana. He served in France in WWI as a member of the 112th Ammunition Train Group, which was part of the 37th Infantry Division of the Ohio National Guard within V Corps in the Meuse-Argonne Operation in 1918. After the war, he was a member of the American Legion and worked as a bookkeeper in the sand and gravel industry. He later became part owner of the Capitol City Gravel Company and passed away on September 24, 1950, due to complications from exposure to the mustard gas he had experienced while serving on the Western Front.

37th Infantry Division

— **Matt Spear, son of Bruce Spear '70**

Richard Henry St Denis (A-4)

Our Family's Service to the Nation

Sergeant Henri R. St Denis, 1944

The St Denis family's record of service to the Nation is undramatic but steady and honorable. It occurred mainly in peacetime, far from the front lines, and mostly in offices. Still, it is part of the rich mosaic of "a thousand forms of duty" that has contributed to the Common Defense.

My father, **Sergeant First Class (Ret) Henri R. St Denis** (1920-2006) from Fall River, Massachusetts, served 23 years in the Army and 16 years in federal civil service. My mother, **Carmen E. Arroyo-Berrios** (1924-2014) from Orocovis, Puerto Rico, worked for 10 years as a secretary and clerk in federal civil service for the Navy and Army.

Dad's parents were immigrants from Canada. To help support the family during the Depression, he quit school after the eighth grade and worked in cranberry bogs and textile mills.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941, Dad volunteered to serve in the Army and enlisted at Fort Banks, Massachusetts, near Boston. Based on aptitude tests, he was selected for the Signal Corps and trained at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. He was initially trained as a radio operator but then received advanced training as a teletype operator before his first duty assignment.

Antilles Command

In June 1942, Dad was assigned to the Communications Center at Headquarters, Antilles Command, at Fort Brooke, Puerto Rico, in Old San Juan. He served there for the duration of WWII initially as a teletype operator. After leadership training in Aruba and promotion to Staff Sergeant, he became the Communications Center NCO in Charge. His responsibilities included training and supervising enlisted and civilian personnel who handled classified cryptographic message traffic.

In 1944, Henri met a secretary named Carmen who worked in a nearby office. They dated steadily but at war's end, he was discharged from the Army in November 1945 and returned home to Fall River.

Operating Cryptographic Equipment

Within days, he read in the newspaper that if he re-enlisted for active duty, he could choose his duty station. When he did so but received orders to Germany, he told the personnel officer that he had signed up for Puerto Rico. When asked why, he said, "There is a girl there I want to marry." The orders were changed.

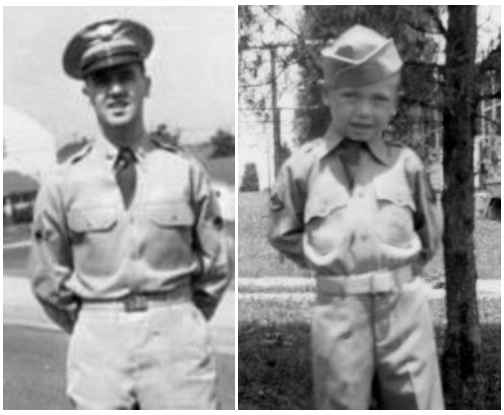
So much for the old saying back then: "If the Army wanted you to have a wife, it would have issued you one."

Staff Sgt & Mrs. St Denis, Sep 1946

Two months after being discharged, Dad was heading back to Fort Brooke to rejoin his Carmencita. Ten months later, in September 1946, they married with Carmen's step-brother Carlos – an Army NCO – as Dad's best man. Carmen and Henri moved into government quarters at nearby Fort Buchanan, and 16 months later, I arrived on the scene.

In 1949, Dad was transferred to the Pentagon to serve in its strategic communications center. As in Puerto Rico, he worked rotating day and night shifts and handled classified message traffic.

Because of his unfailingly sharp appearance and military bearing, Henri was nicknamed "Sergeant Squire." Credit goes to my mother and grandmother who starched and ironed his khakis to a stiff crease. Mom even made me a khaki uniform like Dad's.



"Sergeant Squire" and son "Richincito," c. 1952

We lived in converted WWII barracks at Fort Myers, Virginia. In 1951, at the Fort Belvoir Army hospital, my sister Eileen was born. Around age four, I wandered away from home. The Military Police found me and asked where I was going. I reportedly replied, "I am going to the Pentagon to see my daddy."

Visiting Dad's family in Fall River, c. 1951

In late 1952, after three years at the Pentagon, Dad was assigned to Fort Richardson, Alaska. Enroute, we stopped in Puerto Rico to visit Mom's family, and there my brother Hank was born in Santurce. Due to a lack of available government housing in Alaska, Dad had to proceed alone. Mom and we three small children joined him months later. That separation was relatively short but illustrates the challenges that military spouses often have to handle on their own.

At Fort Richardson, Dad worked in the Communications Center for Headquarters, US Army Alaska Command, as the NCO In Charge. After three years, he was transferred to Fort Knox, Kentucky, for another communications center assignment. A lack of on-post quarters caused us to live in Hodgenville, 60 miles away. When quarters became available, we lived in converted WWII barracks before getting permanent housing.

Alaska Command

Kagnew Station

In 1957, Dad was transferred to the US Army Middle East Signal Communications Agency at Kagnew Station, near Asmara, Eritrea, in East Africa. We made the long journey overseas together and lived off base ("on the economy") before getting on-post quarters. Dad was a Shift Supervisor at a communications relay station that passed military and diplomatic message traffic. He was commended for his work in developing and implementing a 50-page Standard Operating Procedure (SOP). It factored into this comm center being recognized as the best in the Army by the Chief of the Signal Corps.

Strategic Communications Command

Dad's last tour of duty in uniform began in 1960 when he was assigned to the US. Army Strategic Communications Command (STRATCOM) at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Again, he worked as the NCO in Charge of a communications center. Because of the sensitivity of his position, he was extended in this assignment beyond the usual three-year rotation. In 1965, he retired at the rank of Sergeant First Class (SFC) in the Regular Army with 23 years of military service.

After retiring at Fort Bragg, Dad worked a year at a brokerage firm in Fayetteville, North Carolina, until he was eligible for a federal civil service position. In 1966, the family moved to Winchester, Virginia, and I left for West Point. Mom took a position as a church secretary, and Dad returned to work for STRATCOM but now as a civilian.

The St Denis family, 1967

For STRATCOM, Dad handled communications security at the Army Interagency Communication Agency, the forerunner of the Federal Emergency Management Agency. He worked 16 years inside the Mount Weather underground bunker complex, the emergency relocation site for the executive branch of the federal government. He never spoke a word about that highly secretive worksite, his duties, or his experiences there. In 1984, he retired after 39 years of combined military and federal civil service.

Henri was completely devoted to the Army and ever thankful for the opportunities it provided. Justifiably so. With only eight years of education and modest experience as a textile mill hand in a once bustling New England town, he found his calling in the Signal Corps – a perfect fit for his superb administrative skills and deep sense of responsibility. He was my role model for his dedication to Duty, Honor, Country well before I ever arrived at West Point.

Research by my sister and cousin has uncovered military service by one of our distant forebears. Our sixth great-grandfather, **Jacques St Denis** (1657-1750), was also a soldier but a different breed. Whereas Dad seldom wore combat boots (and walked so stiffly in them that Mom joked that he walked like Frankenstein's monster), Jacques was a muddy boots soldier. In the late-1600s, he enlisted as a French infantryman. From his home in Caen, France, he joined Compagnie M du Cruzel and deployed to Montreal in New-France to protect French colonial interests during the French-Iroquois Wars.

French infantryman 1600s

My mother **Carmen** and our Puerto Rican side of the family also served our country faithfully.

Carmen Arroyo-Berrios, 1943

After graduating high school in San Juan, Mom got her first job in federal civil service in 1943 at nearby Fort Buchanan, a general depot and recruiting/training installation. She first worked as a clerk-typist in the Judge Advocate Office and then as a travel clerk at the Transportation Office at Fort Brooke. In 1944 she met my dad. Two years later she became an Army wife. She traveled the world with him and they raised three children.

Because her mother Adelaida often lived with the family, Mom was able to work outside the home at different duty stations. But with each move, she had to apply for a job and accept an entry-level position. She worked at the General Depot at Fort Richardson; the Navy Annex in Arlington, Virginia; the Armor School at Fort Knox; and the Transportation Department at Fort Bragg.

Despite 10 moves in 19 years, Mom enjoyed her life as an Army wife. She also enjoyed using her clerical skills and bilingual abilities at work, especially when helping Spanish-speaking soldiers and their spouses arrange household goods shipments and travel to a new duty station.

Mom and Dad's dedicated service and my upbringing as an Army brat made the military a natural choice for me. Like Dad, I became a soldier; like Mom, a secretary—as a company clerk my plebe year at West Point.

Captain Pedro Arroyo

Mom's two stepbrothers served in the US Army.My oldest uncle, **Dr. Pedro Arroyo-Jimenez** (1920–2009) from Orocovis, joined the National Guard in 1939 and was called to active duty for WWII. He was discharged as an Infantry Captain in 1945. With the help of the GI Bill, he attended the University of Arkansas and Columbia Medical School, became an M.D., and specialized in rehabilitative medicine in South Florida.

SFC Carlos Diaz-Berrios, 1946

My other Puerto Rican uncle, **Chief Warrant Officer 4 (Ret) Carlos Diaz-Berrios** (1915-1994) from Morovis, enlisted and served on active duty for 25 years. He held personnel administration positions at several Army bases in the US, Italy, Germany, and Korea, and was promoted to warrant officer. After retiring from the Army in 1968, Carlos worked 10 years in federal civil service at the III Corps Finance Office at Fort Hood, Texas.

Some of his offspring also served. My cousin **Carlos** served in the US Air Force. Cousin **Nellie** taught in the Dept of Defense School System and became an Army wife. Her husband Tito, **Colonel (Ret) Roberto Gorbea,** is a Virginia Military Institute graduate and served in both active and reserve Signal Corps units. Their youngest son, **Brigadier General Carlos Enrique Gorbea**, was commissioned as an engineer, served in combat in Iraq, and currently leads the 1st Mission Support Command based in Puerto Rico

Our record of service to the Nation continues on the other side of my extended family. My June Week bride, **Mary Louise Anderson** (1948-2004) from Astoria, New York, graduated from Rockland Community College near West Point in 1970 and became a Registered Nurse. While accompanying me to my Army assignments and raising our son, Mary Lou worked as a nurse at three Army hospitals, a VA hospital, and a civilian hospital.

In Nurnberg, Germany, Mary Lou was a staff nurse at the 130th General Hospital. At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, she worked at Reynolds Army Hospital in the maternity ward. At the VA Hospital in Durham, North Carolina, she worked in the operating room as a scrub nurse and circulating nurse. And at the 97th General Hospital in Frankfurt, Germany, she worked as a staff nurse on a medical-surgical unit. There in late 1983, she cared for some of the Marines who were casualties from the barracks bombing in Beirut, Lebanon. When we were back at West Point in 1979-1982, she earned her Bachelor's degree in Nursing and then worked at a hospital in Newburgh, New York,

During my last assignment at Fort McPherson, Georgia, and then after my retirement, Mary Lou worked in the operating room at St Joseph's Hospital in Atlanta until she passed away in 2004 from cancer. Like my mother and many Army wives, she often had to leave a job and start anew when her husband was transferred. During her first 19 years as a nurse, she had no continuity and progression in her career. But she adapted and actually loved the travel in our life together.

John Anderson
South Pacific

Mary Lou's father, my father-in-law **John H. Anderson** (1922–1994) from Nutley, New Jersey, was a Navy Seabee in the Pacific in WWII. He spoke little of his combat experiences. But he kept a daily log of the letters he wrote or received. One entry stated, "I have a son." After the war, he returned to his wife Mary in New York and met his young son John. He started work for the Postal Service and fathered Mary Lou and her sister Eileen. But their quiet life in Astoria, New York, was interrupted.

When the Korean conflict broke out, John was recalled to active duty in the Navy. He served in the boiler room of the USS *Worchester,* a light cruiser operating in the Yellow Sea. After his discharge, he returned to his wife and children in New York and resumed his work for the Postal Service and retired there after 30 years.

My second wife, **Kathleen Landenberger Klein** from Broad Channel, New York, is a Registered Nurse. She and her side of the family also rendered faithful service to the Nation.

After high school in Florida, Kathy met and married a Coast Guardsman and was a Coast Guard wife for 16 years. While raising their three children, she went back to school and earned a nursing degree and worked as a staff nurse and in the maternity ward at Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami, Florida. After her husband passed, she moved to be near her oldest daughter in Atlanta.

Petty Officer Jim Klein

Kathy's late first husband, **Aviation Machinist Mate First Class (Ret) James M. Klein** (1951–2003), enlisted in the Coast Guard from his hometown of Cleveland, Ohio. He served 20 years – all at Coast Guard Air Station Miami – as an aviation mechanic and petty officer. He retired in 1994 and passed away in 2003.

Kathy's father-in-law, **Henry F. Klein**, served in the Pacific in WWII. As a Tech Sergeant, he supervised a signal office in the Eighth Army.

Kathy's son – my stepson **James F. Klein** – enlisted in the US Air Force in 2016 and trained as an aviation mechanic. He served four years at Joint Base Elmendorf Richardson in Alaska and was honorably discharged as a Senior Airman. Kathy's niece **Tracie Landenberger Pacheco** and nephew **John Landenberger Jr.** enlisted and served. Tracie was an Army combat medic in Afghanistan. John was an Air Force fuel specialist in England. Both were honorably discharged.

PFC John Landenberger

Kathy's dad, my father-in-law **John J. Landenberger**, born in 1931, enlisted in the Army and trained at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He served a tour in Guam in the Corps of Engineers. After his discharge at the rank of Corporal, he returned to New York, worked as a grocery store butcher and married Catherine Cavanaugh. My wife Kathy was their first-born child.

Staff Sgt Billy Cavanaugh in Korea

Kathy's Uncle Billy, **William Cavanaugh**, born in 1933, was drafted and trained at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He served in combat in Korea with the 3d Infantry as a mortar crewman. He was promoted to staff sergeant and was discharged at the end of the conflict. He returned to New York City to work in a warehouse.

Pvt Jerry De Sapio

Kathy's Uncle Jerry, **Gerard De Sapio,** was born in 1937, enlisted in 1961, trained at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and served at Fort Shafter in Hawaii for a tour of duty. After his discharge, he served 39 years in the New York Fire Department, retiring as a Battalion Fire Chief.

Final Thought: **It takes "a thousand forms of duty" to defend our country.**

During WWI, President Woodrow Wilson said there are "a thousand forms of duty" performed during a war. His words were echoed by President George H.W. Bush after the Gulf War in a speech at Arlington cemetery. They both recognized the efforts of those who have served in any capacity, whether in a combat role or a support role, military or civilian.

I am proud that so many members of my family performed their duty and served honorably. I am also proud of those family members at home who faithfully supported their service.

— Rich St Denis '70

James Patrick Sullivan Jr. (I-4)

The Bravest Man I Ever Knew

B-24 Liberator

My dad, **James Patrick Sullivan Sr.**, served in WWII as a pilot in the Army Air Corps. He was shot down three times, belly-landed in France twice, and had to jump on his last mission, his 28th. He was the bravest man I ever knew.

He was a 1LT in the 701st Heavy Bombardment Squadron, 445th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Wing, 2nd Bomb Division, 8th Air Force. He flew aircraft #42-51506 out of Tibenham, England and was shot down on 27 February 1945 over Betzenhausen, Germany.

James P. Sullivan Sr.

701st Heavy Bombardment Squadron

—Jim Sullivan '70

Here is Dad's story in his own words:

It was a cold, dank, early morning of February 27th, 1945, in East Anglia when I met the crew I was to fly a B-24 mission with as an experienced pilot flying co-pilot. It was to be their first mission and my twenty-eighth. This was one of the ways new crews in the Second Division of the Eighth Air Force were introduced to combat with the enemy.

The main target that day was Leipzig, all the way across Germany. The mission was probably to support the Russians. Forming was without incident and the trip across *Deutschland* was uneventful until our group was diverted to a secondary target at Halle. Immediately after bombs away, we were hit on the starboard side.

One engine was out and the second was in big trouble. We were losing altitude rapidly. By the time we were able to stabilize conditions we were isolated ten thousand feet below our formation. We leveled off and entered cloud cover on a nominal heading that would hopefully take us back to England.

Looking down through the rudder pedal slots, I saw gore. Repeated attempts to contact our Bombardier-Navigator failed. Fearing the worst, I went below to check. My worst fears were

realized. He had been killed instantly with his left shoulder and head completely severed. I vomited violently.

The nose gunner, a very young buck sergeant, was unhurt but on the verge of shock. Together we crept back to the flight deck to deliver the bad news. We were leveled off at fifteen thousand feet, barely above stalling, and having trouble maintaining aircraft stability. The aircraft commander, with one-half mission under his belt, reacted magnificently. He turned the controls over to me and assembled his seven other crewmembers around the flight deck. Tail gunner, two waist gunners, nose gunner, top turret gunner and radio operator were unharmed. He immediately instituted emergency procedures to lighten the aircraft. We had a long way back. All moveable was jettisoned, including our Lieutenant.

The crewmembers recovered their composure extremely well and I fancied I could see the light at the end of the tunnel. I also knew we were an extremely poor risk for making it back unscathed. If we ran out of clouds, we would run out of luck.

During our slow but steady westward progress we discussed in great detail the procedures to be followed in the event we encounter loss of cloud cover, attack by enemy fighters, flak, deterioration of power, eventual fuel shortage, ad infinitum.

If forced to bail out over enemy territory, there were things to remember. We had turned in our side- arms a prior to the mission. Bombing of the Fatherland had been extremely severe for weeks. It was thought the side-arms would only provide an excuse for the incensed civilian populace to take their pleasure with the captured "*Americanischer Luft*-gangsters." With existing conditions in mind, we were admonished to hold our ripcords until we were able to notice the earth coming up to meet us. This would indicate an altitude of twenty-five hundred to three thousand feet. This, in turn, would expose us to ground fire for a shorter time while helplessly suspended from our parachutes. In addition, we would have more time to organize our escape if we reached the ground well in advance of the arrival, at the point of landing, of our assured pursuers. I reminded every member of the crew to make best possible use of the escape kits we all had in our flight suits. In case of capture, the order was name, rank, and serial number—nothing more. This was not to be construed as despair but was merely the preparedness required in such a situation.

When all efforts were made to prepare the men for any foreseeable situation, time seemed to pass like a slow-motion nightmare. Our airspeed was extremely low and the aircraft attitude was nose high. Thankfully, we still enjoyed full cloud cover, but this didn't help my slight tendency toward claustrophobia. In addition, both the pilot and I had some trouble with vertigo. It required every effort I could muster to sit upright.

We had been on our way back for well over an hour and it began to dawn on me that we might make it. I prayed silently and fervently as my companions most certainly must have. I recalled receiving Viaticum that morning and felt relief and security in that memory.

Looking around at my fellow crewmembers I realized I didn't know enough about them to judge what comforts they might or might not have in a situation such as this. Their behavior during the past two hours gave indication of excellent moral fiber with some source of inner strength, regardless of the source. I had seen in the past, and would see in the future, soldiers with much less aplomb. Occasions like these remain surprisingly clear, even after twenty-eight years.

Things were progressing. Number two engine had been stabilized and was still of some help to three and four. Number three and number four were miracles. The pilot ventured a shy guess that we might at least make it to Allied-occupied France. Although that seemed a complete physical impossibility only half an hour ago, I had to agree with strong reservations. The rest of the crew became hopeful, and I knew it was time to review procedures once more: check your chutes, don't pull the ripcord until you notice the earth coming toward you, use your escape kits, conceal your chutes promptly after landing. We may be within walking distance of our lines. Travel at night. Name, rank and serial number—that is all. Then it happened.

We broke out into dazzling sunlight over open country. Disaster. We discussed a slow, gentle turn back into the lovely protection of the clouds but decided against this course of action. Fuel had become a prime factor and East was not the direction for us.

We limped along for a few minutes when I noticed clouds to the North, ahead and slightly below. We proceeded in a slow, cautious turn and headed for cover.

We reached cover and felt we had made it, unobserved from the ground. I was exhilarated and could literally feel the elation of my companions. Right about then I realized with shame I had not made a thorough check of the terrain while it was visible for definite location. We still had no idea where we were.

At this point, a check revealed the number three and number four engines were showing the strain. They were running rough. Would that it was 19:00 hours rather than 14:00 hours. Presume one hundred miles to go at one hundred fifty miles an hour. Forty minute to go. Altitude fourteen thousand feet. Rate of descent one hundred feet a minute...

We came out of the clouds again in clear, breathtaking sunlight. We were directly over a town that we later found out was named Freiburg. We were sitting ducks. *Luftwaffe* flak opened up with a vengeance. We were below fourteen thousand feet and unable to take any real evasive action. We caught several hits and the pilot gave the order to bail out. We did.

What a feeling...I swear I took only three steps from the co-pilot's seat, around the bottom of the top turret, onto the bomb-bay catwalk and out. A blast of air...grab the ripcord handle...don't pull...almost did. I felt as if I was stationary. A great gust of air was rushing past me. I positioned

myself as if in a swan dive and actually had the sensation of soaring. I tried a few things we were taught in pre-flight and pilot training. I tucked into a ball and tumbled, spread out and stopped the tumble. I stuck one arm out, holding the other in and it turned me over. Finally, after a very long time that probably lasted less than a minute, I decided I had better stop experimenting and get oriented.

Sure as hell, I was hovering over a large town. It was painfully evident there was no way I could miss it without wings. I began to concentrate on the position of the earth relative to me. Sure enough, there was no perceivable change—I felt like a ball supported by a spout of water. Finally, I noticed the ground approaching. I pulled the ripcord. The jar I was expecting turned out to be all but imperceptible. I looked up at my thirty-two-foot backpack chute. The canopy was open and symmetrical. All was good in that regard. Then I checked below—to my horror.

After all my lecturing I did for the benefit of my fledgling companions to ensure they held their ripcords until they were sure they were no more than three thousand feet up, I was as about six thousand feet. Of all the stupid things to do...I would have sworn the ground was approaching.

I looked below, expecting their chutes to open momentarily. Nothing. I began to feel real panic. Suppose my exhortations had caused them to freefall too far. I looked above. To my delight, there, all seven in descending echelon, were my companions who apparently pulled their ripcords as soon as they were clear of the ship. It was a great relief to the veteran of twenty-seven and three quarter's missions.

I floated down for an interminable period until I heard an occasional "zing" go past. I eventually realized those zings were bullets. This was the most helpless feeling thus far. I let myself go limp in the harness. The zings stopped. I was almost down.

I landed in a tree in what I would call a plaza. My dazed brain finally perceived shouts of "*Schnell!...Raus!...Kommen*!" I was suspended about fifteen feet in the air and there was a small army gathered below. Their upturned faces looked unreal. They continued the guttural shouting. Slowly I came to realize that what they were saying was the equivalent of "get down here you bum!" My thinking accelerated when I heard another zing. I didn't hear the gun discharge, but I did know I heard a passing bullet—close by. Cognition was quicker but not lucid. I unsnapped my left thigh strap and my belly strap but was unable to release the other thigh strap. It was a push and turn mechanism and I was unable to overcome the force of the dead weight of my two hundred twenty pounds plus equipment. My dilemma was solved in a hurry. One more bullet was the solution. When I heard it, I tumbled forward and out. I landed on my feet in a crouch and caught the hardest blow I can ever recall, full on the chin, struck by my right knee. The knee was tender long after the chin was fully recovered.

I was grabbed and pushed back and forth amongst my captors, much in the way of schoolyard bullies getting even with the teacher's pet. Eventually I realized I was much larger than my captors and quickly became more difficult to propel. They were young teenagers. They were *Jugend*. Hitler

Youth. They were extremely nasty and vehement. They caused me considerable alarm, to say the least.

When they finally tired of pushing me around, they freed my chute from the tree. They used the shrouds to bind the canopy and the harness into a loose, bulky bundle. They forced me to carry it in a mocking parade around the square in which I had landed. I was beginning to fear some sort of atrocious finale when I was rescued by two *Luftwaffe* officers.

One of them spoke excellent English and explained he was from the flak battery that had brought us down. He advised me not to be fearful, that for me the war was over—that the *Luftwaffe* abided by the Geneva Convention. I thanked him. I asked him where we were. He told me...Freiburg, five kilometers from the stationary front at Colmar. The injustice...within three miles of freedom and we bailed out. I actually began to cry. He subdued me succinctly. "Do not feel badly Lieutenant. Your Liberator (the aircraft) exploded before your parachute opened."

Freiburg - Colmar area along French - German border

I became a prisoner of war for the next three months. I do not speak and try not to think about the horrors I endured there. I would like to say my comrades on that last mission are, to this day, my close friends but unfortunately, I cannot. I can only say that all eight of us who survived the initial impact over Halle returned to the United States uninjured.

—Sully '70

Dad and me

William Cooper Taylor (A-4)

Ancestors in the American Revolution and the War of 1812

Service in the American Revolution

Heroes of "76" Marching to the Fight

Sergeant William Taylor Jr., my third great-grandfather, served almost continuously throughout the American Revolution in various militias and regiments under command of General George Washington and at Valley Forge, under drillmaster Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben.

April 18, 1775: Lexington Alarm; Private - Captain Amos Wilcox's Company, Simsbury Connecticut Militia.

May 5-December 18, 1775: Bunker Hill and Siege of Boston; Private - Captain Abel Pettibone's Company, 2nd Connecticut Continental Regiment.

October 24-December 26, 1776: Westchester County, New York; Private - Captain Ozias Marvin's Company, 9th Regiment Connecticut Militia, Colonel John Mead.

January 10, 1777: Private - Captain Amos Walbridge's Company, 2nd Regiment Connecticut Line, Colonel Charles Webb.

February 10, 1777-January 10, 1780: Whitemarsh, Valley Forge Encampment, Monmouth, and Stony Point; Sergeant - detached to Captain Henry Ten Eyck's Company, Colonel R. J. Meig's Light Infantry Regiment.

April 1, 1780-June 10, 1783: Sergeant - Captain John Riley's Company, 3rd Regiment Connecticut Line, Colonel Samuel B. Webb.

June 7, 1783: Taylor's discharge certificate for eight years near-continuous service beginning with the Lexington Alarm (April 18, 1775) cites award of the Badge of Merit and was personally signed by General George Washington, Connecticut Governor Jonathan Trumbull, and Colonel Samuel Webb at the close of the war.

The one exception to his continual service (for which no official corroborating document has yet been found) is recounted thus:

> *Taylor was a quick-tempered man but a good citizen, long known as Deacon. While in the army, he incurred the displeasure of an officer, who abused Taylor beyond endurance, and in return Taylor gave him a sound thrashing. The penalty for military insubordination was death, which Taylor well knew so he deserted to the British, but remained only long enough to be assured that his life would be spared and he be decently treated, when he returned to the American army and served faithfully until the war closed.*

Especially enamored with "Baron" von Steuben, he gave his name to a son, Steuben Taylor (1795-1824), as well as a middle name to another, William Steuben Taylor (1785-1861). The Steuben name appears frequently for generations thereafter among several descendant lines. Perhaps Steuben interceded on behalf of William Taylor, saving him from the gallows or firing squad and transferring him away from his abuser - reason enough to be forever remembered by Taylor - albeit mere supposition.

Primary Source: *https://www.geni.com/people/Sgt-William-Taylor-Jr/6000000002503623462*

Note: Taylor's wife, Abigail Case Taylor, was a direct descendant of Hugh Capet, King of France 990-996. Hugh Capet was my 30th great-grandfather.

***

Service in the War of 1812

Samuel C. Hixon, my second great-grandfather, was born in Boston, Massachusetts on July 13, 1784, the son of Joseph Sayer Hixon and Abigail Cooper. Samuel's maternal grandfather was the Reverend Samuel Cooper, the pastor of the Brattle Street Church in Boston. His paternal grandfather was an English gentleman and had served as the keeper of His Majesty's wardrobe in the palace at Greenwich. The family lived on Hanover Street in Boston.

Capture of HMS Cyane & HMS Levant by the USS Constitution

Early Experience

Hixon must have gone to sea at an early age, but so far there is little information about his education. By 1807 he was in command of vessels trading to the West Indies. He may have commanded a small privateer (mounting only one gun and carrying 45 men) out of Boston soon after the declaration of war in June 1812. It appears he was captured by the British but was released on parole late in 1813.

Sailing Master Aboard the USS *Constitution* "Old Ironsides"

Hixon joined *Constitution*'s crew as acting sailing master on July 21, 1813, at Boston. He received his warrant, confirming his sailing master rank, on April 30, 1814.

The sailing master was responsible for the day-to-day running of the ship. He had to be an excellent seaman and navigator and be well-versed at working and maintaining a vessel at sea. He oversaw the loading and stowing of ballast, provisions, and other cargo. Navigation was his direct responsibility, and he was in charge of keeping the logbook and charts. In addition to the ship's logbook, he kept a journal in which he noted navigational challenges or dangers not marked on charts, inventories of stores and provisions brought aboard and used. Finally, he was responsible for keeping the ship in good sailing trim. The master's mates, boatswain, and carpenter reported to the sailing master. Because a sailing master held his rank by virtue of a warrant from the Navy

Department rather than a commission, his was not a promotion-track position. He was paid $40.00 per month and received two rations per day.

Hixon served on board during *Constitution*'s battle with HMS *Cyane* and *Levant* on February 20, 1815. During the engagement, he was in charge of steering the ship, with the help of four helmsmen. According to the narrative of Marine Fifer Thomas Byron, Hixon was "as good a master as ever stepped a ships deck." "Great credit was due Mr. Hickson [sic] in maneuvering so as to prevent their raking her [*Constitution*] as she was backing and filling the whole action."

After the battle, Hixon went on board the captured *Levant* as one of the prize officers. Unfortunately, the ship was retaken by the British at Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands several weeks after the battle. The war was over by that point, however, and Hixon returned home to Boston.

After the USS *Constitution*

In June 1815, Hixon requested a furlough from the Navy to "prosecute a voyage to the East Indies." In 1817 he was appointed sailing master to USS *Macedonian*. By 1828 he was on leave again. In 1831, he was appointed sailing master of the receiving ship at the Boston Navy Yard. During this period the family lived at 57 Myrtle St. in Boston.

He helped form the Naval Benevolent Association of Boston in 1833. By May 1840, Hixon was suffering from "a severe affection [sic] of the eyes" and was unable to write. He died on September 8, 1840, at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Primary Source: *https://ussconstitutionmuseum.org/crew/samuel-cooper-hixon/*

It has been my privilege and honor to serve in the shadow of these two early American heroes.

— **Bill Taylor '70**

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With regard to military discipline, it was safe to say that no such thing existed in the Continental Army.

You say to your soldier, 'Do this' and he does it. But I am obliged to say to the American, 'This is why you ought to do this' and then he does it.

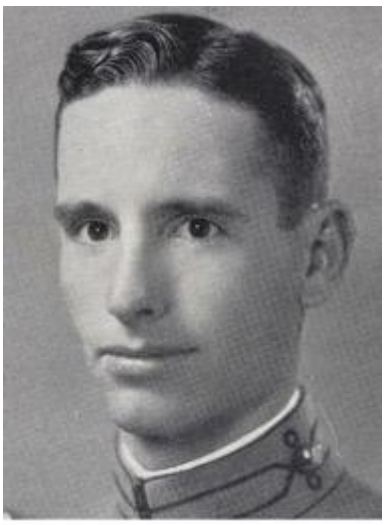
– Baron Friedrich von Steuben, Prussian general responsible for helping train the Continental Army during the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge

John Huff Van Vliet III (E-4)

Ancestors Who Served

My ancestors who rendered service in the military include the following:

Great-Great-Grandfather, **Brevet Major General Stewart Van Vliet**, USMA Class of 1840
Great-Grandfather, **Frederick Van Vliet**, US Naval Academy Class of 1876 (Non-graduate)
Grandfather, **Colonel John H. Van Vliet Sr.**, USMA Class of 1913
Father, **Colonel John H. Van Vliet Jr.**, USMA Class of 1937



John H. Van Vliet Jr. '37

Born in Texas in 1915 as an Army brat, my father, **John H. Van Vliet Jr.**, lived in China, the Philippines, West Point (where his Dad was an Instructor of French), and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, before reporting to USMA with the Class of 1937. His Plebe Year had plenty of rough patches, including the time he (accidentally?) threw his squad leader into the swimming pool. He wound up as a "Double Century Man" with over 200 hours on the area.

As an upperclassman, he once picked the Superintendent's flowers in order to give them to the Commandant's daughter, Dorothy Anderson, for whose attention he and Andrew Goodpaster were competing. Dorothy Anderson chose to marry Andrew Goodpaster, who became superintendent at USMA when I was an instructor in the Department of Social Sciences. General Goodpaster told me with a grin that my father was a "blithe spirit" who roamed The Plain after hours to listen to the ghosts of past Cadets and whose respect for regulations was less than total.

Commissioned into the Infantry, Dad served at Fort Washington Maryland, and then with the 27th Infantry in Hawaii. Prior to America's entry into WWII, he was sent to the United Kingdom as an observer and ultimately became the commander of 3rd Battalion 168th Infantry as part of Operation Torch, the invasion of North Africa.

The 168th Infantry (minus) was positioned on hills near Faid Pass in Tunisia. They were attacked in the first stages of the Battle of Kasserine Pass. German forces failed to take the American positions, but simply bypassed them after the initial repulse. Cut-off and surrounded, the 168th Infantry was finally ordered to attempt to exfiltrate to American lines. The attempt failed, and Dad became one of hundreds of American POWs.

In 1943, the Germans discovered the bodies of 22,000 Polish officers in mass graves at Katyn. The Poles had been executed by the Soviets in 1940, but the Germans knew they would have a difficult time convincing the world of that fact. Dad was among several Allied POWs, including Captain Don Stewart, USMA 1940, ordered by the Germans to the massacre site to witness the exhumations. Based on his experience as a POW, Dad could estimate a person's period of captivity by the condition of boots and uniforms. The bodies of the Polish officers wore boots and uniforms

that were still in good condition, a fact that corroborated other evidence to show the deaths occurred while Katyn was in Soviet hands.

Dad managed secretly to communicate information about Soviet actions at Katyn back to US authorities. His fourth escape attempt was finally successful, and he managed to reach American lines. He reported through the G-2 Intelligence chain and was interviewed by LTG Collins, VII Corps Commander, who sent him to Washington. In Washington, Dad delivered a full report to MG Bissell, Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence. Dad was ordered to keep the matter secret. After all, the Soviets were allies in the war against the Germans.

The Soviets claimed the Germans had killed the Polish officers, a claim that was vigorously supported by many. Dad's original report about Katyn was "lost", and he was recalled from the Korean War to reproduce his report and to testify before Congress. The debate was finally settled in 1990 when Soviet President Gorbachev produced documents showing Stalin had ordered the killing of the Polish officers.

Donald Stewart '40

In 2015, Polish President Komorowski posthumously awarded the Officers Cross of Merit to LTC John H. Van Vliet Jr. and to Captain Donald B. Stewart for their roles in witnessing and reporting the truth about the Soviet massacre of Poles at Katyn. The Polish government also built a monument in their honor.

Polish President Komorowski and John H. Van Vliet III

Polish Monument to LTC Van Vliet and CPT Stewart

Dad's service after WWII included being Executive Officer (XO) of the 23rd Infantry Regiment during the Korean War and later commanding the 364th Infantry Regiment and the 188th Airborne Infantry Regiment. He frequently emphasized the motto of Duty Honor Country, and often reminded me of Grandfather's admonition, "If it is not right, it is wrong". He died in 2000 and is buried at USMA.

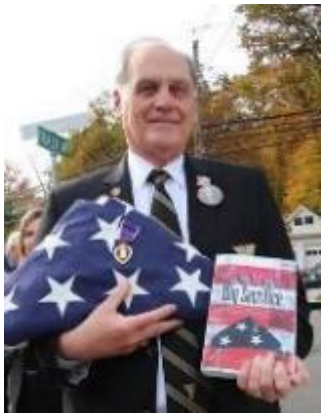
— **John Van Vliet '70**

John Arthur Veenstra (I-4)

My Uncle's Supreme Sacrifice and an Incredible Turn of Events

My middle name is "Arthur" in honor of my maternal uncle, **Staff Sergeant Arthur H. Braen**. I never met my Uncle Arthur. I was born 9 July 1948. He was killed in action 10 July 1944, in Italy, in the Battle of Laiatica. He is buried in the Florence American Cemetery in Toscana, Italy.

Paul Chepurko Jr., a retired Marine living in Hawthorne, New Jersey, authored a book, *Small Town-Big Sacrifice*, honoring all those whose names are on the town War Memorial. On the following pages is his article honoring my uncle, Arthur H. Braen.



John Veenstra

On Veterans Day, 2021, the town of Hawthorne dedicated the corner of Lafayette Avenue and Braen Avenue for Army Staff Sergeant Arthur Braen. I and family and friends attended the ceremony that was reported in a local newspaper.

Across the street of Lafayette Avenue is the house that Arthur's father, John H Braen, my grandfather, built in 1926. Arthur grew up in that house as did I years later. And across the street of Braen Avenue is the house that Arthur's grandfather, Aaron Braen, my great-grandfather, built in 1892.

Three years after that street sign dedication ceremony, our family received word that the temporary grave marker for my uncle had been found. Incredibly, while scanning a grove of olive trees in Italy with a metal detector, an Italian found it and then contacted a 67,000-member Facebook group, Family Treasures Found. Using online research, they found the article on the street sign dedication and contacted me. Then the Italian sent me my uncle's grave marker in a beautiful wooden frame. These profoundly moving developments add depth to our family record of service.

With my uncle's grave marker

After graduation from West Point in 1970, I was stationed in West Berlin, West Germany, from 1971 to 1975. On two occasions, I and my infantry platoon had guard duty at Spandau Prison. The only prisoner was Rudolf Hess, at one time one of Hitler's right-hand men. The location and the duty had special meaning for me, thinking of my Uncle Arthur.

My brothers, **Robert James Veenstra**, US Air Force Academy 1972, and **Roger Henry Veenstra**, US Military Academy 1975, joined me in serving in the military years after Uncle Arthur's supreme sacrifice.

— **John Veenstra '70**

STAFF SERGEANT ARTHUR H. BRAEN
COMPANY G, 2ND BATTALION
351ST INFANTRY REGIMENT
88TH INFANTRY DIVISION, FIFTH ARMY
UNITED STATES ARMY
SERIAL NUMBER: 32386283
KILLED IN ACTION: JULY 10, 1944
BATTLE OF LAIATICO, ITALY
BURIED: PLOT G, ROW 1, GRAVE 32
FLORENCE AMERICAN CEMETERY
TOSCANA, ITALY
AWARDS: PURPLE HEART W/ OAK LEAF CLUSTER, COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE

Pp 144-148, *Small Town-Big Sacrifice* © Paul Chepurcho, Jr. Reprinted with permission of Paul Chepurko, Jr..

THE BLUE DEVIL DIVISION

Under a simple wooden cross and wrapped in a plain shroud, Staff Sergeant Arthur H. Braen of the 88th Infantry Division, better known as the "Blue Devil Division," was laid to rest on July 11, 1944, in the American military cemetery at Follonica, Italy. It wasn't until a month later that the news of their son's death on July 10 reached Arthur's parents, John and Jeanette Braen. Although he had not served in combat, death in war was not unknown to John Braen, who had served in World War I. According to Clare Braen Veenstra, Arthur's sister, her father would jokingly say that he had fought in all the Battles of Camp Meade, Maryland during World War I. Born in 1891, John had lived most of his life in Hawthorne. Sometime before the birth of their first child, Catherine E. in 1918, John married Jeanette (b. 1888). Arthur H. was born on February 12, 1921, followed by two more girls, Clara M. (1922) and Edith J. (1925). John worked for his Uncle Sam Braen in the family excavating business, and in 1926 he built the family home at 948 Lafayette Avenue. Arthur and his sisters attended Roosevelt Grammar School and Hawthorne High School. Arthur left high school after three years and went to work as a welder in Paterson. According to Sister Clara, Arthur was very easy going, tall at six feet two inches, and he enjoyed the company of his best friend Hank Langenburg, who also lived in Hawthorne.

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Arthur realized that he was going to be drafted because he was a healthy male, unmarried and not working in a war-related industry. The call from the U.S. Army came in June 1942, and Arthur departed for basic training on July 9. The location of Private Braen's basic training is not recorded, he was posted to the 88th Infantry Division, one of the first all-draftee divisions to enter the war. The 88th was formed at Camp Gruber in eastern Oklahoma in July 1942. The first commander of the 88th Division, Major General John E. Sloan, promised, "The glory of the colors will never be sullied, as long as one man of the 88th still lives." Private Braen and the men of the 88th, not yet known as Blue Devils, trained hard over the next year.

Jami Bryan, Managing Editor of On Point, an Army Historical Foundation publication, wrote of the training of the 88th Division "It was a drastic change in climate for most, and a more drastic change in lifestyle. In the first few weeks, the draftees had to learn how to make a bed, sweep and mop a floor, police an arca, what the leers 'K.P.' meant, how to stand at attention, how to march, field sanitation, basic first aid, military organization, close-order drill, courtesy, discipline, and the

difference between stripes and bars. Most importantly, they learned it was best never to volunteer for anything. They found themselves completing obstacle courses, going on night compass marches, dealing with gas mask drills, and learning how to fire rifles and other small arms." In October 1943, the 88th moved to Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia, in preparation for deployment overseas. In mid-November 1943, Arthur Braen boarded a Liberty ship with his comrades of the 351st Infantry Regiment of the 88th. During the long slow crossing of the Atlantic Ocean, many of the men battled seasickness on the overcrowded ship. The regiment arrived at Casablanca in North Africa, and by the end of December the 88th Division was back to combat training in the Atlas Mountains of North Africa. During this time, they sharpened their fighting skills and prepared for future combat in the mountains of Italy. In December 1943, an advanced group of officers and men flew into Italy in preparation for the 88th Division's arrival. Sergeant Braen's 2nd Battalion of the 351st Infantry Regiment was the first unit of the division to see combat at Mount Lungo, south of Mount Cassino in central Italy. The 88th Division's full complement arrived by February 21, and formed up at Naples, Italy. The division moved into the front line near Mintumo, Italy where they relieved the British 5th Infantry Division on March 4. For the next two months, the division manned this quiet sector of the line, but soon their help was needed for the drive on Rome. On May 11, the 351st Infantry Regiment was assigned the task of taking Santa Maria Infante. The Battle of Santa Maria was a vicious three-day conflict. Fifty percent of Sergeant (Sgt) Braen's Company G were either killed or wounded. According to Jami Bryan, "The 88th finally captured Santa Maria Infante by 1300. The division was so fierce in battle that German prisoners supposedly remarked that the troops of the 88th fought like devils." As a result, the division eventually adopted the nickname the "Blue Devils" in reference to their blue shoulder patches. The Blue Devils pushed on to the Eternal City, overcoming extremely strong German resistance, and they became the first Allied division to enter Rome on the afternoon of June 4.

The Hawthorne Record of August 10, 1944, reported that Staff Sergeant (SSgt) Braen was recovering from wounds received on June 27 and had been awarded the Purple Heart. The article further stated that he had sent the Purple Heart home to his mother. This information was inaccurate because Braen's 88th Division was not in combat in June; it had been pulled off the line to rest after the Battle of Santa Maria Infante. So, it is more likely that SSgt Braen was wounded during the fight for Santa Maria Infante a month previously.

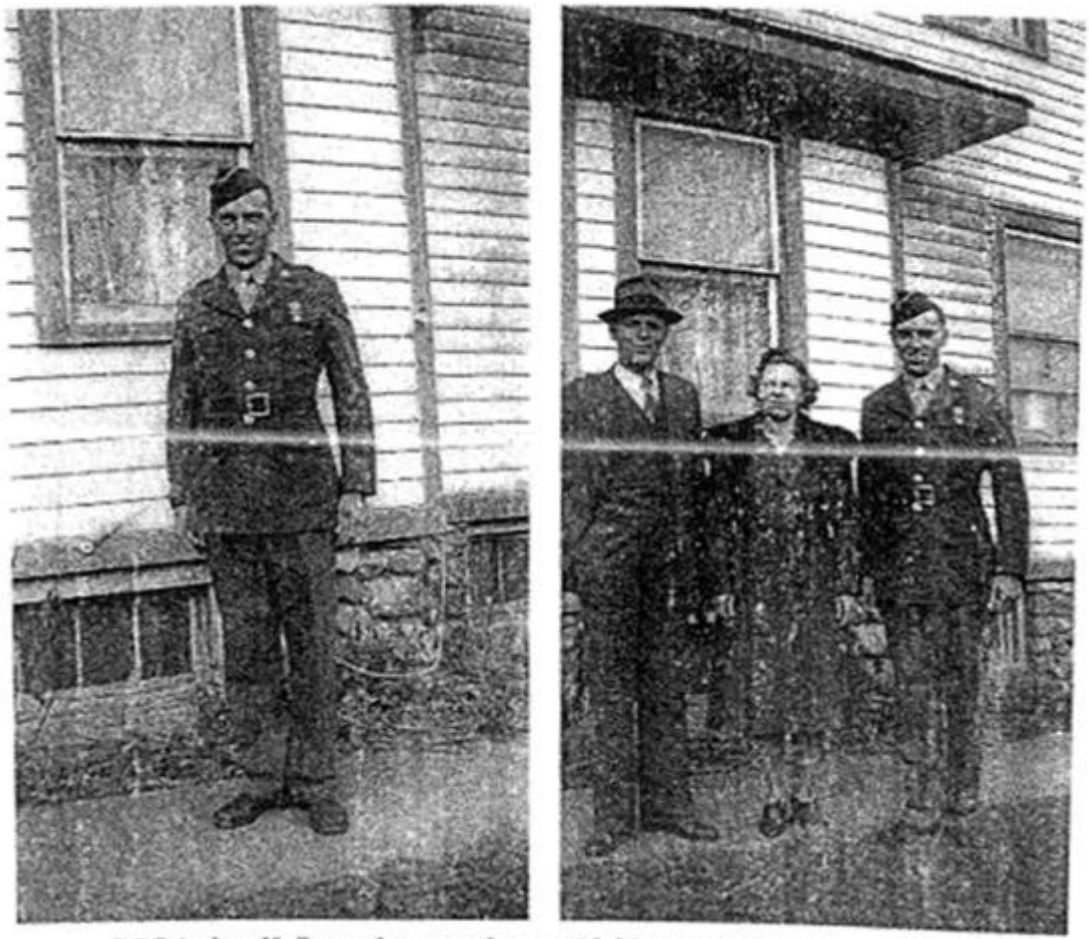
SSgt Braen rejoined Company G in time for the Blue Devil's return to combat on July 9 at the town of Laiatico in northern Italy. On the night of July 8, SSgt Braen's 2nd Battalion moved into the front lines where it relieved the 1st Armored Infantry Regiment. The 35Ist regiment's orders for the next day were to push to the high ground in the vicinity of Palaia, some twenty-three kilometers due north, and seize the town of Laiatico. At 0400, the battalion moved out and very quickly encountered concentrated enemy artillery fire. Company G, commanded by Captain Noon, was ordered to swing his men to the west and hit the town from the flank. Realizing that they were about to be cut off from the rest of their army, many of the defending Germans panicked and surrendered. After Company G secured the town, they again encountered enemy artillery fire, slowing their advance. The men were ordered to dig in for the night and prepare for an enemy counterattack.

The expected enemy counterattack did not materialize, so on the morning of July 10, the regiment was ordered to advance at 0900. The battalion's advance was initially successful, but it was soon halted by German artillery, mortar, and sniper fire. The men of Company G were pinned down without cover. The 88th Division History details that, “the Germans had excellent defensive positions and unlimited observation, whereas the 2nd Battalion had no cover, the men said they

were looking right down our throats." Tanks were ordered forward to assist in the advance, but they did not arrive until nightfall. The attack resumed at 1720, but soon stalled again due to enemy artillery and mortar fire. The regimental narrative by the commander states that on July 10, the 2nd Battalion sustained three men killed in action. One of these men was SSgt Arthur H. Braen of Company G. It is unknown if he died in the first or second attack on that date. According to Arthur's sister Clare, the family was told by a member of SSgt Braen's company that her brother had died from mortar fire.

The news of Arthur's death was received by his family the first week of August. The front page of the August 10 Hawthorne Record reported the deaths of two town residents, SSgt Arthur Braen and Private Michael Campanello. Clare recalls, "It hit my mother really hard; she was out of it for several days. My father was also devastated because Arthur was the only one to carry on the family name."

After the war, Congress authorized the disinterment and final burial of the heroic dead of World War II. In a letter received in January 1948, John and Jeanette Braen were given the choice of having their son's remains either retuned home or permanently interred at an American Military Cemetery in Italy. Jeanette and John requested that Arthur's final resting place be in the Florence American Cemetery, Toscana, Italy with his fellow servicemen. In June 1949, Staff Sergeant Arthur H. Braen was buried with full military honors under a white stone cross.



PFC Arthur H. Braen home on leave with his parents Jeanette and John.

Carlos Romeo Vélez Jr. (A-4)

Our Vélez and Rodríguez Families' Service as Soldiers, Police Officers, and Teachers

My wife, Marilyn, and I are tremendously proud of the service that many of our family members, related to us by either blood or marriage, have rendered to the Nation as men-at-arms and as police officers. My goal is to document and share our family service heritage with my West Point classmates and our family members -- present and future. It also is my desire to honor the service that is described below.

My father, **Chief Warrant Officer (Ret) Carlos R. Vélez-Rodríguez** (1926 - 2012), retired from the Army with 24 years of service.

CWO Carlos R. Vélez-Rodríguez

Dad was born in Puerto Rico as the oldest of seven brothers and three sisters. In high school, he excelled in academics (as Senior Class Valedictorian), in student government (as Senior Class President), and in athletics (in Track and Field). Upon completing high school in three years in 1944, Dad quickly earned a Teacher's Certificate and began teaching Junior and Senior High School Industrial Arts. While teaching in my mother's hometown of Jayuya, he met Mom, **Luz Neida Vélez-Negron** (1925 – 2017), and they fell in love and married in 1945. They established our first family home in Ponce, where Dad's next teaching position was located.

When Mom and Dad learned in February 1947 that I would be born in September, Dad determined that his meager teacher's salary would not be sufficient to support a growing family, so he left the teaching profession in March 1947 and enlisted in the Puerto Rico National Guard. He was assigned as an Intelligence Analyst in the 296th Infantry Regiment at Mayaguez. Upon completion of his three-year National Guard term of service in 1950, Dad enlisted in the Regular Army, again as an Intelligence Analyst, and was reassigned to Fort Buchanan, near San Juan. Following counterintelligence training at Fort Holabird, Maryland in 1951, he was assigned as a Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) Agent with the 470th CIC Detachment at Fort Amador, Panama Canal Zone.

In the early 1950s, Panama City frequently experienced anti-US demonstrations by Panamanian citizens who considered that the sovereign powers exercised by the US in the Canal Zone were an affront to Panama's national dignity. Because of the threat that these demonstrations posed to the security of the Panama Canal, especially as the US entered the Korean War, an important mission of the 470th CIC Detachment was to monitor the demonstrations for any indications of potential

SFC Carlos R. Vélez-Rodríguez

security threats to US interests. Usually, Dad and other Puerto Rico-born CIC agents were able to mingle with the Panamanian demonstrators because of language ability and appearance.

While Dad and a teammate were monitoring a demonstration in September 1952, a demonstrator recognized them as US Army members and called them out as "US Army spies," and Dad and his teammate were forced to "escape and evade" under threat of injury. They were able to reach their vehicle and return safely to Fort Amador, but not before a rock thrown by a demonstrator broke through the vehicle's windshield. Because Dad and his teammate's "cover" had been compromised and because of the resultant potential threat to the safety of family members, Dad, Mom, my brother, my sister, and I were evacuated back to Fort Buchanan.

Not long after that, Dad, perhaps with strong encouragement from Mom, requested a transfer to the guided missile electronics Military Occupational Specialty. Dad spent the remainder of his Army service as a guided missile electronics maintenance specialist with the Nike family of surface-to-air missiles and the Hawk surface-to-air missile. Assignments in this specialty took the family to Fort Knox, Kentucky; Fort Bliss, Texas; Fort Slocum, New York; and Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. Dad also served unaccompanied tours in Korea and the Republic of China (Taiwan).

During his service, Dad took advantage of his GI Bill benefits to complete a Bachelor's degree in General Studies, with a Major in Military Science and a Minor in Economics, from the University of Nebraska. During his two-year assignment at Fort Slocum with the 1st Missile Battalion, 55th Artillery Regiment, Dad made time also to teach evening classes to Veterans at the Robert Louis Stevenson School in New York City, a college preparatory school that focuses on students challenged with anxiety, depression, and other mood disorders.

My father administers my Oath of Office, June 3, 1970

Dad was appointed a Warrant Officer in 1964 and completed his distinguished 24-year Army career in 1971 as a Chief Warrant Officer, W-3. I was proud to have had him return from his last duty station in Taiwan in June 1970 to administer the Officer Oath of Office to me.

Service to our country involves more than the men and women who wear the uniform. Army wives do not wear a uniform, but they do serve the Nation by supporting their husbands in their military careers. For 21 years, my mother, **Luz Neida Vélez-Negron** (1925 – 2017) of Jayuya, Puerto Rico, very successfully managed the many challenges of being a military wife.

Luz Neida Vélez Negrón

Mom's role as an Army wife began when Dad enlisted in the Puerto Rico National Guard in March 1947, with duties at Mayaguez, which was a one-hour drive from our home in Ponce. As described above, Mom and Dad married in 1945 and learned in early 1947 that I would be joining the family in September 1947. Dad decided that his teaching job would not provide sufficient income for a growing family; so, he left the teaching profession and enlisted in the Puerto Rico National Guard in March 1947.

Even after the arrival of my brother in December 1948, Mom was determined to complete her college education. She was very fortunate that our maternal grandmother was able to provide the financial assistance necessary for Mom to hire a nanny to take care of my brother and me while she attended the University of Puerto Rico near our home in Ponce. Although pregnant with my sister due in April 1950, she was not deterred and started classes in January 1950. After the birth and a semester delay, she resumed classes. Dad again reassessed the family's financial needs, and he decided to enlist in the Regular Army in September 1950 following the completion of his three-year National Guard service. His Regular Army enlistment required his reassignment to Fort Buchanan near San Juan, so the family again was separated.

Mom completed the requirements for a Teacher's Certificate in May 1951 and moved the family to San Juan to reunite with Dad and begin her career as an elementary school teacher in August 1951. She continued to face the challenges of being an Army wife when Dad received temporary duty (TDY) orders in September 1951 to attend a three-month counterintelligence course at Fort Holabird. After his training, he had less than a week to report to his next assignment at Fort Amador in the Panama Canal Zone.

Once again, the family was separated and Mom had to manage family matters on her own. She relied on a nanny to help her care for three young children while she taught elementary school. She took charge of the many administrative and health requirements for an overseas move. She also handled vacating our home and got herself and three young children through departure and arrival airport procedures to reunite with Dad at Fort Amador.

My Mother Neida

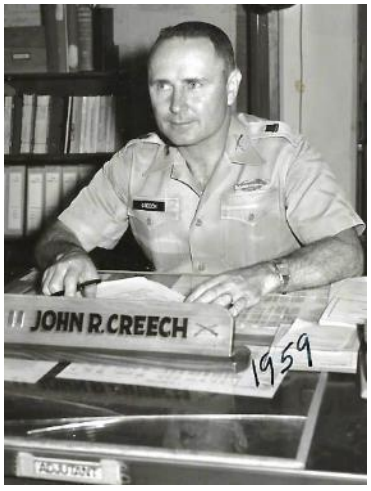
Mom's strength as an Army wife again was demonstrated one year later as she managed the family's sudden evacuation back to Fort Buchanan. Because of her excellent home front support during 10 military moves and two unaccompanied one-year tours and several other shorter unaccompanied deployments, Dad could focus on his military mission during a very successful 21-year military career.

My stepfather, **Captain (Ret) John Raymond Creech** (1919 – 2011) of Salem, North Carolina, and my mother were married in 1975. Neither I nor my brother or sister knew him as a father figure. However, he and Mom were married 36 years. Though not related to us by birth, he was in all other regards an integral part of our family. Our children grew up knowing and loving him as Grandpa John, and I and my siblings also loved and respected him for the wonderful person he was. Therefore, I am proud to include him in this Family Service Heritage history.

LT John R. Creech

John enlisted in the Army in 1940 and began service with Company E, 3rd Infantry Division at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. He entered World War II with the 94th Infantry Division as it landed on Omaha Beach, France, on D + 91. He served in supply and logistics support services positions as the 94th fought in the Northern France, Ardennes-Alsace, and Rhineland campaigns, and reached the rank of Master Sergeant.

In March 1945, John responded to an Army call for lieutenants and attended Officer Candidate School at Fontainebleau, France. He completed the training and was commissioned as a Reserve Second Lieutenant of Infantry on June 6, 1945. However, due to the cessation of hostilities, the new Lieutenants were not assigned to combat units. Instead, John was assigned as company commander of a labor supervision company composed of 200 Polish Displaced Persons engaged in engineer work in Germany. He supervised the administration, feeding, and housing of the company until the end of the war.



CPT John R. Creech

Due to demobilization, John reverted to his Master Sergeant rank, but at the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, he was recalled to serve as a First Lieutenant and deployed to Korea with Company I, 5th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division. He served as Platoon Leader, Company Executive Officer, and Company Commander. On October 8 and October 29, 1951, John was wounded, each time by a "potato masher" grenade. The results of the second wound required his evacuation to the United States for treatment, and he

received the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster for his wounds. He retired as a Captain in 1961 and shortly afterward began a 15-year career as a Department of the Army Civilian in inventory control management, which included a two-year stay in Vietnam. He retired to civilian life and golfing in 1976.

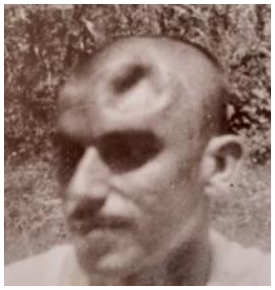
On Dad's side of the family, four of his six brothers served in uniform - three in the Army and one in the Marine Corps.

Vélez-Rodríguez Brothers in military service.
1st Row, L-R: Luis M., Edwin S.
2nd Row, L-R: Nathaniel A., Carlos R.
Not Pictured: David A.

My oldest uncle, **Specialist 3rd Class (Ret) Nathaniel A. Vélez-Rodríguez** (1928-1998), from Ponce, Puerto Rico, was inducted into the Army in 1951 and was trained as a Light Weapons Infantryman at Fort Buchanan. In November 1951, Uncle Nata deployed to Korea and joined Company E, 65th Infantry Regiment (an all-Puerto Rican unit), 3rd Infantry Division, which was conducting counter-offensive operations against a major Chinese offensive aimed at permanently driving UN forces off the Korean peninsula.

SP3 Nathaniel A. Vélez-Rodríguez

On January 1, 1952, near Kojidong, Korea, Uncle Nata suffered a serious head wound from a Chinese mortar fragment. After initial medical treatment at an Army mobile surgical hospital, he was evacuated through Japan to Brooke Army Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where he received additional medical treatment, culminating in a cranioplasty to repair the damaged skull. As a result of the injury, he received a Permanent Disability Retirement in 1956 as a Specialist 3rd Class. Despite the injury, he completed a very successful career as the Southern District Director of Puerto Rico's Fomento Cooperativo, a government agency that promotes the formation and supervision of cooperatives as viable models of entrepreneurship and infrastructure development.



My Uncle's Head Wound

Uncle Nata's two sons also served in the Army. My cousin, **Staff Sergeant (Ret) Nathaniel A. Vélez-Rodríguez, Jr**., from Yauco, enlisted in 1970. After basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, he served as a Machinist in Vietnam; Fort Jackson, South Carolina; Aberdeen Proving

Grounds, Maryland; Fort Benning, Georgia; and Furth, Germany. He completed his military service in 1981 and entered the tool and die making industry, initially as a machinist and then in management. In the meantime, he enlisted in the National Guard and retired in 1986 as a Staff Sergeant with 24 years of service.

Uncle Nata's other son, cousin **Vladimir O. Vélez-Rodríguez**, from Ponce, enlisted in the Army in 1982 and after training at Fort Buchanan, served as an Equipment Records and Parts Specialist at Fort Lee, Virginia; Fort Hood, Texas; and Sinop, Turkey. He completed his enlistment in 1985 as a Specialist 4th Class and is enjoying a successful career in the cardboard box and container manufacturing industry.

My uncle, **Command Sergeant Major (Ret) Edwin S. Vélez-Rodríguez** from Yauco, enlisted in the Army in 1952. Uncle Edwin served in supply and logistics management positions at several Army installations, including Fort Brooke, Puerto Rico; the Panama Canal Zone; Fort Dix, New Jersey; Fort Bliss, Texas; Korea; Vietnam; and Fort Hamilton, New York. He served also as Sergeant Major of the Army Recruiting Activity at Fort Hamilton and then as the Fort Hamilton Installation Command Sergeant Major. He retired with 27 years of service and is currently living in retirement in Florida.

PFC Edwin S. Vélez-Rodríguez

Uncle Edwin (right) helps present a token of appreciation from Army Recruiters to Yankees Manager, Billy Martin (1977).

Edwin's son, my cousin **Colonel (Ret) Rey A. Vélez**, from the Panama Canal Zone, was commissioned an Army Intelligence Officer in 1982 through the Reserve Officer Training Corps Scholarship program at the University of Puerto Rico. He completed a distinguished career, serving in key positions, including Commander of the 201st Military Intelligence Battalion, Fort Gordon, Georgia; Senior Intelligence Officer (G2) of the 1st Cavalry Division, Fort Hood, Texas; Chief of the Joint Analysis Center, Operation Iraqi Freedom, Bagdad, Iraq; Commander of the 470th Military Intelligence Brigade, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; and Senior United States Defense Official (Defense Attaché), Bogotá, Colombia. Rey retired in 2007 as a Colonel with 25 years of service.

My uncle, **Luis Manuel Vélez-Rodríguez** (1932 – 2015) from Yauco, enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1952 at San Juan and attended boot camp at Parris Island, South Carolina. Unfortunately, he sustained an eye injury during training that eventually resulted in the loss of his right eye. Consequently, Uncle Luis received an honorable discharge with physical disability in January 1953. Despite this injury in early life, his very outgoing personality made it possible for him to succeed as an entrepreneur in varied product sales and services.

PVT Luis M. Vélez-Rodríguez

On Mom's side of the family, there were 10 children -- three sisters and seven brothers. Of her seven brothers, three served in the Army.

My uncle, **First Sergeant (Ret) José Antonio Negrón-Frau** (1919 – 2003) from Jayuya, enlisted in the Army in August 1940, was trained as a combat engineer, and then was assigned to the 65th Infantry Regiment, an all-Puerto Rican unit. In February 1944, the 65th was ordered to North Africa in preparation for the Allied invasion of Europe. In October 1944, the 65th was assigned to the Seventh Army to help defeat German forces in southern France to end the war. Uncle José Antonio (it is Spanish custom to use both names together) continued to provide leadership to combat engineers as the 65th joined in the attack east towards Germany, crossing the Rhine River, and occupying key towns and crossroads. For his service in World War II, Uncle José Antonio earned campaign participation for the Rome-Arno, Rhineland, Ardennes-Alsace, and Central Europe campaigns.

1SG José Antonio Negrón-Frau

CSM José Antonio Negrón-Frau

Uncle José Antonio again served in combat as a First Sergeant with the 65th Infantry Regiment in Korea in 1951 – 1952, a period of very heavy combat against major Chinese Communist Forces offensive operations. Following the Korean War, he served in various Combat Engineer support positions at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, and at Fort Buchanan. In 1961, he was promoted to Command Sergeant Major (temporary) of an Armor battalion at Hanau, Germany, as part of the of the U.S. response to the Berlin Crisis and the Berlin wall. He returned to Puerto Rico in 1962 and retired to complete a very distinguished 21-year Army career as a First Sergeant.

Uncle José Antonio's second oldest son, my cousin **Freddie J. Negrón** from Jayuya, served a distinguished career as an Army medical doctor. He started his medical training at the University

of Puerto Rico with a Bachelor's degree in Biology and then a Master's degree in Environmental Health. In 1977, he was accepted into the U.S. Armed Forces Health Professions Scholarship Program and deployed to Madigan Army Medical Center, Tacoma, Washington, to complete internship and residency training. In 1983 he entered active duty as a Captain in the Medical Corps.

During his Army medical service he served as Chief, Internal Medicine at Fox Army Hospital, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama; as Staff Pulmonologist at Fitzsimons Army Medical Center, Denver, Colorado; and as Chief, Pulmonary Service, Landstuhl, Germany Army Regional Medical Center (LARMC).

As a consultant for the 7th Medical Command, Heidelberg, Germany, he was a key participant in two mass casualty events. The first occurred at the August 1988 Flugtag '88 air show disaster at Ramstein Air Base, West Germany, when three Italian Air Force aircraft collided and crashed into a crowd of spectators, killing 3 pilots and 67 spectators, and seriously wounding 346 other spectators. The second involved the August 1989 crash of a C-5 Galaxy transport aircraft as it took off from Ramstein Air Base in support of Operation Desert Shield, the initial military buildup phase of the Gulf War. The crash, caused by the faulty engagement of an aircraft reverse thruster, resulted in the deaths of 13 of 17 people on board. Freddie was Chief of the LARMC Intensive Care Unit (ICU) that responded.

During the final phase of the Gulf War, Operation Desert Storm, Freddie continued to lead the LARMC ICU as it received casualties from King Khalid Hospital, Saudi Arabia, and forward field clinics. In 1992, he served as Chief, Internal Medicine Service, Winn Army Community Hospital, Fort Stewart, Georgia, where he completed his exceptional military service.

Miguel Angel Negrón-Frau

Unfortunately, little additional information has been available on the following two uncles from my mother's side of the family.

Miguel Angel Negrón-Frau (1921 – 1975) enlisted in the Army in 1940 and was discharged in 1945 as a Private.

Gauvaín Negrón-Frau (1923 – 2007) enlisted in the Army in 1942 and was discharged in 1946 as a Sergeant.

Gauvaín Negrón-Frau

Officer E. Eliel Vélez

My brother, **Edgardo Eliel Vélez** from Ponce, served 35 years as a police officer in Madison, Alabama, and Huntsville, Alabama. He started in 1976 after completing the Police Academy, where he was elected Class President.

In September 1979, Eliel was critically wounded while shooting to death a robbery suspect who had killed an Alabama State Trooper. The incident began when two men robbed a used car dealership of cash and a 1978 Datsun 280-Z with a Tennessee license tag. Shortly afterwards, an Alabama State Trooper stopped the suspects and was shot and killed. Minutes later, Eliel saw a vehicle fitting the description of the stolen vehicle moving at normal speed in traffic. Following the vehicle to check for Tennessee tags, he came upon what appeared to be a traffic accident where a vehicle had skidded off the rain-soaked road into a cotton field. Eliel stopped and exited his vehicle to investigate for possible injuries. He saw that the vehicle was a Datsun, with the windshield wipers on, the driver's door open, but no occupants. So he drew his weapon and cautiously approached the rear to check for a Tennessee tag. Then the driver came out of the cotton field and shot Eliel in the left arm and hip, causing him to fall and drop his weapon. As he attempted to recover it, the suspect approached him with a weapon and a knife.

The Madison Police Chief stated in a newspaper interview "that at this point the suspect had run out of bullets and was going to use the knife on Vélez." Eliel later stated "I guess my survival instincts took over at that point because I fired twice and hit [and killed] him. After that, I passed out." Witnesses stated that Eliel kicked the suspect's body off his legs before losing consciousness. The other suspect was apprehended later.

Madison, AL police officer, Eliel Vélez, presents 1978 EMT of the Year award to Duane Scharr.

For his actions that day, Eliel was awarded the Distinguished Service Award, Alabama's highest honor to a police officer. Many consider it an act of providence that Eliel's best friend, Madison County EMT Duane Scharr, was just one quarter mile away and quickly arrived to stop Eliel's bleeding. Scharr is credited with having saved Eliel's life. During Eliel's recovery, Scharr guided him through an intense physical therapy regimen that allowed him to return to work as a dispatcher in six months and to return to patrolling duties in two years.

Eliel had desired to serve with the larger Huntsville Alabama Police Department where our brother-in-law was an officer. But anti-nepotism rules would not permit that. Nevertheless, when our brother-in-law left years later, Eliel's application to serve there was approved. Despite having graduated from

the Madison Police Academy and having served there for 15 years, Eliel was required to complete the Huntsville Police Academy. As before, he was elected President of his class. He graduated in 1990 as the oldest graduate at 42 years of age. He went on to complete a very successful 20-year career with the Huntsville Police Department and is now retired in Madison. Our family is extremely proud of his 35 years of police officer service.

SSG Larry D. Gillespie

My late brother-in-law, **Staff Sergeant (Ret) Larry Dean Gillespie** (1948 – 2020) from Alton, Illinois, was inducted into the Army in 1968. After training as a Heavy Vehicle Driver, he was assigned to Headquarters, Defense Nuclear Agency at Sandia Base, New Mexico, for a special assignment as driver for the Agency's commanding officer. Although the CO was a Navy Admiral, Larry performed his duties in an exemplary manner. Upon the expiration of his compulsory service, Larry returned to his home in Illinois. But apparently missing Army life, he quickly reenlisted.

This time there was no special assignment, as he was sent to Vietnam where he served in the 196th Infantry Brigade as a truck driver transporting fuel and ammunition – very dangerous business! From Vietnam, Larry was assigned to Germany but became so dissatisfied with the low morale and poor discipline in his unit that he requested a second tour in Vietnam -- again as a truck driver with the 196th Infantry Brigade. Upon return to the United States, he was assigned to Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. His outstanding military record earned him selection as driver for the Commanding General, Army Materiel Command. Larry served in that position until he left active duty in 1974. He was quickly hired by the Huntsville Alabama Police Department under a federal program to hire military veterans.

Officer Larry D. Gillespie and K-9 Bandit

Initially, Larry served several years as a K-9 Officer with K-9 Jake and then K-9 Bandit. In 1977, while still serving as a police officer, he joined the Alabama National Guard, initially in the 20th Special Forces Group, then the 109th Evacuation Hospital. He deployed with the 109th when it was activated to support Operation Desert Storm.

Larry served a very distinguished 27-year career as a police officer and received 22 letters of appreciation/commendation. He was twice named Huntsville Police Department Officer of the Year. When he finally retired in 2008 as a Staff Sergeant, he had completed 39 years of service to the Nation.

Larry's pride in service and his love of "things military" motivated him to volunteer at the U.S. Veterans Memorial Museum in Huntsville about 2000. This became a passion for him, and he dedicated an incalculable amount of time during a 20-year period to its improvement and expansion. Through his service in the police department,

the National Guard, the Museum, and many other community service projects, Larry became well known and respected within the Huntsville police officer and military veteran community. For many years until his passing, a tradition of the Huntsville, Alabama Veterans Day Parade was for Larry to lead the parade by driving a vintage Army M35 2.5-ton truck ("deuce and a half") from the Museum, accompanied in the cab by his wife (my sister) Enitza, and their pet beagles Lucy and then Dolly. Several veterans would ride in the truck's cargo bed distributing small U.S. flags to parade spectators.

We lost Larry to COVID on July 4, 2020. His contributions to the museum and the Huntsville, Alabama Veteran community were so well known and admired that his Celebration of Life on the Museum grounds was attended by a large number of the Huntsville community. A close friend of Larry's, noted Huntsville retired judge and attorney, S.A. "Bud" Watson, Jr., said of him, "When Larry retired, he didn't quit – he just worked for free – for the Veterans Museum, for neighbors, for anyone who needed help." Another friend described him as "Everyone's best friend." In his honor, the museum conference room was named "The Larry Gillespie Conference Room." Near its door are prominently displayed pictures of him in Army and Police Officer uniforms as well as a shadow box of his Army unit insignia and awards. When Larry and Enitza last visited Marilyn and me at our Virginia home. they brought us a two-foot-tall lawn statue of a U.S. soldier holding a U.S. flag and saluting. This "little soldier" is on our lanai where he watches over us and reminds us of Larry.

SFC Rufino Rodríguez, Jr.

My wife Marilyn's family also served our Nation with distinction. Her dad, my father-in-law **Sergeant First Class (Ret) Rufino Rodríguez, Jr.** (1924 – 2004) from Aguadilla, Puerto Rico, was inducted into the Army in 1943. He completed his compulsory service in the Panama Canal Zone in 1945 as an Anti-Aircraft Artillery Gun Battalion Radar Operator.

Before his return to Puerto Rico, a fellow Puerto Rican soldier showed him the picture of Vidalina Nieves (1928 – 2019), who lived in Corozal, Puerto Rico. This soldier had known Vidalina most of his life and was engaged to another girl, so he suggested to Rufino that he "look her up" when he returned to Puerto Rico.

What luck! Rufino did just that and it was love at first sight for them both. They married in July 1947. Vidalina often said that she "couldn't sleep" after meeting Rufino, and that "he was the cutest guy she had ever met." In October 1947 when pregnant with their first child, Rufino left his job as a clerk with the Fort Buchanan Office of the Post Engineer to reenlist in the Army.

Vidalina Nieves

Like so many Army wives, Vidalina served the Nation through her support of Rufino's 21-year military career. She very successfully managed the many challenges of being an Army wife while raising three daughters. All three grew up to be dedicated military wives and loving mothers themselves, including my wife, Marilyn. Vidalina additionally made time to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree in Education and was an elementary school teacher for 32 years.

With Vidalina's strong support, Rufino went on to serve as a guided missile radar electronics specialist at Fort Sill, Oklahoma; Fort Bliss, Texas (two tours); Fort Richardson, Alaska; Fort Belvoir, Virginia; Korea (two tours); and Fort George G. Meade, Maryland. He retired in 1965 as a Sergeant First Class. Following retirement, Rufino used his electronics education and experience to work as a supervisor at a computer chip manufacturing company in Puerto Rico, while Vidalina attended the University of Puerto Rico. In 1967, they moved to El Paso, Texas where Vidalina completed her Bachelor of Arts degree in Education from the University of Texas, El Paso, in 1971.

They then moved to Plainview, Texas, where Vidalina began her teaching career and Rufino began substitute teaching at a high school. In 1974, they moved to College Station, Texas, where Rufino attended Texas A&M University to pursue a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Education, while Vidalina continued her teaching career. Unfortunately, he had to withdraw from classes in the final semester due to serious health limitations. In 1978, they moved to Houston, Texas, to be closer to family. Vidalina continued to teach until she retired, and they then began to enjoy full retirement together.

Soldiers of the 65th Infantry Regiment

The Vélez and Rodríguez families have rich traditions of service to the Nation and to local communities. We are also proud that Puerto Ricans have honorably served in US conflicts dating back to the American Revolutionary War. However, our Family Heritage Story is a "work in progress," as there is very meaningful service yet to be researched and documented.

—Charlie Velez '70

Note: The 65th Infantry Regiment, also known as "The Borinqueneers," is a unique Puerto-Rican unit of the United States Army and was the first desegregated Hispanic military unit in US history. Its regimental nickname comes from the Taíno name for Puerto Rico, Borikén. The Borinqueneers served with honor and distinction during World War I and II, the Korean War, and the Global War on Terrorism. In 2014, the 65th was awarded the Congressional Gold Medal.

Gregory David Vuksich (I-4)

Service on MacArthur's Staff and as a Provincial Governor

Lt Col, San Francisco, c. 1946

Colonel Melvin M. Vuksich was born on 16 July 1914 in Gary, Indiana, three months after his parents landed in New York City, immigrants from the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Because his father was a Serbian Orthodox priest, the family moved from parish to parish in the Midwest as he grew up. Known by most as "Mel" but "Buck" in the family, he graduated from Ohio State University in 1938 with a degree in accounting and an ROTC reserve commission in the field artillery.

Returning to San Francisco where the family had moved several years prior, Mel worked at a public accounting firm until called to active duty in 1940 and sent to Fort Hunter Liggett, California. As the war clouds gathered, he was assigned to the 26th Artillery.

Departing San Francisco in early November 1941 on the USS *Republic*, the 26th Artillery was bound for the Philippines to replace the 200th Artillery on Corregidor Island. The regiment aboard the USS *Republic* sailed out of Hawaii on 30 November as part of Task Force Pensacola, led by the cruiser of the same name. Notified of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Task Force Pensacola was diverted to Brisbane, Australia, while the Republic proceeded to Surabaya on the island of Java where it discharged the Army units on board. Intended to defend against the Japanese drive south, Vuksich along with other elements were evacuated from Java to Perth, Australia, and, subsequently, moved by train to Brisbane.

Military governor of Zamboanga Province, c.1945

In the course of the reorganization of US forces in Australia, Lieutenant Vuksich was assigned as the aide-de-camp to the chief of Engineers on General MacArthur's staff. When the island hopping began, Mel went with it, first to New Guinea via Port Moresby and then fighting his way through the landings at Wiwak and Biak before stepping ashore in the Philippines late in 1944. Despite accumulated service points to merit return to the US, he accepted an extension in the Philippines. Major Vuksich was transferred to the Adjutant General Corps and assigned as the military governor of Zamboanga Province.

In May of that year, he returned to San Francisco where he remained on active duty until 1946 in various support roles. Going back to his accounting practice after discharge in San Francisco (and becoming one of the original season ticket holders of the newly formed San Francisco 49ers),

Lieutenant Colonel Vuksich was recalled to active duty in 1950. He was assigned to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, as the Adjutant General tasked with the reactivation of the 8th Infantry Division, initially bound for Korea but redirected to Germany.

Given his native language capability in Serbo-Croatian, Mel was reassigned in 1953 as the executive officer of the American Military Assistance Section of the US Embassy in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, delivering military equipment to the Yugoslavs as they fought border skirmishes with the Warsaw Pact. Subsequently, Colonel Vuksich served as the Adjutant General of XI Corps in St. Louis, Missouri; Allied Land Forces Southeast Europe in Izmir, Turkey; Third US Army at Fort McPherson, Georgia; I Corps in South Korea; and the 22nd Field Army Support Command at Fort Lee, Virginia.

Colonel Vuksich retired at West Point in July 1969. He, his wife Estelle and their daughter Marilyn Ann resettled in Cornwall, New York, adjacent to the three sons then cadets at the US Military Academy, Gregory in the Class of 1970, Paul in the Class of 1972 and John in the Class of 1973. Melvin M. Vuksich passed away in August 2001. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery on 5 September 2001 overlooking the 5th Corridor of the Pentagon. Ironically, having left Pearl Harbor a week before the Japanese attack, he was buried at Arlington National Cemetery a week before the 9/11 attack on the Pentagon.

Retirement Ceremony on 31 August 1969
Paul '72, Greg '70, Marilyn, Colonel Vuksich, Mrs. Estelle Vuksich, John '73

Mel's two brothers and three brothers-in-law, my uncles, all served in WWII.

Uncle Nick **(Colonel Nicholas Masich)** was one of the first radar guys in the Army Air Corps. He led a separate platoon to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic for a year. There they set up a radar site to guide our aircraft going from the US to Brazil, across the Atlantic to Africa and then to north Africa and Europe. After the war, Nick was the director at White Sands Proving Ground and Sandia Base in New Mexico for atomic weapons testing.

Uncle Ray **(Tech Sergeant Raymond Vuksich**) was a gunner in the 741st Independent Tank Battalion that went ashore on Omaha Beach. His battalion was attached to the 1st Infantry Division and then the 2d Infantry Division as Ray made his way across France into Germany.

Uncle Bob **(Delmar Vuksich)** was with the Office of Strategic Service (OSS). It was US's intelligence agency during WW II and forerunner to the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). Bob followed tactical units across Europe and, a native Serbo-Croatian language speaker, once the war ended, he stayed on the ground doing OSS stuff in Austria and elsewhere.

Uncle "Mac" **(Sergeant* Eli Masich)** was an aircraft mechanic in Europe from 1943 to the end of the war. He served at Army Air Corps bases in England, France and Germany before returning home to Girard, Ohio, in 1946. Mac's proudest accomplishment that he took such pleasure recounting to his young nephews was that during his military service he was *promoted to "buck sergeant" three times.

Uncle John **(Staff Sergeant John Robert Balmer)** trained as a bombardier on the B-25 Mitchell bomber outside of Carlsbad, New Mexico. The war ended before he got across the pond.

— **Greg Vuksich '70**

Robert Werner Jr. (H-4)

The WWII Service of My Parents – Charter Members of the Greatest Generation

Dorothy and Sergeant Robert Werner, 1943

When our country went to war in 1941, both of my parents, **Robert Werner** and **Dorothy Werner** (formerly Dorothy Clara Rose Hamer), joined in the war effort. Here is a brief summary of their contributions.

Prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Dad worked at Grumman Aircraft Engineering in Bethpage, Long Island, fabricating instrument panels for Navy Wildcat fighter planes. When the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor occurred, Mom and Dad had just finalized their plans for a December wedding.

The young couple went ahead with their December wedding as planned, and Dad gave Grumman notice he would be leaving to join the Army. Grumman in turn notified Dad that his job was deemed critical and thus he was exempt from being drafted. Dad went ahead and enlisted anyway - choosing the Army Air Corps in the hope of becoming a pilot.

Meanwhile Mom, realizing Grumman needed many workers, and wanting to do her part, applied for a job at Grumman. She was selected to work in the Grumman administration office, where she was given an important and challenging assignment – Mom was responsible for implementing and maintaining a new employee training program to accommodate the expanding workforce necessary to meet the ever-increasing aircraft production required by our Navy.

After completing Basic training Dad attended Aviation Cadet training, a demanding process that included a series of schools where he achieved high marks. He was only six flight hours shy of graduation when he mistakenly landed on the wrong runway, an automatic disqualification that was a huge disappointment for him. Normally, flight school washouts would then be trained to become navigators or bombardiers, who, like pilots, were commissioned officers. But Army bomber crew losses were mounting, and there were five aerial gunners in every crew, so aerial gunners were the greatest need. Thus, he was then designated to serve on a bomber crew as an aerial gunner and armorer (armorer was an additional duty for one aerial gunner in every crew).

After completing Aerial Gunnery and Armorer training, Dad was sent to Muroc Army Airfield in California where new B-24 Bomber crews were being formed. He joined a crew, led by pilot First Lieutenant Albert Isaacs, serving as right waist gunner and armorer on the 10-man crew. The newly formed crew trained together, completing the three-months-long Phase Two training which integrated their respective individual skills and taught them to function as a team.

1Lt. Albert Isaacs Crew; Muroc Army Airfield, Muroc, California, March '44
Standing (L to R): Sgt. Robert Werner (Right Waist Gunner), 1st Lt. Albert H. Isaacs, Jr. (Pilot), 2nd Lt. Olaf A. Anderson (Bombardier), 2nd Lt. John P. Lavery (Navigator), 2nd Lt. Robert F. Sondeen (CoPilot).
Kneeling (L to R): Sgt. Gordon P. Gregg (Nose Gunner), S/Sgt. Lewis J. Lammiman (Flight Engineer), Sgt. Lee R. Farris (Ball Gunner), PFC. Horace J. Tilson (Tail Gunner), S/Sgt. Lowell W. Jackson (Left Waist Gunner).

Ready for deployment, the new crew would soon be given orders to fly to a war zone. Like the rest of his crew, Dad had no idea where they would be sent, but he realized the experiences ahead of him would be memorable, so he started keeping a detailed diary.

Isaacs' crew was soon assigned a brand-new B-24, and given a sealed envelope with their orders. Due to wartime secrecy, they were instructed to wait until after takeoff to open the envelope. Their orders assigned them to the 15th Air Force, 449th Bomb Group, 718th Squadron, based in Grottaglie, Italy. Also included were detailed directions on their flight route, which had seven fueling stops enroute: Florida, Puerto Rico, British Guiana, Natal, Dakar, Marrakech, and Tunis.

When they finally arrived in Grottaglie, Italy, at midday, an NCO told them no tent space was currently available, but space should become available since the squadron was on a mission, and there would likely be casualties. Sure enough, some planes did not return, and the new crew inherited their accommodations. The four officers - 1st Lt. Albert Isaacs, as well as the co-pilot,

the navigator, and the bombardier - were billeted in one tent; an adjacent tent housed all six enlisted men: Dad and the other five aerial gunners.

New crews were acclimated to combat conditions by initially assigning them individually to experienced crews for a mission or two, after which the new crew would regroup to function as a team. After flying their third mission as a team, Captain Albert Isaacs decided it was time to personalize their B-24 with "Nose Art," naming it "RACY TOMATO!"

Cpt. Albert Isaacs Crew, Grottaglie, Italy, Summer '44
Standing (L to R): 1st Lt. Robert F. Sondeen (CoPilot), 1st Lt. John P. Lavery (Navigator), S/Sgt. Gordon P. Gregg (Nose Gunner), 1st Lt. Olaf A. Anderson (Bombardier), Cpt. Albert Isaacs (Pilot).
Kneeling (L to R): S/Sgt. Robert Werner (Right Waist Gunner), S/Sgt. Lewis J. Lammiman (Flight Engineer), S/Sgt. Lowell W. Jackson (Left Waist Gunner), S/Sgt. John Nipper (Tail Gunner).

From the base in Italy, Dad completed 50 combat missions attacking key targets all over German-held territory. He flew missions in support of the D-Day invasion, as well as raids on three of the most heavily defended targets in Europe: the ball-bearing plants in Schweinfurt, the Messerschmitt fighter factory at Regenburg, and the most heavily defended of all, the Ploesti Oilfields. Ploesti was a formidable target. The 13 oil refineries that comprised the Ploesti oilfields complex supplied two-thirds of Hitler's oil, justifying the 160 88mm anti-aircraft batteries and 200 fighter aircraft defending it.

Hitler's defenses exacted a heavy toll on bomber crews: Regensburg-Schweinfurt raids cost up to one-sixth of our bombers on each raid, while raids on Ploesti exacted an even higher toll - up to one-third of our bombers were lost on each raid. In completing their 50 missions, Dad and his crew survived raids on Regensburg-Schweinfurt as well as four Ploesti raids. Overall, nearly half of US Bomber crews died in WWII, and nearly one-tenth were wounded.

On his 41st mission, flak from a German 88mm anti-aircraft projectile caused considerable damage to the right side of the fuselage adjacent to Dad's waist gunner position. Fortunately, he had vacated his waist gunner position in order to perform his Armorer duties that required him to be in the bomb bay standing on the narrow catwalk inserting fuses into the bombs (fuses were only inserted enroute to the target to facilitate safe storage/ loading of bombs). Had he been at his usual position manning the right waist gun, he likely would have sustained serious wounds.

Unfortunately, the flak destroyed the receptacle where Dad plugged in his electrically heated suit, which, like an electric blanket, needed electric power to function. Ambient temperature was 50 degrees below zero. He was able to briefly plug his suit into the left waist gunner position to generate some heat, but had to return to the right waist window opening to man his 50 caliber machine gun at any sign of Luftwaffe fighters. Both of his hands suffered severe frostbite, and he was grounded for over two months.

The Captain Isaacs crew, with a substitute gunner assigned, completed their 50 missions and were sent back to the US. When his hands recovered sufficiently, Dad was assigned to another crew and completed his 50 missions. Dad then sailed to the US on a Liberty ship, guarding German POWs, arriving home on Halloween, 1944. Mom then accompanied him to Tyndall Field, Florida, where he served as an instructor until WWII ended in September '45, when he was discharged.

After serving in the Army, Dad joined the Nassau County Police Department, Long Island, where he served for 40 years, and achieved the rank of Lieutenant. Mom worked for Hofstra University, where she started as a clerk typist, and worked her way up to becoming the Administrative Assistant to the President. Together, they raised five children; their first child, my older sister Dorothy Jeanne, was born nine months after Dad returned home from overseas.

Lieutenant Robert Werner in police uniform

EPILOGUE

It should be noted that Dad's hands never fully recovered from his frostbite injury. For the rest of his life he suffered from poor circulation in his hands. Every morning he soaked his hands in warm water to help restore feeling. The frostbite injury reduced his grip strength. Many years later his reduced grip strength may well have been the cause of his losing his grip on a ladder resulting in the fall that ended his life.

NOTE: "RACY TOMATO" Nose Art: The Rest of the Story

After flying their third mission as a team, Captain Al Isaacs decided it was time to personalize their B-24 with "Nose Art." Issacs, a former commercial artist and Disney cartoonist, painted an ungainly lady on roller skates, and named his caricature "RACY TOMATO."

"Silver Wings" by well-known WWII Aviation artist Jim Dietz.

While nose art was common on WWII aircraft, the "RACY TOMATO" had unique appeal, was widely photographed, and took on a life of its own long after the B-24 itself perished on a mission on Christmas Day 1944 (with another crew on board).

Commissioned by the US Air Force, well-known WWII aviation artist Jim Dietz created "Silver Wings" encompassing photos of the Captain Albert Isaacs crew and the "RACY TOMATO" nose art.

It includes Isaacs' WWII memorabilia: leather flight jacket, hat (with actual "50 mission crush"), Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC), Air Medal, captain's bars, 15th Air Force patch, oxygen mask, and aviator's sunglasses.

"Silver Wings" is part of the USAF Art Collection.

The painting has appeared on the cover of the Sep 1985 issue of *Air Force Magazine*, on the cover of the 1993 Aerospace Education Foundation Calendar, and on the cover of the 449th Bomber Group history book "*Grottaglie and Home*." It also led to reuniting five members of the original RACY TOMATO crew in 2000.

— Bob Werner '70

William Robert Wessels (D-4)

Multiple Generations of Wessels Family Service

Our classmate Bill would have wanted to share this story from the *TAPS* memorial article for his dad, **Robert Rogers Wessels '44**, who entered with the Class of 1945, which was moved forward to graduate in 1944:

Bob and Jerry Wessels

> Commissioned 6 Jun 1944 (the D-Day Class") into the Infantry, Bob took a short Infantry Officer Basic Course at Ft. Benning, GA, before joining the newly filling 106th Infantry Division as a platoon leader and shipping overseas to Europe. Arriving on 26 Nov 1944, the untested 106th was sent, on 11 December, to relieve the 2d Division in the Belgium Ardennes, a quiet sector of the front lines. The Battle of the Bulge started 16 December, however, rolling right through the 106th. Bob's platoon was on the left flank, miles from the nearest U.S. unit. Bob maintained later that he was the first American soldier to cross the Rhine River (escorted by Field Marshal von Rundstedt, of course).
>
> Bob was a POW in Poland and, as the war was winding down, in Potsdam, Germany. According to the class book *Whom Shall We Send?*, "when the Russian advance scattered the guards, Bob stole a bicycle and headed West. Rump-sprung and half starved, he finally reached Rheims, France, the day before the Germans signed their unconditional surrender." Returning to the States, Bob got busy in the post-war Army. He later wrote, my tour with the 106th after graduation was shorter than the one with von Rundstedt in 44–45. Since the first course at Benning didn't take, they gave me another one after VE and VJ days and sent me to Puerto Rico. There I met and married Jerry (Army Nurse Mary Jane Leuthke) and transferred to the Engineers. Feeling a little shaky with a goat in their midst, the Chief of Engineers immediately sent me to Cornell University, where son Bill was born, and then on to the Louisville District."

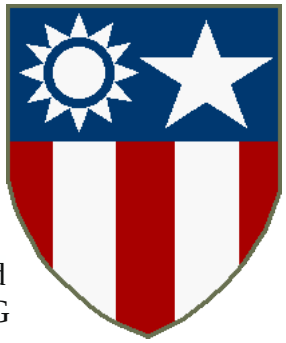
As described in the *TAPS* article, several Corps of Engineers assignments followed for Bob, including a tour as an instructor in the Department of Military Art and Engineering at West Point. After serving as Deputy Division Engineer in Huntsville, Alabama, working closely with NASA, Bob retired from the Army in 1973. He was hired as a construction director for the same office and worked on the space shuttle construction program. When the construction program was completed, he retired again to play more golf and started a small consulting firm "to keep himself off the street."

As mentioned above, Bill's mother, **Mary Jane "Jerry" Wessels**, nee Leuthke, was in the Army Nurse Corps serving as a Second Lieutenant during WWII.

Theodore Francis Wessels

Bill's grandfather, **Theodore Francis Wessels**, was commissioned as an Infantry Second Lieutenant in June 1917 and was assigned to the 63rd Infantry Regiment, which became part of the 11th Infantry Division formed in 1918. The division was training to be shipped to France when the WWI Armistice was announced. Consequently, the division did not deploy overseas, and it was deactivated at the end of November 1918.

Wessels remained in the peacetime Army between the wars and by 1939 was a Lieutenant Colonel and instructor at the Infantry School. Early in 1942, he was attached to the 8th Armored Division, which had been activated and initially served as a training command when the War Department recognized that the number of armored units needed to be drastically increased. Between Feb-Nov 1943, he commanded Combat Command B, 20th Armored Division. The division's mission during this period was to train soldiers and qualify them for overseas shipment as replacements for armored units.



China-Burma-India patch

A Brigadier General (BG) by this time, he went to the China-Burma-India (CBI) theater (the "Forgotten Theater"), where he was commandant of the Yunnan International Training Center operated by the allies in Kunming, China, from Nov 1943 to May 1944, as a part of General Stilwell's plans for training the Chinese Army. In May 1944, he joined Stilwell's staff at the South East Asia Command (SEAC). The following month, Stilwell sent him to assess the situation in the Allied siege of the Japanese forces at Myitkyina, Burma. While there, Stilwell relieved the commanding general of the Allied Myitkyina task force who was incapacitated by malaria and assigned BG Wessels to take command. The task force defeated the Japanese forces in August 1944, taking Myitkyina and its airfield, which allowed for the opening of the Ledo Road linking the Burma Road with China.[35]

BG Wessels left SEAC in Dec 1944 and returned stateside to the Pentagon and served until Jul 1945 as Deputy Commanding General of Army Ground Forces Command, which oversaw mobilization and training of Army ground units in the United States. Post-war, he served as Provost Marshal, US Forces European Theater, Apr 1946 - Aug 1946.

BG Wessels' final assignment after WWII before he retired from the Army in 1952 was as commanding general of Fort McClellan, AL. During WWII, the post had served as an Infantry replacement training center and as an internment camp for German and Italian POWs. The post

[35] During World War II, the Allies used the Burma Road to transport materiel into southwest China. However, the Japanese overran Burma in 1942, closing the Burma Road. The Allies thereafter supplied China by air, flying "over The Hump" from India, which initially proved fatally dangerous and inadequate, leading Stilwell to obsessively pursue the goal of reopening the Burma Road. (Wikipedia contributors. "Burma Road." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. 16 Oct 2022.)

was placed in inactive status following the war. With the onset of the Korean conflict in 1950, BG Wessels was responsible to reactivate the post to have a National Guard training brigade and to operate a Chemical Corps replacement training center.

…

Bill's third great-grandfather, **Francis Wessels**, was a Captain with Company K, 106th Pennsylvania Infantry Regiment during the Civil War. He mustered into service in February 1862 and mustered out at the end of June 1865. During this period, the 106th Pennsylvania saw action in the Peninsula Campaign, Antietam, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness Campaign. Following the Wilderness Campaign, those eligible for discharge were sent to Washington to perform guard duty until they were mustered out in September 1864. The remainder were consolidated into a battalion of three companies and fought through the Appomattox Campaign.

Bill's second great-grandfather, **William Thatcher**, served in Company B, 39th Mississippi Infantry Regiment during the Civil War. The regiment organized in late spring 1862 at Jackson, MS. The 39th Mississippi was among the Confederate forces that surrendered at Port Hudson in July 1863 after the fall of Vicksburg. Following a prisoner exchange in December, the unit was involved in the Atlanta Campaign, Hood's Tennessee operations, and the defense of Mobile.

…

Based upon Theodore Francis Wessels' application to the Sons of the American Revolution (SAR), Bill's fourth great-grandfather, **Eber Stocking**, was a Sergeant in Col. Philip Burr Bradley's 5th Regiment of the Connecticut Line. During his service, the 5th Connecticut was engaged in the New York and New Jersey campaign, the Battle of Ridgefield, the Battle of Germantown, and the Battle of Monmouth.

…

Based upon the same SAR application, Bill's eighth great-grandfather, **Samuel Stocking**, was one of the first settlers of Middletown, CT, and the first deacon the Middletown Church. He served in the colonial militia in King Philip's War[36], an armed conflict in 1675–1676 between the Indian inhabitants and the New England colonists, which resulted from increasing tensions that had built up over the fifty-five years after the founding of the Plymouth colony with the continuing expansion of colonist settlements into native land.

— **Mac Love, A-4/D-4 classmate, for Bill Wessels '70**

[36] King Philip's War (sometimes called the First Indian War, Metacom's War, Metacomet's War, Pometacomet's Rebellion, or Metacom's Rebellion) is named for Metacomet, the Wampanoag chief who adopted the name Philip because of the friendly relations between his father Massasoit and the Mayflower Pilgrims. (Wikipedia contributors. "King Philip's War." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 1 Nov. 2022.)

David Dana White Jr. (C-4)

Mom and Dad at Stateside Plants; Uncle and Cousin in Combat

Ruth Fair White, 1945

My mother, **Ruth M. Fair**, never identified herself as a "Rosie the Riveter;" however, during 1943 and 1944 she worked at the Goodyear Aircraft plant at Akron, Ohio, helping build B-26 (Marauder) bombers. At that time, she lived a little south of North Canton, Ohio, and she and four other women in her neighborhood carpooled the 18 miles to work at the Goodyear plant.

Ruth was responsible for installing the "Bell crank system" in the rear of the wings on the B-26. The bell crank system controlled the flaps on the wings. The crew that worked on the wings consisted of six people working in groups of twos.

Installing the Bell crank system consisted of mounting a rod (approximately 5 to 6 feet long) and the brackets inside the wing, with safety wires to prevent the bracket bolts from loosening.

She worked with both hands through a hole in the wing that was approximately 4 to 5 inches in diameter to install control rods, brackets, and safety wires on the system – without being able to see what she was doing.

She had to ensure that the control rod was positioned in the wing in a specific position. Whenever a rod was not correctly positioned, the incorrectly installed rod, brackets, and bolts had to be removed, and the process completely re-worked to position the rod correctly.

Before she left Goodyear Aircraft in late 1944, she also began doing minor work on B-29 bombers.

Her starting pay at the plant in 1943 was 65 cents an hour for working the night shift. Employees were paid a 5 cent per hour "shift bonus" to work the night shift. When she left the plant in 1944, she was making 95 cents an hour.

At this Goodyear Aircraft plant in Akron, Ruth and 32,000 other workers manufactured aircraft parts, to include the B-26 outer wing and B-29 fuselage.

On February 8, 1943, while he was a student at Kent State University, in Kent, Ohio, my maternal uncle, **Chester A. Fair Jr**., enlisted in the US Army Air Corps. He was initially provided aviation training near Fargo, North Dakota.

Chet Fair, 1943

Following the Battle of the Bulge in December 1944, he was removed from aviation training and temporarily transferred to a post near Le Mans, France where he was re-trained to be an infantryman. Chet was subsequently assigned as a replacement infantryman in D Company, 423d Infantry Regiment, 106th Infantry Division, which had been decimated during the Battle of the Bulge. He fought with the 106th Infantry Division across Germany for the rest of the war.

423d Infantry

After the war ended, he performed occupation duty southwest of Linz, Austria. Chet had been an exceptional athlete in high school who had been selected for "All-State" honors in football and basketball. During the occupation, he was selected for the All-Army Basketball team that played games across Europe to entertain the occupation troops. Several members of that team later played in the NBA.

After the Army, he became a teacher and the head football coach at Lehman High School in Canton, Ohio, from 1958 to 1969. Later, he was on the football coaching staff at the University of Toledo.

Franc White, 1942

In 1943, my first cousin, **Francis P. White Jr.**, was working for the Bechtel-McCone Corporation as an aircraft mechanic on a team building B-29 bombers in Birmingham, Alabama. He enlisted in the US Army in August 1944 at Fort McClellan, Alabama.

Although he was a trained and experienced B-29 mechanic, he was selected to serve in World War II as an infantryman.

After basic and advanced infantry training, he was assigned to the 91st Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, Fifth Army, in Italy. In April 1945, the squadron participated in the Po Valley Offensive in northern Italy.

91st Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron

In May 1945, after the war ended, Franc was reassigned as a newspaper correspondent for the *Stars and Stripes* in Italy. One assignment provided him a unique tour of the Vatican that provided him access to protected places in the Vatican that are not normally shown to outsiders.

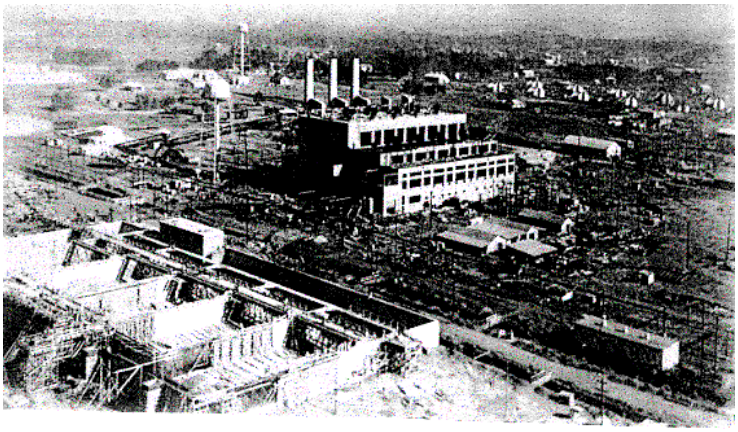
Following the war, Franc became host of *The Southern Sportsman,* a popular television show across the south. *The Southern Sportsman* was an outdoor show that presented hunting and fishing throughout the United States and around the world, and then Franc cooked what he had caught. A major theme of the show encouraged wildlife and nature conservation.

My father, **David D. White Sr.** (born in 1899) enlisted as a private in the Student Army Training Corps (SATC) in October 1918, while a student at Birmingham Southern College, in Birmingham, Alabama.

David D. White, 1918

He was discharged in December 1918 after the war ended in November, but despite his short term of enlistment, he was credited as being a World War I veteran. After the war, he became a school principal, teacher, and sports coach.

In early 1942 during World War II, he worked for the Dupont Powder Corporation as a security engineer at the Army Ammunition Plant at Childersburg, Alabama, where he served into 1944, when he returned to education as a principal and teacher.



Army Munitions Plant with 20,000+ workers

— Dave White ‘70

Lawrence Kermit White Jr. (I-4)

Red White: Leader in Combat and at the CIA

Here, in his own words, is the account of how my Dad, **Lawrence Kermit "Red" White (USMA 1933)**, got into West Point. It's a pretty good story 90+ years old. In his later years, his short-term memory failed, but his long-term recollection stayed rock solid. He loved telling this one:

I graduated from Troy High School (Troy, Tennessee) with the Class of 1929 at the age of 16. I remember that Maude Green, a very nice young lady, was the class valedictorian, and Paul Marshall, a non-athletic type and a very nice fellow, was second in the class. Then there was the rest of us, a total of 23 in our high school graduating class.

So, there I was in the summer of 1929, a high school graduate, but where did I go from there? I had done all kinds of jobs on the farm, and this was sun-up to sun-down work for $1.50 a day. I also worked for a man named Gid McRee who dealt in a small way in livestock. I'd go to his house on Saturday morning about daylight, and we'd round up a few cattle, maybe the pigs in the morning, maybe some sheep, and he'd put the pigs in the wagon, and his little boy whose name was Doc and I would take the sheep, pigs and cattle the 10-mile drive to Union City. Gid would sell them to somebody who dealt in livestock up there.

We'd get to town around noontime. He'd turn his animals over to the buyer, then he'd take us to lunch at a nearby grocery. Lunch consisted of 25 cents worth of bologna sausage and crackers and a Coca-Cola. The 25 cents worth of bologna fed all of us, however many there were, and of course we each got a Coke. Then we'd get back on the wagon and ride back to Troy with him. We'd get back in late afternoon. For that day's work I got $1.00.

I also learned to cut meat for my father in Mr. Tate's meat market many times. For this I got $1.50 a day. I also delivered for the Troy Grocery Company, driving a horse and a hack from opening until closing, a pretty busy day, and for this I got $1.50.

I remember many ladies to whom I delivered groceries who wanted me to kill a chicken for them, and I became pretty expert at that. I also remember that most of them had had kerosene stoves, and I would deliver 5 gallons of kerosene with a potato stuffed over the spigot to keep it from spilling out. Then I would empty my can into their kerosene cans.

One other job I had during this period was stacking lumber in the lumber yard. It was a man's job for sure. We worked a 10-hour day for 25 cents an hour. And so it went.

The most money I ever made working on anything that would earn me a dollar was digging ditches when the waterworks were installed. I got 25 cents an hour for a 10-hour day. This was during the summer between my junior and senior high school years. There was a crew of 32 people who worked on this ditch-digging project. There were 30 blacks and 2 whites – I was one and a boy named Paul Neeley. We would draw a spade, shovel and pick and go out and measure off three long-handled shovel lengths, which was to be our chore. All 32 of us had the same chore, and we were supposed to finish at about the same time and move off and measure another portion. It was pretty difficult, as a matter of fact sometimes impossible, for me to keep up with those 30 blacks. However, I liked them, and they liked me, and when I would run short, they would help me. As a

matter of fact, in delivering groceries and working here there and elsewhere with blacks, we had a lot of respect for each other.

No doubt in our town we were prejudiced, and in one little restaurant in town where the blacks were not allowed to enter, many times they stood outside and gave me their money and I would go in the restaurant and buy a Coca-Cola or whatever they wanted and bring it out to them. I think it's fair to say that I had many friends among blacks although I was raised to treat them as second-class.

Well, here was a high school graduate with no chance except one in a million that West Point would be interested in me and not much to look forward to except stacking more lumber, digging more ditches and doing more farm work.

Shortly before my graduation from Troy High School in 1929, a boy named Jack Moffat, a junior in high school, was sitting across the aisle from me in study hall reading some sort of a pamphlet. I said, "Jack, what are you reading?" and he handed me a pamphlet. The first sentence I read said, "Cadets at the United States Military Academy receive a salary of $1,080 a year." Well, I want to tell you, $1,080 a year to me in 1929 was big money, so I read the rest of the pamphlet and learned that a congressman, if he so chose, could give you an appointment to West Point or Annapolis.

Congressman Jerry Cooper, who lived in Dyersburg, Tennessee, was a World War I veteran and had just been elected to Congress. Mr. Cooper went on for many years in Congress and was Chairman of the Ways & Means Committee, a very powerful position in the Congress. I didn't know the newly elected congressman in 1929, but I knew a minister in our town whose name was Reverend Leonard Neal. He had been my scoutmaster when I was active in scouting during my high school days. I thought well of him, and I thought he probably thought well of me. At any rate, he and Jerry Cooper were very good friends, having been together in the Army in World War I.

So, I went to Reverend Neal and took the pamphlet along with me. He read it with about as much interest as I had, and I don't think he knew any more about how to go to West Point before reading that pamphlet than I did. At any rate, I asked Reverend Neal if he would be good enough to ask his friend Jerry Cooper to give me an appointment to West Point or Annapolis. He said he would be very glad to speak to Jerry about it.

Without further ado on my part, Reverend Neal spoke to his old friend, and early in June I got a letter from Congressman-elect Cooper saying that he would be happy to give me an appointment to West Point or Annapolis, but wouldn't have a principal appointment available until 1932. He went on to say, however, that he had a first alternate appointment vacant for West Point for the class entering in 1929, and if I would like that, he would be happy to submit my name as an active candidate. I, of course, wrote Mr. Cooper immediately and said that I would be most grateful if he would follow through and give me the first alternate appointment to West Point.

Nothing else happened as far as I knew for the next couple of weeks, but about the middle of June 1929 I received a letter from West Point saying they had received the congressman's nomination for my appointment as a first alternate. They explained that normally I would have been required to take a validating examination to make sure that I was qualified, but that it was too late to take the examination for the class entering July 1, 1929. They enclosed a form and requested that I obtain a transcript of my high school record and send it to West Point for their consideration.

None of the four high school teachers lived in Troy, Tennessee, and I didn't know where to find any of them, but I soon learned that the principal of the high school, a man named Clay Murray, resided in Dukedom, Kentucky, which was about 70 miles from Troy, Tennessee. In the next day or two I made it to Dukedom and started looking for Mr. Murray. I found him in a general merchandise store. This is a store where they sell dry goods, groceries, harness, you name it, a general store in every sense of the word.

Mr. Murray greeted me, and I brought him up to date on all that had transpired so far with my desire to get an appointment to West Point. He looked at the form and said, "Kermit, I'm awfully sorry I can't help you with this. I only taught two subjects of the 16 and 1/2 high school credits you have. I'll be glad to report the grades that I remember you made in those two subjects, but I can't do anything about the other 14 and 1/2."

A very friendly discussion ensued. I can't remember the exact words, except I know that the message I tried to convey was that probably since this was only a first alternate appointment, nothing would ever come of it, but it would be a terrible shame if I never got a chance, because I couldn't get somebody to fill out a cotton-pickin' form? Mr. Murray was very sympathetic, and in short order he said to me, "I'll tell you what we're gonna do. We are gonna estimate 'em!" He and I adjourned to the back of this grocery store and from an old ice box with a sliding door on top, he bought two Coca-Colas, and we sat down and estimated my high school grades for the whole four years. He would ask me, "What did you make in Algebra I?" I would say, "A." "How about Algebra II?" I would say, "A." Without exception I continued to say "A," which was of course an exaggeration. Occasionally, Mr. Murray would say, "I think we'd better make that a B+."

In any case, by the time he and I had finished this exercise, and he'd signed the paper, I had a pretty outstanding high school record. In fact, I've often thought that both Maude Green and Paul Marshall, who had been number 1 and 2 in the class, should be notified that things had been slightly rearranged. I took the certificate and immediately mailed it to West Point, still thinking nothing would ever come of it.

I continued to work for Mr. Allen Howell, and on the 28th day of June, as I remember it, Mr. Howell's wife came to the fence around the field I was ploughing behind two mules and called to me to say that I was wanted on the telephone. I went to the telephone and received a Western Union telegram saying that the principal appointee (who'd taken all the examinations) had failed, that my certificate was approved unconditionally, and that I should report to West Point, New York, on or before noon on July 1st, pending a physical examination.

I left those mules in the field and immediately walked into town, which was about three miles and contacted my mother and father and told them the good news and called the nearest railroad station, which was in Union City, Tennessee, 10 miles from Troy, and said that I needed a ticket for West Point, New York, to arrive there before noon on July 1st. They said they would fix the ticket and let me know what time I had to leave.

There were some other problems. I had some teeth that needed filling, and I went to our local dentist, and he filled three or four teeth for me.

Then I started worrying about this pending physical examination. Tommy Cunningham, a friend, and I drove to Jackson, Tennessee, which was 60 miles away. I had never seen a soldier, but I knew there was a sign down there with a big sergeant pointing and saying, "I want you!" This was, of course, at the recruiting station, but I drove all the way down there and talked to this

sergeant who said, "Son, you look fine to me. Why don't you just go on up there," and I went back to Troy.

The pamphlet which told me how to go to West Point when you entered, said you had to have $300 to deposit to take care of your initial equipment. I had no dollars, so I went back to Dr. Meeks and borrowed $150. There was another man in town I knew well, Mr. Harrigan, a retired grocery man. I borrowed $150 from him, so I had the $300, but I needed some more money to pay for my fare to get to West Point. I went to Mr. Hall, another man for whom I had worked in a store and driving a truck and so forth and borrowed $75 from him. Believe it or not, none of these three men asked me to sign a note. I told them what the money was for. They gave it to me and said, "Son, you pay me back when you can." And I did pay them back out of the first money I earned as a Second Lieutenant when I graduated from West Point in 1933.

In the meantime, the railroad station in Union City called and said I would have to leave at 6:00 that night. My mother and dad packed a small suitcase with a few clothes in it and a copy of the Bible and took me to the railroad station in Union City. I departed that evening. Except for a day or two in Memphis once or twice, I had never been away from home before. I had been 17 years old less a month and was going all by myself to West Point. It would be two years before I would again see anyone from my family or hometown.

Luckily, a man who was a traveling salesman sat next to me on the way to St. Louis, and he gave me lots of tips about traveling. Principally, I remember he said, "Just read all the signs, and you'll find out 'most everything you want to know." I read every Burma Shave sign between Union City and West Point, New York, and it worked out pretty well!

I got to Cleveland and had to change trains. I went to Union Station, and I'd never seen so many bright lights. I turned right around and walked outside and contacted a red-capped man who worked for the railroad and told him I wanted to get on a train going to Albany, New York. He put me on a train and said, "Now you just sit there. This train's not going for another hour, but you'll end up in Albany, New York." So, I did.

In Albany I met quite a few other boys on the way to West Point. They were sophisticated. Most of them came from a city, had been to see West Point, knew all about it, and I felt pretty left out except for one boy with whom I sat on the train from Albany to West Point. He came from Oklahoma. His town was a small one, his dad ran a country store, and we got along very well. As a matter of fact, we spent the night together in the Hotel Thayer at West Point before reporting to the Plain on the morning of July 1st. We had agreed to room together, but when the upperclassmen took charge of us as we entered the Plain, he went one way, and I went another. I did not see him again for several months when he was packing his bags to go home. He said it was too much for him and that he was going back to Oklahoma.

Almost everyone entering West Point with our class had had their physicals and all the other things which had to be done and were sworn in on the 1st of July. Because I had to take the physical before they would swear me in, I was not issued any uniforms and was not sworn in until the 5th of July.

While I sat in my room one day waiting to take the physical, the young man who had the second alternate appointment from Mr. Cooper, who I believe had two years of college under his belt, came to West Point and found me in my room. He was a very bright and attractive fellow, and he explained to me that he wanted this appointment more than anything and that he strongly felt that

with two years of college, he could do the job very well. On the other hand, having no education except a high school diploma from Troy, Tennessee, he felt sure I would never make it. He begged me to go back home. He offered to pay all my expenses and to give me additional money, I don't remember how much, if I would leave West Point and let him have this appointment. I declined. I said, "You know, you may be absolutely right about this. I know I'm not very well prepared, but this is the chance of a lifetime for me and I'm going to make the most of it." He left, a very dejected young man.

My physical examination went okay, and on the 5th of July, I was approved, issued uniforms, began marching and getting yelled at and started my West Point career.

I was called Kermit as a kid growing up in Tennessee, but I was dubbed Red by my classmates almost immediately. My first roommate, John Waters, became Soapy.

I made it through Beast Barracks without too much difficulty, but academics were another matter. After the first grading period, I ranked 415 out of 420. I struggled, but with the help of classmates with actual academic credentials, I persevered and graduated 287 out of 347, not high, but not bad when you consider where I started.

And as Paul Harvey used to say, here's the rest of the story, except this version was drafted by our classmate, Skip Clarkson, on my 75th birthday this past July 2022:

Your Dad was in the freaking CIA! More than that, he was made Deputy Director of the CIA early in his career by none other than Allen Dulles. For the 10 final years of his career, and during the time we were at the Academy, he was one of the Senior Directors inside the agency, fulfilling the mission of Executive Director and Comptroller for the entire organization. We can only imagine what information was in the receipts that came across his desk, and in the budgets (seen and unseen) that he published for Congress and the President.

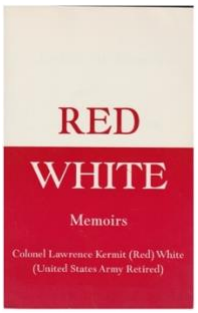
In World War II, your father waged war in the Pacific and was promoted to full colonel at the age of 31. Red led from the front and as the commander, took his 148th Infantry Regiment into the pitched battle for Bougainville in 1943. Along the way, Red earned the Distinguished Service Cross, a Silver Star, two Legions of Merit, three Bronze Stars, and was grievously wounded while leading his troops against an armored suicide attack by the Japanese. Red's division commander said this: "I can say without hesitation that Colonel White was the best regimental commander who served in my command during the entire war, for that matter he was the most capable regimental commander I saw anywhere in the South Pacific." Moreover, he said, "I don't think there was an officer in the Division more truly beloved by his subordinates…than was Colonel White." President Roosevelt awarded Red's regiment a Presidential Unit Citation for liberating 1,400 emaciated American prisoners from a horrible Japanese prison in Manila. Ironically, many of those prisoners were White's friends, men he had known in 1941 when he was stationed with them in the Philippines.

After being shuttled from hospital to hospital over a period of two years, while still on convalescent leave, this war hero walked into the offices of the nascent Central Intelligence Group and asked for a job. He was quickly hired, and in short order, became the head of the Foreign Broadcast

Information Service of the newly created Central Intelligence Agency. Red established a global operation of over twenty stations, monitoring anything and everything that came out of the radio broadcasts of friend and foe, and then feeding that transcribed information to over 700 customers who were trying to be aware of everything the bad guys were doing.

When the demanding General Bedell Smith took over as Director of the CIA, he quickly discovered how the quietly effective Colonel White could push through the traffic and get things done. And so, Red's star began to rise in the organization, marked by an ongoing slew of tasks both inside and outside of his job description. Many (most?) of those jobs will never be known to the public. But one gigantic task is known: He was put in charge of planning and constructing the "new building" in Langley, Virginia. The assignment was originally made by Bedell Smith, but it ended up being a collaborative creation by Red and Allen Dulles working together. It is a credit to White's foresight and attention to detail that the George Bush Center for Intelligence is still known today as the world's most secure building.

And so Red White became a quiet legend in the Central Intelligence Agency. After 25 years when it came time for him to retire in 1972, it was necessary to hold three separate retirement ceremonies to accommodate all the Agency men and women who wanted to come pay him tribute and shake his hand. During his career, Red worked for eight Directors of the CIA. Richard Helms was the last on that list, and this is one of the things Mr. Helms had to say about this American hero: "He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. He will be missed, and he has been a tower of strength to me." Later, in 1997, 50 years after its founding, the CIA internally published an accounting of the fifty most important contributors (Trailblazers) to the Agency's successes over the years, and Red's name was on that list. The Distinguished Intelligence Medal is the second-highest award that can be made within the U.S. Intelligence Community, and Red earned it. We can wonder how many people have received both the second-highest decoration in the military AND the second-highest decoration in the intelligence service. (Thanks for all that, Skip.)



Dad loved to tell stories, and he had a bunch of them. Some 25 years after his retirement from the CIA, I convinced him that he should write some of them down. He dictated, and I edited them, and in 1999 he privately published *Red White Memoirs* – 250 copies. It's 186 pages, and in his 80's and 90's, it gave him great pleasure to give them away with something written inside the front cover. They are all gone these days, but every now and then, there's a used copy from an estate sale on Amazon, and I'm pretty sure we sent one or two to the USMA Library and to the CIA. The unlikely story about how he got into West Point is Chapter 3 of 10.

In 2007 the CIA posted an oral history about Dad – it's a pretty good read - https://www.cia.gov/resources/csi/studies-in-intelligence/archives/vol-43-no-3/an-interview-with-former-executive-director-lawrence-k-red-white/. It was updated in 2011.

Just a few years ago the CIA created an award in Dad's honor. It's called the Lawrence K. (Red) White Award and is presented in a classified setting by the Deputy Director for Administration – a position Dad held for many years. It's awarded in recognition of the outstanding performance by a member of The Directorate of Administration. That's the Agency directorate which provides support services including information technology, communication, logistics, training, financial management, medical services, human resources, and the protection of Agency personnel and facilities worldwide. The Agency was kind enough to invite our family to attend, and I got to receive the first award on Dad's behalf.

Dad died just shy of his 94th birthday and is buried in the West Point Cemetery with his bride of 62 years. They used to introduce themselves as Red White & Sue.

Dad always attributed any success he had in life to family, to his good fortune in getting into West Point, his classmates who carried him the first two years of academics and all that West Point and the Army taught him. I think that remains true for most of us.

— **Lawrence K. White Jr. '70**

Richard Lysle Williams (D-4)

Cold War Warrior

Second Lieutenant Robert A Williams

Many of our fathers and some of our mothers were Hot War Warriors during World War II, Korea and/or Vietnam. Most of them never discussed their war-time actions with others including their families.

My father, **Lieutenant Colonel (Ret) Robert A. Williams**, from Uniontown, Pennsylvania, was no exception. He always wanted to fly airplanes. so he soloed in a biplane and earned his pilot's license in 1937 at the ripe old age of 16. He joined the United States Army Air Forces in March 1942 as an Air Cadet and became a pilot of a Martin B-26 Marauder. Twenty-four years later he retired from the United States Air Force as a Lieutenant Colonel Aircraft Commander of a Boeing B-52 Stratofortress.

Dad's first bomber, a B-26 Marauder

B-26 Marauder

These men and women of the "Greatest Generation" were also warriors in another type of war – "The Cold War." At the end of World War II, my father was assigned to Nuremberg, Germany, as part of the United States Occupation Forces. He was flying B-26s which were modified from bombers to reconnaissance planes. Most of his missions included locating and filming major Soviet Union supply nodes in the countries they occupied in Eastern Europe. Thus began the earliest stages of "The Cold War."

My mom Coral, my brother Bob, and my sister Barbara were living in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, while Dad was gone. Dependents could not join their spouse in Occupied Germany unless they were assigned housing. As one can imagine, housing was at a premium right after the war. Most housing was destroyed and houses that were partially destroyed were occupied by Germans. Nevertheless, First Lieutenant Robert A. Williams was given a jeep with driver, a translator, and an M1911 Colt 45 pistol to strap on his side to commandeer a house. There was a portion of Furth, Germany, which was pre-selected as officer housing. My father found a house and a German couple was living in it. They were ordered to leave. A bomb had hit this house but did not explode and had long since been defused. There was a gaping hole through the roof, as well as the second and first floors and there was major damage to the basement. The Corps of Engineers had removed

the inert bomb and was given the task of repairing the house. My dad wanted the engineers to leave some extra building materials after the repairs were accomplished. He told them he and some of his buddies were going to build-out part of the basement for a playroom for his two children. He had some good bargaining chips for the extra materials. He had the additional duty of being the Officer in Charge (OIC) of the Officer's Club. There may or may not have been some bottles of booze used during the negotiations. The engineers repaired the house and left the extra materials.

My dad kept in contact with the German couple he displaced. He was really torn-up about evicting them from their house. Along with his buddies and the German couple, they built an apartment in the basement. The German couple moved into the apartment. Once Mom arrived, our government authorized extra pay for Dad to hire Germans to be a housekeeper and a gardener. This was a small part of the effort to help restart the German economy. He hired the German couple. They now had an income and lived in their own home.

The couple (the Pfisters) had four boys and they knew the oldest two were killed during the war. The other two, 16 and 14 years old, were drafted into the German Army toward the end of the war. The couple did not know whether the younger two were even alive and if they were, they were afraid the Russians had captured them. They had given the boys' names to organizations who were trying to locate displaced persons. My father assured them he would try to find out for sure if their boys were on any lists. He confirmed they were on a Red Cross list as well as another displaced persons list with German authorities. Since no one had home phones, my dad was able to have the phone number of the Furth Army Airfield flight operations office placed on these lists with a note to contact First Lieutenant Robert A. Williams, USAAF, if the boys were located.

The miracle happened. The boys were found and my dad was called. He commandeered a jeep with a driver and off they went to a displacement camp to pick them up. He could never convince the parents he did not drive all over Germany looking for their boys. My dad was a humble guy and he would say to us, "All I did was provide a phone number and a jeep." I can only imagine the joy Herr and Frau Pfister had in being reunited with their boys.

I was born in the U.S. Army Hospital in Furth in August 1947. The Pfister's house became my first home. My mom told us she never had to worry about having fresh eggs and milk for her children just like Herr Pfister never had to worry about having tobacco for his pipe or Frau Pfister having coffee and sugar. I was told there was something called the "Black Market" and a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes that cost a dime in the PX could be traded for a pre-war Hummel figurine. My brother told me he can remember Herr Pfister cutting the head off a goose in the backyard and watching it fly around with no head. He thought it was really funny. My mom told me that goose was eaten during my first Christmas dinner shared by both families together.

C-47 Skytrain (Gooneybird)

The Cold War almost became hot when the Soviet Union closed ground access to West Berlin, which was completely surrounded by Soviet-occupied East Germany. My father learned how to fly the Douglas C-47 Skytrain (Gooneybird) in about a week and started flying the Berlin Airlift (June 1948 – May 1949). This was extremely dangerous flying

and 101 Allied fatalities occurred during airlift operations. Seventeen American and eight British aircraft crashed. During the height of operations, one airplane landed at West Berlin's Tempelhof Airport every 45 seconds.

My father was extremely proud of flying in the Berlin Airlift. He felt it was the greatest accomplishment of his Air Force career. He knew he was helping to save lives instead of bombing which could take lives. Plus, it showed the resolve of the United States and its Allies to deter Soviet Union expansion.

Dad (on the right) delivering toys from his C-47 during the Berlin Airlift

Returning to the States in 1949, my dad taught new pilots how to fly at Randolph Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas (also known as "the West Point of the Air"). From 1951 to 1957 he flew the Convair B-36 Peacemaker, an airplane never used in combat. It was, however, the first major nuclear deterrent the United States had during the Cold War.

B-36 Peacemaker

B-52D Stratofortress

Dad's Last B-52 Crew

As a Major during a SAC Alert

From 1957 to 1966, my dad flew the nuclear-armed B-52D Stratofortress as part of the nuclear-triad deterrent in the Strategic Air Command (SAC). He flew his final mission the day before he retired from the Air Force.

Now let us return to peacetime West Germany. The Pfisters were forced out of their house in 1949 when my parents returned to the States. My understanding is that my first home was used as U.S. officers' quarters until 1957 when it was given back to Germany as part of the Status of Forces Agreement. The Pfisters got their house back. They and my parents corresponded with each other every Christmas for years. My parents even went to Germany a few times to visit them.

In 1973, another U.S. Air Force First Lieutenant went to visit the Pfisters at their home in Furth. This time it was 1st Lt Richard L. Williams. The house was owned by the 14-year-old boy, Alfred, who was then 40 years old living with his wife and their 13-year-old daughter. When I arrived on their doorstep in Furth, they thought my dad (the real 1st Lt) was coming to visit and they did not know who I was. My mom had given me a picture of her holding me in her arms as a newborn with the two teenage brothers looking at me. I showed them the picture and pointed to the baby in my mom's arms saying, "It's me – kinder, kinder." Their reply, "Must come in!"

Our home in Furth, Germany, in 1947

My parents, as well as those of many of my classmates, were "Cold War Warriors!" Our parents are heroes to us, as my classmates are to me.

— Dick Williams '70

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The whole success of the proposed program hangs ultimately on recognition by this Government, the American people, and all free peoples, that the cold war is in fact a real war in which the survival of the free world is at stake.

—National Security Council report (NSC 68) to the President
on national security objectives and programs, April 1950

Epilogue

It has been inspiring to read about our family members' roles in WWII and other conflicts.

Project team member Bart Engram noted,

> *The greatest benefit of this project is that it has given many classmates a greater appreciation of what their fathers did.*

As Mac Love said,

> *We have really enjoyed reading the personal stories – the sort of stories we never saw in "Art" class where the big picture focus was on applications of principles of war.*

Steven Ambrose expressed similar thoughts in the Foreword to *Band of Brothers*:

> *. . . people grow weary of reading about Dwight Eisenhower and the Supreme Command, or Franklin Roosevelt and his high command, or the strategy of the war. What they seek is the experience of the individual soldier or sailor or airman. They want to know, what did he do? How could he have done that?*

Our team found some interesting connections between stories. Maybe you have found some, too.

> Jon Ekman's father, Bill (USMA '38), and Mac Love's uncle, "Chub" McClean, graduated from the same Baltimore high school in the early '30s. They likely played on the same city championship football team. Decades later, Dick Beahm and his brother, Bob (USMA '68), also graduated from "Poly."
>
> Phil Harris' granddad served in the 82d ("All American") Division in WWI. Years later in WWII, Jon Ekman's dad commanded the 505th PIR in the 82d, Jim Mowery's dad served in E Co of the 505th and John Norton's dad (USMA '41) commanded 3d Battalion of the 505th.
>
> Bill Wessels' dad's unit, the 106th ID, had newly arrived in France on 6 December 44 and was put on the line to relieve Mike Murphy's dad's unit, the 2nd ID, in the Ardennes on 11 December, just days before the Germans launched the Battle of the Bulge.
>
> Jim Duncan's article includes a battle report by his dad, Jim Sr. (USMA '37), who commanded the 20th Tank Bn, 20th AD. Col Newton Jones, commander of the 20th AD's Combat Command B, was killed during this attack. Bill Wessels' grandfather preceded Col Jones as commander of Combat Command B, before the 20th AD deployed to Europe.

In collecting the stories, we hope to have honored the service of these relatives, without glorifying war itself. As Sen. John McCain and Mark Salter wrote in the Afterword to *Thirteen Soldiers: A Personal History of Americans At War*:

> *It is disrespectful to sentimentalize war, to make it seem glorious and romantic. When we do, we devalue the sacrifices made in it.*

Finally, we are pleased to learn that classmates who contributed stories for the project are sharing them with their families and passing the legacy on to following generations.

Cross-Reference Tables

This section is a selected index containing cross-reference tables to identify connections among classmate's stories, such as connections to another classmate's parent in the same battle or conflict or to other USMA classes.

Table 1. World War II Events in Classmate Stories

This table shows the broad scope of military service during WWII that is addressed in classmate stories about their family members.

Event	Classmate (Cadet Company – Regiment)
Asiatic-Pacific Campaign	
Pearl Harbor Attack	Castleman (G-1), Duncan (D-4), Cornelison (F-3), Lisi (I-3), Michalowski (G-1), Roedy (A-4)
Hawaiian Islands	Beahm (B-4), Crawford (A-1), Spear (A-4)
Manila Bay, Philippines Attack, Bataan	Chandler (F-4), Diesto (H-1), Gasperini (A-1), Lough (G-3), Michalowski (G-1), Studer (H-3)
Coral Sea	Leonard (G-2)
Midway	Lisi (I-3), Leonard (G-2)
Aleutian Islands	Lavelle (G-1), Love (A-4)
Cook Islands	Bartholomees (G-2)
Guadalcanal	Beasley (F-1), Cater (C-1), Forsythe (C-1), Harris (A-1), Lisi (I-3), McBeth (I-3), Rozman (A-3), Ward (B-1)
Bougainville	Plummer (B-4), White (I-4)
Cape Gloucester, New Guinea	Cater (C-1)
Kwajalein	Forsythe (C-1), Lavelle (G-1), Love (A-4), Rold (A-4)
China-Burma-India (The "Hump", Myitkyina)	Faraguna (I-1), Heaton (C-2), Pratt (D-4), Thornton (D-2), Varnell (F-3), Wessels (D-4), Williams (G-1), Wittmayer (I-3)
Battle of Philippine Sea ("Marianas Turkey Shoot")	McBeth (I-3)
Saipan	Bartholomees (G-2), Ward (B-1)
Guam	Bailey (F-1), Cross (F-4), Plummer (B-4)
New Guinea	Gerard (I-4), Love (A-4), Vuksich (I-4), White (I-4), Schwaderer (H-4), Shull (D-4), Zoeller (B-2)
Peleliu	Cross (F-4)
Leyte, Philippines	Gerard (I-4), Lavelle (G-1), Love (A-4), Roberts (C-1), Shull (D-4), Vuksich (I-4)
Luzon Landing, Philippines	Diesto (H-1), Love (A-4), Rosenblum (A-1), White (I-4)
Iwo Jima	Brandtner (A-4), Cross (F-4), Homoleski (D-1), Morris (F-1), Purdin (E-1), Ward (B-1)

Event	Classmate (Cadet Company – Regiment)
Manila, Philippines	Diesto I-1), Malkemes (G-3), Roberts (C-1), Rold (A-4), White (I-4)
Okinawa	Bailey (F-1), Brock (F-3), Cater (C-1), Leonard (G-2), Lavelle (G-1), Love (A-4), Michalowski (G-1), Sculley (I-2)
Mindanao	Richard (D-1), Williams (G-1)
South Pacific Island Hopping	Rold (A-4), St Denis (A-4)
Flight Missions – Pacific & CBI	Lampley (G-4), Lisi (I-3), McBeth (I-3), Snider (C-4), Thornton (D-2), Williams (G-1)
Japanese POW Camp	Chandler (F-4), Gasperini (A-1), Lough (G-3), Studer (H-3)
Japanese Occupation	Bartholomees (G-2), Byrd (I-1), Cross (F-4), Diesto (I-1), Engram (F-3), Epley (F-2), Forbes (H-1), Lavelle (G-1), Love (A-4), Maertens (H-3), McCormick (H-2), Michalowski (G-1), Rozman (A-3), Studer (H-3)
European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign	
North Africa	Bisulca (H-3), Brandtner (A-4), Colacicco (C-4), Coy (G-1), Homoleski (D-1), Lampley (G-4), Lough (G-3), Minor (C-3, D-4), Norton (B-3), Opatovsky (A-4), Patterson (C-2), Richard (D-1), Roberts (D-2), Ryder (D-2), Treat (D-3), Van Vliet (E-4), Veenstra (I-4), Velez (A-4), Wilson (I-3)
Sicily	Bisulca (H-3), Colacicco (C-4), Homoleski (D-1), Lisi (I-3), Lough (G-3), Minor (C-3, D-4), Norton (B-3), Patterson (C-2), Shull (D-4), Treat (D-3), Wilson (I-3)
Salerno, Naples, Volturno River, Laiatico	Bisulca (H-3), Brandtner (A-4), Lane (C-4), Lough (G-3), Norton (B-3), Opatovsky (A-4), Patterson (C-2), Shull (D-4), Varnell (F-3), Veenstra (I-4), Wilson (I-3)
Anzio	Bisulca (H-3), Deason (F-4), Lough (G-3), Opatovsky (A-4), Schroeder (E-2), Shull (D-4)
Cassino	Bisulca (H-3), Lisi (I-3), Lough (G-3), Opatovsky (A-4), Veenstra (I-4)
Rome	Bisulca (H-3), Henderson (D-1), Homoleski (D-1), Lisi (I-3), Lough (G-3), Opatovsky (A-4), Schroeder (E-2), Shull (D-4), Veenstra (I-4), Velez (A-4),
Normandy	Adams (D-3), Armeli (I-3), Bartholomees (G-2), Bisulca (H-3), Burns (F-4), Carr (H-1), Castleman (G-1), Colacicco (C-4), Crea (G-4), Diekema (I-1), Ekman (A-4), Elliott (D-3), (Hobson (B-4), Knowlton (D-1), Lampley (G-4), Leonard (G-2), Lough (G-3), Monaco (B-4), Moser (B-4), Minor (C-3, D-4), Murphy (F-1), Norton (B-3), Rold (A-4), Saari (G-3), Schwaderer (H-4), Treat (D-3), Velez (A-4), Vuksich (I-4), Walton (G-1), Wittmayer (I-3), Zoeller (B-2)

Event	Classmate (Cadet Company – Regiment)
Southern France	Brown (I-3), Bisulca (H-3), Cogbill (G-4), Lane (C-4), Reeder (E-1), Shull (D-4), Reeder (E-1), Velez (A-4), Wilson (I-3)
Hürtgen (Hurtgen, Huertgen) Forest	Adams (D-3), Bisulca (H-3), Blakeslee (A-2), Leonard (G-2), Peltier (A-4), Treat (D-3)
Aachen	Bisulca (H-3)
Ardennes, Battle of the Bulge	Adams (D-3), Armeli (B-3/I-3), Bailey (F-1), Bisulca (H-3), Blakeslee (A-2), Burns (F-4), Cogbill (G-4), Crea (G-4), Diekema (I-1), Ekman (A-4), Elliott (D-3), Engram (F-3), Hobson (B-4), Knowlton (D-1), Lane (C-4), Lough (G-3), Maertens (H-3), Michalowski (G-1), Mowery (F-4), Murphy (F-1), Norton (B-3), Pearce (G-1), Roberts (D-2), Schwaderer (H-4), Shull (D-4), Velez (A-4), Wessels (D-4), White (C-4), Wilson (I-3), Zeper (C-1), Zoeller (B-2)
Bastogne	Adams (D-3), Burns (F-4), Carr (H-1), Hanna (D-3), Schwaderer (H-4), Zoeller (B-2)
Siegfried Line	Hanna (D-3), Elliott (D-3), Engram (F-3), Kane (D-3), Love (A-4), Norton (B-3), Studer (H-3)
Rhine	Adams (D-3), Bisulca (H-3), Blakeslee (A-2), Brown (I-3), Burns (F-4), Crea (G-4), Diekema (I-4), Duncan (D-4), Elliott (D-3), Hobson (B-4), Homoleski (D-1), Lisi (I-3), Lane (C-4), Lough (G-3), Maertens (H-3), Meier (F-3), Moser (B-4), Murphy (F-1), Norton (B-3), Rold (A-4), Schroeder (E-2), Schwaderer (H-4), Studer (H-3), Trammel (B-2), Velez (A-4), Walton (G-1), Wessels (D-4), Zeper (C-1)
Po Valley Offensive	Shiely (H-3), White (C-4)
Elbe	Armeli (B-3/I-3), Ekman (A-4), Leonard (G-2)
Flight Missions – Europe & North Africa	Bisulca (I-3), Deason, (F-4),Lampley (G-4), Reineke (C-4), Shiely (H-3), Studer (H-3), Sullivan (I-4), Werner (H-4), Young (F-2)
German POW Camp	Lisi (I-3), Patterson (C-2), Reineke (C-4), Sullivan (I-4), Van Vliet (E-4), Wessels (D-4), Young (F-2)
German/Austrian Occupation	Blakeslee (A-2), Brown (I-3), Ekman (A-4), Ennis (B-4), Hanna (D-3), Hennessey (I-3), Jones (I-4), Lane (C-4), Love (A-4), Maertens (H-3), Monaco (B-4), Mowery (F-4), Murphy (F-1), Walton (G-1), Saari (G-3), Spracher (A-3), White (C-4)
American Campaign	
United States	Castleman (G-1), Clarkson (F-4), Crawford (A-1), Dunwoody (A-2), Jagger (F-3), Lavelle (G-1), McAteer (G-4), Mitchell (H-4), Morris (F-1), Moser (B-4), Patterson (C-2), Peltier (A-4), Pratt (D-4), Reeder (E-1),

Event	Classmate (Cadet Company – Regiment)
	Reineke (C-4), Selby (A-2), Snider (C-4), Werner (H-4), White (C-4), Williams (G-1), Zeper (C-1), Zoeller (B-2)
Caribbean	St Denis (A-4)
Panama Canal Zone	Coy (G-1), Velez (A-4)
Merchant Marine	Blakeslee (A-2), Bryant (C-1), Deason (F-4)

Table 2. Other Conflicts Listed in Classmate Stories

Many stories shared by our classmates focused upon parents' and other relatives' military service in World War II. However, this table shows there were also numerous mentions of other conflicts in which our relatives served in the military as well.

Conflict	Classmate (Cadet Company – Regiment)
Afghanistan	Cogbill (G-4), Dunwoody (A-2), Lane (C-4), Love (A-4), McBeth (I-3), Mitchell (H-4), Jones (I-4), Patterson (C-2), Pearce (G-1), Roberts (D-2), St Denis (A-4), Zoeller (B-2)
Iraq	Cogbill (G-4), Clarkson (F-4), Dunwoody (A-2), Henderson (D-1), Lane (C-4), Lisi (I-3), Love (A-4), McBeth (I-3), Michalowski (G-1), Mitchell (H-4), Mowery (F-4),Patterson (C-2), Roberts (D-2), Ryder (D-2), Velez (A-4)
Vietnam	Adams (D-3), Armeli (I-3), Bailey (F-1), Bartholomees (G-2), Beahm (B-4), Bellotty (C-3), Carr (H-1), Coy (G-1), Dunwoody (A-2), Forbes (H-1), Forsythe (C-1), Gasperini (A-1), Hennessey (I-3), Jones (I-4), Knowlton (D-1), Lampley (G-4), Leonard (G-2), Love (A-4), Maertens (H-3), Michalowski (G-1), Mitchell (H-2), Morris (F-1), Mowery (F-4), Norton (B-3), Opatovsky (A-4), Pearce (G-1), Pratt (D-4), Roberts (C-1), Roedy (A-4), Rozman (A-3), Ryder (D-2), Saari (G-3), Thornton (D-2), Velez (A-4), Zoeller (B-2)
Dominican Republic Intervention	Zoeller (B-2)
Korean War	Adams (D-3), Armeli (I-3), Bailey (F-1), Bartholomees (G-2), Beahm (B-4), Brock (F-3), Byrd (C-1), Carr (H-1), Cater (C-1), Dunwoody (A-2), Epley (F-2), Harper (D-3), Jones (I-4), Leonard (G-2), Maertens (H-3), McGoldrick (G-1), Michalowski (G-1), Mitchell (H-4), Morris (F-1), Mowery (F-4), Reeder (E-1), Roberts (C-1), Roedy (A-4), Rozman (A-3), Saari (G-3), St Denis (A-4), Treat (D-3), Van Vliet (E-4), Velez (A-4), Zeper (C-1), Zoeller (B-2)
Cold War – Berlin Airlift	Williams (D-4)
World War I	Beahm (B-4), Blakeslee (A-2), Burns (F-4), Cogbill (G-4), Diekema (I-1), Dunwoody (A-2), Faraguna (I-1), Forsythe (C-1), Hanna (D-3), Harris (A-1), Henderson (D-1), Homoleski (D-1), Jagger (F-3), Knowlton (D-1), Lampley (G-4), Lavelle

Conflict	Classmate (Cadet Company – Regiment)
	(G-1), Leonard (G-2), Lisi (I-3), Love (A-4), Maertens (H-3), McBeth (I-3), Michalowski (G-1), Minor (C-3, D-4), Morris (F-1), Norton (B-3), Plummer (B-4), Roberts (D-2), Rosati (G-1), Rozman (A-3), Ryder (D-2), Shull (D-4), Spear (A-4), White (C-4), Zoeller (B-2)
Mexican Expedition	Michalowski (G-1)
Philippine/Moro Insurrection	Burns (F-4), Knowlton (D-1), Saari (G-3)
Spanish-American War	Knowlton (D-1), Leonard (G-2), Lisi (I-3), Trammel (B-2)
American Indian Wars	Knowlton (D-1), Lisi (I-3), Pratt (D-4)
Civil War	Bailey (F-1), Castleman (G-1), Clarkson (F-4), Coy (G-1), Engram (F-3), Harris (A-1), Knowlton (D-1), Lane (C-4), Lisi (I-3), Love (A-4), McBeth (I-3), Michalowski (G-1), Plummer (B-4), Pratt (D-4), Rozman (A-3), Spracher (A-3), Varnell (F-3), Wessels (D-4), Zoeller (B-2)
Mexican-American War	Rozman (A-3)
War of 1812	Lavelle (G-1), Taylor (A-4), Zoeller (B-2)
Revolutionary War	Bailey (F-1), Burns (F-4), Clarkson (F-4), Cross (F-4), Knowlton (D-1), Lane C-4), Lavelle (G-1), Lisi (I-3), Love (A-4), McBeth (I-3), Mitchell (H-2), Rozman (A-3), Spracher (A-3), Taylor (A-4), Varnell (F-3), Wessels (D-4), Zoeller (B-2)
French and Indian Wars	Clarkson (F-4), Knowlton (D-1), McBeth (I-3), Zoeller (B-2)
Indian Wars (pre-Revolution)	Burns (F-4), Clarkson (F-4), St Denis (A-4), Wessels (D-4), Zoeller (B-2)

Table 3. 1970 Classmate Stories Identifying Graduates/Cadets from Other Classes

This table lists graduates/cadets from other classes identified in classmate stories, ordered by 1970 classmate.

1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. – Rgt.)	USMA Class	Name	Relationship to Classmate
Bailey (F-1)	1927	Robert F. Sink	Great Uncle
Bartholomees (G-2)	1995	James B. Bartholomees III	Son
	1942	James B. Bartholomees Sr.	Father
	1946	Richard Sharon Pohl	Father-in-law
	Aug 1917	Herman Henry Pohl	Wife's grandfather
Beahm (B-4)	1968	Robert Beahm	Brother
Blakeslee (A-2)	1881	Wilds P. Richardson	Wife's grandfather's commander
Burns (F-4)	1911	John Wall	Grandfather
Byrd (I-1)	1945	Leon Curtis Byrd	Father
	1921	John Elsworth Adkins Jr.	Grandfather
Cogbill (G-4)	1994	John Patrick Cogbill	Son
Colacicco (C-4)	1940	Frank Colacicco	Father
Coy (G-1)	1966	Frank Rybicki	Friend from Canal Zone
Duncan (I-4)	1937	James W. Duncan Sr.	Father
Dunwoody (A-2)	1886	Henry H. Dunwoody	Great grandfather
	1905	Halsey Dunwoody	Grandfather
	Jun 1943	Harold H. Dunwoody Sr.	Father
Ekman (A-4)	Apr 1917	Matthew Ridgway	Father's XVIII Abn Corps Commander
	1929	James Gavin	Father's 82d Abn Div Commander
	1938	William Emmett Ekman	Father
	1961	Michael Ekman	Brother
	1972	Richard Ekman	Brother
Epley (F-2)	Apr 1917	Laurence B. Keiser	2nd ID CG in Korean War when father was Division CoS
	1932	Gerald G. Epley	Father
Forbes (H-1)	1945	John M. Forbes	Father
Forsythe (C-1)	1946	David T. Bryant	Father-in-law
Gasperini (A-1)	1940	Silvio Gasperini	Father
Hanna (D-3)	1938	Frank Norris	Father's commander in WWII
Harper (D-3)	1946	Gilbert Stewart Harper Jr.	Father
Henderson (D-1)	1938	James Eugene Henderson	Father
	1994	Jennifer Henderson	Daughter
	2026	David Ruiz	Grandson
Knowlton (D-1)	Jan 1943	William A. Knowlton Sr.	Father
	1906	Richard C. Burleson	Father's stepfather

1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. – Rgt.)	USMA Class	Name	Relationship to Classmate
Lampley (G-4)	1939	John Harmon Lampley Jr.	Father
Lane (C-4)	1909	William H. Simpson	Lane escorted "Oldest Living Grad" in Grad Week 1979
	1915	Omar B. Bradley	Attended Grad Week 1979
	1924	Albert N. Stubblebine Jr.	Maternal grand uncle
	1936	Raymond L. Cato	Introduced father and mother at Ft. Sill
	1947	Hugh J. Bartley	Lane was Aide-de-Camp
	1952	Albert N. Stubblebine III	Maternal first cousin once removed
	1960	Richard W. Cato	Son of Raymond Cato
	1965	Robert B. Cato	Son of Raymond Cato
	1969	Lemuel J. Cato	Maternal nephew of aunt's husband
	2000	Christopher C. Lane	Son
Leonard (G-2)	1915	Herman Beukema	Grandfather
	1935	Charles F. Leonard Jr.	Father
	1923	Allen D. Raymond Jr.	Uncle
	1942	John Wallis Leonard	Uncle
	1944	Henry Shaw Beukema	Uncle
Lisi (I-3)	2006	Michael Alksninis	Uncle's grandson
Lough (G-3)	1929	George Lincoln	Father's friend
	1936	Van Sutherland	Father's friend
	1938	Fred Lough Sr.	Father
	1939	George Lincoln	Father's friend
Maertens (H-3)	1945	Thomas Maertens	Father
	Jan 1943	George Maertens	Uncle
	x1944	James Maertens	Uncle
	1911	Gregory Hoisington	Uncle Jim's father-in-law
	1938	Gregory Hoisington Jr.	Uncle Jim's brother-in-law
	1939	Perry Hoisington	Uncle Jim's brother-in-law
McCormick (H-2)	1884	S.D. Sturgis	Father transported to Pacific theater on ship named after 1884 graduate
Minor (C-3 and D-4)	1946	John Max Minor	Father
	Aug 1917	Gerald Alford Counts	Grandfather
	1960	Charles Otstott	First Captain who gave honorary class member award to Uncle Jerry at his retirement
	1924	Charles Edward Hart	Step-Grandfather
Mitchell (H-4)	2002	Dereck K. Wilson	Son-in-law
Monaco (B-4)	1996	Francis J. Monaco	Son
	1998	Michael P. Monaco	Son
	2001 USAFA	Joseph E. Monaco	Son

1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. – Rgt.)	USMA Class	Name	Relationship to Classmate
Mowery (F-4)	1938	William Emmett Ekman	Father's regiment commander (505th PIR) in WWII
	1965	Paul Bucha	Commander, Co D, 3/187th Inf, in father's brigade in Vietnam, MOH winner
Norton (B-3)	1917	Matthew B. Ridgway	Father's division commander
	1919	Albert C. Wedemeyer	Father served under Wedemeyer in General Staff Strategic Plans Group
	1930	Hamilton H. Howze	Father was Secretary of the Howze Board
	1938	William E. Ekman	Father's regiment commander in Normandy
	1941	George S. Brown	Father's roommate at West Point
		John Norton	Father
Patterson (C-2)	2006	Dana M. Crigger	Daughter
Pearce (G-1)	1973	William Pearce	Brother
Pratt (D-4)	1929	Thomas Benton McDonald III	Uncle
Reeder (E-1)	1944	George Blanchard	Division commander when Reeder was in 82nd Abn Div
	1946	William T. Reeder	Father
		William R. Parker	Uncle
	1961	Dominador B. Bazan	VP of Panama while Reeder chaired Panama Canal Commission
		George Joulwan	CINC SOUTHCOM while Reeder chaired Panama Canal Commission
	1964	Barry McCaffrey	
		Ernie Oehrlein	Fellow Mount Vernon High School tennis team alum
	1965	Walt Oehrlein	
	1966	Wesley Clark	CINC SOUTHCOM while Reeder chaired Panama Canal Commission
Roedy (A-4)	1940	William H. Roedy Sr.	Father
Rozman (A-3)	1925	Lucien E. Bolduc Sr.	Cousin on grandmother's side
	1950	Lucien E. Bolduc Jr.	Cousin on grandmother's side
	1840	Paul Octave Hébert	Grandfather's side of family
	1845	Louis Hébert	
Ryder (D-2)	1892	Charles P. Summerall	Grandfather's division commander in WWI

1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. – Rgt.)	USMA Class	Name	Relationship to Classmate
	1915	Omar Bradley	Grandfather's corps commander on WWII
		Charles W. Ryder	Grandfather
	1942	Charles W. Ryder Jr.	Father
Saari (G-3)	Jan 1943	Albert E. Saari	Father
Schwaderer (H-4)	1913	William Roberts	Commander, CCB, 20th AD, at Bastogne
	1919	Anthony McAuliffe	CG, 101st Abn Div in WWII, at Bastogne
	1939	Robert G. Cole	Father's battalion commander in WWII
Shiely (H-3)	Jun 1943	Albert R. Shiely Jr.	Father
Shull (D-4)	1903	Douglas MacArthur	Father was on MacArthur's GHQ staff in WWII
Snider (C-4)	1941	Albert H. Snider	Father
	Nov 1918	David Ayres Depue Ogden	Great Uncle
Spracher (A-3)	1909	George S. Patton	Father participated in GEN Patton's funeral procession
Studer (H-3)	1939	Robert Studer	Father
	1942	Jim Studer	Uncle
Trammel (B-3)	x1894	Ruben Smith Turman	Second Great Uncle
Van Vliet (E-4)	1840	Stewart Van Vliet	Second Great Grandfather
	1913	John H. Van Vliet Sr.	Grandfather
	1937	John H. Van Vliet Jr.	Father
	1940	Donald Stewart	POW with Van Vliet's father
Veenstra (I-4)	1975	Roger Henry Veenstra	Brother
Vuksich (I-4)	1972	Paul Vuksich	Brother
	1973	John Vuksich	Brother
Wessels (D-4)	Jun 1944	Robert Rogers Wessels	Father
Wilson (I-3)	1973	Robert D. Wilson	Brother
White (I-4)	1933	Lawrence Kermit White	Father
Zoeller (B-2)	1904	Innis P. Swift	CG who sent congratulations letter to Uncle Leo's mother on award of his Silver Star
	1979	Kenneth Zoeller	Brother

Table 4. USMA Graduates/Cadets From Other Classes Identified in 1970 Classmate Stories

This table pivots Table 3 and lists graduates/cadets from other classes ordered by their USMA class year that are mentioned in classmate stories.

USMA Class	Name	1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. - Rgt.)	Relationship to Classmate
1840	Paul Octave Hébert	Rozman (A-3)	Grandfather's side
	Stewart Van Vliet	Van Vliet (E-4)	Second Great Grandfather
1845	Louis Hébert	Rozman (A-3)	Grandfather's side
1881	Wilds P. Richardson	Blakeslee (A-2)	Wife's grandfather's commander
1884	S.D. Sturgis	McCormick (H-2)	Father transported to WWII Pacific Theater on ship named after Sturgis
1886	Henry H. Dunwoody	Dunwoody (A-2)	Great Grandfather
1892	Charles P. Summerall	Ryder (D-2)	Grandfather's division commander in WWI
x1894	Ruben Smith Turman	Trammel (B-3)	Second Great Uncle
1903	Douglas MacArthur	Shull (D-4)	Father was on MacArthur's GHQ staff in WWII
1904	Innis P. Swift	Zoeller (B-2)	CG who sent congratulations letter to Uncle Leo's mother on award of his Silver Star
1905	Halsey Dunwoody	Dunwoody (A-2)	Grandfather
1906	Richard C. Burleson	Knowlton (D-1)	Father's stepfather
1909	George S. Patton	Spracher (A-3)	Father participated in GEN Patton's funeral procession
	William H. Simpson	Lane (C-4)	Lane escorted Simpson, "Oldest Living Grad," in Graduation Week 1979
1911	Gregory Hoisington	Maertens (H-3)	Uncle Jim's father-in-law
	John Wall	Burns (F-4)	Grandfather
1912	Walton H. Walker	Walton (D-1)	Father's commander in WWII (and relative of 1970 classmate Tom Walker?)
1913	William Roberts	Schwaderer (H-4)	Commander, CCB, 20th AD, at Bastogne
	John H. Van Vliet Sr.	Van Vliet (E-4)	Grandfather
1915	Herman Beukema	Leonard (G-2)	Grandfather

USMA Class	Name	1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. - Rgt.)	Relationship to Classmate
	Omar Bradley	Lane (C-4)	Attended Grad Week 1979
		Ryder (D-2)	Grandfather's corps commander on WWII
	Charles W. Ryder	Ryder (D-2)	Grandfather
Apr 1917	Laurence B. Keiser	Epley (F-2)	2nd ID CG in Korean War when father was Division CoS
	Matthew Ridgway	Ekman (A-4)	Father's XVIII Abn Corps Commander
		Norton (B-3)	Father's division commander
Aug 1917	Gerald Alford Counts	Minor (C-3 and D-4)	Grandfather
	Herman Henry Pohl	Bartholomees (G-2)	Wife's grandfather
Nov 1918	David Ayres Depue Ogden	Snider (C-4)	Great Uncle
1919	Anthony McAuliffe	Schwaderer (H-4)	CG, 101st Abn Div in WWII, at Bastogne
	Albert C Wedemeyer	Norton (B-3)	Father served under Wedemeyer in the General Staff Strategic Plans Group
1921	John Elsworth Adkins Jr.	Byrd (I-1)	Grandfather
1923	Allen D. Raymond	Leonard (G-3)	Uncle
1924	Charles Edward Hart	Minor (C-3 and D-4)	Step-Grandfather
	Albert N. Stubblebine Jr.	Lane (C-4)	Maternal grand uncle
1925	Lucien E. Bolduc Sr.	Rozman (A-3)	Cousin on grandmother's side
1927	Robert F. Sink	Bailey (F-1)	Great Uncle
1929	James M. Gavin	Ekman (A-4)	Father's 82d Abn Div Commander
		Norton (B-3)	Father's regiment and division commander
	George Lincoln	Lough (G-3)	Father's friend
	Thomas Benton McDonald III	Pratt (D-4)	Uncle
1930	Hamilton H. Howze	Norton (B-3)	Father was Secretary of the Howze Board
1932	Gerald G. Epley	Epley (F-2)	Father
1933	Lawrence Kermit White	White (I-4)	Father
1935	Charles F. Leonard Jr.	Leonard (G-2)	Father
1936	Raymond C. Cato	Lane (C-4)	Introduced father and mother at Ft. Sill

USMA Class	Name	1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. - Rgt.)	Relationship to Classmate
	Van Sutherland	Lough (G-3)	Father's friend
1937	James W. Duncan Sr.	Duncan (I-4)	Father
	John H. Van Vliet Jr.	Van Vliet (E-4)	Father
1938	William Emmett Ekman	Ekman (A-4)	Father
		Mowery (F-4)	Father's regiment commander in WWII
		Norton (B-3)	
	James Eugene Henderson	Henderson (D-1)	Father
	Gregory Hoisington Jr.	Maertens (H-3)	Uncle Jim's brother-in-law
	Fred Lough Sr.	Lough (G-3)	Father
	Frank Norris	Hanna (D-3)	Father's commander in WWII
1939	Robert G. Cole	Schwaderer (H-4)	Father's battalion commander in WWII
	Perry Hoisington	Maertens (H-3)	Uncle Jim's brother-in-law
	John Harmon Lampley Jr.	Lampley (G-4)	Father
	Harvey Fraser	Lough (G-3)	Father's friend
	Robert Studer	Studer (H-3)	Father
1940	Frank Colacicco	Colacicco (C-4)	Father
	Silvio Gasperini	Gasperini (A-1)	Father
	William H. Roedy Sr.	Roedy (A-4)	Father
	Donald Stewart	Van Vliet (E-4)	POW with Van Vliet's father
1941	George S. Brown	Norton (B-3)	Father's roommate at West Point
	John Norton		Father
	Albert H. Snider	Snider (C-4)	Father
1942	James B. Bartholomees Sr.	Bartholomees (G-2)	Father
	John Wallis Leonard	Leonard (G-2)	Uncle
	Jim Studer	Studer (H-3)	Uncle
	Charles W. Ryder Jr.	Ryder (D-2)	Father
Jan 1943	William A. Knowlton Sr.	Knowlton (D-1)	Father
	George Maertens	Maertens (H-3)	Uncle
	Albert E. Saari	Saari (G-3)	Father
Jun 1943	Harold H. Dunwoody Sr.	Dunwoody (A-2)	Father
	Albert R. Shiely Jr.	Shiely (H-3)	Father
1944	Henry S. Beukema	Leonard (G-2)	Uncle

USMA Class	Name	1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. - Rgt.)	Relationship to Classmate
	George Blanchard	Reeder (E-1)	Division commander when Reeder was in 82nd Abn Div
	Robert Rogers Wessels	Wessels (D-4)	Father
x1944	James Maertens	Maertens (H-3)	Uncle
1945	Leon Curtis Byrd	Byrd (I-1)	Father
	John M. Forbes	Forbes (H-1)	Father
	Thomas Maertens	Maertens (H-3)	Father
1946	David T. Bryant	Forsythe (C-1)	Father-in-law
	Gilbert Stewart Harper Jr.	Harper (D-3)	Father
	John Max Minor	Minor (C-3 and D-4)	Father
	William R. Parker	Reeder (E-1)	Uncle
	Richard Sharon Pohl	Bartholomees (G-2)	Father-in-law
	William T. Reeder	Reeder (E-1)	Father
1947	Hugh J. Bartley	Lane (C-4)	Lane was Aide-de-Camp
1950	Lucien E. Bolduc Jr.	Rozman (A-3)	Cousin on grandmother's side
1952	Albert N. Stubblebine III	Lane (C-4)	Maternal first cousin once removed
1960	Richard W. Cato	Lane (C-4)	Son of Raymond Cato (1936), who introduced Lane's parents
	Charles Otstott	Minor (C-3 and D-4)	First Captain who gave honorary class member award to Uncle Jerry Counts at his retirement
1961	Dominador B. Bazan	Reeder (E-1)	VP of Panama while Reeder chaired Panama Canal Commission
	Michael Ekman	Ekman (A-4)	Brother
	George Joulwan	Reeder (E-1)	CINC SOUTHCOM while Reeder chaired Panama Canal Commission
1964	Barry McCaffrey		
	Ernie Oehrlein	Reeder (E-1)	Fellow Mount Vernon High School tennis team alum
1965	Ron Bailey	Bailey (F-1)	Brother
	Paul Bucha	Mowery (F-4)	Commander, Co D, 3/187th Inf, in father's brigade, MOH winner

USMA Class	Name	1970 Classmate (Cadet Co. - Rgt.)	Relationship to Classmate
	Richard B. Cato	Lane (C-4)	Son of Raymond Cato (1936), who introduced Lane's parents
	Walt Oehrlein	Reeder (E-1)	Fellow Mount Vernon High School tennis team alum
1966	Wesley Clark	Reeder (E-1)	CINC SOUTHCOM while Reeder chaired Panama Canal Commission
	Frank Rybicki	Coy (G-1)	Friend from Canal Zone
1968	Robert Beahm	Beahm (B-4)	Brother
1969	Lemuel J. Cato	Lane (C-4)	Maternal nephew of aunt's husband
1972	Richard Ekman	Ekman (A-4)	Brother
	Paul Vuksich	Vuksich (I-4)	Brother
1973	William Pearce	Pearce (G-1)	Brother
	John Vuksich	Vuksich (I-4)	Brother
	Robert D. Wilson	Wilson (I-3)	Brother
1975	Roger Henry Veenstra	Veenstra (I-4)	Brother
1979	Kenneth Zoeller	Zoeller (B-2)	Brother
1994	John Patrick Cogbill	Cogbill (G-4)	Son
	Jennifer Henderson	Henderson (D-1)	Daughter
1995	James B. Bartholomees III	Bartholomees (G-2)	Son
1996	Francis J. Monaco	Monaco (B-4)	Son
1998	Michael P. Monaco		Son
2000	Christopher C. Lane	Lane (C-4)	Son
2001 USAFA	Joseph E. Monaco	Monaco (B-4)	Son
2002	Dereck K. Wilson	Mitchell (H-4)	Son-in-law
2006	Michael Alksninis	Lisi (I-3)	Uncle's grandson
	Dana M. Crigger	Patterson (C-2)	Daughter
2026	David Ruiz	Henderson (D-1)	Grandson

Appendices

Appendix A – List of Abbreviations

Acronyms and abbreviations should be used to the maximum extent possible to make trivial ideas profound...Q.E.D.
—Norm Augustine, Undersecretary of the Army, 1974-1975, *Augustine's Laws*

A
AA – Anti-aircraft
AAA – Anti-Aircraft Artillery
ACE – Arm Corps of Engineers
ACS – Army Community Service
AC/S – Assistant Chief of Staff
AD – Armored Division
ADA – Air Defense Artillery
AEC – Atomic Energy Commission
AEF – American Expeditionary Forces
AFB – Air Force Base
AGCT – Army General Classification Test
AGR – Active Guard Reserve
AMC – Army Materiel Command
AO – Area of Operations
APO – Army (or Air Force) Post Office, for mail to military personnel overseas
ARADCOM – Army Air Defense Command
ASA – Army Security Agency
ASG – Auxiliary Surgical Unit
AT – Anti-tank
AWACS – Airborne Warning and Control System

B
BAR – Browning Automatic Rifle
BCT – Brigade Combat Team
BMEWS – Ballistic Missile Early Warning System
Bn, BN – Battalion
BOQ – Bachelor Officer Quarters

C
Capt. – Captain
CBI – China-Burma-India Theater
CCC – Civilian Conservation Corps
CDT – Cadet
CENTCOM – Central Command
CG – Commanding General
CGSC – Command and General Staff College
CIA – Central Intelligence Agency
CIB – Combat Infantryman Badge
CINCPAC – Command in Chief, Pacific
Class VI – Armed forces supply class VI – nonmilitary sales items, including alcoholic beverages
Co. – Company
Col, COL – Colonel
CORDS – Civilian Operations and Revolutionary Development Support
CoS, COS – Chief of Staff
CP – Command Post
CPT – Captain

D
D-Day – Day of an important mission
DCSOPS – Deputy Chief of Staff, Operations
DD214 – Certificate of Release or Discharge from Active Duty
DEW – Distant Early Warning
DISCOM – Division Support Command
Div., DIV – Division
DIVARTY – Division Artillery, the divisional artillery command
DOD – Department of Defense
DUKW – a six-wheel-drive, amphibious, 2 1⁄2-ton truck, colloquially called a "Duck"
DZ – Drop zone

E
EMARSS – Enhanced Medium Altitude Reconnaissance and Surveillance System
EOD – Explosive Ordnance Disposal
ERADCOM – Electronics Research and Development Command
ETO – European Theater of Operations
EU – European Command

F
FA – Field Artillery
FO – Forward Observer
Ft., FT – Fort

G
G# - General Staff position, division and higher
- G1, G-1 – Personnel
- G2, G-2 – Intelligence
- G3, G-3 – Operations and training
- G4, G-4 – Logistics
- G5, G-5 – Civil-military operations
- G6, G-6 – Signal operations

GHQ – General Headquarters
GI – Government Issue, slang for Army soldier

H
HBG – Heavy Bomber Group
HE – High Explosive ordnance
HMS – His (or Her) Majesty's Ship of the Royal Navy
HQ - Headquarters

I
ICBM – Intercontinental Ballistic Missile
ID – Infantry Division
Inf., INF – Infantry
IRBM – Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile
INSCOM – Intelligence and Security Command
IP – Initial Point

J
JAG Corps– Judge Advocate General's Corps

K
KOSB – King's Own Scottish Borderers
KP – Kitchen police

L
LCI – Landing Craft Infantry
LNO – Liaison Officer
LSM – Landing Ship Medium
LST – Landing Ship, Tank
Lt., LT – Lieutenant
LTC – Lieutenant Colonel
Lt. Gen., LTG – Lieutenant General

M
MAAG – Military Assistance Advisory Group
MACV – Military Assistance Command, Vietnam
Maj., MAJ – Major
MASH – Mobile Army Surgical Hospital
MASSTER – Modern Army Selected Systems Test, Evaluation and Review
MI – Military Intelligence
MIA – Missing in Action
MP – Military Police
MOAA – Military Officers Association of America
MOS – Military Occupational Specialty
MOWW – Military Order of the World Wars
MSM – Meritorious Service Medal
MTMC – Military Traffic Management Command
MTOUSA – Mediterranean Theater of Operations, U S Army
MTO&E – Modified Table of Organization and Equipment

N
NASA – National Aeronautics and Space Administration
NATO – North Atlantic Treaty Organization

NCO – Noncommissioned Officer
NMMI - New Mexico Military Institute
NVA – North Vietnamese Army

O
OCDS – Office of the Chief of Defense Staff
OCS – Officer Candidate School
OD – Olive Drab
OD – Ordnance Corps
OIC – Officer in Charge
OLC – Oak leaf cluster, a device on a medal or ribbon indicating an additional award of the decoration.
ORLL – Operational Report – Lessons Learned
O/S bar – Overseas bar on an Army uniform, one bar for each 6 months spent in an overseas combat zone
OSS – Office of Strategic Services

P
PCS – Permanent Change of Station
PIR – Parachute Infantry Regiment
PLF – Parachute Landing Fall
PM – Provost Marshal
PMS&T – Professor of Military Science and Tactics
POW – Prisoner of War
PTO – Pacific Theater of Operations
PTSD – Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder

Q
QM – Quartermaster
QMC – Quartermaster Corps

R
R&R – Rest and Recuperation
RCT – Regimental Combat Team
Rgt., RGT – Regiment
RMS – Royal Mail Ship identifier
ROTC – Reserve Officer Training Corps
RTO – Radio Telephone Operator

S
S# - Staff position, brigade or below
S1, S-1 – Personnel
S2, S-2 – Intelligence
S3, S-3 – Operations and training
S4, S-4 – Logistics
S5, S-5 – Civil-military operations
S6, S-6 – Signal operations
SAC – Strategic Air Command
SAFSEA – Safeguard Systems Evaluation Agency
SAGE – Semi-Automatic Ground Environment system
SAS – British Special Air Service
SEATO – Southeast Asia Treaty Organization
SFC – Sergeant First Class
Sgt., SGT – Sergeant
SOP – Standard Operating Procedure
Space-A – Space Available
SPO – Special Programs Office
SS – General ship identifier for a screw-driven steamer
SS – *Schutzstaffel*, a major German paramilitary organization under the Nazi Party. All SS members had sworn allegiance to Hitler, including the *Waffen*-SS combat units.
STRATCOM – U.S. Strategic Command

T
TB – Tank Battalion
TDY – Temporary Duty
TRADOC – Training and Doctrine Command
TS – Top Secret

U
USACE – United States Army Corps of Engineers
USAF – United States Air Force
USAFA – United States Air Force Academy
USAR – United States Army Reserve
USARCOM – Unites States Army Reserve Command
USAREUR – United States Army Europe
USCC – United States Corps of Cadets
USMA – United States Military Academy

USMAPS – United States Military Academy Preparatory School
USN – United States Navy
USNR – United States Navy Reserve
USS – United States Ship, standard identifier for a US Navy ship

V
VA – Veterans Administration
V-2 – German WWII missile
V-E Day – WWII Victory in Europe Day, 8 May 1945
V-J Day – WWII Victory over Japan Day, two dates: 15 August 1945 - Japanese surrender announcement and 2 September 1945 - official signing of the document
VPB – Patrol Bombing Squadron
VPI - Virginia Polytechnic Institute, now known as Virginia Tech
VTCC – Virginia Tech Corps of Cadets
VVMF – Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund

W
WAC – Women's Army Corps
WAVES – Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service
WIA – Wounded in Action

X
XO – Executive Officer

Appendix B – Military Ranks

The following tables show Army ranks in use during WWII compared to those in use today. It also shows the equivalent ranks across the military services.

Army (WWII)	Current Paygrades*	Army (Present)	Navy/Coast Guard	Marine Corps	Air Force
Enlisted Personnel					
Private (Pvt.)	E-1	Private (PV1)	Seaman Recruit (SR)	Private (Pvt)	Airman Basic (AB)
	E-2	Private E-2 (PV2)	Seaman Apprentice (SA)	Private First Class (PFC)	Airman (AMN)
Private First Class (Pfc.)	E-3	Private First Class (PFC)	Seaman (SN)	Lance Corporal (LCpl)	Airman First Class (A1C)
Corporal (Cpl.)	E-4	Corporal (CPL)	Petty Officer Third Class (PO3)	Corporal (Cpl)	Senior Airman (SrA)
Technician Fifth Grade (T/5)		Specialist (SPC)			
Sergeant (Sgt.)	E-5	Sergeant (SGT)	Petty Officer Second Class (PO2)	Sergeant (Sgt)	Staff Sergeant (SSgt)
Technician Fourth Grade (T/4)					
Staff Sergeant (S/Sgt.)	E-6	Staff Sergeant (SSG)	Petty Officer First Class (PO1)	Staff Sergeant (SSgt)	Technical Sergeant (TSgt)
Technician Third Grade (T/3)					
Technical Sergeant (T/Sgt.)	E-7	Sergeant First Class (SFC)	Chief Petty Officer (CPO)	Gunnery Sergeant (GySgt)	Master Sergeant (MSgt)
					First Sergeant (FS)
Master Sergeant (M/Sgt.)	E-8	Master Sergeant (MSG)	Senior Chief Petty Officer (SCPO)	Master Sergeant (MSgt)	Senior Master Sergeant (SMSgt)
First Sergeant (1st Sgt.)		First Sergeant (1SG)		First Sergeant (1stSgt)	First Sergeant (FS)
	E-9	Sergeant Major (SGM)	Master Chief Petty Officer (MCPO)	Master Gunnery Sergeant (MGySgt)	Command Master Sergeant (CMSgt)
		Command Sergeant Major (CSM)	Command Master Chief Petty Officer (CMDCM)	Sergeant Major (SgtMaj)	Command Chief Master Sergeant (CCM)
		Sergeant Major of the Army (SMA)	Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy (MCPON)	Sergeant Major of the Marine Corps (SgtMajMC)	Command Chief Master Sergeant of the Air Force (CMSAF)

*Paygrades are classifications used to standardize compensation across the military services. Current enlisted paygrades are different from those used in WWII, which ran from 1st Grade – master sergeant and first sergeant down

to 7th Grade – private. The rank of sergeant major was not in use after 1920 until it was re-introduced in 1958 when Congress authorized E-8 and E-9 paygrades.

Army (WWII)	Current Paygrade	Army (Present)	Navy/Coast Guard	Marine Corps	Air Force
Warrant Officers					
Warrant Officer Junior Grade	W-1	Warrant Officer 1 (WO1)	No Warrant	Warrant Officer 1 (WO)	No Warrant*
Chief Warrant Officer	W-2	Chief Warrant Officer 2 (CW2)	Chief Warrant Officer 2 (CWO2)	Chief Warrant Officer 2 (CWO2)	
	W-3	Chief Warrant Officer 3 (CW3)	Chief Warrant Officer 3 (CWO3)	Chief Warrant Officer 3 (CWO3)	
	W-4	Chief Warrant Officer 4 (CW4)	Chief Warrant Officer 4 (CWO4)	Chief Warrant Officer 4 (CWO4)	
	W-5	Chief Warrant Officer 5 (CW5)	No Warrant	Chief Warrant Officer 5 (CWO5)	
Commissioned Officers					
Second Lieutenant (2nd. Lt.)	O-1	Second Lieutenant (2LT)	Ensign (ENS)	Second Lieutenant (2ndLt)	Second Lieutenant (2d Lt)
First Lieutenant (1st. Lt.)	O-2	First Lieutenant (1LT)	Lieutenant Junior Grade (LTJG)	First Lieutenant (1stLT)	First Lieutenant (1st LT)
Captain (Capt.)	O-3	Captain (CPT)	Lieutenant (LT)	Captain (Capt)	Captain (Capt)
Major (Maj.)	O-4	Major (MAJ)	Lieutenant Commander (LCDR)	Major (Maj)	Major (Maj)
Lieutenant Colonel (Lt. Col.)	O-5	Lieutenant Colonel (LTC)	Commander (CDR)	Lieutenant Colonel (LtCol)	Lieutenant Colonel (Lt Col)
Colonel (Col.)	O-6	Colonel (COL)	Captain (CAPT)	Colonel (Col)	Colonel (Col)
Brigadier General (Brig. Gen.)	O-7	Brigadier General (BG)	Rear Admiral Lower Half (RDML)	Brigadier General (BGen)	Brigadier General (Brig Gen)
Major General (Maj. Gen.)	O-8	Major General (MG)	Rear Admiral Upper Half (RADM)	Major General (MajGen)	Major General (Maj Gen)
Lieutenant General (Lt. Gen.)	O-9	Lieutenant General (LTG)	Vice Admiral (VADM)	Lieutenant General (LtGen)	Lieutenant General (Lt Gen)
General (Gen.)	O-10	General (GEN)	Admiral (ADM)	General (Gen)	General (Gen)
		General of the Army (wartime only)	Fleet Admiral (wartime only)		Fleet Admiral (wartime only)

* The Air Force discontinued having warrant officers in the 1950s. However, in February 2024, the service announced plans to bring back non-aviation warrant officer ranks for cyber and information technology specialties.

Appendix C – US Army Organization in World War II

Many of our classmates' stories are best appreciated with a basic familiarity with Army organizational levels and their size. Of course, old grads and other veterans should recall this from their own experiences and various military instruction courses, especially our favorite, History of the Military Art, more usually simply referred to as "Art." This appendix is intended to provide some background for other readers.

Squad or Section: 12-15 soldiers. The 1944 US Army rifle squad had a sergeant as squad leader and 11 enlisted men.

Platoon: 40-50 soldiers. The 1944 US Army rifle platoon had three rifle squads plus a headquarters section for a total of 41 troops. Commanded by a lieutenant.

Company (Troop in the Cavalry; Battery in the Artillery): 150-200 soldiers. The 1944 US Army rifle company had three rifle platoons plus a weapons platoon (machine guns and light mortars) and a headquarters section for a total of 195 troops. Commanded by a captain.

Battalion (Squadron in the Cavalry): 500-1000 soldiers. The 1944 US Army infantry battalion had three rifle companies, a weapons company (machine guns and medium mortars) and a headquarters company for a total of 871 troops. Commanded by a lieutenant colonel.

Regiment, Brigade or Group: 2,000-3,500 soldiers. The 1944 US Army infantry regiment had three infantry battalions, an infantry cannon company, an infantry antitank company and a regimental headquarters company for a total of 3,118 troops. Commanded by a colonel.

> *Regimental Combat Team*: Usually tailored for a given mission, a typical RCT in WWII consisted of an infantry regiment, a field artillery battalion, a combat engineer company, a medical company, and a signals platoon. It might include additional units, such as a tank company, a tank destroyer company, and an anti-aircraft artillery battery. An RCT was usually led by the commander of the infantry regiment, but on occasion a brigadier general commanded it.
>
> *Combat Command*: Armored divisions in World War II operated with combat commands which were generally similar in size to an RCT and were also combined arms teams typically tailored for given missions. Unlike infantry RCTs, combat commands were not tailored around a regiment with fixed assigned battalions. Rather the combat battalions (tank, infantry, and artillery), and other assigned units were assigned as needed for the mission. The term combat command was replaced by brigade with a change in Army organization structure in the 1960s.

Division: 10,000-15,000 soldiers. The division was the largest army formation with a fixed organization. In 1944, a US infantry division had three infantry regiments, four field artillery battalions, a mechanized cavalry reconnaissance troop, a combat engineer battalion and a division special troops battalion (supply, maintenance and transportation). In 1944, most US infantry divisions had an attached tank battalion or an attached tank destroyer battalion. Commanded by a major general.

Corps: 2 to 4 divisions plus supporting units such as field artillery, mechanized cavalry, etc. The composition of a corps depended on its assigned mission. A typical US Army corps was VII Corps in June 1944, which had 4 infantry divisions plus field artillery, mechanized cavalry, tank destroyer and a wide array of support units for the D-Day invasion. Commanded by a major general or lieutenant general.

Field Army: 2 to 5 corps plus supporting units as for a corps. Commanded by a lieutenant general or a full general.

Army Group: 2 to 5 field armies. Commanded by a full general.

Appendix D – Suggested Additional Reading

As classmates' stories were shared with us, we often reviewed the entries for them in the 1970 edition of the *Howitzer*, in the *Register of Graduates* on the AOG website, and in the class book relaeased for our 50th reunion, *Legacy of the West Point Class of 1970.* We also found ourselves on occasion dusting off and referring to BG Esposito's, *The West Point Atlas of American Wars*, Volumes I and II, for more reading about the battles mentioned. We even occasionally dug up our 1966 edition of *Bugle Notes* from the back of a drawer.

While working on this project, our classmates' stories also had us seeking out additional books about individuals' wartime experiences in the local library or from our bookshelves, including the following:

Ambrose, Stephen E. *Band of Brothers: E Company, 506th Regiment, 101st Airborne: from Normandy to Hitler's Eagle's Nest.* New York: Touchstone, 1992. (World War II History)

Atkinson, Rick. *An Army at Dawn: The War in North Africa, 1942-1943*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 2002 (The Liberation Trilogy, Book 1). (World War II History)

Atkinson, Rick. *The Day of Battle: The War in Sicily and Italy, 1943-1944*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 2007 (The Liberation Trilogy, Book 2). (World War II History)

Atkinson, Rick. *The Guns at Last Light: The War in Western Europe, 1944-1945*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 2014 (The Liberation Trilogy, Book 3). (World War II History)

Bradley, James and Ron Powers. *Flags of Our Fathers*. New York: Bantam Books, Paperback Edition - 2001. (World War II History, Iwo Jima)

Brokaw, Tom. *The Greatest Generation.* New York: Delta, 1998. (World War II Biographies)

Drury, Bob and Tom Clavin. *The Last Hill: The Epic Story of a Ranger Battalion and the Battle that Defined WWII.* New York: St. Martin's Press, 2022. (World War II Biographies)

Egan, Timothy. *The Immortal Irishman: The Irish Revolutionary Who Became an American Hero.* New York: Mariner Books, 2017. (Irish History, American Civil War)

Kershaw, Alex. *The First Wave: The D-Day Warriors Who Led the Way to Victory in World War II.* New York: Dutton Caliber, 2019. (World War II History)

McCain, John and Mark Salter. *Thirteen Soldiers: A Personal History of Americans at War.* New York: Simon & Schuster, Reprint edition, 2015. (US Veterans History)

Myrer, Anton. *Once an Eagle*. New York: Harper, Reprint Edition, 2013. (Military Historical Fiction)

O'Brien, Tim. *The Things They Carried*. New York: First Mariner Books, 2009. (War Fiction (semi-autobiographical), Vietnam)

O'Reilly, Bill and Martin Dugard. *Killing the Rising Sun: How America Vanquished World War II Japan.* New York: Henry Holt & Company, 2016. (World War II History)

Patton, George S. *War as I Knew It*. Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947. (World War II History, Memoirs)

Rapport, Leonard and Arthur Northwood Jr. *Rendezvous with Destiny: A History of the 101st Airborne Division.* Washington, DC: Infantry Journal Press, First edition, 1948. (World War II History)

Schwarzkopf, H. Norman, with Peter Petrie. *General H. Norman Schwarzkopf: The Autobiography: It Doesn't Take a Hero.* New York: Bantam Books, 1992. (Memoirs, Vietnam, Iraq)

Shaara, Jeff. *Gone for Soldiers*. New York: Ballantine Books, 2000. (Historical Fiction, Mexican-American War)

Williams, Pat and Jim Denney. *Character Carved in Stone: The 12 Core Virtues of West Point that Build Leaders and Produce Success.* Grand Rapids, MI: Revell, 2019. (Leadership & Motivation)

For more details about past events in which a family member took part, the West Point Press has digital textbooks at reasonable prices in their West Point History of Warfare series that offer animated maps and interactive timelines. Alternately, old grads who still have them can refer to their copy of the oversized atlases we carried to History of Military Art classes.

Index

This index lists the stories in alphabetical order by the classmates' names.

A
John Willis Adams (D-3) 211
Thomas Frank Armeli (B-3/I-3) 222
B
Steven Scott Bailey (F-1) 10
James Boone Bartholomees Jr. (G-2) 133
Richard Steven Beahm (B-4) 378
John Howard Beasley (F-1) 16
James Joseph Bellotty (C-3) 227
Paul Joseph Bisulca (H-3) 230
Don Beale Blakeslee (A-2) 139
Thomas Alex Brandtner (A-4) 381
Lucas Harold Brennecke (C-3) 257
Tony Howard Brock (F-3) 258
Robert Nugent Brown (I-3) 260
John M. Bryant Jr. (C-1) 17
Julian Hall Burns (F-4) 383
James Douglas Byrd (I-1) 19
C
Paul Vance Campbell (D-2) 144
David Michael Carr (H-1) 22
Richard Allen Castleman (G-1) 25
William Paul Cater (C-1) 28
James Allan Chandler (F-4) 387
Francis Ancrum Clarkson (F-4) 392
John Valentine Cogbill III (G-4) 396
John Horn Colacicco (C-4) 399
Gary Alan Cornelison (E-3) 262
Raymond Paul Cossette (H-2) 145
William Alexander Coy (G-1) 30
Sherman Woods Crawford (A-1) 36
Dominick Anthony Crea (G-4) 402
Roger William Cross III (F-4) 404
D
Jonathan Pierce Deason (F-4) 409
Larry Allen Diekema (I-1) 38
Winston Edgar Diesto (H-1) 47
Thomas Carson Dockery (C-4) 413
James Wilson Duncan Jr. (I-4) 415
Harold Halsey Dunwoody (A-2) 146
E
William Jonathan Ekman (A-4) 422
William Thomas Elliott (D-3) 264
Bartlett Jones Engram Jr. (F-3) 268
Charles W. Ennis Jr. (B-4) 425
John Frank Epley (F-2) 150
F
Joseph Robert Faraguna (I-1) 49
John Morris Forbes Jr. (H-1) 52
George B. Forsythe (C-1) 55
G
Richard Harvey Gasperini (A-1) 58
Thomas Anthony Gerard (I-4) 427
H
John Harvey Hanna (D-3) 272
Gilbert Stewart Harper III (D-3) 274
Phillip Gay Harris (A-1) 61
Robert Lee Heaton (C-2) 153
James William Henderson (D-1) 67
John Joseph Hennessey Jr. (I-3) 277
Michael Winston Hobson (B-4) 429
Stephen Wilfred Homoleski (D-1) 69
J
Donovan Frederick Jagger (F-3) 279
Michael Lindbergh Jones (I-4) 431
K
Jay Wallace Kaine (F-2) 156
Nelson Edward Kennedy (D-1) 72
William Allen Knowlton Jr. (D-1) 73
L
Thomas Stewart Lampley (G-4) 434
William DeWitt Lane (C-4) 437
Timothy Charles Lavelle (G-1) 82
Henry Alden Leonard (G-2) 158
Alfred Michael Lisi Jr. (I-3) 280
Frederick Charles Lough Jr. (G-3) 290
Robert McClean Love (A-4) 441
M
Thomas Brock Maertens Jr. (H-3) 294
William Charles Malkemes (G-3) 299
Charles Francis McAteer III (G-4) 449
William Wallace McBeth (I-3) 300
Roger Lee McCormick (H-2) 164
Patrick James McGoldrick (G-1) 87
Robert Arthur Meier Jr. (F-3) 306
Bruce Charles Michalowski (G-1) 91
Gerald Counts Minor (D-4) 451
John Michael Minor (C-3) 308

Eddie Mitchell (H-2) 169
Michael Thurman Mitchell (H-4) 452
Francis John Monaco (B-4) 454
Charles Arthur Morris (F-1) 102
Richard Pershing Moser Jr. (B-4) 456
James Lawrence Mowery (F-4) 458
Michael Thomas Murphy (F-1) 105
N
John Norton Jr. (B-3) 313
O
Robert Edward Opatovsky (A-4) 465
P
William Neal Patterson (C-2) 172
Michael John Pearce (G-1) 107
Bruce Norman Peltier (A-4) 468
McDonald Plummer Jr. (B-4) 474
William Fossum Pratt (D-4) 476
Calvin O'Neal Purdin (E-1) 109
R
Joe Robert Reeder (E-1) 110
Kurt Bernhardt Reineke Jr. (C-4) 479
Philip Walter Richard (C-1) 114
Herbert Ray Roberts (C-1) 115
Steven Roberts (D-2) 174
William Harvey Roedy (A-4) 480
Ronald Lee Rold (A-4) 482
Cesare Francis Rosati (G-1) 117
David C. Rosenblum (A-1) 118
Thomas Robert Rozman (A-3) 319
Charles Wolcott Ryder III (D-2) 176
S
Gerald O. Saari (G-3) 337
David Earl Schroeder (E-2) 186
Stephen F. Schwaderer (H-4) 489
Patrick Evans Sculley (I-2) 188
Edwin David Selby (A-2) 191
Albert Raymond Shiely III (H-3) 339
John Frederick Shull (D-4) 496
Richard Ogden Snider (C-4) 499
Bruce Lee Spear (A-4) 501
William Cole Spracher (A-3) 342
Richard Henry St Denis (A-4) 502
Eugene Amandus Studer (H-3) 346
James Patrick Sullivan Jr. (I-4) 508
T
William Cooper Taylor (A-4) 513
Patrick Thomas Thornton (D-2) 194
David Wayne Trammel (B-2) 198
Terry John Treat (D-3) 353
V
John Huff Van Vliet III (E-4) 516
David Franklin Varnell (F-3) 355
John Arthur Veenstra (I-4) 518
Carlos Romeo Vélez Jr. (A-4) 522
Gregory David Vuksich (I-4) 534
W
Robert Ayres Walton (G-1) 121
James Randall Ward (B-1) 126
Robert Werner Jr. (H-4) 537
William Robert Wessels (D-4) 542
David Dana White Jr. (C-4) 545
Lawrence Kermit White Jr. (I-4) 548
Dennis Edward Williams (G-1) 127
Richard Lysle Williams (D-4) 555
Steven Dale Wilson (I-3) 364
Chris Gary Wittmayer (I-3) 367
Y
Terry Jay Young (F-2) 202
Z
Bernard Alan Zeper (C-1) 129
Jack Carl Zoeller (B-2) 204