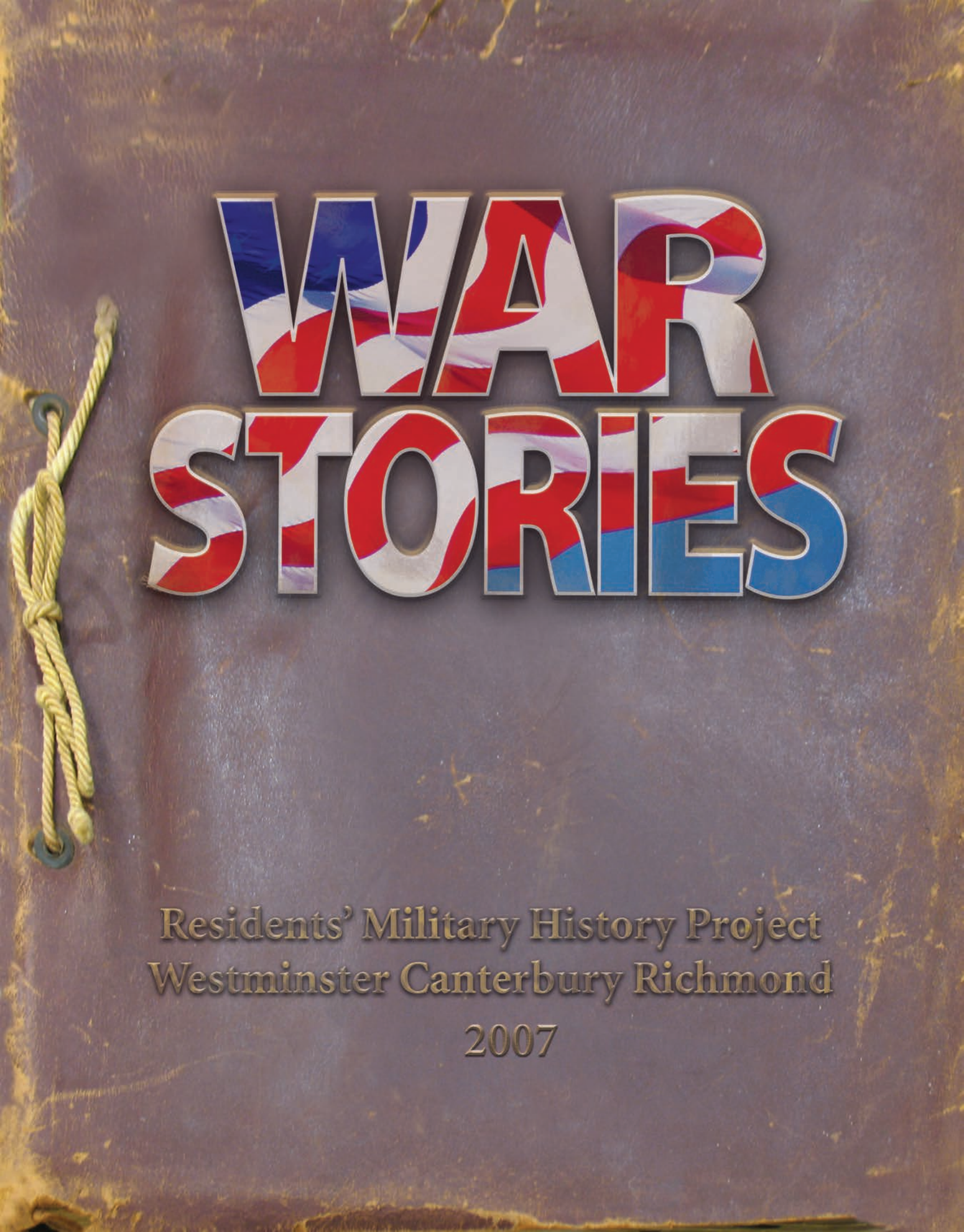


Residents' Military History Project
Westminster Canterbury Richmond
2007

WAR STORIES

Residents' Military History
Westminster Canterbury Richmond
2007

First Edition: Memorial Day 2008
Second Edition: Veterans Day 2008

To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.

Harry Truman

THE WHITE HOUSE

To all who have served honorably
in the uniform of the United States
and to all who now serve,
we come to attention and salute.

Foreword

During the 2007 Memorial Day weekend, groups of Westminster Canterbury Richmond residents were observed swapping war stories with obvious camaraderie and mutual respect among them for both heroic and mundane experiences. It was immediately apparent that within our community there were countless experiences and memories that needed to be told and preserved.

A committee of seven resident veterans was formed to consider the possibility of collecting some resident veteran histories and stories to present for Memorial Day 2008. We began by identifying resident veterans by the photographs that had been included in the Veterans Day display. Since residents' personal records are confidential, we relied on the resident veterans themselves, their friends, family members and neighbors to identify them. Notices and photographs in six issues of *The Westminster Canterbury Tales* between July and October 2007 publicized the project to our community. Several mailings requesting information went out to all known veterans. The seven committee members also sought out veterans to encourage participation, making calls and visits to help collect records, stories and photographs. Every effort was made to include the military histories of all resident veterans who lived at Westminster Canterbury in 2007.

As the military histories and stories began arriving, the original surmise was proven correct. Within Westminster Canterbury were veterans from all branches of service and all forms of exploits. From "harm's way" to a desk in a protected area, our residents had made great contributions to military efforts. Many decorations, medals and citations were recorded along with many harrowing experiences endured. The gamut of service-related stories proved to be justification for this history project.

The committee expresses its sincere appreciation for the positive response the history project has received. We have made many new friends and have gained renewed respect for the tremendous contribution that all have made in our conflicts. We present this book as a gift to our fellow resident veterans. To all participants: an excellent Fitness Report. Well done.

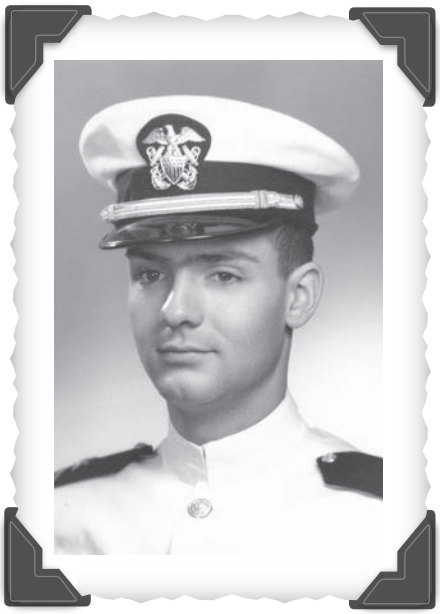
WAR STORIES COMMITTEE:

Edward Reeves Adams, Lieutenant, Navy – Chair
Carl Max Lindner, Jr., Lieutenant Colonel, Army Air
Wilana Kemp Madden, Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps
Charles Bruce Miller, Colonel, Army Air Force
Neilson Jay November, Lieutenant JG, Navy
Charles Morris Terry, Jr., Private First Class, Marine Corps
John Randolph Tucker, Lieutenant Colonel, Army

Richmond, Virginia
Memorial Day 2008

MILITARY SERVICE

Name: **Charles H. Adams**



Date of Birth: Dec. 10, 1929

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: 1951 to 1955

Highest Rank: Lieutenant

Unit: Special Intelligence Production Unit (SIPU), Ford Island, HI

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Great Lakes Naval Training Station; OCS, Newport, RI; Photographic Interpretation, Anacostia, MD; Oahu, HI

Highlights: SIPU had a great volleyball routine. We played at lunch time every day—almost got good at it.

Name: **Edward Reeves Adams**

Date of Birth: June 20, 1920

Branch of Service: Navy—Bureau of Ordnance

Commissioned: March 26, 1943 to April 5, 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant S06 Specialist Underwater Ordnance

Unit: Bureau of Ordnance

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Various—principally Naval Mine Warfare Test Station, Solomons, MD

Medals/Awards: Citation from Chief of Naval Operations with reference to developing countermeasure for German torpedoes

Highlights: Development and experimental work on underwater weapons, special weapons program

War story on page 101.

Name: **Leonard G. Anderson**

Date of Birth: Jan. 16, 1919

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: Jan. 6, 1942 to Feb. 28, 1946

Highest Rank: Captain (Active Duty)
Major (Reserves)

Unit: 93rd Infantry Division; 1st Cavalry Division

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: South Pacific; Philippines; Japan

War story on page 103.

Name: **Joseph Thomas Antonelli, Sr.**

Date of Birth: June 25, 1922

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: November 1942 to November 1945

Highest Rank: Sergeant

Unit: 924th Engineer Aviation Regiment

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Normandy D-Day +6; Northern France; Ardennes; Rhineland; Central Europe

Summary of Military Service: Tried to enlist in the Air Corps (Navy and Army) but eyesight was marred by a football injury, so I just waited to be drafted. The 924th Engineer Aviation Regiment was charged with surveying and rebuilding airfields damaged by shellings. My group was charged with reconnaissance throughout France and parts of Belgium and Germany.

Name: **Parker D. Archibald**

Date of Birth: June 14, 1925

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: July 1943 to September 1946

Highest Rank: Ensign

Unit: NAS Lakehurst, NJ; Fleet Weather Central, Guam

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Lakehurst, NJ; Guam

Highlights: In Pacific—preparing certain stations for special weather operations

War story on page 105.

Name: **Phillip Griffith Arnest**

Date of Birth: July 18, 1924

Branch of Service: Navy Air

Enlisted: Jan. 21, 1943 to April 6, 1946

Highest Rank: Seaman Second Class

Unit: TBS Squadron 413

War: World War II

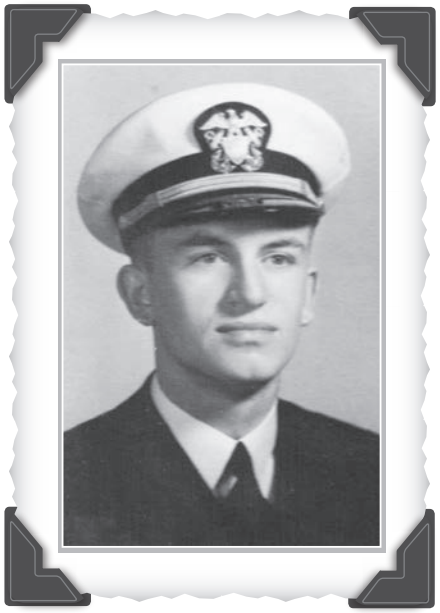
Locations of Military Service: University of Virginia; Athens, GA; Macon, GA; Primary Flight Training, Memphis, TN; Naval Air Station, Pensacola, FL; Great Lakes Naval Air Technical Training Center; Norman, OK; Gunners School, Miami, FL; Naval Air Station, Grosse Ile, MI; Naval Air Station, Chincoteague, VA; Norfolk, VA; FDR CVB42

Medals/Awards: American Theater; Victory Medal; Good Conduct Medal

Highlights: Plane captain of F6F Fighter. Plank member on FDR. Shakedown Cruise to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. High Speed Trials in North Atlantic. Return to Bayonne, NJ. Discharged April 1946.

War story on page 106.

Name: **Claude C. Arthur**



Date of Birth: May 23, 1923

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: September 1944 to September 1946

Highest Rank: Ensign

Unit: Battleship Alabama (BB-60)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Pacific

Battles/Campaigns: Last mission of Admiral Halsey's 3rd Fleet off the coast of Japan

Medals/Awards: One Star

Highlights: Off the coast of Japan when A bombs were dropped! Interesting trip on LSM from San Francisco through canal to Key West, FL.

Summary of Military Service: Navy Boot Camp, Great Lakes, September to December 1944. U.S Naval Academy, Midshipmen's School, January to April 1945. USS Alabama, May 1945 to January 1946. CASU (f) 42 (Naval Airstrip) Island of Samar, Southern Philippines, February to May 1946. LSM 45 May to September 1946.

Name: **Irvin Sutherland Barnard**

Date of Birth: Sep. 5, 1925

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted: Sep. 27, 1943 to Feb. 6, 1946

Highest Rank: Technician Third Grade

Unit: Medical Detachment, 12th Infantry; Surgical Technician 861

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Germany

Battles/Campaigns: G033WD45 Rhineland Central Europe

Medals/Awards: Purple Heart Medal; Good Conduct Medal; American Theater Ribbon; European African Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon; World War II Victory Ribbon

Highlights: Lapel button issued—ASR Score 46; No days lost under AW 107; Rifle Marksman 03—Carbine; M-1 Medical Badge

Injuries: yes

Summary of Military Service: Enlisted July 13, 1943. Entered Sept. 27, 1943. England Oct. 31, 1944 to Nov. 8, 1944. United States July 3, 1945 to July 12, 1945. Separated Feb. 6, 1946.

Name: **Joseph Earl Blackburn**

Date of Birth: Sept. 23, 1920

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Commissioned: December 1941 to December 1945, Reserves to 1950

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: 70th Bomb Squadron, 42nd Bomb Group, 13th Air Force

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: South Pacific; Greenville, SC; Fiji Islands

Battles/Campaigns: Guadalcanal; Banika; New Georgia; Bougainville; New Britain; Rabaul (Bismarck Archipelago); all in support of invasions and tactical support of Marines.

Medals/Awards: South Pacific Campaign Ribbon; 8 Air Medals (83 combat missions)

Highlights: B-25 combat pilot. Flight commander in Solomon Islands. Bombed Japanese air bases, low level strafing. Attacks on naval vessels, troop ships and cargo ships. Upon return from combat, was flight commander and instructor pilot at B-25 Combat Training Base at Greenville Army Base in Greenville, SC.

Summary of Military Service: Dec. 6, 1941, received order to report to Maxwell Field for pilot training. Received commission and pilot wings Oct. 9, 1942, Turner Field, Albany, GA. B-26 pilot training, Oct. 9, 1942 to Dec. 15, 1942, Fort Meyers, FL. January 1943 flew B-25 to South Pacific. Fiji Islands and Solomon Islands, 1943 to March 1944.

The 13th Air Force in the South Pacific was under command of the Navy. We supported all landings and attempted to destroy all Japanese airfields and Japanese planes. We did tactical support of invasions and ground operations of Marines.

In March 1944 the 13th Air Force moved to the Southwest Pacific. I came back to the States shortly after that happened.

From April 1944 to October 1945, 1 was a B-25 instructor pilot and flight commander at Greenville Army Air Base in Greenville, SC.

I was discharged at Andrews Air Force Base in December 1945 and remained on reserve status for four years. During those four years, I held military occupants specialty (2-engine pilot) and legal MOS.

War story on page 109.

Name: **Dr. John Arnold Board**

Date of Birth: June 30, 1931

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: 1959-1961

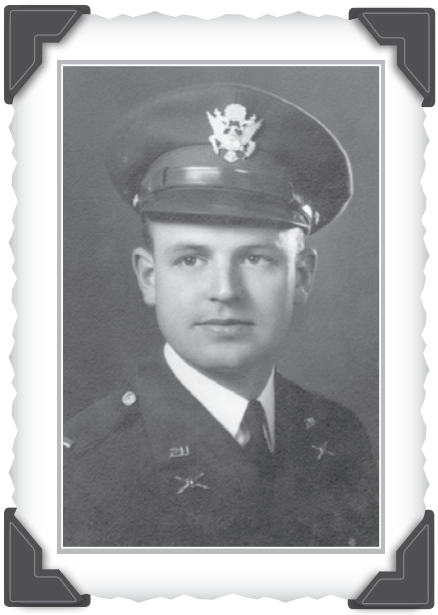
Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: Army Hospital, Fort McPherson, GA

War: no "hot war"

Locations of Military Service: Atlanta, GA

Highlights: Chief of OB/GYN Service at Army Hospital, Fort McPherson, GA



Name: **Clyde Weaver Bradshaw**

Date of Birth: May 27, 1915

Branch of Service: Army, Coast Artillery Corps

Commissioned: Jan. 2, 1941 to Jan. 20, 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Colonel

Unit: 203rd Anti-Aircraft Battalion (S.P.) attached to 7th Armored Division

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Monroe, VA; Ft. Eustis, VA; Ft. Bliss, TX; Camp Polk, LA; Ft. Pickett, VA; Europe

Battles/Campaigns: Normandy; Northern France; Rhineland; Ardennes; Central Europe

Medals/Awards: Bronze Star Medal

Highlights: Battalion Executive Officer

Went on active duty at Fort Monroe, VA. Trained at Fort Monroe and Fort Eustis, VA, Fort Bliss, TX; Camp Polk, LA; and Fort Pickett, VA.

In November 1942, was assigned to the newly activated 203rd Anti-Aircraft Battalion (S.P.) at Fort Bliss and trained there until going on Louisiana maneuvers in November 1943 and then on to Fort Pickett to prepare for overseas shipment.

During February 1944, shipped out from New York and landed at Liverpool, England. From February 1944 to June 1944, engaged in further training at various locations in England. In June 1944, departed from Port Weymouth and landed on Utah Beach in France.

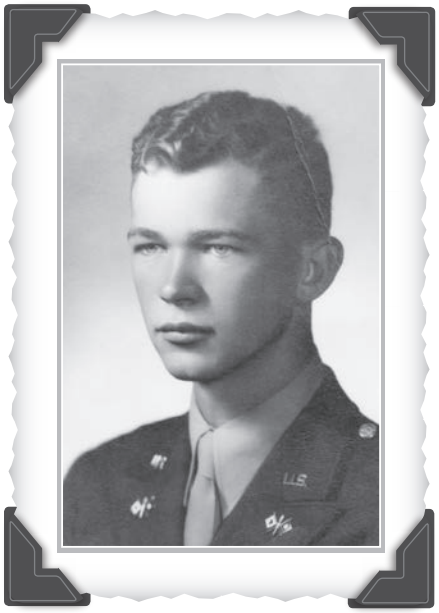
In August 1944, the Battalion was attached to the 7th Armored Division, where it remained until the end of the war in Europe.

The battalion made a long trek from Utah Beach through France, Belgium, and Germany to the shores of the Baltic Sea.

It was combat all the way, but especially intense in the area of St. Vith, Belgium, during the Battle of the Bulge.

In June 1945, transferred from the 203rd Anti-Aircraft Battalion to the 17th Tank Battalion of the 7th Armored Division, where I served as battalion commander until leaving Europe.

Name: **Wadsworth Bugg, Jr.**



Date of Birth: Nov. 5, 1918

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: Jan. 27, 1943 to Jan. 6, 1954

Highest Rank: Major

Unit: 3101st Signal Service Battalion; then volunteered for Infantry; 1387th Engineer Base Depot Company

War: World War II

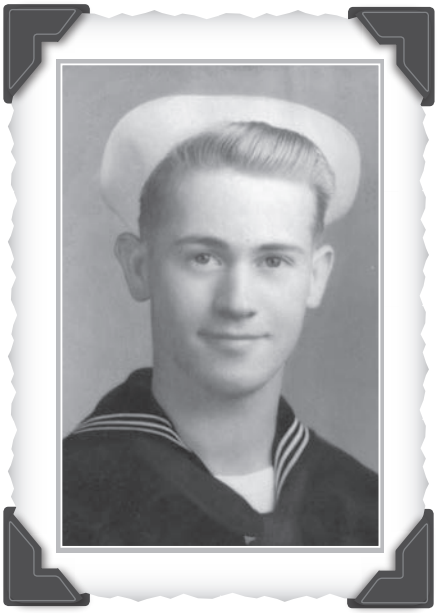
Locations of Military Service: Ft. Monmouth, NJ; Camp Crowder, MO; Ft. Benning, GA; Camp Fannin, TX; Camp Livingston, LA; Ft. Ord, CA; Manila

Battles/Campaigns: Japan surrendered while I was en route from Ft. Ord to Manila.

Medals/Awards: Asiatic Pacific Theater Ribbon; American Theater Ribbon; World War II Victory Medal

Summary of Military Service: Sept. 1939: Entered VMI and enrolled in ROTC, Infantry. Jan. 27, 1943: Assigned to the enlisted reserve. May 6, 1943: Ordered to active duty as private and assigned to VMI. May 22, 1943: Graduated from VMI with B.S. in electrical engineering, promoted to corporal and ordered to the Signal Corps Officer Candidate School at Ft. Monmouth, NJ. Sept. 14, 1943: Graduated and appointed 2nd lieutenant, Signal Corps. March 24, 1944: Released from Army Electronics Center and assigned to 3101st Signal Service Battalion, Camp Crowder, MO. Sept. 7, 1944: Detailed to the Infantry, volunteered—many 2nd lieutenants were transferred to the Infantry against their wishes. Nov. 5, 1944: Graduated from Officer's Special Basic Course, Infantry School, Fort Benning, GA, and assigned Infantry Replacement Center, Camp Fannin, TX. Dec. 18, 1944: Reported to Camp Livingston, LA. May 19, 1945: Promoted to lst lieutenant. Aug. 23, 1945: Ordered to report to Fort Ord, CA. September 1945: Left for Manila. Trip took 20 days. When we crossed the International Date Line, the Japs surrendered. Arrived in Manila assigned to an engineer equip. battalion. June 17, 1946: Ordered back to United States. July 23, 1946: Promoted to captain. After the war, stayed in the reserve and National Guard. Dec. 9, 1952: Promoted to major. Jan. 6, 1954: Retired from the Virginia National Guard.

Name: **Dr. John F. "Jack" Butterworth, III**



Date of Birth: July 24, 1926

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: July 31, 1944 to July 4, 1946

Highest Rank: Pharmacist's Mate Second Class

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Camp Peary, VA; Naval Hospital, San Diego, CA; Camp LeJeune, NC

War story on page 112.

Name: **Dr. Burr Noland Carter II**

Date of Birth: Nov. 10, 1925

Branch of Service: Naval Aviation

Enlisted: 1943-1945

Highest Rank: Aviation Cadet—Pilot Training

Unit: Final Flight Training—Pensacola, FL

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Tarmac in Indiana; University of Pennsylvania; University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; Bunker Hill Naval Air Station, Peru, IN; Pensacola, FL

Battles/Campaigns: The atom bomb was dropped in August 1945. We were discharged in October 1945—just three to four weeks from our commissions. (We were furious!)

Summary of Military Service: Enrolled in USNR College in 1943 at UVA. Joined US Naval Aviation training in February 1944. Began flying late 1944 in Peru, IN, then Pensacola until the A-bomb. I was four weeks from getting my wings. I wired my father that I planned to sign up for four more years. His reply, "Fall term at UVA begins Nov. 1, 1945. Be there. Dad"

War story on page 113.

Name: **Malcolm MacCleod Christian**

Date of Birth: April 4, 1924

Branch of Service: Army—Combat Engineers

Drafted: Service Dates: February 1943 to December 1945

Highest Rank: Second Lieutenant—Reserves

Unit: Headquarters Company, 1123rd Engineer Combat Group, Third Army

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Basic training, U.S.; ASTP Purdue University; European Theater

Battles/Campaigns: Rhineland; Ardennes/Alsace; Central Europe; Germany

Medals/Awards: Campaign ribbons and stars for above

Highlights: Classification specialist for personnel and operational requirements.

Injuries: yes

Summary of Military Service: Basic Training, Infantry. ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program) at Purdue University, Lafayette, IN. Halfway through, program disbanded to supply Invasion Forces. 1123rd Combat Engineer Group organized, assigned to Headquarters, U.S. England—1123rd Group joins Third Army. Operations in European Theater: Rhineland, Ardennes, Central Europe, Germany. 1123 Group Headquarters returned to United States to refit and reequip to go to Japan. Japan surrenders. 1123rd Group disbanded. Discharged.

Name: **Stuart Grattan Christian, Jr.**

Date of Birth: March 4, 1920

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted: Oct. 20, 1942 to June 1945

Highest Rank: Sergeant

Unit: 83rd Infantry Division

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Camp Atterberry, IN; Tennessee Maneuvers; Camp Breckenridge, KY; Normandy

Battles/Campaigns: Omaha Beach D-Day +2; St. Lo

Medals/Awards: Purple Heart; Combat Infantry Badge

Injuries: yes

Summary of Military Service: Inducted at Camp Lee, VA. From Lee went to Camp Atterberry, IN and the 83rd Infantry Division for basic training. July 1943—maneuvers in Tennessee. Further training at Camp Breckenridge, KY. Shipped to Wales—additional training until embarkation to France and Normandy. Fighting on the beaches and hedgerows—involved with German tanks. Preparing for the capture of St. Lo, was wounded by German fire. Evacuated to a hospital in the U.K. After several months, moved by ship to Charleston, SC. From Charleston, went to Woodrow Wilson Hospital in Staunton then to McGuire General Hospital in Richmond. After operations and treatment for wounds, I was discharged with disability.

Name: **Dr. John Randall Cook**

Date of Birth: Sept. 12, 1919

Branch of Service: Army Medical Corps

Enlisted: March 6, 1942 to Dec. 20, 1945

Highest Rank: Staff Sergeant

Unit: 1st General Hospital—European Theater

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: London; Normandy; Paris; Antwerp

Battles/Campaigns: Invasion of France

Medals/Awards: French Croix de Guerre; Good Conduct Medal; Unit Citation

Highlights: Secretary to commanding officer in charge of 1,500 French workers

War story on page 115.

Name: **Everett Raymond Copple, Sr.**

Date of Birth: Dec. 19, 1914

Branch of Service: Navy

Drafted: Dec. 27, 1943 to Jan. 26, 1946

Highest Rank: Master at Arms Mate Second Class

Unit: USS Piedmont

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: until Japan surrendered in August 1945, South Pacific; Philippines; Eniwetok; Guam; Marshall Islands; Yokosuka, Japan.

Medals/Awards: Victory Medal

Highlights: Aided in the installation of F.P.O. in Japan at the surrender of military operations.

War story on page 117.

Name: **William Bertie Correll**

Date of Birth: Dec. 2, 1917

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: October 1943 to May 1946

Highest Rank: Lieuntenant JG

Unit: New York Navy Yard; LST 717 (Pacific Fleet); APD 100 (USS Ringness)

War: World War II

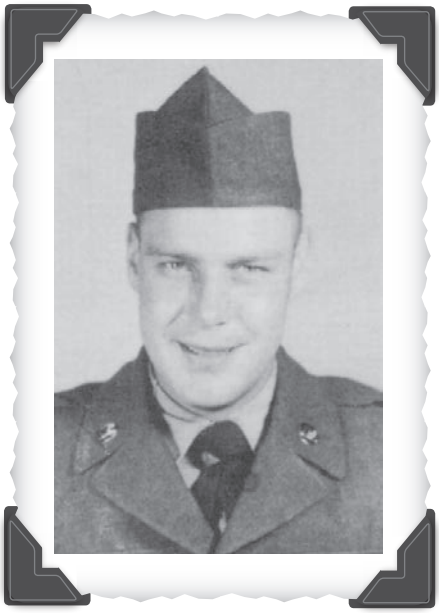
Locations of Military Service: Princeton, NJ; New York City (Brooklyn); Asiatic Pacific Area

Battles/Campaigns: Landings: Palawan Island, P.I.; Mindanao Island, P.I.; (Malabong and Parang); Mindanao (Talomo Gulf) P.I.; Yokohama, Tokyo Bay, Japan

Medals/Awards: Atlantic-Pacific Service Ribbon; Philippine Liberation Ribbon; American Area Ribbon; (All authorized, none obtained.)

Highlights: Present at the launching of the USS Missouri in the New York Navy Yard (1944). Present in Tokyo Bay on Sept. 2, 1945, when the treaty ending World War II was signed aboard the USS Missouri.

War story on page 118.



Name: **J. Robert Cross**

Date of Birth: June 5, 1932

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: October 1954 to August 1956

Highest Rank: Private First Class

Unit: Detachment 1, Headquarters Fort Jackson

War: Korea

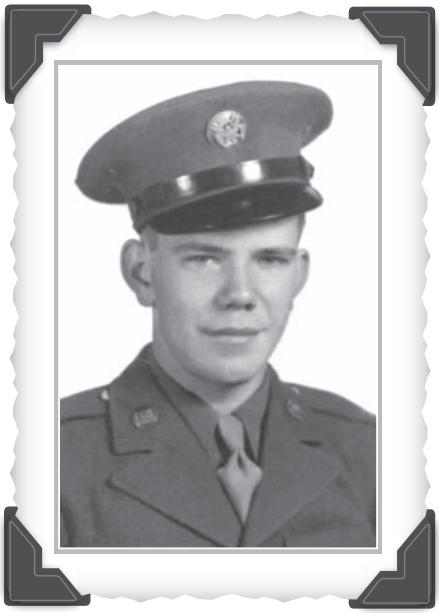
Locations of Military Service: Ft. Jackson, SC

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct Medal; Third Army Certificate of Achievement

Highlights: Clerk/Typist in the Casualty & Awards section of Fort Jackson Personnel. Handled paperwork including notification of next-of-kin when there was a death of Ft. Jackson personnel. (Mostly off-post automobile accidents, but a few training accidents.) Most of the time was devoted to composing and typing citations for the Fort Jackson Certificate of Achievement, the Third Army Certificate of Achievement, the Army Commendation Medal, and on one occasion, the Soldier's Medal. (Awarded a cadre member who scooped up and threw away a live hand grenade that a trainee had dropped.)

Summary of Military Service: Inducted, took Basic Training, Clerk/Typist training, permanently assigned, and discharged from Ft. Jackson, SC. Join the Army and see the world!

Name: **John Dudley Davis**



Date of Birth: Aug. 11, 1925

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: December 1943 to March 1946 and October 1949 to January 1953

Highest Rank: Corporal (Tech 5)

Unit: 279th Engineer Combat Battalion

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Several military bases for basic training; Europe

Battles/Campaigns: Battle of the Bulge

Medals/Awards: Purple Heart Medal; Good Conduct Medal; European African Middle East Theater Ribbon; World War II Victory Ribbon

Injuries: Yes

War story on page 123.

Name: **Ralph D. Davison**

Date of Birth: May 1, 1932

Branch of Service: Air Force

Commissioned: Sept. 1, 1954 to Aug. 31, 1956 (Reserves: 1956 to 1959)

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant (Active Duty), Captain (Reserves)

Unit: 301st Bomb Wing, 2nd Air Force, Strategic Air Command (SAC)

Locations of Military Service: Permanent active duty Barksdale Air Force Base, Shreveport, LA. Temporary duty and deployment to locations in England, North Africa and Turkey.

War story on page 124.

Name: **Donald Gilbert Dawe**

Date of Birth: July 12, 1926

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted: March 1944 to June 1946

Highest Rank: T/5

Unit: 95th Division Field Artillery Headquarters Battery

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: European Theater

Battles/Campaigns: East of the Rhine

War story on page 125.

Name: **William Eskridge Duke, Jr.**

Date of Birth: May 9, 1927

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: July 18, 1945 to June 15, 1954

Highest Rank: Lieutenant

Unit: U. S. Naval Academy; USS Sicily (CVE118 Aircraft Carrier); Navy Officers Submarine School (New London, CT); USS Runner (SS476 Submarine)

War: World War II; Korea

Locations of Military Service: Annapolis; Norfolk; Mediterranean; San Diego; Korea; New London

Battles/Campaigns: In Korea, Pusan Perimeter; Inchon Invasion; Korean East & West Coast Blockades

Medals/Awards: Submarine Qualification (Gold Dolphins); World War II Victory; Navy Occupation Medal; National Defense Service Ribbon; Korean Service Medal with three stars; United Nations Service Medal; Republic of Korea Service Medal

War story on page 127.

Name: **Junius Earle Dunford, Jr.**

Date of Birth: Aug. 28, 1926

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted: Sept. 14, 1944 to Aug. 24, 1946

Highest Rank: Staff Sergeant

Unit: 175th Engineers (5th Army); 3195 Signal Service Company (Peninsula Base Section); Infantry Replacement Rifleman (Italy)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Italy

Medals/Awards: Message Center Chief

Highlights: Helped build a rail bridge over the Po River, summer 1945.

War story on page 131.

Name: **William F. Egelhoff**

Date of Birth: Feb. 27, 1918

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: March 1943 to June 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Senior Grade

Unit: Aviation Ordnance 4-V Division Officer, USS Midway

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Atlantic Theater; Naval Air Station Quonset Point, RI; Naval Air Station Norfolk

Summary of Military Service: After indoctrination school at Ft. Schuyler in the Bronx, I reported to Aviation Gunnery Officers School at NAS Jacksonville, FL. Then on to Bomb Disposal School at Naval Proving Grounds, Dahlgren, MD. 1943 to 1945: I served at Quonset Point, RI, and Norfolk, VA, as ordnance supply officer, fitting out carriers with air ordnance gear. 1945 to 1946: assigned to pre-commissioning detail on USS Midway, initially as air ordnance officer, then a division officer for ordnance and fueling of aircraft. Discharged June 1946.

Name: **Tazewell Ellett III**

Date of Birth: Aug. 18, 1922

Branch of Service: Marine Corps

Commissioned: 1943 to 1946

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines (1st Division)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Peleliu; Okinawa; Tiensin, China

Battles/Campaigns: Peleliu; Okinawa

Medals/Awards: Commendation Medal

Highlights: Naval Gunfire Spotter; directing firing of naval ships on shore targets, forward observer

Summary of Military Service: In 1943, called to active duty in Enlisted Reserve Artillery after three years at VMI. Artillery School at Quantico Marine Base. Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, VA; Camp Catlin, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. 1st Marine Division at Pavuvu in the Russell Islands, at Peleliu, and Okinawa. Served as Naval Gunfire Spotter (forward observer). Tiensin, China: 1st Division served to repatriate Chinese after Japanese occupation. February 1945 to February 1946: returned to VMI for senior year and graduated in civil engineering.

Name: **James P. Fisher, Jr.**

Date of Birth: April 8, 1925

Branch of Service: Navy Air Corps

Enlisted: May 5, 1943 to May 5, 1946

Highest Rank: First Class Petty Officer—Aviation Fire Controlman

Unit: Fleet Air Wing #7 Patrol Bombing Squadron # 106 (Wolverators) (PB4Y2) Privateer

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Naval Air Station Jacksonville, FL; North Island—San Diego; Hawaii (Kancohe Bay); Tinian; Iwo Jima; Palawan; Philippine Isles

Battles/Campaigns: 37 Combat Patrols between Dec. 21, 1944 and August 1945

Medals/Awards: Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters; Distinguished Flying Cross

Highlights: Combat patrols—bombed Jap air strips on islands. Sank nine ships and damaged several more.

Name: **Raymond Jarvis Frank**

Date of Birth: Aug. 8, 1921

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: Aug. 30, 1942 to Dec. 14, 1945

Highest Rank: Motor Machinist's Mate First Class (MoMM1/C)

Unit: Landing Force Equipment Depot, Norfolk, VA

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Norfolk, VA; Richmond, VA Diesel School; Okinawa; USS Bowditch

Summary of Military History: My tour of duty in the Navy was very exciting. We supplemented the work of plants and factories by repairing existing landing craft so that factories could produce new craft.

War story on page 132.

Name: **John Cole Gayle**

Date of Birth: Dec. 10, 1924

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Commissioned: May 1943 to September 1945

Highest Rank: Flight Officer

Unit: 8th Air Force; 3rd Division; 390th Bomb Group B-17

War: World War II

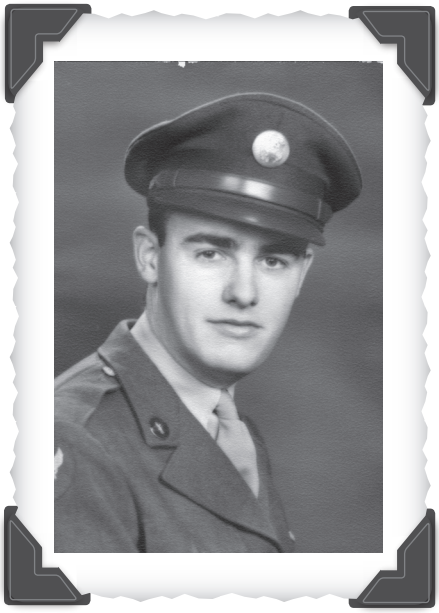
Locations of Military Service: Framlingham, East Anglia, England. Basic Training, BT 10, Greensboro, NC, Squadron Commander. Chattanooga, TN, assigned as navigator. Massachusetts State University, Amherst, MA, aviation cadet; soloed in a Piper Cub. Maxwell Field, aviation cadet, company adjutant, Capt. J. Cliff Miller, my commanding officer. Harlingen, TX, gunnery school. Selma LA, navigation school. McDill Air Force Base, Tampa, FL. HMS Mauritania, troop ship to Southampton, England. Framlingham, England, 390th Bomb Group.

Battles/Campaigns: Defense of England; missions over Poland;Czechoslovakia; France; 22 missions in Europe

Medals/Awards: Air Medal with 3 Clusters; Presidential Group Citation

Highlights: Navigator

Name: **Cannon Hobson Goddin**



Date of Birth: Jan. 15, 1924

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Enlisted: January 1943 to January 1946

Highest Rank: Sergeant

Unit: Army Air Force Communications Service

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: U.S.; Australia; New Guinea; Philippines

Battles/Campaigns: New Guinea; Invasion of Leyte, Philippine Islands

Medals/Awards: Unit Award

Summary of Military Service: Enlisted ASTP program of Army in November 1942. Called for duty Jan. 1, 1943. March 1943 Ft. Lee, induction. Miami Beach, FL, basic training. Stevens Hotel, Chicago; Sioux Falls, SD, Radio School. Truax Field, Control Tower School, Madison, WI. 1944 McCord Field, WA, and McClelland Field, Sacramento, CA.

April 1944, Aboard USS West Point to Sydney, Australia, then Port Moresby, New Guinea, on to Finchaven, New Guinea, served as control tower operator at an airfield. Volunteered for invasion of Talaud Islands in the Celebes, but invasion was called off. Participated in invasion of Leyte, landed on D-Day +1. Operated tower at Tanuan for six months and then Tacloban for seven months, both on Leyte in the Philippines. We mostly handled fighters and medium bombers, cargo planes —very interesting, but nerve wracking job as conditions were primitive.

Most rewarding experience: Finding my brother, who was with the 1st Cavalry Division in the Admiralty Islands. We met in Leyte three times. He died of wounds received in action.

Most unforgettable experience: The Japs dropped paratroops on us at Dulag, Leyte on Dec. 7, 1944. I was ordered to help guard the mess. A friend who used my foxhole was killed.

Most unrewarding experience: After the bomb was dropped, I volunteered to fly into Atsugi Airport near Tokyo to set up tower and communications so our Air Force could move in. We were not allowed to carry our carbines and did not know what our reception would be. I was pulled off—later found out it was because I was a sole surviving son.

Left Manila on a banana boat on Christmas Day 1945. Arrived in San Francisco. Discharged at Ft. Bragg. Home in late January and back at Hampden-Sydney in February.

War story on page 134.

Name: **Richard Oliver Gordon**

Birth Date: May 11, 1914

Branch of Service: Army Chemical Warfare Service (redesignated in 1946 to Chemical Corps.)

Commissioned: December 1939 to July 1969

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Colonel

Unit: 2nd Separate Chemical Mortar Battalion (Motorized); Headquarters, Edgewood Arsenal; South Pacific Base Command; Army Service Command, Olympia; Osaka Base Command; Nagoya Base Command; 24th Infantry Division; Headquarters, Army Chemical Center; Headquarters, 4th Army; Headquarters, 2nd Infantry Division and Fort Lewis; Headquarters, 3rd Corps; Staff and Faculty, Army Chemical School; Headquarters, 5th Logistical Command; Headquarters, Dugway Proving Ground; Headquarters, Logistical Exercise Staff representing the Army Chemical School at Fort Lee, VA

War: World War II; Korea; Vietnam

Locations of Military Service: Edgewood Arsenal, MD; Fort Leavenworth, KS; Noumea, New Caledonia; Angeles, Luzon, Philippine Islands; Osaka, Honshu, Japan; Nagoya, Honshu, Japan; Okayama, Honshu, Japan; Kokura, Kyushu, Japan; Army Chemical Center, MD; Fort Sam Houston, TX; Fort Lewis, WA; Korea (South and North); Camp Roberts, CA; Camp Mercury, NV; Fort MacArthur, CA; Temporary Building Seven, Gravelly Point, VA; Fort Shafter, HI; Fort McClellan, AL; Republic of China, Taiwan; Fort Bragg, NC; Dugway Proving Ground, UT; Fort Lee, VA

Battles/Campaigns: Luzon; United Nations Defense; United Nations Offense; Chinese Communist Forces Intervention; United Nations Counter Offensive; Chinese Communist Forces Spring Offensive; United Nations Summer-Fall Offensive

Medals/Awards: Bronze Star, Army Commendation Medal

Summary of Military Service:

Entered on continuous active duty at Edgewood Arsenal, MD, Dec. 1, 1939. At same duty station until March 1944 with temporary duty assignments to the Command & General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, and the Military Intelligence School, the Pentagon.

Overseas in April 1944 to the South Pacific Theater serving in chemical officer positions with base commands located at New Caledonia, Luzon, Osaka and Nagoya, Japan. From April to November, chemical officer, 24th Infantry Division.

Richard Oliver Gordon (continued)

Returned to the continental U.S. to the Executive Office, Army Chemical Center, Maryland.
1948 to 1949: Chemical officer, 4th Army, Fort Sam Houston.

September 1949: Chemical officer, 2nd Infantry Division and Fort Lewis. With that division in the Korean Conflict.

September 1951: Returned to the continental United States to Chemical Officer III Corps at Fort MacArthur.

1952 to 1954: Duty in the office of the chief chemical officer, Washington, to chemical officer Army Pacific and the Hawaiian Defense Command.

1957 to 1960: Duty with the Chemical Corps Board at Army Chemical Center.

1960 to 1962: Staff & Faculty, Chemical Corps School, Fort McClellan (six weeks temporary duty with the Republic of China Chemical School in Taiwan).

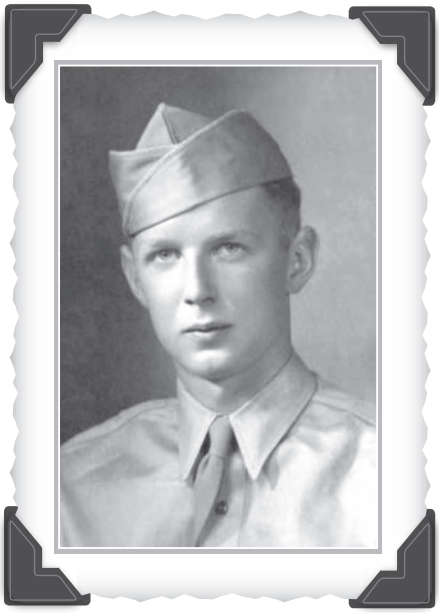
1962 to 1965: 5th Logistical Command Staff chemical officer, Fort Bragg.

1965 to 1968: Dugway Proving Ground, Utah for duty with Test Operations.

Career terminated at Fort Lee with duty on the logistical exercise staff, representing the Chemical Corps School.

War story on page 136.

Name: **William Hamilton**



Date of Birth: Oct. 13, 1922

Branch of Service: Army Coast Artillery and Infantry

Drafted: Feb. 3, 1943 to Oct. 5, 1945

Highest Rank: Private First Class—a very good one

Unit: 242nd Coast Artillery; Company A, 394th Infantry Regiment, 99th Division

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Europe

Battles/Campaigns: Battle of the Bulge

Medals/Awards: Combat Infantry Badge

Injuries: Yes

War story on page 137.

Name: **John Tyler Hanna**

Date of Birth: July 13, 1923

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: 1944-1946

Highest Rank: Electronics Technician's Mate Third Class

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Great Lakes Boot Camp; Chicago Wright Junior College; University of Houston; Naval Research Laboratory; Guam; Saipan; Tinian; South Pacific

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct Medal; South Pacific Theater of Operations Ribbon

Summary of Military Service: I was a selective volunteer in the Navy. Completed basic training at Great Lakes near Chicago. Was sent to Wright Junior College in Chicago to study military electronics. Completed this training and was sent to the University of Houston in Texas. Completed this training and was sent to study at the Naval Research Lab in Washington. Transferred to San Diego and served in the South Pacific in Guam, then Saipan, then Tinian

Name: **Benjamin Franklin Harmon III**

Date of Birth: Dec. 7, 1928

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: March 1, 1949 to Sept. 31, 1975

Highest Rank: Colonel

Unit: 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment (2); 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment; 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment

War: Vietnam

Locations of Military Service: United States; England; Germany; Korea; Vietnam

Battles/Campaigns: Junction City; Thunder Dragon; Hood River (Rhino, Lion)

Medals/Awards: Legion of Merit with 2 Clusters; Bronze Star; Air Medal with 4 Clusters; Army Commendation Medal; Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Gold Star; Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Palm (2); Army General Staff Identification Badge; Distinguished Unit Citation

Injuries: yes

Summary of Military Service: March to August 1949: 26th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon, Instructor OCS Regiment, Ft. Riley, KS. August to December 1949: Student at the Ground General School. January to June 1950: Armor Officer Basic Course. August 1950 to September 1953: 2nd Battalion, 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment, Germany November 1953 to August 1954: 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment. September 1954 to June 1955: Armored Officer Advanced Course. July 1955 to July 1957: Combat Developments Group, The Armor School. September 1957 to December 1958: Joint Military Assistance Advisory Group, Korea. January 1959 to July 1962: Armor Instructor, Army Transportation School. August 1962 to June 1963: Army Command and General Staff College. July 1963 to September 1964: 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment, Germany. September 1964 to July 1966: Exchange Officer to Royal Armoured Corps Tactical School, England. August 1966 to January 1967: Student, Armed Forces Staff College. February 1967 to August 1967: Commanding Officer, 2nd Battalion, 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, Republic of Vietnam. August 1967 to February 1968: Army, Vietnam. April 1968 to August 1971: Plans Division, Volunteer Army Division, Directorate Discipline and Drug Policy, Department of the Army. September 1971 to September 1975: University of Richmond.

Name: **Richard Davis Harrison**

Date of Birth: Nov. 5, 1922

Branch of Service: Army Air Force

Enlisted: 1943

Commissioned: January 1944

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: 354th Fighter Group; 355th Fighter Squadron; 9th Air Force

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: France and Germany

Battles/Campaigns: Close support of Patton's 3rd Army across France and into Germany; Battle of the Bulge

Medals/Awards: Air Medal with clusters

Highlights: At the 3rd Army crossing of the Rhine, I received direct radio communication from our ground forces, who were pinned down at the bottom of a cliff on the north shore. After dive bombing and strafing, they said we had eliminated the enemy at the top. They had achieved their objectives and we could go home.

Name: **Arthur C. Hendrick**

Date of Birth: July 18, 1924

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: July 7, 1943 to April 23, 1946

Highest Rank: Electronics Mate First Class

Unit: Ship USS ATR 25

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Southwest Pacific: Suva, Fiji; Manus, Admiralty Islands; Wewar; Finschhafen and Hollandia on New Guinea; Leyte and Manila, Philippines

Battles/Campaigns: Philippine Liberation; Asiatic Pacific

Medals/Awards: Philippine Liberation Medal; Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal; American Area Medal; World War II Victory Medals; Navy Unit Commendation for service in the Philippine Island area; blanket commendation for rescuing a Liberty Ship, SS Don Marcus.

Highlights: In charge of the electrical department USS ATR 25

Summary of Military Service: Naval Training Station, Sampson, NY. Naval Training School, Iowa State College. Gyro Compass School, San Diego, CA. USS ATR-25 May 6, 1944, San Pedro, CA. Ship at Charleston, SC, to be decommissioned. Left to be discharged on April 23, 1946

War story on page 138.

Name: **James Edwin Hensley**

Date of Birth: Aug. 27, 1920

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: Aug. 25, 1944 to Aug. 16, 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant JG

Unit: Advance Base Reshipment Depot, Navy 128, Honolulu, HI

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Pacific

Name: **Bryan B. Higgins**

Date of Birth: Jan. 16, 1928

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted and Commissioned: Active Duty: September 1946 to January 1948 and September 1951 to September 1953; Reserve: September 1953 to 1984

Highest Rank: Colonel

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Guam and Austria

Name: **Adolf U. Honkala**

Date of Birth: April 1, 1921

Branch of Service: Army Air Force

Drafted: July 1942 to October 1945

Highest Rank: Corporal

Unit: 15th Air Force, 465 Bomb Group, 480 Squadron

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Training courses at Buckley Field, CO, and Lowry Field, CO. Stationed at Topeka KS Air Force Base; Lincoln, NB, Air Force Base; McCook, NB, Air Force Base. Assembled at McCook. Shipped overseas from Camp Patrick Henry, VA, via North Africa to Pantanella, Italy. The 480 Bomb Squadron flew B-24s. I was a turret specialist.

Battles/Campaigns: Mediterranean Air Campaign

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct Award; squadron got a number of awards

Highlights: Was selected as one of 13, called the "lucky thirteen, to return to the States in September 1944 to form a new B-29 group stationed at Pueblo, CO. By the time it was ready, the bomb was dropped on Japan. All activity ceased.

Name: **Meredith Anderson House**

Date of Birth: Dec. 7, 1927

Branch of Service: Army Infantry

Enlisted: Sept. 7, 1946 to March 15, 1948

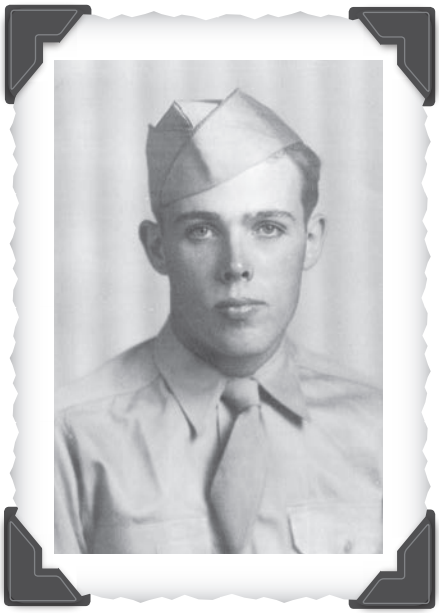
Highest Rank: Private First Class

Unit: Company F, 21st Infantry Regiment

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Meade, MD; Kumamoto, Kyushu, Japan

Highlights: Served with occupation forces in Japan

Name: **George Christian Hutter**



Date of Birth: April 7, 1926

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Enlisted: August 1944 to December 1945

Highest Rank: Corporal

Unit: Basic Training at Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, TX; Aerial Gunnery (B-17), Las Vegas, NV; Kingman, AZ

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Wichita Falls, TX; Las Vegas, NV; Kingman, AZ; Chandler, AZ; Waco, TX

Highlights: Military Police at Waco Army Air Field, Waco, TX

Name: **Samuel Wilson Jackson**

Date of Birth: Sept. 3, 1926

Branch of Service: Air Force

Commissioned: May 1, 1953 to July 1, 1955

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: Strategic Air Command

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Lackland AFB, TX; McGuire AFB, NJ; Suffolk AFB, Long Island, NY; AC & W, Pine Tree Line, Armstrong, Ontario, Canada; Ethan Allen AFB, Winoski, VT

Highlights: Air installations (engineering) officer and fire marshall

War story on page 140.

Name: **Joseph Ashby Jennings, Jr.**

Date of Birth: Aug. 12, 1920

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Drafted: 1942 to 1946

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant

Unit: Intelligence

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Wright Field, Dayton, OH

Highlights: Investigated fraud by defense contractors

Name: **DeLancey Floyd Jones**

Date of Birth: April 9, 1916

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: 1942 to 1945

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Commander

Unit: USS Catoctin Admiral's aide, plus 16 other ships.

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Mediterranean; Newport, RI; Hawaii

Battles/Campaigns: Invasions of Sicily and Salerno, Italy; Southern France; North Africa and Pacific

Medals/Awards: Area Medals

Highlights: Training at the War College, Newport, RI. Flag lieutenant for Admiral John Wilkes. Was the communications officer on the command ship for the Naval Fleet in the Mediterranean, communication ship for Yalta Conference.

Name: **Arnold W. "Bill" Kamm**

Date of Birth: Jan. 15, 1929

Branch of Service: Army Medical Service Corps

Commissioned: 1951 to 1954

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant (Active Duty)
Major (Reserves)

Unit: Medical Company 103rd Infantry Regiment; 43rd Infantry Division (New England National Guard)

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Camp Pickett, VA; Augsburg, Germany; Frankfurt, Germany

Summary of Military Service: Drafted April 1951.

After 15 weeks of infantry basic training, I was informed that my commission had come through, 2nd lieutenant Medical Service Corps, and I was to report for a three-year active duty assignment to the 43rd Infantry Division, which was undergoing mobilization at Camp Pickett, VA. The unit was planning on moving to Germany in October 1951. I was assigned to the medical company, 103rd Infantry Regiment of the 43rd Infantry Division.

After less than two years, I was transferred to the Army General Hospital in Frankfurt on Main as the director of pharmacy. In August 1954, I was shipped back to the United States for termination of active duty.

I remained active in the Reserves in two different hospital units until 1965, when the company I worked for began transferring me, so I had to go inactive. My rank at that time was major, Army Reserve Medical Service Corps.

War story on page 140.

Name: **Harold Carleton King**

Date of Birth: April 25, 1924

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: June 23, 1942 to Sept. 25, 1945

Highest Rank: Aviation Cadet and Quartermaster's Mate Third Class

Unit: USS Enoree (1943-1944); Naval Air Corps (1944-1945)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: North Atlantic

Battles/Campaigns: Invasion of North Africa and Mediterranean

Medals/Awards: Atlantic and European campaign medals; Good Conduct Medal

Summary of Military Service: July 14, 1942: Entered Navy, Albany, NY. July 14, 1942 to Sept. 14, 1942: Basic Training. Sept. 14, 1942 to Dec. 20, 1942: Quartermaster School. Dec. 23, 1942 to Feb. 14, 1944: USS Enoree. Feb. 14, 1944 to July 15, 1945: Union College and Denison University. July 15, 1945 to Sept. 24, 1945: Aviation Cadet, University of Georgia. July 1947: Released from Reserves.

War story on page 141.

Name: **Brockenbrough Lamb, Jr.**

Date of Birth: March 22, 1919

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: 1940 Commissioned: Aug. 20, 1941 to 1945

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Commander

Unit: USS Kestrel

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Norfolk; South Pacific: Efate, New Hebrides

Highlights: Commanding officer of minesweeper, USS Kestrel. Commanding officer of Naval Air Base 156, Efate, New Hebrides.

War story on page 142.

Name: **David Carl Landin**

Date of Birth: Oct. 12, 1919

Branch of Service: Army; Army Air Corps; Air Force

Drafted, Enlisted, Commissioned: May 1, 1941 to July 4, 1945 (active service)

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Colonel

Unit: 166th Field Artillery; Aviation Cadet Program; 361st Fighter Group (Air Corps); Yuma Army Air Base, Yuma, AZ; Inspector General's Dept., Tactical Air Force, Langley Field, VA (reserve status)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, MS; San Antonio, TX; Richmond, VA; Millville, NJ; Camp Springs, MD (now Andrews Field); Bottisham, U.K; Hull on the Humber, U.K.; Yuma Army Air Base, Yuma, AZ; Langley Field, VA.

Battles/Campaigns: European Theater with 8th Air Force Fighter Command

Medals/Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross with Cluster; Air Medal with five Clusters; Meritorious Service Award

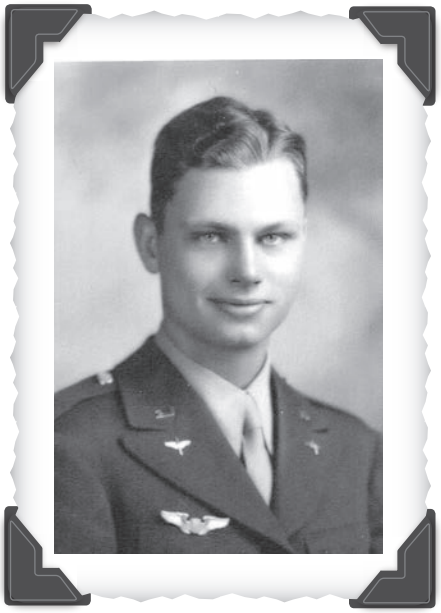
Highlights: Combat Pursuit Pilot

Summary of Military Service: I began my World War II military service in enlisted status with the 166th Field Artillery in May 1941 and entered and completed flight training in the Air Corps (now Air Force) on April 30, 1943. I joined the newly formed 361st Fighter Group in Richmond in officer status as a pilot, trained in the United States, went with that unit to the United Kingdom where we served with the 8th Air Force. I participated in all types of assigned air activity, but our primary mission was to escort and protect bombers on their bomb runs.

I completed my combat tour after 83 missions in P-47 (Thunderbolt) and P-51 (Mustang) aircraft and left active service on July 4, 1945. I remained in the reserve and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1971.

War story on page 144.

Name: **Edward Emerson Lane**



Date of Birth: Jan. 28, 1924

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Enlisted: January 1943 to November 1945

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Butler University, IN; Lauglin Field, TX; Ellington Field, Houston, TX; San Antonio, TX; Garden City, KS; Tennessee; Oklahoma.

Highlights: Completed pilot training and ground technical instruction on B-26 type equipment.

War story on page 146.

Name: **Arthur Wellesley Lee III**

Date of Birth: Dec. 15, 1925

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: Feb. 14, 1944 to June 3, 1946

Highest Rank: Seaman Third Class

Unit: USS Storm King (AP 171)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Emory & Henry College, VA; Great Lakes, IL; Bainbridge, MD; Pacific Theater

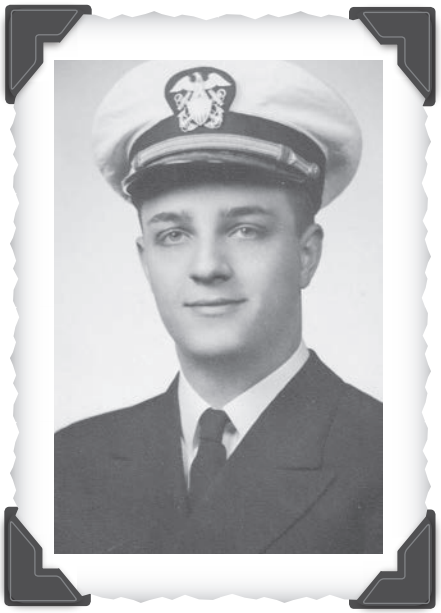
Battles/Campaigns: Okinawa

Medals/Awards: American Theater; World War II Victory; Asiatic Pacific

Highlights: Aboard a Troop Transport (AP-171) for one year. In and out of ports in California, Washington, Oahu, Eniwetok, Caroline Islands, Okinawa, Guam, Wake, Japan, Korea and Manila. Usually traveled without escorts.

Note: After the war, met Brenton Halsey of Newport News and Richmond. The USS Storm King was built by Brent's father and christened by his mother. Later Brent bought and raced 50-foot sail boats. He named them "Storm King."

Name: **Harry Gravely Lee**



Date of Birth: Sept. 7, 1925

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: Dec. 3, 1943 to Sept. 1, 1946 and Oct. 1, 1951 to Oct. 1, 1953

Highest Rank: Lieutenant

Unit: Ship Savage Division, Operations Crossroads, USS Preserver ARS-8

War: World War II and Korea

Locations of Military Service: Pacific (World War II) and Atlantic (Korea)

Highlights: Qualified deep sea diver

Summary of Military Service: Joined Navy Dec. 3, 1943. In Navy college training program until Feb. 1, 1946 when I was commissioned ensign. Attended deep sea diving and salvage course at Pier 88, New York. March 1, 1946 transferred to USS Preserver ARS-8, San Francisco, CA, as an assistant salvage officer. Involved in Operation Crossroads at Bikini Atoll until August 15. Released to inactive status Sept. 1, 1946.

Called to active duty Oct. 1, 1951. Assigned to USS Hoist ARS-40 as salvage officer and executive officer. Accompanied convoy taking supplies to northern Canada, Baffin Land and Greenland to build radar sites for ballistic missile detection (Cold War). Released to inactive status Oct. 1, 1953.

Name: **Carl Max Lindner, Jr.**

Date of Birth: Feb. 26, 1924

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Commissioned: Sept. 13, 1942 to April 2, 1946 (Active) and April 2, 1946 to 1966 (Reserves)

Highest Rank: 1st Lieutenant (1946); Lieutenant Colonel (1966)

Unit: 442nd Troop Carrier Command, Squadron 304

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: UK: West Zoyland; France: Metz, St. André, Le Mainz; Germany: Munich

Battles/Campaigns: Rome Arno; Northern France; Southern France; Rhineland; Central Europe; Airlift to Berlin

Medals/Awards: Air Medal; European African Middle Eastern Service Medal; World War II Victory Medal

Highlights: Pilot, Squadron Executive Officer, Adjutant

War story on page 147.

Name: **George Borum Little**

Date of Birth: Sept. 13, 1925

Branch of Service: Army Infantry

Commissioned: 1943 to 1946 and 1950 to 1952

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant

Unit: World War II—Investigated guerrilla claims; Korean War—Counter Intelligence Corps

War: World War II and Korean War

Locations of Military Service: World War II—U.S.A.; Philippines (Zamboanga, Jolo, Sulu Archipelago); Korean War—Japan and Korea

Name: **De Witt Herbert Loomis**

Date of Birth: Oct. 6, 1930

Branch of Service: Army Signal Corps

Enlisted: Oct. 15, 1952 to Sept. 22, 1955

Highest Rank: E-4

Unit: Signal Corps, Special Detachments, Army Security Agency, National Security Agency

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Devens, MA; Ft. Campbell, KY; Presidio of Monterey, CA; Japan

Medals/Awards: None public

Highlights: First operative to intercept complete MIG-15 training exercise; of great help to our F-86s (Sabre Jets).

Summary of Military Service: September 1952: Enlisted into regular Army; mustered in at Ft. George Meade, MD. October 1952: To Ft. Devens, MA; with testing, language aptitude indicated. Offered Army Language School, choice of Korean or Russian. October to December 1952: Basic Training at Ft. Campbell, KY; served as company clerk; basic qualifications; additional qualifications in automatic weapons. December 1952: Army Language School. September 1953: Operating Base, Kyoto, Japan. October 1954: Special Detachment to evaluate installation on Southern Island of Kyushu. September 1955: Returned to United States. Honorable Discharge, out one month early to complete education at UVA

War story on page 152.

Name: **Ray Lancaster Lovelace**

Date of Birth: Jan. 15, 1923

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: 1943 to 1946

Highest Rank: Staff Sergeant

Unit: Persian Gulf Command

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Iran and Egypt

Medals/Awards: Rifle; Good Conduct Medal

Highlights: Staff sergeant for trucking battalion

Summary of Military Service: Because I was visually impaired, I was not assigned to combat duty. Our battalion delivered supplies and equipment to Russia. The Russians and Americans were allied in World War II.

During the time that I was overseas, I was stationed at a camp near Cairo, Egypt and was fortunate to have an opportunity to visit the Pyramids and Sphinx.

Name: **Wilana Camille May Kemp Madden**

Date of Birth: Oct. 2, 1921

Branch of Service: Army Nurse Corps

Commissioned: 1943 to 1945

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant

Unit: Army Nurse Corps (attached to Army Air Force)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: BTC #10, Greensboro, NC; Keesler Field, MS; Santa Ana Army Air Base, Santa Ana, CA

War story on page 153.

Name: **Robert Eugene Malany**

Date of Birth: Aug. 2, 1927

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: July 5, 1945 to Oct. 17, 1946

Highest Rank: Seaman First Class

Unit: USS Biloxi—Lot Cruiser

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: U.S. Bases and Pacific

Summary of Military Service: Basic Training at Camp Perry, VA. Base of debarkation was Camp Shumaker, CA. Assignment to decommission at Bremerton, WA. Discharged at Great Lakes Naval Station.

Name: **Waverly Hobson Marable Jr.**

Date of Birth: Aug. 10, 1927

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: Nov. 19, 1944 to July 16, 1946

Highest Rank: Shipfitter Third Class

Unit: USS Choureé, Pacific 6th Fleet

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Great Lakes, IL; Jacksonville, FL, Naval Air Force Base; Port Oakland, CA; Tokyo, Japan

Summary of Military Service: I began my naval career at boot camp in Great Lakes, IL. After that, I trained for "CBs" at Camp Perry, VA to prepare for action in the Pacific Theater. I was then transferred to Jacksonville Naval Air Station in Florida to study maintenance for T.B.F. Avengers (fighter planes).

After transferring to Oakland Naval Base in California, I boarded the USS Choureé, a supply ship which operated in the South Pacific with the 6th Fleet with the Flag Ship USS New Jersey and the aircraft carrier USS Boxer.

En route to invade Japan we picked up marines in Okinawa. While there, President Truman ordered the "A" Bomb to be dropped on Japan. We continued on to Japan and anchored in Tokyo Bay with the USS Missouri where history was made with the surrender and the signing of the treaty by the U.S.A. and Japan.

Returned to the Oakland, CA, Naval Air Station and decommissioned ship until my discharge in July 1946.

Name: **Thomas Freeland Mason, Jr.**

Date of Birth: April 26, 1924

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: March 1943 to March 1946

Highest Rank: World War II—Staff Sergeant; Korean Conflict—Sergeant First Class

Unit: World War II—494 Quartermaster Depot Company; Korean Conflict—2053 Reception Center

War: World War II and Korea

Locations of Military Service: World War II—Camp Lee; New Caledonia, New Zealand; Korean Conflict — Fort Meade, MD

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct Medal

Summary of Military Service:

World War II: Basic training at Camp Lee, then training at Quartermaster School. Ordered to Camp Stoneman, CA, troop train to New York, then by ship through the Panama Canal to New Caledonia. Ran various supply and issue warehouses. Returned to California for discharge.

Korean Conflict: Called back as reservist. Ran clothing issue warehouse.

Name: **Frank W. Mayock**

Date of Birth: Aug. 17, 1919

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: Feb. 17, 1942 to 1953

Highest Rank: Commander

Unit: USS Yorktown, an aircraft carrier, torpedo bomber squadrons VT5 and VT1

War: World War II; Korea

Locations of Military Service: Philadelphia Navy Yard; Jacksonville Naval Air Station; Ft. Lauderdale USS Yorktown

Battles/Campaigns: Truk, Caroline Islands; Mariana Islands "First Philippine Sea Battle"

Medals/Awards: Navy Cross; four Air Medals

Highlights: Pilot PBS

War story on page 154.

Name: **Horace Down McCowan, Jr.**

Date of Birth: May 23, 1920

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: December 1942

Highest Rank: Lieutenant (Naval Reserve)

Unit: PT boats; aircraft carrier; flight training; occupation of Germany

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: United States; Pacific; Europe

Medals/Awards: 3 Theater Medals, 5 Battle Stars

Highlights: divided German Fleet

Injuries: Yes

War story on page 156.

Name: **Frances Peggy Gaudiosi McElroy**

Branch of Service: USNR Waves

Enlisted: 1943 to 1946

Highest Rank: Chief Yeoman

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Washington, DC

Name: **Walter John "Wally" McGraw**

Date of Birth: May 4, 1928

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: July 23, 1951 to June 22, 1954

Highest Rank: Rear Admiral, United States Naval Reserve (Retired)

Unit: Underwater Demolition Team 22-1

Locations of Military Service: United States Amphibious Naval Base, Little Creek, VA; Arctic, Antarctic and Atlantic oceans; Mediterranean Sea; North Sea; Caribbean waters

War: Korea

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct

Highlights: Special Forces Atlantic—UDT 22-1 (Frogman)

War story on page 158.

Name: **Donald W. McVay**

Date of Birth: Dec. 31, 1924

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: May 1943 to January 1946

Highest Rank: Sergeant

Unit: Battery A, 307 Field Artillery Battalion, 311 Infantry Regiment, 78 Infantry Division

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Basic training at Ft. Bragg, NC; College at University of New Hampshire; 78th Division, Camp Pickett, England, France, Belgium, Germany; 84th Division, France

Battles/Campaigns: Battle of the Bulge; Remagen Bridge (crossing the Rhine); east bank of the Rhine north to the Ruhr Valley

Medals/Awards: Bronze Star

Highlights: After the Battle of the Bulge, moved from cannoneer to forward observation unit to fill casualty vacancy.

War story on page 159.

Name: **Edwin Baylies Meade Jr.**

Date of Birth: Nov. 2, 1924

Branch of Service: Navy

Drafted: June 16, 1943 to April 10, 1946

Highest Rank: First Class Petty Officer—Quartermaster

Unit: Landing Craft Infantry 949 (LCI 949)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: European Theater (Mediterranean), Atlantic Ocean, Pacific Ocean, Alaska, China

Battles/Campaigns: Invasion of Southern France, Aug. 15, 1944

Medals/Awards: European Theater Ribbon—1 Star

Highlights: Only quartermaster aboard ship. Interesting training Russians. Served in Shanghai, China.

War story on page 162.

Name: **Christopher C. Melvin**

Date of Birth: June 18, 1915

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: Jan. 29, 1942 to April 1945

Highest Rank: Sergeant

Unit: 9th Army—3698 Quartermaster Truck Co.

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: European Theater of Operations: Normandy through Germany

Medals/Awards: Citation in recognition of maintaining supply of ammunition.

Summary of Military Service: Received basic training at Camp Croit, SC. Remained to teach special training unit then to Ft. Polk, LA. Was assigned in the ETO (European Theater of Operations), Normandy through Europe, in charge of two squads of a dozen men each, transporting ammunition in trucks from the dumps to the troops. Our trucks were strafed from time to time by German fighters and I lost one 19-year-old in an air attack. Our unit received a citation for the maintenance of the supply of ammo throughout the engagements. The truck units were known throughout the theater as the "Red Ball Express."

Name: **Andrew John Metz**

Date of Birth: Sept. 3, 1923

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted: June 14, 1943 to Jan. 31, 1946

Highest Rank: Private First Class

Unit: Company B, 305th Medical Battalion (under Capt. Stewart); 318th Infantry Regiment; 80th Infantry Division (under Gen. H. L. McBride); 20th Corps (under Gen. Walton Walker); 3rd Army (under Gen. George Patton)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: European Theater of Operations—Scotland; Wales; England; France; Luxembourg; Germany; Austria; Bavaria and Czechoslovakia

Battles/Campaigns: Ardennes; Rhineland and Central Europe

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct Medal; European African Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon; Meritorious Unit Award; World War II Victory Ribbon; Expert Rifleman Award

Highlights: I served throughout the war as a medical technician.

Summary of Military Service: Jr. ROTC at Benedictine High School, Richmond. ROTC Virginia Military Institute, Field Artillery 2 years. Nov. 16, 1943: Enlisted in Lexington, VA. June 14 1943: Entry into active service at Camp Lee, VA. Basic training at Fort Bragg, NC, field artillery, and Fort Meade, MD, engineers. Training at Camp Miles Standish, MA, engineers. Jan. 10, 1944: Port of embarkation, Boston, MA. Jan. 20, 1944: Port of disembarkation, Greenock, Scotland. Service in Wales Field Artillery, England Infantry. July 12, 1944: Port of embarkation, Southampton, England. July 12, 1944: Landed Omaha Beach. Combat duty in France (infantry & medics) and as a medical technician in Luxembourg, Germany, Austria, Bavaria and Czechoslovakia.

In France, I was assigned to the 305th Medical Battalion, Company B under Captain Stewart, attached to the 318th Regiment in the 80th Division under General Horace L. McBride of the 20th Corps under General Walton H. Walker, which was part of General George Patton's Third Army. I remained in that division until my return to the USA.

May 8, 1945: End of the war in European Theater of Operations (ETO V-E Day). Dec. 27, 1945: Port of embarkation, Le Havre, France. Jan. 3, 1946: Port of debarkation, New York, NY. Jan 3, 1946: Camp Kilmer, NJ. Jan. 31, 1946: Discharge from Army, Fort Meade, MD.

Total service: two years, six months, 26 days.

War story on page 164.

Name: **Richard Anderson Michaux**

Date of Birth: Aug. 6, 1911

Branch of Service: Army Medical Corps

Commissioned: 1942 to 1945

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: 45th General Hospital

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: North Africa and Italy

Battles/Campaigns: Po Valley Campaign

Medals/Awards: Bronze Star; citation for operating under fire in a war zone.

Highlights: Surgeon—Combat

Summary of Military Service: 45th General Hospital was formed in Richmond. Moved to Africa and Italy and operated in combat areas. Was on the way to the South Pacific when World War II ended. At the end of the war in Europe, was assigned to an evacuation hospital in the Philippines.

Name: **Charles B. Miller**

Date of Birth: Feb. 5, 1921

Branch of Service: Air Force

Commissioned: May 15, 1942, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery from VMI. Active Duty May 25, 1942 through April 1946. Stayed in Air Force Reserve for 20 years and retired as full colonel Air Force Reserves.

Highest Rank: Colonel

Unit: 388th Bomb Group; 39th Bomb Group

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Europe, mostly Germany; Japan

Battles/Campaigns: 25 combat missions over Germany; 29 missions over Japan; credit for downing a Japanese plane

Medals/Awards: Air Medals with Silver Oak Leaf Cluster; Distinguished Flying Cross with three Bronze Oak Leaf Clusters; four Air Medals, one for each of the first five missions over Europe and five more for each of the first five over Japan. First Distinguished Flying Cross for completing 25 missions over Europe, second for taking a West Point colonel on a mission so he could get a DFC, third for chasing and shooting down a Jap plane and fourth for completing 29 missions over Japan.

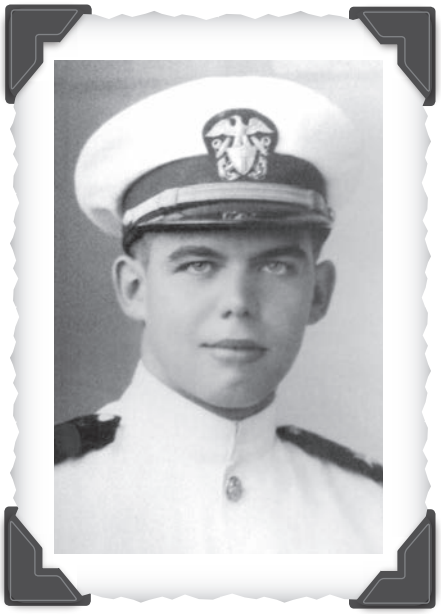
Highlights: Engaged a Japanese plane in a dog fight and shot him down

Injuries: Injured knee in bailing out of a plane, parachute jump on a non-combat mission. Bailed out at 1,000 feet. The chute did not open the first try, but did the second time, just as I hit the ground. Knee was damaged, but I could walk.

Summary of Military Service: Active duty May 25, 1942 through April 1946. Began as 2nd lt. Field Artillery. Transferred from Field Artillery July 1942 to Army Air Corps. Pilot training SE Training Command, Maxwell Field, Arcadia, FL, Baimbridge, GA, Columbus, MS, and earned wings Feb. 16, 1943. B-12 training, Sebring, FL. B-17 Crew training, Peyote, TX, and Dyresburg, TN. Got B-17 in Dyersburg and flew to England via Maine and Scotland October 1943. Joined 388th Bomb Group and survived 25 combat missions over Europe, mostly Germany, finishing Feb. 13, 1943. Returned to the United States and instructed B-17s at Sebring, FL, until volunteering for B-29s. Joined 39th Bomb Group in Selina, KS, and flew to Guam at Easter time 1945. Got credit for downing a Jap plane, Rufe. Completed 29 missions over Japan before the war ended.

War story on page 165.

Name: **Thomas Maurice Miller**



Date of Birth: Jan. 13, 1924

Branch of Service: Marine Corps; Navy: Private USMC V-12; Ensign Columbia University, NY, Midshipman School, USNR.

Enlisted and Commissioned: June 1943 to June 1946, 1950 to 1952

Highest Rank: Lieutenant, Naval Reserve

Unit: APA Riverside, attack transport landing boat group (LCVP) for invasions; naval intelligence USNR for two years.

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Atlantic; Pacific including Philippines, Okinawa, Korea, Hawaii

Battles/Campaigns: Pacific Theater until the end of the war; then transporting occupation forces

Medals/Awards: Ribbons for Atlantic and Pacific Theaters; Victory Medal

Highlights: Ensign, later Lt. JG with landing boat group; carried aboard attack transport APA 102 Riverside

Summary of Military Service: June 1943 volunteered in V-12 college; active duty Duke University as Marine private. February 1944 transferred to Navy Midshipmen's School at Columbia University, NY. Spring 1944 commissioned ensign USNR, amphibious operations training at Little Creek, VA, and Ft. Pierce, FL. Assigned to boat group on newly commissioned APA 102 Riverside. Sailed from the East Coast with "Seebees" to Hawaii then to various far Pacific bases and ports, training for invasions and transporting troops.

Went to Okinawa twice and after typhoon that leveled the island and sank many ships. Went back to the Philippines and carried occupation troops to Inchon, Korea, the place where some five years later General MacArthur landed in the Korean War. Then back to Japan, Hawaii and the West Coast of the United States on back through the Panama Canal to Norfolk, VA, where I left the ship and awaited release from the service in June 1946.

Later, in 1949, joined the Naval Reserve with changed designation from "deck" officer to Intelligence designation for several years with Richmond, VA Reserve Group. Advanced to full lieutenant USNR before final discharge.

Name: **Joel Lee Morgan**

Date of Birth: July 14, 1929

Branch of Service: Army Corps of Engineers

Drafted: November 1950 to November 1952

Highest Rank: Sergeant

Unit: Engineer Replacement Training Center, Fort Belvoir, VA

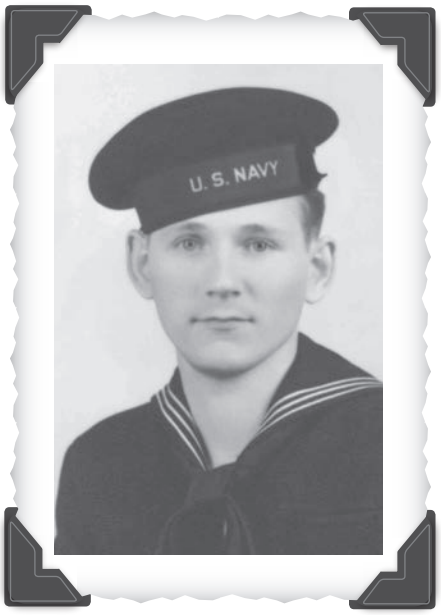
War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Fort Belvoir, VA

Summary of Military Service: Devised and applied a structured system for the Training Aids division to account for the millions of dollars worth of equipment for 18 companies of recruits at the center.

War story on page 166.

Name: **Joseph B. Murdock**



Date of Birth: January 1922

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: Oct. 17, 1942 to Nov. 19, 1951

Highest Rank: Chief

Unit: USS O'Flaherty (DE340); USS Chuckawan (AO-100)

War: World War II; Korea

Locations of Military Service: Pacific Theater (World War II); Atlantic (Korea)

Battles/Campaigns: Guam, Tinian, Saipan, Philippines, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Atlantic Fleet

Summary of Military Service: Enlisted in the Navy in October 1942. Assigned to the Navy Recruiting Station in Washington until January 1943.

Transferred to Norfolk and assigned to the pre-commissioning duty for the USS O'Flaherty (DE340). After commissioning in Orange, TX, the ship was assigned to the Pacific Fleet. The ship participated in major battles of Guam, Saipan and Tinian; invasion of the Philippines, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Detached from the O'Flaherty in November 1945. Returned to the United States and released to inactive duty.

In August 1950 was recalled to active duty during the Korean Conflict and assigned to the USS Chuckawan (AO-100) for duty in the Atlantic fueling and refueling ships for overseas duty. Returned to inactive duty in November 1951.

Name: **Lewis Hall Myers**

Date of Birth: July 10, 1914

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted, Enlisted and Commissioned: Dec. 1, 1941 to March 26, 1946, Field Artillery (Enlisted), Corps of Engineers (Commissioned)

Highest Rank: First lieutenant

Unit: 828 Engineer Aviation Battalion

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Bragg, NC; Will Rogers Field, OK; New Hebrides Islands; Solomon Islands; New Guinea; Philippines; South Pacific

Battles/Campaigns: South Pacific; Solomon Islands; Philippine Islands

Highlights: Liaison Officer; Adjutant; Supply Officer; Battalion Motor Officer

War story on page 168.

Name: **H. D. Nottingham Sr.**

Date of Birth: 1913

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: Dec. 20, 1940 to Oct. 12, 1946

Highest Rank: Colonel

Unit: Air Service Command; Headquarters 8th Air Force

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Washington, DC area; Patterson Field, Dayton, OH; Okinawa

Medals/Awards: Legion of Merit

Highlights: Engineer in charge of new airfield at Andrews AFB. Head of Construction Division for Air Service Command

Summary of Military Experience:

1929: Citizen military training camp, four weeks, Fort Bragg, NC. Attended from Chester, SC. Age 16.

1932: Citizen military training camp, four weeks, Fort Moultrie, SC. Comment: white course, had malaria upon return to home in Elberton, GA. Age 19.

1932: Attended Clemson A&M College, SC as ROTC student.

1934: Military training camp, six weeks, Infantry, Fort McClennan, Anniston, AL. Age 21.

1935: Graduated from Clemson May 31, B.S. degree in Civil Engineering. Appointed 2nd lieutenant Infantry Reserve. Age 22.

1937: Received certificate of capacity January 28 stating 2nd lieutenant Nottingham had completed requirements for promotion to 1st lieutenant. Age 24.

1940: Promoted to 1st lieutenant Infantry Reserve November 15. Reported to active duty in December at Ft. Myer, VA. Verbal orders of Major C. F. Gee, constructing quartermaster, Washington D.C. and vicinity. Age 27.

1941: Official call to active duty with Quartermaster Corp. January 30 assigned as construction quartermaster, Washington DC and vicinity; in charge of construction for Ft. Myer, Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Ft. McNair, Indian Head and Ft. Washington, MD. Age 28.

May-August: interviewed officers for active duty with QMC.

November 15: Received letter of commendation, Col. Yon, commander, Arlington Cantonment. Commendation from B/G S.U. Marieta, Commander, Army Medical center, DC (Walter Reed).

H. D. Nottingham Sr. (continued)

December 16: made contracting officer

Dec. 7, 1941: Pearl Harbor—heard news while attending Redskins game.

Feb. 1, 1942: Promoted to captain, Corp of Engineers. March 21: transferred to Ft. Belvoir, VA as area engineer in charge of construction at Belvoir, Vent Hall, Fort Hunt, Front Royal plus classified.

September 26: Ft. Belvoir, VA, promoted to major Corps of Engineers. Age 29.

October 30: Commendation for construction work at Ft. Hunt from Col. Hobbs. Letter of commendation for work on flood October 16 and 17 in Washington, DC, from Col. Phelan.

November 11: transferred to Camp Springs, MD (later Andrews Air Force Base) as area engineer in charge of construction of new airfield. Also contracting officer with $28 million award authority.

1943: Construction work completed. Transferred from Camp Springs, MD to Air Service Command, Patterson Field, Dayton, OH with duty with civil engineers, staff, head of construction division with large projects at Sacramento, Ogden, UT, Kelly Air Force Base, Texas, Oklahoma City, Sacramento, etc. Total of 12 large depots covering the United States.

March l6, 1944: Promoted from major to lieutenant colonel.

July 12, 1945: Assigned to Headquarters 8th Air Force APO 243 (Okinawa), Col. Albert Boyd and General Victor Bertrandias. July 22: Depart Patterson Air Force Base via B-17 #44-83686 (position in plane was nose gunner) for overseas. July 25: Received letter of commendation from Col. John Griggs, chief Air installations Division, Headquarters ASC.

August 3: Arrived Okinawa via Mother Air Force Base, California; Honolulu; Johnson, Quaueline, Guam. Based in tent city camp at NAHA.

Aug. 1, 1945: Visited Mauale, Philippines, official trip via air. August 12: Assigned as Air Engineer, Headquarters 8th Air Force Services Command, NAHA Okinawa.

September 15: Recommended for promotion to colonel by Major General Victor Bertrandias. Action delayed by typhoon and end of war.

October 20: Orders issued for transfer from Okinawa and return to be assigned Wright Field.

November 17: Departed Hamilton via air, arrived at Wright Field, Dayton, OH, November 18.

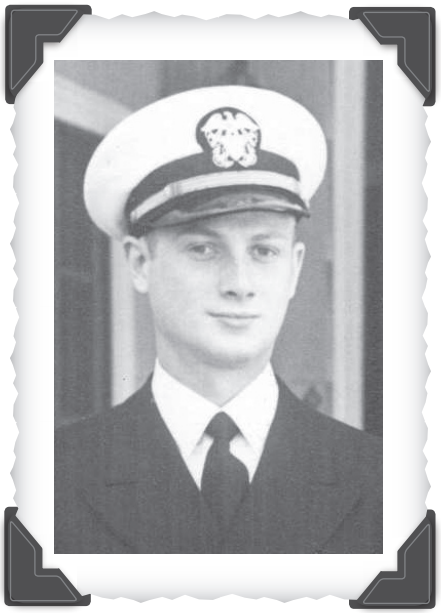
January 21, 1946: Awarded Legion of Merit by Lt. General Nate Twining, CG Hqtr AMC.

July 15: Accepted position as civilian, deputy chief of Air Installations Division, Hdqtr AMC Wright Patterson AFB, Dayton, OH GS-7. July 19: Promoted to col. AVS.

Total active duty 72 months continuous, six years.

Retained reserve commission until officially retired at age 60 in 1973.

Name: **Neilson Jay November**



Date of Birth: Oct. 28, 1924

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: signed up in January 1942, active June 1943 to May 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant JG, temporary Captain

Unit: USS Lauderdale—APA 179 (Auxiliary Personnel Attack)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Pacific

Battles/Campaigns: Visited Honolulu, Eniwetok, Ulithi, Okinawa, Manus, Saipan, Tinian, Guam, Iwo Jima. Was the first ship in Japanese waters off the island of Shikoku (city of Maysuyama).

Medals/Awards: one Battle Star

Highlights: Some close calls; otherwise, nothing special

Summary of Military Service: Signed up in Navy immediately after Pearl Harbor. Was told to stay in school (Washington and Lee University) until June 1943 when I was sent to first V-12 class at University of Richmond. "Graduated" there and was sent to Atlantic City, NJ, a collection point awaiting midshipman school appointment.

Sent to Columbia Midshipman School, emerging as an ensign in July 1944. Sent to join new Auxiliary Personnel Attack USS Lauderdale in Astoria, Oregon, as plank owner. On Lauderdale until its decommissioning in April 1946, having risen from ensign at its commissioning to its acting captain at decommissioning at Little Creek, VA.

Ship went into mothball fleet at James River until scrapped in 1995. I was discharged in May 1946. I returned to Washington and Lee and finished schooling.

War story on page 170.

Name: **Percy Charlton Omohundro**

Date of Birth: Aug. 2. 1930

Branch of Service: Marine Corps

Enlisted: Aug. 1, 1951 to Aug. 1, 1954

Highest Rank: Technical Sergeant

Unit: Aircraft Electrician

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Marine Corps Air Station, Kaneohe, Hawaii

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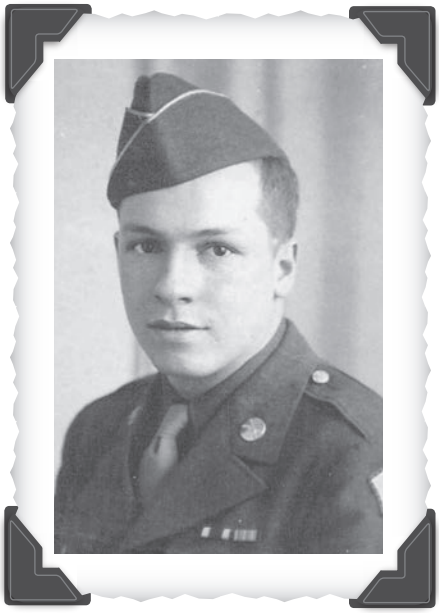
Name: **George Ossman, Jr.**



Date of Birth: Dec. 5, 1924

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: June 25, 1943

Highest rank: Private First Class

Unit: Headquarters Company, Special Troops, Twelfth US Army Group

War: World War II, European Theater

Locations of Military Service: On board ship May 2 to May 14, 1944, New York to Scotland. England May to July 1944, Headquarters Company, Special Troops, first Army Group on Detached Service with the 21st British Group, Headquarters Company. Europe from July 5, 1944 to Dec. 7, 1945. On board ship December 7 to December 23 from Le Havre, France, to Newport News, VA. Then to Fort George G. Meade, MD, and discharged on Dec. 30, 1945.

Battles: Normandy; Northern France; Ardennes; Rhineland and Central Europe.

Medals/Awards: Marksman Medal; Expert Medal; Good Conduct Medal; European African Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon with five battle stars; World War II Victory Ribbon

War story on page 173.

Name: **Robert Adair Painter**

Date of Birth: April 30, 1918

Branch of Service: Army and Army Air Corps

Drafted, Enlisted: May 2, 1941 to Oct. 22, 1943

Commissioned: Oct. 22, 1943 to Sept. 30, 1945

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant

Unit: Enlisted: Fort Lee Band; 19th Evacuation Hospital; 210th General Hospital; Commissioned: 15th Air Force, 484th Bomb Group and 451st Bomb Group; Squadron B, Langley Field

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: United States; Panama Canal Zone; Italy

Battles/Campaigns: Caribbean; Air Offensive Europe; Rome; Arno

Medals/Awards: Purple Heart; Air Medal; European African Middle East Service Medal; Distinguished Unit Badge

Highlights: Bailed out over enemy territory

Prisoner of War: Shot down over enemy territory, but evaded capture with the help of Yugoslav partisans.

Injuries: Yes

War story on page 177.

Name: **Hansell Merrill Pasco**

Date of Birth: Oct. 7, 1915

Branch of Service: Army Infantry

Commissioned: Feb. 28, 1941 to November 1945

Highest Rank: Colonel

Unit: War Department General Staff

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Washington, DC

Medals/Awards: War Department Distinguished Service Medal; Honorary Officer of the Military Order of the British Empire

Highlights: Assistant secretary and secretary of War Department General Staff and special assistant to General George C. Marshall, chief of staff, from 1941 to 1945.

Name: **John Wesley Pearsall**

Date of Birth: Aug. 21, 1914

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: March 1944 to March 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant JG

Unit: Fleet Air Wing 5

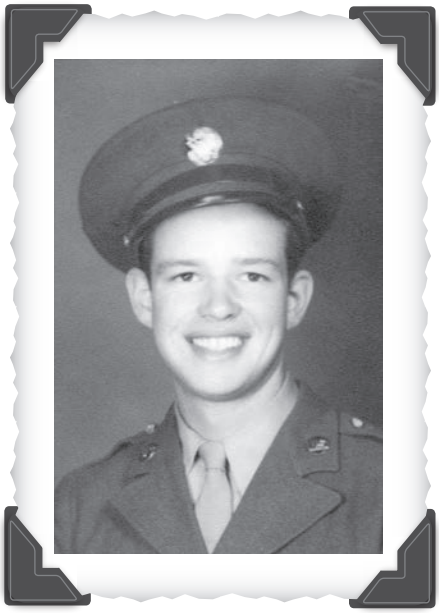
War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: University of Chicago; Norfolk Naval Air Base, VA; Dugway, UT; Majuro, Marshall Islands

Battles/Campaigns: Antisubmarine Patrol, Atlantic

War story on page 182.

Name: **George Franklin Pendleton, Jr.**



Date of Birth: Dec. 7, 1925

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: 1944 to 1945

Highest Rank: Private First Class

Unit: Infantry Training Replacement Center

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Camp Wheeler, Macon, GA; Camp Seibert, Gadsden, AL; Camp Gordon, Augusta, GA

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct Medal

Name: **Parke D. Pendleton**

Date of Birth: April 20, 1932

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: July 25, 1955 to July 25, 1957

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant

Unit: 70th Transportation Battalion

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Ascom City, Korea

Highlights: Officer in charge of battalion officers' Open Mess plus 26 related duties

Summary of Military Service: My primary assignment was that of headquarters commander for 18 months. Other duties included being in charge of the Officers' Club, including arranging entertainment; the Cinema Theatre, operations and renting film; duty officer; Officers' Mess officer; communications officer; PX officer.

Name: **John Perkinson**

Date of Birth: Feb. 15, 1922

Branch of Service: Navy

Drafted: October 1943 to January 1946

Highest Rank: Pharmacist's Mate Third Class

Unit: Great Lakes, IL Dental Corps

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Great Lakes, IL

Highlights: Assigned to captain of Great Lakes Dental Corps

Summary of Military Service: Great Lakes, IL on October 1943: Served as assistant to captain, head of Great Lakes Dental Corps. My wife was with me the entire tour of duty. I left January 1946, discharged, through the same entrance I had entered in 1943. Our first child was born during my tour of duty, in the Great Lakes Naval Hospital. Great tour of duty, yes!

Name: **Constance Gertrude Cline Phillips**

Date of Birth: Aug. 26, 1924

Branch of Service: Women's Army Corps

Enlisted: February 1945 to August 1946

Highest Rank: T4

Unit: Several as they were closing Army hospitals then

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Des Moines, IA; Atterbury, Indianapolis, IN; Louisville, KY; White Sulphur Springs, WV; Valley Forge, PA

Highlights: Army trained X-ray technician; made T4 after one year of duty; in charge of department in Louisville hospital.

Name: **Clarence Goode Price, Jr.**

Date of Birth: Nov. 4, 1924

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: Nov. 4, 1942 to Jan. 20, 1946

Highest Rank: Aviation Machinist's Mate Second Class

Unit: Aviation Unit V Division USS Philadelphia, CL-41 support group for Army during invasions

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: USS Philadelphia

Battles/Campaigns: Invasions of Sicily, Italy and Southern France

Medals/Awards: USS Philadelphia received five Battle Stars for World War II operations

Summary of Military Service: Had boot training at Great Lakes, IL. After training, was sent to Norfolk Naval Base and assigned to USS Philadelphia, light cruiser. Stayed on the USS Philadelphia until the ship was decommissioned at the end of World War II.

Name: **Lee Alexander Putney**

Date of Birth: Dec. 17, 1931

Branch of Service: Army

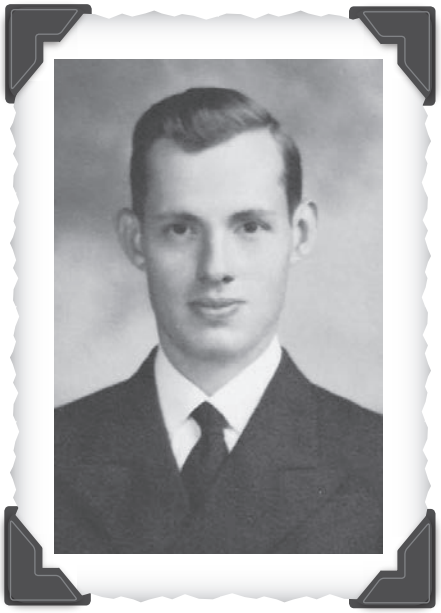
Drafted: Dec. 10, 1953 to Dec. 9, 1955

Highest Rank: Specialist Third Class

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Jackson, SC; Ft. Lee, VA

Name: **Roland N. Rackett, Jr.**



Date of Birth: Dec. 23, 1915

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: November 1941 to January 1946

Highest Rank: Chief Petty Officer (CSKD)

Unit: Disbursing Office, Armed Guard School and USS Griggs (APA 110)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Norfolk, VA; Atlantic; Pacific

Battles/Campaigns: Western Pacific

Medals/Awards: National Defense—in service before Dec. 7, 1941.

Name: **Wayne M. Robertson**

Date of Birth: Sept. 5, 1920

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: Dec. 15, 1940 to Oct. 28, 1945

Highest Rank: Yeoman Second Class

Unit: USS PC 510 Patrol Craft; USS Bullfinch Mine Sweeper; Naval Air Base, Saipan

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Norfolk, VA; Port Hueneme, CA; Naval Air Base, Tanapag, Saipan; Saigon

Summary of Military Service: Called to active duty Dec. 15, 1940. Discharged Oct. 28, 1945.

Dec. 7, 1941 I was in Richmond on leave. Received news on the radio about Pearl Harbor and reported back to Norfolk. Served on USS PC510 patrol craft with depth charges around the Virginia Beach coastline. Transferred to the USS Bullfinch, a minesweeper for mines planted by German subs along the coast.

Transferred to Port Hueneme, CA, to prepare for overseas duty. Transferred to Naval Air Base, Tunapag, Saipan, in 1944. The island of Tanapag was close to Saipan, and from a hillside, we could see B-2s flying over Saipan. On Aug. 6, 1954 a Tinian B-29, nicknamed Enola Gay, dropped the first atomic bomb. The island of Saipan was officially secured on July 4, 1944. I transferred back to USA for discharge Oct. 28, 1945.

Name: **Gilbert M. Rosenthal**

Date of Birth: Dec. 11, 1925

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: June 1943 to July 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant JG

Unit: Training for LST Service

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: University of Richmond, Richmond, VA; Asbury Park, NJ; Notre Dame University, South Bend, IN; Camp Peary, VA; Miami, FL; training in the Caribbean; Port Neuway, CA; Norfolk, VA

Battles/Campaigns: War ended just before I headed to the Pacific for my LST in Pearl Harbor

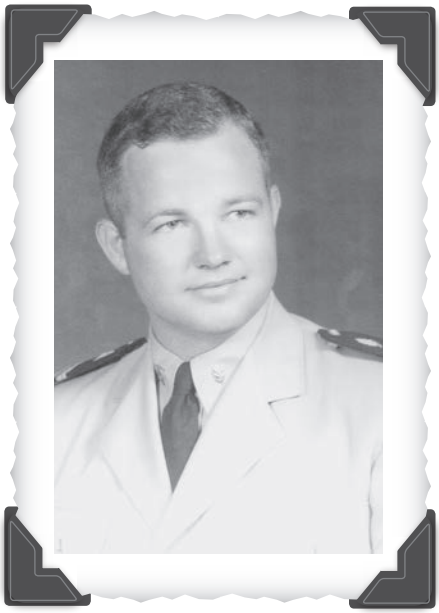
Summary of Military Service: Enlisted in Navy V-12 at 16 years of age at Thomas Jefferson High School. Entered V-12 at University of Richmond at 17. Completed two and a half years of college at University of Richmond in 16 months.

Pre-midshipman school in Asbury Park awaiting midshipman school at Notre Dame. Three months at Camp Peary, Williamsburg, before going to Miami to train in the Caribbean for LST Service.

War in Europe ended while I was at Notre Dame. War against Japan ended with Truman's decision to drop the bomb. That decision saved thousands of American lives—maybe mine, while we took island to island to Japan.

My orders were changed and I went to Port Directions School in California then to NOB Norfolk until my discharge after 37 months of schooling and training.

Name: **Henry Page Royster**



Date of Birth: Aug. 19, 1923

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: Nov. 15, 1954 to Nov. 15, 1956

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Commander

Unit: Chief of Surgery, Cherry Point Marine Air Corps Station, NC

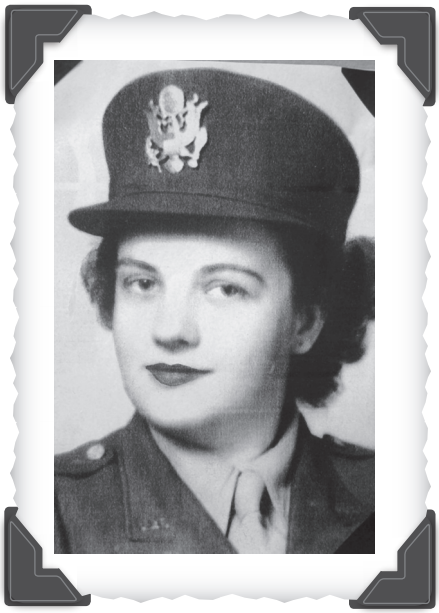
War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Portsmouth Naval Hospital; Cherry Point Marine Air Station Hospital

Highlights: Commandant's representative to the MCV School of Medicine 1956 to 1968.

Summary of Military Service: After about a month in the Surgery Department at Portsmouth Naval Hospital, I was transferred to Station Hospital, Marine Air Station, Cherry Point, NC as chief of Surgery until Nov.15, 1956. Remained in reserves as commandant's representative at Medical College of Virginia until 1968; service two weeks during the summer of 1957 at Cherry Point Station Hospital.

Name: **Dorothy Creasy Sachs**



Date of Birth: Nov. 20, 1928

Branch of Service: Army Nurse Corps

Commissioned: 1944 to 1946

Highest Rank: Second Lieutenant

Unit: 131st General Hospital

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: England; USA

Highlights: Nursing care of wounded and sick troops

Summary of Military Service: Basic Training at Ft. Meade, MD, and transferred to Ft. Eustis, VA, and then to Camp McCain, MS. Transferred to Camp Miles Standish, MA. Entire unit transferred to England. Ship docked at Liverpool and we were stationed at Blanford, England for one year.

Penicillin was administered every three hours around the clock to wounded soldiers. The penicillin came in powdered form and had to be mixed immediately before giving the injection.

Served at 131st General Hospital. When my duty was complete, we returned home on the Queen Mary. Unit was then stationed at Ft. Devins, MA.

Name: **Beverly Gray Sheffield Schools**

Date of Birth: Jan. 13, 1924

Branch of Service: Navy Reserve

Enlisted: June 1945 to June 1946

Highest Rank: Hospital Corpsman First Class

Unit: Naval Hospital, Quantico, VA

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Quantico, VA

Summary of Military Service: I entered boot camp at Hunter College, NY, in June 1945. In September 1945, I went to Great Lakes, IL, for hospital corps training. At Great Lakes I met two ladies and we became good friends. (We are still close friends.) We were all homesick. We decided that we wanted to go to the closest place to home, Quantico. In October 1945, I went to Quantico, VA, to the naval hospital and worked in the office. I was discharged in June 1946.

Name: **Margaret Eleanor Gordon Seiler**

Date of Birth: March 3, 1923

Branch of Service: Women's Army Corps, March 1944 to May 1946

Enlisted: March 1944 Commissioned: August 1945

Highest Rank: First Lieutenant

War: World War II

Highlights: Recruited six classmates at Sweet Briar College to enlist the spring of our senior year, 1944

Summary of Military Service: Basic Training in Women's Army Corps (WAC) at Ft. Oglethorpe, GA, summer 1944. Assigned to WAC Recruiting Office, Hdq. 3rd Service Command, Baltimore, MD, fall 1944. Graduated from the Adjutant and General's School, Ft. Sam Houston, TX, fall 1944. Attended Officer Candidate School in Des Moines, IA, and commissioned as 2nd lieutenant, summer 1945. Assigned to Hdq. Air Transport Command, Washington, DC, as officer in charge of promotions and schools, 1945-1946. Promoted to 1st lieutenant and discharged, Spring 1946.

Name: **Robert S. Seiler**

Date of Birth: July 30, 1919

Branch of Service: Army Air Force

Commissioned: Aug. 10, 1941 to Oct. 10, 1945

Highest Rank: Major

Unit: 467 Bomb Group, 8th Air Force

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Rackheath, Norwich, England

Battles/Campaigns: 33 missions over Germany and occupied Europe

Medals/Awards: Air Medal; Distinguished Flying Cross (2)

Highlights: Squadron Commander

Summary of Military Service: Aug. 10, 1941 to Jan. 17, 1942: Quartermaster Corps. Jan. 17, 1942 to Oct. 10, 1945: Air Force. All training in Texas. Joined 8th Air Force in England on January 1942.

War story on page 183.

Name: **Cornelia Carswell Serota**

Date of Birth: Sept. 8, 1922

Branch of Service: Navy

Commissioned: July 31, 1943 to Aug. 1, 1973

Highest Rank: Commander

Unit: All active duty in the field of communications. Active duty: three years World War II and three years Korean War.

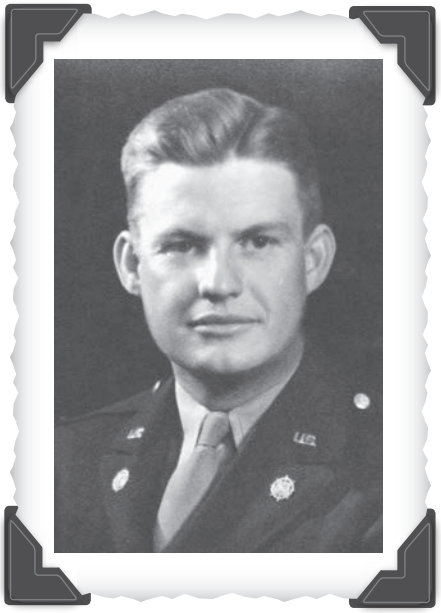
War: World War II; Korea

Locations of Military Service: Naval Reserve Midshipman's School, Northampton, MA; Naval Reserve Communications School, South Hadley, MA; Naval Air Station, San Diego, CA; Naval Auxiliary Air Station, Holtville, CA; Naval Security Station, Washington, DC; National Security Agency, Washington, DC

Medals/Awards: Naval Reserve Medal; American Campaign Medal; World War II Victory Medal; National Defense Service Medal; Armed Forces Reserve Medal

Highlights: communications watch officer; communications officer; National Security Agency Plans and Doctrine Department

War story on page 185.



Name: **Stuart Shumate**

Date of Birth: Aug. 22, 1915

Branch of Service: Army Transportation Corps

Commissioned: Active duty Nov. 8, 1943 to June 4, 1946

Highest Rank: Colonel

Unit: 717th Railway Operating Battalion; 706th Railway Grand Division

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: England; France; Belgium; Holland; Germany

Battles/Campaigns: Rhineland and Central Europe

Medals/Awards: Bronze Star Medal; World War II Victory Medal; American Medal; Meritorious Service Unit Plaque; European African Middle Eastern Campaign Medal

Highlights: Railway track supervisor; rehabilitated rail yards and rail track.

War story on page 186.

Name: **Edward Loyola Smith**

Date of Birth: Oct. 13, 1928

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: July 8, 1951 to Sept. 23, 1963

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: 322nd Heavy Tank Battalion, 7th Army

War: Korea

Locations of Military Service: Camp Polk, LA; Hammelburg, Germany

Medals/Awards: Occupation Medal—Germany

Highlights: Company Commander, Heavy Tank Company

Summary of Military Service: Graduated VMI June 13, 1950 and commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Armor. Called to active duty July 8, 1951. Served at Camp Polk, LA; Ft. Knox, KY; and Hammelburg, Germany with mission to intercept Russian units should the Cold War become hot. Discharged from active duty Jan. 20, 1953. Served in Army Reserve, Richmond. Honorable discharge Sept. 23, 1963.

Name: **Helen Lucille "Gig" Smith**

Date of Birth: Jan. 5, 1922

Branch of Service: WAAC-WAC

Enlisted: 1943 to 1945

Highest Rank: First Sergeant

War: Pentagon G2. Dealt directly with war in Pacific, Top Secret.

Locations of Military Service: Fort Oglethorpe, GA, and the Pentagon

Medals/Awards: Commendation for service at the Pentagon

Highlights: Publications Art Dept. at Ft. Oglethorpe; made training aids for classes; transferred to Headquarters Company Cadre; transferred to the Pentagon.

War story on page 187.

Name: **John B. Sperry**

Date of Birth: Oct. 13, 1922

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted and Commissioned: 1942 to 1948

Highest Rank: Colonel

Unit: 11th Airborne Division; Army Finance School; Industrial College of the Armed Forces

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Philippine Islands; Korea; Okinawa; Vietnam; Washington, DC

Medals/Awards: Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster; Army Commendation Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters

War story on page 188.

Name: **Clifton F. "Mike" Stewart**

Date of Birth: March 5, 1911

Branch of Service: Army Air Force

Drafted and Enlisted: 1934 to 1937

Highest Rank: Staff Sergeant

Unit: Hickam Field, Honolulu, HI

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Hawaii

Highlights: As payroll master in Finance Department, sat on bags of money in an open old fashioned Brinks truck guarding money with a rifle.

Name: **Charles Everette Sutton, Jr.**

Date of Birth: Sept. 4, 1923

Branch of Service: Army

Drafted: June 16, 1944 to April 1946

Highest Rank: Technician Fifth Grade

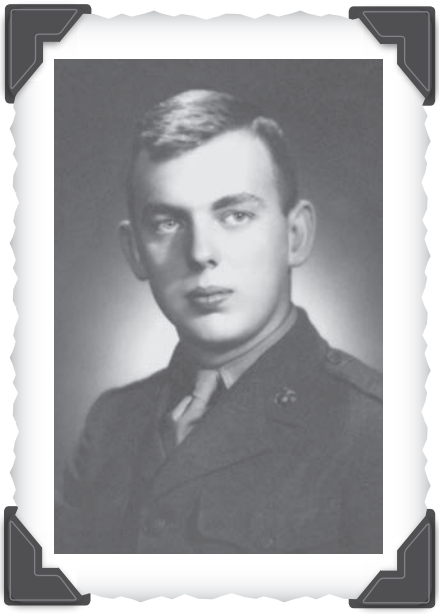
War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: United States; England; France; Germany

Highlights: Relocation of prisoners of war from Mooseberg to Inglestat; 4th Army Hdq., San Antonio, TX, clerk in signal section under Gen. Wainwright.

War story on page 190.

Name: **Charles Morris Terry, Jr.**



Date of Birth: July 12, 1926

Branch of Service: Marine Corps

Enlisted: June 6, 1944 to Aug. 29, 1946

Highest Rank: Private First Class

Unit: 5th Division; 28th Regiment; B Company

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Pacific Theater; Camp Tarawa, Hawaii; Kysuhu, Japan

Highlights: 11 months occupation duty in Japan

War story on page 191.

Name: **Allen Newmen Towne**

Date of Birth: Aug. 20, 1920

Branch of Service: Army

Enlisted: Oct. 16, 1940 to June 23, 1945

Highest Rank: Staff Sergeant

Unit: Company B; 1st Medical Battalion; 1st Infantry Division

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Massachusetts; Illinois; Virginia; England; Scotland; Algeria; Tunisia; Sicily; Normandy; Belgium; France; Germany; Holland; Czechoslovakia

Battles/Campaigns: D-Day; Battle of the Bulge; Algeria; French Morocco; Tunisia, Normandy; Northern France; Sicily; Rhineland; Ardennes; Alsace; Central Europe

Medals/Awards: Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster

Highlights: Ran a combat aid station and treated more than 20,000 men in 510 days of actual combat.

War story on page 193.

Name: **Ernest Randolph Trice**

Date of Birth: June 8, 1922

Branch of Service: World War II: Navy; Korea: Army Medical Corps

Enlisted: World War II 1942 to 1946
Commissioned: Korean War 1949 to 1955

Highest Rank: World War II: Seaman Third Class;
Korea: Lieutenant Colonel

Unit: World War II: Medical College of Virginia Navy Unit, Richmond, VA.

Korean War: Walter Reed Army Hospital; 97th General Hospital (Germany); Osaka Army Hospital (Japan).

War: World War II and Korea

Locations of Military Service: World War II: Navy Dispensary, Norfolk, VA; Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, VA. Korean War: Washington, DC; Germany; Texas; Japan; Fort Lee, VA

Medals/Awards: Korean War: Bronze Star

Highlights: World War II: Medical student V-12

Summary of Military Service:

World War II: U.S. Dispensary, Norfolk, VA; Medical College of Virginia Navy Unit, Richmond, VA.

Korean War: Walter Reed General Hospital, 1949 to 1952; Medical Field Service School, Fort Sam Houston, TX, 1952 to 1953; Osaka Army Hospital, Osaka, Japan 1953 to 1954; Kenner Station Hospital, Fort Lee, VA, 1954 to 1955.

Name: **John Randolph Tucker, Jr.**

Date of Birth: June 29, 1914

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: Dec. 7, 1940 to Jan. 13, 1946

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Colonel

Unit: 3rd Armored Division—83rd Armored Reconnaissance Battalion; 2nd Armored Division—1st Battalion, 67th Armored Regiment

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Benning, GA; Camp Polk, LA; Mojave Desert, CA; Indiantown Gap, PA; Longbridge, Deverill, England; Europe, Normandy to Berlin

Battles/Campaigns: Normandy; Northern France; Ardennes (Bulge); Rhineland; Central Europe

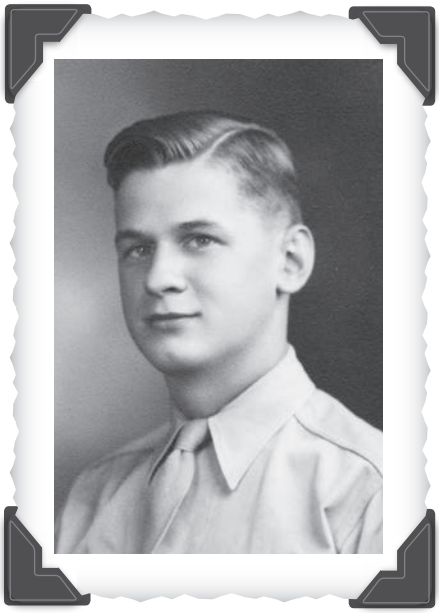
Medals/Awards: two Silver Stars; two Bronze Stars (one with V for Valor device); Purple Heart; ETO Campaign Ribbon with five stars; Fouragere to Belgium Croix de Guerre (division award).

Highlights: 1st lieutenant to lt. colonel. Served as battalion executive officer. As major, was second in command, and at times, battalion commander of reconnaissance and tank battalions.

Injuries: Neck wound from a German .30 caliber machine gun

War story on page 197.

Name: **Jacob Maury Van Doren**



Date of Birth: Nov. 16, 1923

Branch of Service: Army Air

Enlisted: 1943 to 1946

Highest Rank: Staff Sergeant—Signal Corps

Unit: Leader of First Installation and Maintenance Team 148

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Mindoro, Philippines; Atsugi Airdrome, Japan

Highlights: Installed instrument landing systems (ILS) on the Island of Mindoro, Philippines and Atsugi Airdrome, Japan.

Summary of Military Service: Volunteered August 1943. Trained at Robins Field, Macon, GA. Honorable discharge: Kelly Field, TX.

Name: **Phoebe Marion Fitz Wallace**

Date of Birth: Nov. 21, 1919

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: Nov. 17, 1942 to April 21, 1945

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: Women's Auxiliary Army Corps; Women's Army Corps, Military Intelligence Division, War Department

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Fort Des Moines, IA; Miami Beach, FL, the Pentagon, VA.

Name: **Harry W. Weeks**

Date of Birth: April 16, 1919

Branch of Service: Army; Virginia National Guard

Drafted: June 22, 1941 to December 1974

Highest Rank: Brigadier General

Unit: 70th Infantry Division; 176th Engineer Combat Regiment

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Europe

Battles/Campaigns: Southern France; Germany; Austria

Medals/Awards: Bronze Star

Injuries: Yes

Summary of Military Service: Drafted June 22, 1941. After two weeks of basic training, I was made an instructor of truck drivers, Medical Corps, to include ambulance use. I was a master sergeant in 1942.

Attended Officers Candidate School in 1942, Coastal Artillery Branch. As lst lieutenant, instructed in Motor Vehicle Training, all types of motor vehicles: trucks, ambulances and tanks. Did service with 70th Infantry Division in training and in service in Europe 1943 to 1945.

Joined Virginia Army National Guard 1946 to 1974 (28 years). Promoted through ranks when qualified for the job. Retired December 1974 as a brigadier general.

I do not regret a day of service. I served my country.

Name: **Louise E. Wells**

Date of Birth: Aug. 8, 1916

Branch of Service: Army Nurse Corps

Commissioned: March 27, 1941 to Sept. 1, 1963

Highest Rank: Lieutenant Colonel

War: World War II; Korea

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Eustis, VA; Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, DC; Ft Bliss, TX; 60th Station Hospital (Africa); 37th General Hospital (Italy); Ft. Meade, MD; 98th General Hospital (Germany); Valley Forge General Hospital, PA; Ft. Sam Houston, TX; Madigan General Hospital, Ft. Lewis, WA; 121st Evacuation Hospital (Korea); Noble Army Hospital, Anniston, AL; Island of Sardinia

Medals/Awards: Several letters of commendation; Army Commendation Medal upon retirement

Highlights: I frequently became the chief nurse in many hospital units to which I was assigned.

War story on page 214.

Name: **Jeanne Parsons Wight**
(Mrs. Edward C. Wight, Jr.)

Date of Birth: Nov. 29, 1923

Branch of Service: Marine Corps Women's Reserve

Enlisted: 1944 to 1946

Highest Rank: Sergeant

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Camp LeJeune, NC; Parris Island, SC; Navy Annex, Washington, DC; New York, NY

Summary of military service: I went through boot camp at Camp LeJeune, NC, after which, I was assigned to Parris Island, SC, as a special representative of the *Leatherneck Magazine.* Since I had studied traffic management and worked briefly at Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company's Traffic Department in Gadsden, AL, before enlisting, I was transferred to the Navy Annex in Washington, DC.

I was there for a few months before I was assigned to the Military Reservation Booth at Grand Central Station in New York City. As representatives of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, we handled rail transportation for military going through the New York area.

Name: **Richard Cunningham Wight, Jr.**

Date of Birth: May 26, 1910

Branch of Service: Army

Commissioned: Dec. 8, 1941 to December 1945

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: Ordnance, 15th Air Force Service Command

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Algiers; Salerno; Naples

War story on page 216.

Name: **Daniel R. Wilkinson, Jr.**

Date of Birth: Feb. 25, 1919

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps

Enlisted: January 1942. Served in the Reserves for several years after World War II.

Highest Rank: Captain

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Scott Field, IL; Chanute Field, IL; Camp Davis, NC; Camp Edwards, MA; Biloxi, MS; Langley Field, VA; Bradley Field, CT, Leyte, Philippines

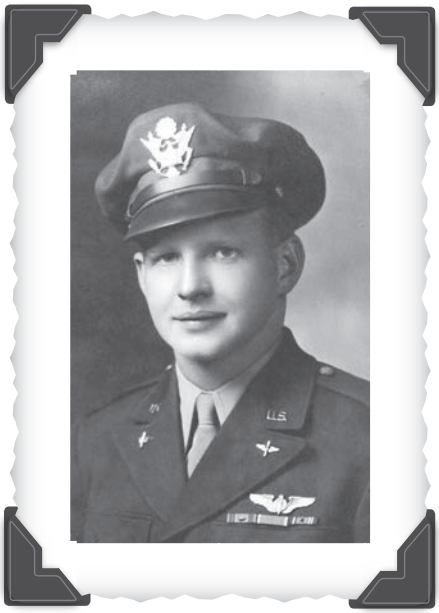
Summary of military service: Enlisted Army Air Corps January 1942. Went to Radio School, Scott Field, IL. Assigned as control tower operator, Chanute Field, IL. Applied for OCS and was sent to Anti-Aircraft Artillery School, Camp Davis, NC.

Then assigned to a new anti-aircraft battalion just being formed at Camp Edwards, MA, Headquarters Battalion. Got promoted to 1st lieutenant. Started filing request transfer back to Army Air Corps Communications. Finally got the transfer back to the Army Air Corps after two years or more.

Served at Air Corps bases in Biloxi, MS; Langley Field, VA; and Bradley Field, CT, before being sent to the Philippines. Assigned to Army Airways communications squadron on Leyte Island. Arrived a few months before Japan threw in the towel. I always said the Japs learned that Wilkinson had arrived and it was time to give up.

After the war, I maintained my reserve commission for several years and served as commanding officer of an Airways Communication Detachment (Control Tower Army Airways Communications, etc.) at Langley Field, VA, for a couple of years or so.

Name: **Richard Burwell Williams**



Date of Birth: Dec. 28, 1917

Branch of Service: Army Air Force

Enlisted: August 1941 to August 1943

Commissioned: August 1943 to October 1945; Reserves until May 22, 1955

Highest Rank: Captain

Unit: 454th Bomb Group; 739th Squadron (B-24 bombers)

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: Based in Cerignola, Italy

Battles/Campaigns: Rome, Arno, Air Offensive Europe, Air Combat Balkans

Medals/Awards: Air Medal, Purple Heart, Prisoner of War, European Middle East Medal

Highlights: B-24 Bombardier

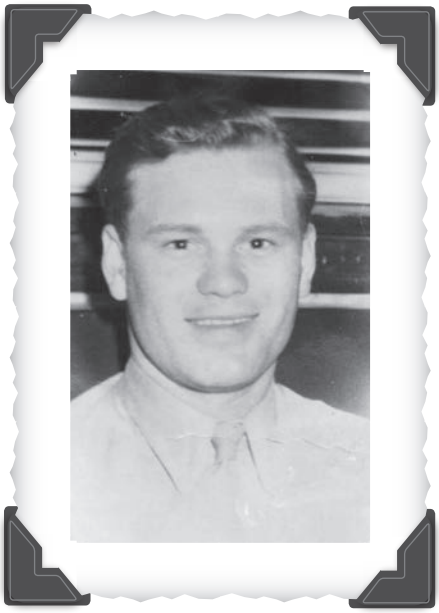
Prisoner of War: Yes

Injuries: Yes

Summary of Military Service: Private in Air Corps, Camp Lee, VA; Jefferson Barracks, MO. Corporal, Cochoran Field, Macon, GA. Corporal and sergeant, Shaw Field, Sumter, SC. Aviation cadet, San Antonio, TX. Primary Pilot Training, Oklahoma City, OK. Bombardier, San Antonio, TX. 2nd Lieutenant-Bombardier, Victorville, CA; Tucson, AZ; New Rochelle, NY; Charleston, SC.

War story on page 218.

Name: **Richard Arrington Wiltshire**



Date of Birth: Jan. 30, 1923

Branch of Service: Army Air Force

Drafted: Jan. 20, 1943 to April 16, 1946

Highest Rank: Staff Sergeant

Unit: 1369th Army Air Force Base Unit, Southwest Pacific Wing—Pacific Division Air Transport Command

War: World War II

Locations of Military Service: South America; United States; China; Burma; India; Japan; Formosa

Medals/Awards: Air Medal

Summary of Military Service: On Jan. 27, 1943, I went to Miami Beach for basic training. From Miami, I went to Salt Lake City, UT, then to Grand Isle, NE, then to Ardmore, OK, to New Castle, DE, to Nashville, TN, then back to New Castle, DE. My next base was in China, then Burma, India. Then to Shanghai.

War story on page 231.

Name: **Calvin Saum Wisman**

Birth Date: July 30, 1917

Branch of Service: Army—Infantry and Military Police (MP)

Commissioned: June 26, 1940 to April 30, 1964

Highest Rank: Colonel

Unit: 12th Infantry Regiment; 703rd Military Police Battalion; 716th Military Police Battalion; 70th Infantry Division (provost marshall); Virginia Military District (provost marshall); 793rd Military Police Battalion (commanding officer); 1st Infantry Division (provost marshall); Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe

War: World War II, Korea

Locations of Military Service: Ft. Howard MD; Arlington Cantonment, VA; New York City Area; Camp Adair, OR; Ft. Leonard Wood, MO; France; Germany; Ft. McClellan, AL; Richmond VA; Seoul, Korea; Yokohama, Japan; Camp Edwards, MA; Ft. Slocum, NY; Ft. Devers, MA; Ft. Jay, NY; Camp Drum, NY; Ft. Gordon, GA; Nuremberg, Germany; Ft. Riley, KS; Yuma Test Station, AZ; Ft. Bragg, NC; Paris, France; Ft. Lee, VA

Battles/Campaigns: Central Europe and Rhineland campaigns

Medals/Awards: six medals for service; Army Commendation Medal

Highlights: Expert with rifle, carbine, pistol, and machine gun. In late 1949, I was appointed a member of a General Military Commission at Yokohama, Japan for the trial of 13 Japanese and Chinese charged with smuggling drugs and other illegal items into Japan by ship. The trial lasted more than six months. There were 13 defense lawyers, and the evidence was presented in three languages—English, Japanese, and Chinese. All of the accused were found guilty and sentenced to several years in prison and fined and the ship was confiscated.

Summary of Military Service:

Military School Courses Completed: The Infantry School, Platoon Leader's Course, three months. Chemical Warfare School , Unit Gas Officers Course, one month. Command and General Staff School, New Division Staff, one month. Northwestern University, Traffic Safety Course, four weeks. Provost Marshal General's School, four courses. Total of 39 weeks.

Name: **Norman Ross Wood**

Date of Birth: March 27, 1925

Branch of Service: Navy

Enlisted: 1942-1964

Highest Rank: Chief Petty Officer

Unit: Submarine Service

War: World War II; Korea

Locations of Military Service: Great Lakes, IL; New London, CT; Key West, FL; San Francisco, CA; Philippines; Pacific Fleet; Washington, DC:

Medals/Awards: Good Conduct Medal; Submarine Combat Medal; Philippines Liberation Ribbon; American Area Ribbon; Asiatic Pacific Ribbon; Victory Ribbon; Submarine Combat Ribbon

Highlights: Submarine School Staff

Summary of Military Service: Great Lakes Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, IL. Submarine Base, New London, CT. USSR. 14, Key West, FL. USS Perch SS 313, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, CA. Sub Dir 221 Replacement Crew, Philippine Islands. USS Tuna SS 203, Pacific Fleet. USS Bagara SS 331, Pacific Fleet. USS Cabazon SS 334, Pacific Fleet. Submarine School Staff, New London, CT. Fire Control School, Washington, DC. USS Bang, New London, CT. Submarine School Staff, New London, CT.

WAR STORIES

Edward Reeves Adams

Navy—Lieutenant

While enrolled at Harvard Business School, I applied for and received a provisional commission in the Navy on March 26, 1942. Upon graduation, I received a regular commission as ensign assigned to the Bureau of Ordnance March 29, 1943.

After indoctrination at Ft. Schuyler, the Bronx, NY, the bureau assigned me to Underwater Ordnance to specialize in submarine weapons.

Training was:
Steam Torpedo School, Newport, RI
Electric Torpedo School, Newport, RI
Mine Mechanism School, Washington Navy Yard
Submarine School, New London, CT

My three years were spent principally at the Naval Mine Warfare Test Station, Solomons, MD.

As a special weapons field officer, I was assigned a team of 15 enlisted men. Fortunately, the chief petty officer and two first class torpedomen were "mustangs" and frequently kept me out of trouble.

Our job normally was working with scientists in evaluating experimental torpedoes, preparing them for test runs, and taking them aboard a submarine for firing and recovery. The warheads were filled with water. The water was expelled at the end of the run, creating positive buoyancy. Crash boats and divers stood by for the pick-up in the event of malfunction. Instruments within the torpedoes recorded critical data, and stations along the run also measured sound volume. Frequently, the firing was from newly-commissioned boats on their way from New London to the Pacific. This gave them actual firing practice and us a real time opportunity.

Our most interesting assignment was a high priority and top secret effort to determine the most effective means to countermeasure German torpedoes. The North Atlantic was in crisis as German torpedoes had caused the loss of 2,919 ships and 55,000 sailors, soldiers, marines, and merchant seamen along with enormous tonnage of weapons and materials on the way to England.

On June 4, 1944, a German submarine U505 was captured on the surface by a boarding party from the USS Guadalcanal task force off the coast of Casablanca. This was the first enemy man-of-war captured by the U.S. since the capture of the HMS Nautilus in 1815.

Two torpedoes, the explosive having been removed from the warheads, were assigned to our base for evaluation and to determine how to countermeasure. After a great deal of analysis and testing of the acoustic homing system and the magnetic exploder configuration on land, firing runs in the Chesapeake Bay were begun.

The two units were rigged in the usual test mode: water ballast in the warhead and a means of expelling water after the run for positive buoyancy and recovery. A headlight was installed in the body for night observation. A launching rack was secured to the gunwale of a Y.P. (the German torpedo would not fit our boats' tubes). Using a destroyer escort as a target and a blimp to watch, the torpedoes were fired on an off-set course parallel to the destroyer escort.

To the amazement of us all, the units swerved over to run under the fantail of the destroyer escort back and forth until the batteries gave out. The units were acoustically directed by the homing device to the cavitation noise of the propellers making evasion impossible. Countermeasures were quickly provided, consisting of a towed noise maker well aft of the ships, attracting torpedoes to a false target. Each member of our team received a citation from the chief of naval operations.

Another special project was with a team headed by General "Wild Bill" Donovan, chief of OSS (Office of Strategic Services), in determining characteristics and feasibility of a British-developed one-man "submersible canoe," an open-cockpit vessel. This was used to invade netted harbors to plant explosives on the hulls of enemy vessels, a unique and dangerous mission, and was actually used.

We also worked on sonar, echo-ranging guided torpedoes, long-range mine deployment, and several other specialized weapons, some of which never went into service.

My final duty was serving on the U505 out of Newport firing the same T5 torpedoes both on the surface and submerged from the very same boat from which they were taken. It was an eerie feeling, firing from a U-boat, which had been a part of the Battle of the Atlantic. (Was it booby-trapped?)

One unit was steam-powered; the other battery. Our first firing was from the surface and all went well. The next day, we fired from a depth of 50 feet and all went well. Next we fired from 100 feet and all did not go well. The units failed to clear the tubes, halfway out with all power engaged. Neither propulsion system had governors, normally relying on water pressure to control engine speed. The engine and motor got running faster and faster until you could hear the breaking up and parts flying up inside the units.

The commander came flying down to the forward torpedo room in a sweat. We surfaced OK and were able to pull the units free. Apparently the compressed air in the impulse tank was OK at 50 feet but not at 100 feet. No one had warned the skipper, and he had something to say to the com-sub-lant (Commander Submarines Atlanta). I was thinking how "embarrassing" it would be to have to be rescued (or not) from a German submarine at the bottom of Narragansett Bay.

Although I was never in harm's way, I feel that somehow our work contributed to the cause.

Leonard G. Anderson

Army—Captain (Active Duty) Major (Reserves)

On Jan. 6, 1942, I joined the U. S. Army.

After a physical, mental tests and basic training, I was sent to Weather School at Tallahassee, FL. I was then sent to Bainbridge, GA, to a new flight training base. After several months, I applied for, and was accepted for, officer training in Camp, Davis, NC. Four months later, I was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant and was ordered to Ft. Bliss at El Paso, TX. There I became proficient in 90-millimeter guns, long hikes and judo.

Next, I received orders to go to Ft. Myer just outside Washington, DC. Shortly before this, I had applied for flight training and was accepted. However, I was directed to go to Ft. Myer first. Upon arrival there, I was told my flight training orders were canceled.

After six weeks at Ft. Myer, I was sent to Camp Anza, Riverside, CA, then to Richmond, CA, and finally to San Francisco destined for the South Pacific.

Ten thousand miles later I landed at Noumea, New Caledonia. The next day, I flew 180 miles to Plains de Guyak and remained there for six weeks. Then, I returned to Noumea for reassignment. From there, I began a series of reassignments. First, I was attached to the headquarters of the 93rd Division and remained there on Treasure Island for two months. From there, I stopped at a couple of places in the Russell Islands and then went to Munda, New Georgia in the Solomon Islands, where I remained for several months. I then went to New Guinea for a short time and from there to the Philippines where I became attached to the 1st Cavalry Division.

When the Japanese surrendered, the division was destined to be the first in Japan. On Sept. 2, 1945, our troop ship was just off shore of Yokohama. In some fashion, the 11th Airborne Division was able to have its band on the docks to greet us. Thier music was not well received. They played "The Old Gray Mare Ain't What She Used to Be" for two solid hours. Meanwhile, the Navy was having lots of fun. Many of the boats were bumping one another in celebration. When the surrender proceedings were completed on the Missouri, we all landed on Japanese soil.

As soon as our equipment was unloaded, we were trucked off to Atsugi Airport—about 30 miles away. En route, we saw many villages obliterated.

The next morning, the division medical officer and I had breakfast, and he suggested that we should go over to the hospital on the airstrip to see if they had adequate supplies. I agreed. So he got an interpreter and off we went. The first hall we went through, we saw nurses peeking

around the corners at us. The interpreter found somebody he could talk with and told him our purpose for being there. That individual immediately left to find the head of the hospital. When he came back, he took us to a lounge and the chief of staff came in shortly. He had five physicians with him and after introductions, we all sat down around a table. Tea was served. They all sipped. I then took a little sip. Our division officer explained our mission. After this they were all pleased and comfortable. We were escorted to the supply room and then to the lab. Certainly they could use more supplies. In the lab, they were making penicillin. Shortly thereafter we left and the division medical officer arranged for two of his people to go back to the hospital and determine the medical supplies needed. That afternoon our headquarters were moved to Meiji Shrine.

That evening, three of us left to find the Imperial Hotel. When we found it, it was almost dark. We went in and found two waiters who spoke a little English. We had just a bit to eat. We paid in dollars and gave them our cigarettes. When we went outside, we found our jeep gone. From the waiters inside, we learned that two of the airborne soldiers had beat us to the Imperial Hotel. We asked for directions to the police station so that we could get transportation. It was about a mile away. The night was pitch black. We walked to the station and met the manager. He offered us transportation back to our base.

The manager told us about the horrible loss of 90,000 lives in Tokyo. He explained that when the American planes dropped napalm bombs on the city, they burst into flames, ran down the streets and up the legs of the people they touched and consumed them. When he saw this, he said he knew the war was over.

Almost the entire city was demolished. You could look for two or three miles in any direction and see nothing standing but perhaps bank vaults. The Japanese made every effort to clean up this entire mess before we arrived.

We were taken back to the base by the manager in a limousine. The next night, while having supper with the public relations officer, the general's aide rushed over to tell my friend that he had to get over to Tojo's house immediately—Tojo had tried to commit suicide and failed.

Several days later, when figuring up my points to go home, I realized that many members of the division had more points than I. So I saw the intelligence officer and after discussion, he reluctantly agreed to release me from the division as I had only been attached.

I left for Yokohama where I thought my chances of getting home seemed pretty good. I saw the commander and discussed my situation. I told him I needed a job. He said, "you've got one," and asked me to clean up the still standing buildings. I received 70 women with whom to start. I worked hard for about two weeks and the commander then said he had something in mind for me. He put me in charge of repatriating nationals who had been interned in Japan during the war. This included more than 70 Greek merchant seamen, a number of Italian automobile representatives, and other representatives from other European countries. It also included a few of the U.S. internees, who received special and prompt treatment.

In this job, I found a little opening to go home and I took it, arriving home the last of November 1945. After spending about seven weeks in the hospital, I was sent to Ft. Sheridan for discharge. The effective date of my discharge was Feb. 28, 1946.

Parker D. Archibald

Navy—Ensign

My military service began in 1943 with the Navy. Boot Camp was at Newport, RI. Following boot camp I was assigned to the Aerographers School Training Unit at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station in New Jersey. After graduation I remained at Lakehurst as an aerographers mate 3rd class assigned to the Aerological Office. While there, in addition to duties in the office, I taught, for two weeks of each month, the operation of the Radio Sonde, a unit to take upper air soundings for use in forecasting. During my duty at Lakehurst I spent three weeks assigned to the Friez Instrument Division of Bendix in Baltimore studying an automatic weather station then being developed for the Navy.

Lakehurst was the main U.S. blimp base and the location where all blimp crews were trained. There were also two blimp squadrons at the base that were part of the convoy system for ships out of the New York area. During tours at Lakehurst aerographers mates spent at least one month on flight status. This involved, among other things, a day in an operational blimp off the East Coast.

In June 1945, I was commissioned as an ensign and sent to the Fleet Weather Central on Guam. My primary duty was to check weather equipment on all of the weather ships coming into the harbor. An additional duty was, as time allowed, to share routine duties in the office. Weather ships stayed on station as assigned until ready for relief. The Fleet Weather Central was responsible for weather equipment on three islands: Wake, Kwajalein and Majuro. These were visited on a fairly routine basis.

One of the most interesting responsibilities involved installing an automatic weather station on an island in an Atoll some 300 miles south of Guam. The first attempt was on an uninhabited island in the open sea. This ended tragically with the loss of a member of the amphibious tractor team during the initial visit to the island. The second attempt was on an island in an inhabited atoll. This was successful and we left the station operating properly.

During early 1946 an atomic bomb test was planned in the Bikini Atoll. Responsibility for weather observations divided between the Navy and the Army Air Corps. My specific responsibility was to assure that the personnel and equipment at the Navy bases were prepared to take the upper air observations during and after the test. Before the actual test I returned to the U.S. for discharge.

Phillip Griffith Arnest

Navy Air—Seaman Second Class

After one year at William & Mary, I joined the V5 program in Washington. The day I took the entrance exam, I ran into my first cousin Hardy Walker* from Westmoreland County. Hardy had just been sworn in with a group of about 25 men and announced he was going to "fly for Navy." I assured him that I would follow if I passed the test.

This exchange took place around Jan. 3, 1942. We decided to go to Fleeton, VA, on the Chesapeake Bay and hunt ducks and geese until we got our call to active duty. We received our calls and I found myself at the University of Virginia on Jan. 21, 1943. I do not know where my cousin began his training. At UVA our courses consisted of principles of flight, math, meteorology, elementary aircraft mechanics, and lots of physical exercises. There were no retakes at exam time. We had three platoons of approximately 75 men each.

On Feb. 27, 1944, I transferred to the University of Georgia at Athens. There were more advanced courses in meteorology, celestial navigation, math, aircraft and identification, Morse code and ship flag identification. Plenty of exercise and drilling.

We began our first flight time at Macon, GA. I soloed in six hours. Flying a Piper Cub was a lot of fun. Next came Memphis Naval Air Station. Our work there began and ended with serious emphasis on all aspects of flying and survival. We learned to take off and fly in formation, land in cross winds, instrument training under the hood, night flying and the Dilbert Dunker—(you get strapped in the cockpit with all gear on, shot down a steep track into a large pool, then inverted and you must get out on your own.) There were also celestial navigation, aerobatic flight training with normal and inverted spins. All ground school must be completed with no retakes, no downs in flight training.

On March 26, 1944, I went to the Naval Air Station in Pensacola, FL. There was additional flight training under the hood on instruments, plus more navigation, day and night flights. We practiced night landings on a carrier deck outline with no lights other than the red paddles used by the landing signal officer. In addition, we had formation flights over the Gulf of Mexico, where we met another formation at a designated spot.

Our course was planned on a navigation chart strapped to our knee. If you reached your destination and no one else showed up, you knew either you had made a big mistake or some of the other squadron leaders were at fault. On my last navigation flight check in Pensacola, I managed a perfect 4.0 grade. The overall plot called for everything from changes in wind direction, combat engagement with Japanese planes, keeping track of the carrier with wind direction changes and speed as well as altitude changes encountered in the total flight.

*Hardy Walker was killed in combat in the South Pacific.

We had two weeks after completing flight training to get our officer uniforms and wings. We spent a few short weeks at Great Lakes. I asked to transfer to the Naval Air Technical Training Center in Norman, OK. I completed this 21-week course as an aviation machinist mate, second class on Feb. 10, 1945. Next stop in April was Naval Air Gunners School in Miami.

On June 3, 1945, I joined Torpedo Squadron 413 in Jacksonville. My group of 13 pilots and crew (gunner and radio operator) were transferred to Grosse Ile, MI. My pilot and I took off over Lake Michigan for a routine flight. At 1,500 feet I noticed blue smoke in the radio compartment. I never heard a word from my pilot. I removed the head set cord, which was wrapped around the escape hatch lever. The pilot nosed over and began to lose altitude. Large pieces of debris were trailing back in the slip stream—still no word from the pilot. I figured he was busy. Facing aft in the gunner's turret the escape hatch was on the left side of the plane. The pilot made a fine water landing in Lake Michigan and we were rescued.

The plane was retrieved and we found that the fire had burned in the engine, through the fire wall and the hydraulic system, which caused the torpedo bay to open. When we hit the water, the impact blew the radio and rear gunner position out through the tail section. If our radio operator had been with us, he would have been lost.

I eventually left this squadron and transferred to the Naval Air Station at Chincoteague, VA. Here I was assigned to one of several F6F fighter planes.

On October 5, about seven of my group from Chincoteague were sent to Norfolk. We thought we were going home! We found out at 0400 we were going to be assigned to the Franklin D. Roosevelt CVB 42*, which was being prepared for its official shakedown cruise.

My station and aircraft was on the hangar deck, port side next to one of the five-inch anti-aircraft guns and next to one of the 20mm twins. A large steel curtain could be pulled down to absorb the shell blasts. The FDR was 962 feet long with a flight deck of 912 feet. Armament consisted of 28 20-mm. twins—(a total of 56 guns) -21 40-mm. quads (total of 84 guns)—and 18 five inch guns—a total of 158 guns. General quarters and gunnery practice were hell!

We proceeded south to Cuba for a four-day layover. My plane flew every day so I never had liberty. Once under way, we headed south and had a big celebration when we crossed the equator. Our captain, Apollo Souchek, announced we were going to Rio de Janeiro and would board some Brazilian military officials to demonstrate our fire power from air and sea.

The Marine Air Groups did not fair too well. As the second squadron of Corsairs peeled off from approximately 6,000 feet to a towed surface target, the third plane went straight into the water. We proceeded as if nothing had happened.

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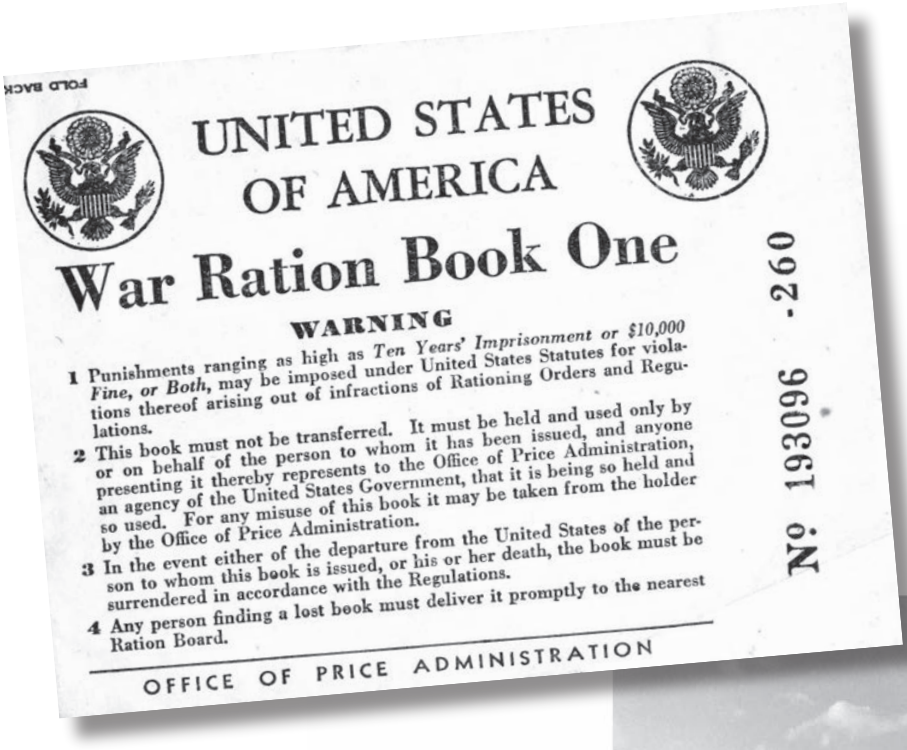
*The Franklin D. Roosevelt was the largest carrier of its day. The galley could handle 10,000 cups of coffee a day. Six ovens cooked 180 lbs. of meat at once. The dough mixer handled two barrels of flour at once. There were six ventilation systems and six miles of trunk, 2,000 telephones, and 600 speakers, 236 miles of piping and tubing, 1,750 compartments, 144 planes (122 on the shakedown cruise).

Two days out of Rio, Captain Souchek announced we were headed to the North Atlantic for high speed trials and seaworthy tests. We had two destroyer escorts, which had to drop behind us because of high seas. It was 90 feet from flight deck to the water line in calm waters. We experienced seas that broke well over our bow, rushing over the flight deck with a force too strong to bear without proper harness. All life rafts stowed under the edge of the flight deck were washed overboard.

We completed our shakedown cruise and returned to port in Bayonne, NJ. I was discharged on April 6, 1946.



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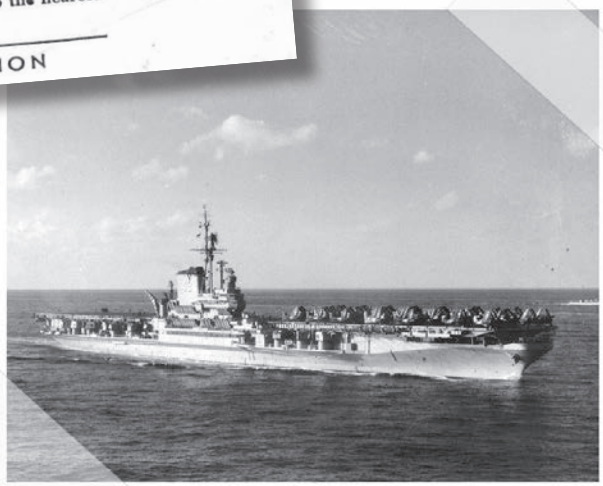


The Franklin D. Roosevelt was decommissioned in October of 1977, she was sold for scrapping in April 1978.

Joseph Earl Blackburn

Army Air Corps—Captain

I was a B-25 pilot in the Solomon Islands in 1943 and 1944. Our planes were twin-engine bombers, but most of them had been modified so that there were four 50-caliber machine guns in the nose compartment and on each outside there were two forward firing 50-caliber machine guns. This armament gave the pilot the ability to shoot eight forward firing 50-caliber machine guns.

It is interesting to me that at this time the vast majority of the B-25 pilots were under the age of 25. I turned 23 in September 1943. My co-pilot was 21 and as good as any of the pilots.

These planes were used for low-level strafing attacks on Japanese airfields and Japanese shipping, and also for tactical support of Marines and Army ground warfare. We believed that the Japanese loaded up the airfields we strafed at night. If this was the case, we certainly did a whole lot more damage than was usual.

Such strafing attacks were at the top levels and at 250 miles per hour air speeds. The B-25 was very maneuverable and very noisy. On such strafing missions all the pilot could hear was his own motor and his own machine guns. It was always desirable to make top speed, low level attacks that lasted about two to four minutes. Surprise was desirable.

I was on only two night strafing missions. One was an attack on a Japanese airfield on the northernmost point of Bougainville Island. I was part of one of six planes that flew at night from the Russell Islands in the Solomons around the east side of the Bougainville Island. The flight was about 300 miles to the target and took a little more than one and a half hours.

On the west side of Bouganville Island the Marines had established an eight-mile long, two-mile wide, beachhead that was being prepared for an airfield within 250 miles of Rabaul, a very strong Japanese naval base with five airfields and 100,000 soldiers.

The Japanese base at Rabaul was quite a large one. The base at Rabaul controlled the whole Japanese Solomon Island Campaign from Guadacanal up the Solomons at Bougainville. The Japanese had no long range air force and usually flew planes from Rabaul to the Solomon Island Airfields so they would be available for battle there.

We were told that the Japanese naval forces were planning a night attack on the Bougainville beachhead. But the night attack on the Japanese airfield on the northern tip of Bougainville was unusual, and we were told how important it was for us to attack at an exact time. It turned out that Navy planes were dropping mines in a channel between our target and the mainland.

We were right on time and as planned we headed for the airfield with all six planes abreast. We would make our strafing run and continue across the tip of land to the water on the west side. We were not expected to reform, but in turning left after the strafing run we had to be careful to avoid the other planes. It was expected that all would gain some altitude after the strafing run.

When we were lined up on our strafing run, we got a red light from the Japanese air controller. We realized that the air control tower was warning us that enemy planes were in the area. We went on our strafing run exactly as planned. Shortly the Japanese anti-aircraft guns started shooting at us. Such shooting was from our right and I was closest to it. We were doing 250 mph and the Japanese gunman did not lead us enough. We saw the gunfire would miss.

Being the outside plane on a planned turn to the left after going over the target made me alert that I ought to be the last to turn left. When I got up to about 50 feet and turned left, I saw that down on the Bougainville beachhead there was naval gunfire, indicating a battle between the Navy and Japanese Navy. I turned away to the night and flew for some time out over the Coral Sea toward New Guinea.

When dawn broke, I was up to about 1,000 feet and all I could see was water. I called the navigator to come up and take a look and tell me what course I should take to get back to the Solomon Islands. The navigator should have been doing dead reckoning navigation the moment I turned away from the naval gunfire. He confessed he had not done this.

The Solomon Islands lined both sides of a 120-degree slot and all pilots were aware that to turn to a course of 90 degrees would interpret the island chain. I did this after what seemed like a long time. We recognized the islands and went on to our base in the Russell Islands.

My total flight time was five hours. The other planes all got back safely and each was in the air a little more than three and a half hours. All five others had been debriefed, fed and were in bed. I was listed as missing. I never told of my navigator's failure. I somehow thought I had been too cautious in turning away from the naval action. All of us were commended for a mission well done. Our strafing attack kept the Japanese planes from taking part in the naval battle.

On the southern tip of Bougainville Island there was a Japanese air base called Kahili. In the afternoon of Dec. 30, 1943, six of us made a low level strafing attack on the air base. We shot up planes, trucks, buildings and anything else in our line of fire. Eight 50-caliber machine gun bullets could do an inconceivable amount of damage, especially given that the bullets had the extra force of the 250 mph speed of the B-25 airplane.

One of our six planes was hit over the target and caught fire. The pilot continued to the south, out across the water, and landed. All six of the crew got out and onto a life raft. The crew was out beyond the land guns of the air base and the Japanese made attempts to go out by boat and capture them.

Two of our planes went south and alerted "Dumbo" that we had a crew in the water. The Dumbo was a PBY. In this case, the response was prompt, and the PBY, escorted by two P-38s, picked up the shot-down crew.

In the time between the burning plane going down and the arrival of the Dumbo, the remaining four B-25s strafed all attempts by the Japanese to use boats to go out and capture the downed crew. These attacks on the Japanese boats prevented the capture of the downed six crew members.

The downed crew was flown by PBY back to our base and got there before we left the area where they went down.

In early 1943, the Japanese air forces outnumbered the U.S. When we left the Solomon Islands in 1944, the Japanese had been defeated and their best pilots and planes destroyed. The 42nd bomb group then went to New Guinea and the Philippines and joined the 5th Air Force under General Kenney.

New Britain and New Ireland were bypassed, which left the 100,000 Japanese at the base at Rabaul without any air force, not a threat for the remainder of the war.

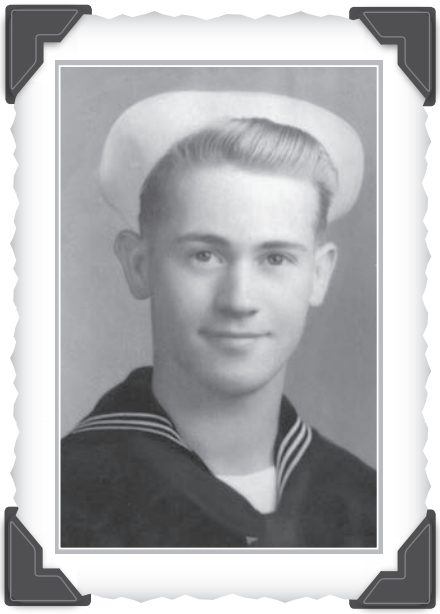
This photo was taken at Greenville Army Air Base in 1944. I was stationed there as a B-25 instructor pilot after I returned from the South Pacific.

The airplane is a B-25 C, built by North American Aviation Co. This airplane had four 50-caliber machine guns on each side (two as shown), two 50-caliber machine guns in a turret on the top and two 50-caliber machine guns in the waist behind the bomb bay.

In the Pacific (Solomon Islands) this type of plane was used to strafe airfields and to skip bomb cargo ships, Japanese destroyers, and patrol boats and barges. There were no strategic targets in this Pacific area and the B-25s supported Marines and Army invasions. Most of the airfield strafing and bombing was done to keep Japanese from attacking the invasion forces.

Dr. John F. "Jack" Butterworth, III

Navy—Pharmacist's Mate Second Class



I volunteered for the Navy on July 22, 1944, two days before my eighteenth birthday. My dad had to sign for my enlistment and was present when Commander Charles Kessler said I had "10 days' active duty—report in 10 days for transfer to boot camp."

Our family was planning a vacation away from the city so we asked if there would be any need for means to get in touch with me in case of plan changes. The answer was "No."

When we returned home on the evening of July 30, there was an official envelope saying I was to report for duty on July 28, 1944. Needless to say, I was scared and my dad was furious.

When we arrived at the induction center early the next morning, I was told the shore patrol was making plans to come and arrest me—AOL even before wearing a uniform. My dad was incensed and shared his feelings with Commander Kessler. Result: my orders were changed to report on that date with no notation made in my file.

With this problem solved, it was off to Camp Peary for boot camp. Then on to Hospital Corps School, San Diego, CA, and USNH Camp Lejeune, NC. I had orders for transfer to Fleet Marines, but were canceled after V-J Day, Aug. 15, 1945. Honorable Discharge: July 4, 1946, at Little Creek, VA. Ratings held: HA 2c, HA1c, PhM 3c, PhM 2c.

Dr. Burr Noland Carter II

Naval Aviation—Aviation Cadet

Many funny episodes occurred during two years of training and some not so funny.

We flew next to the edge of a tornado at 7,000 feet and saw straw, boards and several chickens boiling in the air.

At Pensacola, a "rum railway" from Havana, Cuba, was developed. The ground crew in Havana would remove the ammunition from the wings of the FGFs and would replace it with bottles of rum. This worked well until on landing, a tire blew out and glass and rum were all over the landing strip. That ended that!

We had a survival course on a sandy island in the Gulf of Mexico to last six days. By the third day, we were desperate for food. During the night, a native pulled his boat onto the beach. He had fresh vegetables and thick steaks. When we were "rescued," we had gained two pounds! The survival instructors felt that they had taught us a lot.

At pre-flight school at Chapel Hill, we had the greatest assemblage of top athletes in America. We had Ted Williams, Phil Rizzuto and many others. In football, Bear Bryant (a lieutenant commander) was overall the coach. Some of our players were Ray Berry, Otto Graham and Stan Koslowski. In 1945, the Navy put out an order that any officer who had been stateside for two years had to go to sea. Most of these guys who had been kicking footballs, throwing baseballs, wrestling, swimming, etc. for three or four years suddenly began taking classes with us. We would give them wrong answers on purpose.

The following two events occurred at Bunker Hill Naval Air Station in Peru, IN, 1944.

The Barn

Single-wing Ryan Trainers were used to practice "touch and go," three-plane landings and take-offs. The two wing-men kept their eyes on the middle plane during these maneuvers. Outlying practice fields were located some five to 10 minutes from the main base. At one of these fields the "touch and go" formation somehow became displaced to the very left edge of the practice field.

The three-plane formation touched down there and began its take-off. When the left plane was airborne, the pilot looked up and found himself staring in the open door of a barn's hayloft. He had no choice but to continue forward and passed through the open hayloft door. He and his plane traversed the entire inside of the hayloft and came out the far door. However, the plane was minus its wings.

The pilot bounced wingless for about 20 yards and came to a halt. The pilot stepped out unscathed. The Navy was flabbergasted and decided to use another field rather than tear down the barn.

The Three SB2Cs

The SB2C was an excellent but heavy Navy dive-bomber. Unfortunately, it was underpowered. Three of these planes were on the main air field awaiting transfer to the factory for a new propeller and a more powerful engine. Three Dutch ferry pilots were sent to fly the planes.

The first pilot took off, reached tree height, and his engine died. His plane crashed in the nearby woods with the loss of pilot and plane.

The pilot of the second plane was racing down the runway for takeoff when two explosions were heard. Flames shot out of the engine. The pilot ground-looped his craft to a stop. He jumped out and ran just before it burst into flames.

The third pilot, who was awaiting takeoff, cut his engine, climbed out of the cockpit, took off his helmet and slammed it to the concrete. He then walked off the airfield and never looked back.

A follow-up was not recorded.

Much larger, heavier and faster than the earlier Douglas SBD Dauntless dive bomber, the SB2C Curtiss Helldiver was often nicknamed the "Big Tailed Beast" or more often just "Beast" by its crews.

Dr. John Randall Cook

Army Medical Corps—Staff Sergeant

Dec. 7, 1941, started out just like any other Sunday in America. John Cook and his family attended the Crewe Methodist Church and then returned home to enjoy a Sunday dinner together. It was only after dinner, when the family gathered around the radio, that they heard the news about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. John's father looked at him and said, "John, you will be going off to war. If you believe in this country and you think it's worth fighting for, you might as well join up." So he did.

On March 16, 1942, John joined the Army and did his basic training at Camp Lee in Petersburg. He is thankful for learning shorthand and typing at St. Joseph's Academy, a business school in St. Augustine, FL, from which he graduated. He "volunteered" to be the stenographer to a captain, then a colonel, and then a general, picking up promotions along the way. He was then one of 30 selected from over 90,000 troops to join a special team that traveled around Virginia interviewing inductees from all walks of life: farmers, bricklayers, bankers, teachers and others. On a normal day, they would interview, examine, and classify between 500 to 600 inductees. As the director of interviewing, John recalls, "It was very interesting to see this cross-section of Americans volunteering for the war effort—people from all walks of life."

After that special assignment, John was allowed to choose his specialty and he selected the medical corps and was assigned to the First Army General Hospital. "I didn't want to be an infantryman, and I didn't want to be in tanks, so I went for the medical corps," he said.

In December 1943, John and his unit shipped out from Boston arriving in England, where they were posted to North Mimms, northwest of London. They built and managed a 3,000-bed hospital. "The city of London was still being bombed daily by the Luftwaffe," John said, "and we could see the searchlights, anti-aircraft fire, and explosions from our base."

He was assigned as secretary to the adjutant and eventually worked for the commanding officer, a Colonel Albright, a real regular Army spit-and-polish officer. One of his job duties was to write thank-you notes for the colonel for special events and dinners he attended. "He liked my letters so much, I became a ghost writer for him—sending weekly notes to his wife, Eunice, back home," John said. "I've never met Eunice, but I like to think I kept that marriage together."

The build-up for the Normandy invasion was gaining momentum for D-Day on June 6, 1944. John recalled, "We were supposed to go over with the first wave, but due to some logistical problems, we actually arrived at Omaha Beach 12 hours into D-Day. We bivouacked in Ste. Mère Eglise, the first French village to be liberated on D-Day. It was so wet and muddy, we had to cut sticks from the hedgerows to make a mat for our sleeping bags."

Once the allies broke out from Normandy it was on to liberate Paris, which had been occupied by the Germans for more than four years. "It was quite a time—the French girls threw flowers and poured champagne all over us."

By now, John had been promoted to staff sergeant and the First General Hospital set up a new 3,000-bed facility in Villejuif, just outside Paris. During this time, he managed a French staff of 1,500, who helped to run the hospital by providing food service, groundskeeping, storekeeping and other duties. Thanks to his interpreter, Eilene deRevoire, there was no language barrier.

According to records, the hospital treated more than 36,000 troops and had only 23 deaths. For his exemplary service in serving the French people, John was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French government.

As the winter of 1944 approached, the Germans continued retreating eastward and many troops thought they might be home for Christmas. But in December the Germans mounted a massive counteroffensive in the Ardennes area that would become known as the Battle of the Bulge. "They caught everyone by surprise," John said. "The war was winding down and we didn't think they had it in them. We took in 7,000 casualties in 24 hours." But that last major German offensive was a last gasp for the Third Reich. The war in Europe ended in May 1945.

After the war, John came home to Crewe. Later, he visited his grandmother in St. Augustine, FL, who had promised him a new car if he would be careful and return from the war. She kept her promise and John was the happy owner of a new 1946 Plymouth.

Excerpt of article *From Omaha Beach To Longwood* by Dennis Sercombe; reprinted with permission of Longwood University Office of University Advancement.

Ardennes near Remouchamps where the Battle of the Bulge was fought. The weather that day was recorded as the coldest and snowiest "in memory."

Everett Raymond Copple, Sr.

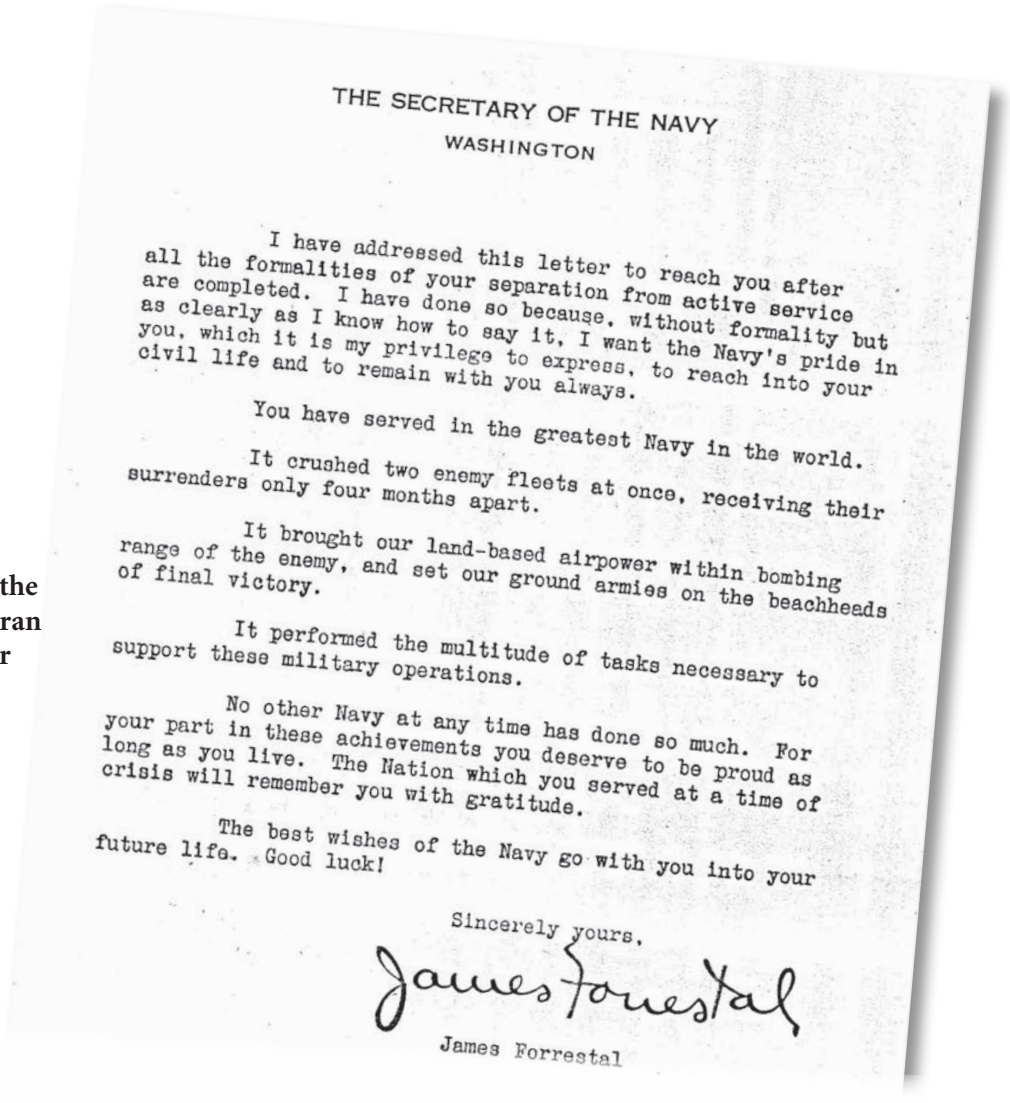
Navy—Master at Arms Mate Second Class

After Japan's surrender in August 1945, the USS Piedmont entered Japan in a rendezvous of ships, including the USS Missouri, for the signing of the treaty ending World War II.

The Piedmont tied up at the bombed out dock. The treaty signing took place on the Missouri out in the harbor on Sunday, Labor Day 1945. We were unable the see the surrender activity, but could hear it at the radio shack on the Piedmont by means of San Francisco.

At the Sunday morning worship services on the fantail of the USS Piedmont, two shipmates were baptized in the Lutheran faith.

I then awaited my end of service in January 1946 and returned home to see a new daughter nearly four months old.



THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

I have addressed this letter to reach you after all the formalities of your separation from active service are completed. I have done so because, without formality but as clearly as I know how to say it, I want the Navy's pride in you, which it is my privilege to express, to reach into your civil life and to remain with you always.

You have served in the greatest Navy in the world.

It crushed two enemy fleets at once, receiving their surrenders only four months apart.

It brought our land-based airpower within bombing range of the enemy, and set our ground armies on the beachheads of final victory.

It performed the multitude of tasks necessary to support these military operations.

No other Navy at any time has done so much. For your part in these achievements you deserve to be proud as long as you live. The Nation which you served at a time of crisis will remember you with gratitude.

The best wishes of the Navy go with you into your future life. Good luck!

Sincerely yours,

James Forrestal

James Forrestal

Letter from the Secretary of the Navy sent to every Navy veteran returning to civilian life after World War II.

William Bertie Correll

Navy—Lieutenant JG

I was a student at the Cornell University School of Civil Engineering when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. We were immediately advised that the assistant dean of engineering was available to assist in deciding what action we should take. He told me that, since I already had a degree (B.S. from the University of Richmond), I was eligible for a probationary commission in the Naval Reserve, which would include the provision that I remain a student in good standing until graduation. I graduated in 1943.

I was then ordered to active duty and directed to report to the Naval Training School at Princeton University for indoctrination. While there, they said they would like to keep me there as an instructor, but could not because I was not married. Instead, I was ordered to the Navy Yard in New York for further training for future assignment to a proposed ship repair base in the western Pacific, if needed, and, in the meantime, to supervise repairs and improvements to ships coming into the yard. I liked this job, but after about six months BuPers (Bureau of Naval Personnel) said all unmarried officers had to go to sea.

So I was ordered to Camp Bradford, VA, where, after a brief training period to familiarize myself with a type of ship which I had never seen before, I joined an LST (Landing Ship, Tank) crew which was about ready to leave for Chicago for assignment to a ship on which I was to be first lieutenant. This ship turned out to be LST 717 being constructed at Jeffersonville, IN. Most of the crew stayed in Chicago while a small detail of us went to the shipyard to complete arrangements to take over the ship.

In the continuing organizational process aboard ship I also became damage control officer and chief watch officer responsible for duty assignments and instructing new officers in standing watch at sea. An interesting sidelight to the above is that this little boatyard across the river from Louisville, KY, with only one assembly line was turning out an LST (50 feet by 325 feet) every four days.

In New Orleans we finished fitting out and had the mast installed, which could not clear the bridges coming down the rivers. Then a short shakedown in the Gulf of Mexico and then back to New Orleans to have large timbers installed across the deck to serve as blocking and launching ways for an LCT (Landing Craft Tanks), which went across the Pacific with us for delivery in the Philippines. The last stop was Gulfport, MS, to take on cargo (primarily hundreds of five-gallon cans of paint—the Navy has to have paint even while at war.)

The next stop was Panama. The canal was busy, so they sent us through at night, a departure from normal procedure. (No sightseeing.)

The next stop was New Guinea, 10,000 or so miles unescorted. Our original destination

was Espirito Santo, but we received a garbled message that seemed to call for a change so we stopped at a little atoll, Funi Futi, not even on most maps but large enough to have a landing strip being used as a refueling stop for planes being ferried between Hawaii and Australia and a lagoon large enough for an anchorage. This place was manned by a small detachment of New Zealand airmen. We spent the night with them, got our orders clarified and continued on our way. Thirty plus days at sea with one brief interruption. No other land, no ships, no planes, but we enjoyed the trip.

We reached Mime Bay (east end of New Guinea) just before Thanksgiving 1944, and some of us took the occasion to climb a little mountain near us that came right up out of the sea as they typically do in New Guinea.

A few of us took a small boat (LCVP-landing craft, vehicle, personnel) and found a river, which the jungles had covered with a complete canopy. As we moved along, the bow ramp of the boat was hitting tie limbs above. Suddenly a snake almost as long as the boat rolled off a limb and joined us. For a few seconds the question was who would get out of the boat first, the men or the snake, but that was settled fast as the snake went by the coxswain and over the side in nothing flat.

Our next stop was the Admiralty Islands, where we unloaded the rest of our cargo. We were there at Christmas and after dinner we had a baseball game with a team of African-American men from a CB (construction battalion) unit in the area. Good time! I can't remember who won. Then we headed for Hollandia, New Guinea, to pick up a quartermaster group to be transported to Leyte, P.I., where they were to set up food services for a new base being established in area occupied after the Battle of Leyte Gulf, where we had won a significant naval victory. Then we were sent to Mindoro Island to unload the LCT, which we had piggybacked from New Orleans. The launching was successful and we were glad to turn it over to its crew (one officer and six or seven men) who had come across with us. We had some difficulty clearing the deck but, when done, we were glad to have the open space.

Our first real mission was the landing on Palawan Island, so it was back to Leyte-Samar to load up. We soon learned that the most indispensable piece of equipment the Navy had for amphibious operations was the D-8 Caterpillar bulldozer. If a ship got stuck after beaching, they could push it off; when loading, two D-8s were the last items on, and the first off after beaching, clearing the way, helping other vehicles in trouble and generally keeping things moving.

The landing on Palawan on March 1 had no opposition. The area was beautiful so we enjoyed the visit. Acres of Royal Palms planted in rows like columns with no undergrowth made one think of a huge cathedral, and the most beautiful beach we had ever seen of white coral sand as smooth as glass. We could run a vehicle, any vehicle, as fast as it would go, and there was not even a ripple. We heard later that one of the Air Force pilots landed a fighter plane on it. There was only one negative, no swimming. The bottom was all white coral.
Then we went back to Leyte-Samar to load for our next trip, to the west coast of the main body of Mindanao Island across from Davao City on the east coast. We landed in the area of Malabang and Parang, April 17, 1945 with no opposition. The Japs were too busy with our invasion on the east coast. We did attract a lot of local interest. The natives turned out to watch as our bulldozers moved the jungle out of the way and helped other equipment unload

and park in a clearing beyond the beach. While this was going on, early traders from the crew were swapping T-shirts for bob knives. These were later going for $20 or more.

As we passed the southwestern tip of Mindanao near Zamboango, the local boys came out in their little canoes and enticed us to throw coins into the water which they would dive in for, retrieve, and come up asking for more. They swam like fish.

Then we went back to base to load up for another trip to Mindanao. This load was military equipment, field artillery cannon, and various vehicles—no tanks. We never had a tank on our ship (LST). This time we circled the island west to east and landed in Talomo Bay near Davao, May 11, 1945. We landed at night and unloaded without opposition but we could hear the firing in the hills nearby and see the cannon blasts. This was the closest we ever came to active combat, and it was our last landing.

We subsequently went to Lingayon Gulf to pick up the last group from the forces that liberated northern Luzon Island. This was the roughest, toughest, dirtiest bunch of human beings I had ever seen. They had apparently been fighting in the jungles on various islands for months and had lost all regard for their fellow man. Our captain requested their officer in charge to get his men cleaned up. When this message was relayed to the troops, the comment of one of the men was, "Tell the captain to go to hell!" And the rest of the group appeared to concur, but they did not cause any serious trouble and we delivered them back to the Army according to plan.

On one occasion we went into Subic Bay (southwest corner of Luzon) to replenish our drinking water supply and discovered a new officers' club built by native labor entirely of native materials in their typical fashion. It had no walls but built-in benches around the perimeter, a roof of thatch and a bar and other furnishings made by hand. The bar was well stocked and it was a totally pleasant occasion.

When our forces were starting to retake south Luzon and specifically Manila, Manila Bay was apparently pretty well filled with ships, boats, barges, etc. They bombed the bay and sank most, if not all, of the vessels, but the bay was so shallow that they just settled and sat on the bottom, leaving a lot of superstructures above water. This resulted in a veritable forest of derelicts to clutter up the bay. Army engineers had to go in and clear a channel before any of our ships could get into the city of Manila.

When we first went in, there were still Japs on Corregidor Island, and they shot at us, but they had only small arms so we were just out of their range. We could see the bullets hitting in the water like raindrops not too far from us. We continued in and let everybody go on liberty in Manila, the first one in a long time. But this was not entirely safe. There were still a few Japs living in the superstructures of those derelicts and while we were there, one started shooting and hit a sailor in a group from another ship while they were waiting on the dock to be picked up. When we came out of Manila Bay, what we saw was like a movie: our troops were landing on the beach at the north end of Corregidor, and the remaining Japs were up above firing down at them. Obviously that was the last of the remaining Japs.

Our next trip was back to New Guinea to move a detachment of Australians to the island of Morotai. We received the news that the first atomic bomb had been dropped. Shortly after

that we were visited by a Piper Cub from a nearby base with some happy and apparently spirited occupants who were celebrating the event. Everyone was wondering what would happen next. But we didn't have to wait long before the second bomb was dropped, and the Japanese sued for peace. MacArthur immediately took off to Tokyo with an honor guard of about 50 airborne troops. Next, we received orders to go into Manila and load up all of MacArthur's headquarters and personal effects and deliver them to Tokyo Bay (Yokahama) as fast as possible. As I remember, we loaded that night and left the next morning.

We traveled unescorted for awhile, but were then met by a ship, a DE (destroyer escort) I think, which went with us to Tokyo Bay. We arrived and tied up to what had been their customs inspection dock, Sept. 1, 1945. The army group took over the unloading and started immediately. (I believe we were the first U.S. ship to tie up to a Japanese dock since before the war.) The next day, the signing of the treaty took place on the Missouri, which was anchored in the bay directly opposite to our position. Personnel ships were standing by with occupation troops ready to go ashore. As soon as the formalities were over, boatloads of troops in full battle uniform started coming in. The dock where we were was rather high, and the troops were heavy-laden so some of our sailors in dungarees volunteered to help them up on the dock, an informal touch to a very formal occasion.

The Japs immediately released their prisoners of war and those who were nearby started coming in, and were they glad to see us! A hospital ship was there to help with those who needed care.

We stayed there a couple of days and then received orders to go to Okinawa. On the way we were directed to proceed as quickly as possible directly to the loading area on the west side of Okinawa because they wanted to load us and get us on our way north to Korea ahead of a typhoon that was approaching. We loaded a detail of troops and equipment headed for occupation duty and got on the way in the early evening, but we were not fast enough. The storm caught up with us during the night and by morning our 325-foot ship was struggling up and down 75-foot waves like a big truck on a very hilly road, engines struggling on the upslope as the wave passed under us, coasting (sliding) down the other side until we hit the next wave head-on. This went on for a considerable time and we were well shook up (literally), but we continued on to our destination (Inchon—port city for Seoul). The tidal range here was so great that the inner harbor had a gate, which was closed at high tide. At low tide the approaching channel was empty and ships sat on the ground. We unloaded and left on the next high tide. Korea had been occupied by the Japs. When they left, Korea had no government, so our troops had a double responsibility.

Our next project was to make adjustments and changes so that we could transport other nationals and keep them completely isolated from our personnel. When this was completed, we headed for Taku, China, a small city at the north end of the Yellow Sea, at the mouth of a small river that comes down from Beijing. As we approached the area, there was no sign of land although we knew it was not far away. Then we saw a few ships, which seemed to be anchored in the middle of nowhere. They were at the beginning of a long dredged channel through the shallow water into the shore. Here, as at Inchon, the channel could only be negotiated at high tide. The next morning when the tide was right we went in and took on an assemblage of Japanese citizens, civilian and military, who had been left behind when the Japanese occupation withdrew. That evening at high tide, we went out the channel and

headed for Sasebo, Japan, where we discharged these passengers. Waiting for us there was a very large group, all we could handle, of Koreans who had been in Japan as slave labor and were now released for repatriation. We brought this group on board and headed back to Korea, where we delivered them to their homeland at one of the small cities along the southwest coast. When we unloaded, a special detail was waiting to clean and fumigate our ship. When this was accomplished, we headed back to Okinawa for further assignment.

When we were approaching Buckner Bay, Okinawa, we were notified another typhoon was headed in that direction, and we were to head east and stay clear until the storm passed. We did this overnight, but the next day the captain decided the storm would probably re-curve west and miss Okinawa so we started back. We reached Buckner Bay about the same time the storm did. It turned out to be one of the worst in history. We thought maybe we could ride it out using the engines to take some of the strain off the anchor. It was too late to do anything else. Our engines were not strong enough. We were able to do this for a while, but a ship anchored near us started dragging anchor and swinging in the wind until it bumped us. Then our anchor broke loose and we started dragging toward the shore stern-first. This meant trouble. We decided it would be better to hit the beach bow first as we were designed to do, so we released the anchor, swung around and hit the beach in relatively good shape. However, under the circumstances we did not have full control, so we sideswiped another LST already beached in the area before the storm to await major repairs. The collision resulted in some damage to our ship, which had to be repaired before we could return to service.

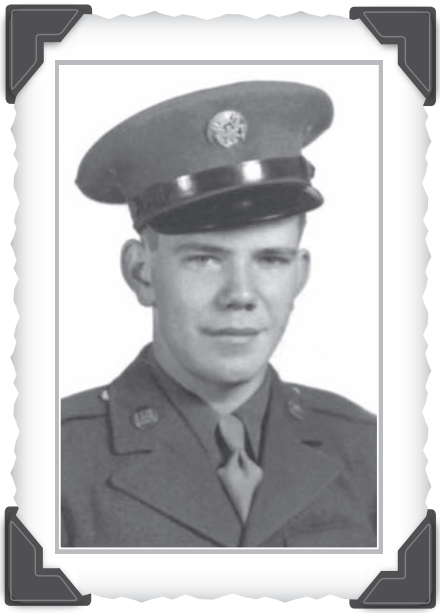
When ready, we loaded again for Korea arriving Thanksgiving night. After unloading we headed for Oindgao, China, where we had established a base, to refuel. By this time reserve officers were accumulating the points necessary for separation from active duty, so our executive officer-navigator left us here, and, as the next senior officer, I took over his position. Also to keep key positions filled, officers were being shifted around. So on Jan. 5, 1946, I was transferred to the USS Ringness, APD 100 to replace their departing executive officer/navigator. The Ringness was the flagship in this port, so I thought I would remain here until May when I would have points enough to leave.

Fortunately, that was not the case. A few days after I was transferred we were notified that another ship to replace us was on the way and as soon as we transferred the flag we were to proceed directly to the Navy yard at Norfolk for preliminary work prior to being moth-balled. As soon as the formalities were over, we were on our way, first to Guam and then to Pearl Harbor. It was good to get back to the U.S.A., but Honolulu was disappointing showing the wear and tear of the war years. We expected to stock up on fresh provisions here, but the two cans of milk we received were sour so this took the edge off.

Long Beach was next, and we stayed there long enough for me to visit an uncle and family in Glendale. Then on to Panama. My trip through the Canal going west at night was no fun, but this time I sat on the bridge with the pilot and took in the scenery. We arrived in Norfolk in late February 1946, and it was good to get home. When the Navy yard released the ship, we took it to Green Cove Springs on the St. Johns River west of Jacksonville where the moth-balling was to be done. This operation continued until I left to be separated from active duty in Washington on May 17, 1946.

John Dudley Davis

Army—Corporal (Tech 5)



I was wounded in action on Dec. 11, 1944, near the Roer River clearing mine fields for the Artillery Company to move onto the field.

It was a very cold day when our company moved in. The Germans spotted us on the other side of the Roer River and started shelling. That's when I was wounded. I was taken to an Army hospital. (I received my Purple Heart during that time.)

The Battle of the Bulge was extremely cold weather and as combat engineers we were sent to duties as combat infantry. We were in foxholes during much of the action and saw lots of combat during that time.

I have not given you all of my combat duties and dates, but this is difficult for me to recall as some of my buddies were killed beside me.

At left is the ponton bridge across the Roer River at Julich.

Below is Julich, one of the areas of fighting during the Battle of the Bulge, after the Allied troops pushed through.

Ralph D. Davison

Air Force—First Lieutenant (Active Duty) Captain (Reserves)

While on active duty with the US Air Force during the height of the "Cold War," I served as an Intelligence Officer for the 301st Bomb Wing, a combat-ready bomber unit flying B-47 jet bombers. The 301st Bomb Wing consisted of three squadrons of approximately twelve aircraft, each supported by one air refueling squadron flying KC-97 mid-air refueling tankers. These B-47 aircraft and their crews were designated "combat ready" with the capability and authorization to carry nuclear warheads. Their operations plans included immediate first-strike retaliatory action at specific priority targets in the USSR in the event of actual or threatened attack by the Soviet Union.

Training and preparation for my duty assignments included successful completion of courses and programs at USAF Intelligence training schools and at USAF survival training locations specializing in personnel survival techniques under adverse conditions in hostile territory and the formulation of escape and evasion techniques. To participate in this training and to gain access to sensitive and classified intelligence information required the procurement and authorization of a "top secret" security clearance.

While on active duty, my primary assignments included the formulation and filing of pertinent intelligence reports and the research, briefing and debriefing of combat air crews on their assigned flight routes and assigned targets including information on the severity and location of likely resistance by enemy forces in the form of fighter aircraft and/or anti-aircraft fire. Also included in my duties was the briefing of crews on escape and evasion techniques in the event they were shot down or lost in enemy territory. These briefings contained information on the identity of friendly parties in hostile territory, description of preferred escape routes to a safe haven, and the identification of specific highly-dangerous hostile locations and areas to be avoided. In addition, my responsibilities included serving as the wing's security officer involving the formulation and implementation of plans to procure, secure and destroy when necessary the wing's "top secret" war plans and related classified documents and materials.

While my permanent duty station was at Barksdale Air Force Base, I was periodically deployed and dispatched on temporary duty with the bomb wing to designated locations in England, North Africa and Turkey. These assignments required that I develop and implement specific intelligence and security plans based on the location of deployment, and on occasion required that I accompany and fly with the B-47 crews on training and combat-simulated missions. The readiness, preparedness and capabilities of the 301st Bomb Wing and other units is considered by many authorities to have been the major deterrent in preventing a nuclear war in the 1950s and thereafter.

Donald Gilbert Dawe

Army—T/5

In March 1944, I enlisted in the Army. I had been accepted for the Army Specialized Training Program Reserve because I got a high score on an examination given to high school seniors. I was sent to the University of Wisconsin for some basic courses in science and mathematics. The Army needed to train people to run and service the new electronic equipment that was being developed, such as radar. But after six months, the Army decided it had enough technicians already. So they sent us all packing off to basic training in the infantry and artillery to become replacements for the losses suffered in Europe and the Pacific.

I trained in field artillery at Camp Robinson, AK, and Fort Bragg, NC, and in January 1945, I was sent as a replacement to Europe. We crossed on the Queen Elizabeth I, which had been fitted out as a troop ship. The Queen Elizabeth traveled by itself, because of its speed, across the North Atlantic to avoid the U-boats that lurked around to catch the large slow convoys. We made it to Greenock, Scotland in four and a half days. From Southampton we crossed the channel and in France were loaded into boxcars. The trip was slow because of air raids and miserable because it was so cold. In Belgium we went to a replacement center in a large school dormitory, where we awaited assignment to our units. I was sent as a replacement to the survey section of the 95th Division Field Artillery Headquarters Battery. Things started to look up at that point because the truck sent to pick me up was piloted by the mess sergeant who had just picked up rations. We all had some bread and sausage on the way to the unit.

The survey section was to direct the artillery fire of the division by surveying gun positions and target location. But the maps in Europe were so detailed they did not really need our skills. Also the situation by then was fluid enough that planning surprise artillery fire was a thing of the past. Since I was a private, I was perpetually on guard duty.

The roads were in chaos as thousands of displaced persons escaping German soldiers, liberated prisoner of war, and particularly Russians ready to assault Germans, were on the move. We were organized into four-man teams to set up road-blocks and supposedly control this traffic and ferret out escaping German soldiers. This was a risky business because no one wanted to take directions from us. At the same time, intelligence reports warned us of Werewolf Packs of fanatical Hitler Youth who were supposed to swoop out of the woods in suicide attacks on our road-blocks. We searched the woods but never found any Werewolfs, just lots of hungry squirrels.

Our unit was stationed in some large houses in a town just east of Cologne. One morning we heard the loud roar of airplane engines and heard small-arms fire. I looked out the window and to my amazement saw a Dornier bomber fly by at rooftop level. I could look in the window of the plane and see the people flying it. What were they about to do? Were these

last-ditch madmen about to bomb us? The plane disappeared from sight and the engine noise stopped. The plane had landed in a field just outside of town,

As a headquarters unit we were not equipped for such a contingency. But we did have some trucks with fifty-caliber machine guns mounted on them. We jumped into several of them and roared out to the field with machine guns ready to fire. The door of the plane opened and out came seven German officers with their hands up, a couple of whom spoke English. When they determined that we were Americans and not Russians, they were delighted. They had been on the Eastern Front and knew German resistance had collapsed, and they would fall into the hands of the Russian Army. So one of them, a Luftwaffe pilot, got this plane and filled it with gas. Then he and his buddies flew west until they ran out of gas to get as far from the Russians as possible. The Cold War had already begun for the Germans, although we were still officially friends and allies of the Russians.

When the war in Europe ended, the 95th Division was returned to the United States to get us ready to invade Japan. In June 1945, we were shipped home for a thirty-day furlough. After that we gathered at Camp Shelby, MS, to prepare for shipment to the Pacific and eventually the invasion of Japan. I shall never forget the day when, while taking a shower, a sergeant told us that he had just heard on the radio of a terrible new bomb that had been dropped on Hiroshima. We had no comprehension of what the atomic bomb meant. But after the second bomb dropped, we knew that we would not be invading Japan. For this we were all deeply thankful.

The country then faced the task of demobilizing its vast armed forces. By October 1945, the 95th Division was deactivated. Those who had served the longest, had fought in the most battles, and had the most dependents, were discharged, and the rest of us got reassigned to other units. A point system was used to determine the order in which you got discharged. When the war ended there were soldiers with hundreds of points for discharge in my unit. I had a total of 23 points and thought I would be in the Army a long long time.

I got sent to the Second Service Command in New York and New Jersey to help run a separation center for those just returning from Europe. They needed cooks, clerks and truck drivers for these centers. I chose to be a cook and was sent to cooks' school at Fort Jay in New York. That is how I ended up as a mess sergeant. My progress in the survey section had been slow. I was a PFC there. My remaining service was at Fort Monmouth and Fort Dix, NJ. I served good time cooking and getting to go into New York City for theater, museums, restaurants and concerts. I was discharged from Fort Sheridan, IL, in June 1946.

William Eskridge Duke, Jr.

Navy—Lieutenant

In June 1944, when I graduated from Lane High School in Charlottesville as valedictorian, I decided to seek an appointment to Annapolis. There were several ways to accomplish this, and I found that a Congressional appointment appeared the best way for me. Senator Byrd of Virginia offered a competitive Civil Service exam to award his appointment. For the Byrd appointment, there were 200 candidates. I came in fourth, and the three ahead of me declined for some reason to pursue the appointment. Senator Byrd awarded it to me.

I entered the Navy as a midshipman at the Naval Academy on July 18, 1945. Word must have gone to Tokyo, because a month later, on August 8, the terrified Japanese surrendered. In the evening of that famous day, we celebrated in front of Bancroft Hall, the world's largest dormitory under one roof, with a huge bonfire with the Navy Band and a lot of cheering and shouting! Annapolitans who came to join the celebration received a bonus. Because of wartime shortages, they had had no rolls of toilet paper for three weeks. They excitedly and gratefully caught rolls thrown into the air by us midshipmen.

Plebe Year, as fourth classmen, we had some ups and downs until the following June. The battleships USS North Carolina and USS Washington came up the bay to Annapolis and we began our summer training cruises. (Battleships have 16-inch guns. A single projectile fired by a gun of this size weighs about 1.1 tons.) We worked alongside of and even substituted for members of the crew to get hands-on experience all over the ship. Book learning filled in time, and we even managed occasionally to get a little sleep. On our first summer of shipboard training we visited New York City, Newport, RI, Guantanamo Bay in Cuba, and Panama. We had nine weeks actually at sea with plenty of work.

In September, after the training cruise and with Plebe Year behind us, we were called "Youngsters," or third classmen. At the end of our second academic year, we began our second cruise. Ports of call were Goteborg, Sweden; Edinburgh, Scotland; and Bournmouth, England, with three days in London. Sounds like a big holiday, but we faced even more intense training all over the heavy cruiser USS Macon that the Navy provided instead of the battleships of the previous summer.

Our third year we were no longer Youngsters, but simply "Second Classmen." Our classes included increasing amounts of naval subjects with seamanship, navigation, electrical engineering, marine engineering, and more. Our privileges increased, and at the end of that academic year, we held our Ring Dance, when we got those large gold rings set with stones of our choice.

Our final cruise was on an aircraft carrier, the USS Kearsarge (one of the "bigguns"). Ports of call were Lisbon, Genoa (two days in Rome), and Gibraltar. Again, nine consecutive weeks at sea, during which we actually made some flights off the carrier (with someone else driving), with what some people called "controlled crashes" when we landed on the deck. Just before we got back to Annapolis, we tied up at Patuxent Naval Air Station in Maryland, where we saw some of the land-based Navy. A submarine met us and we had three days at sea just before returning to the academy for our last year of academics.

As we proceeded through our last ("First Class") year, more professional subjects came over the horizon. Then, having completed final exams, we came to June Week, a time to recall forever. After a week of celebrating, we gathered in the armory, Dahlgren Hall, on the day we had waited for. We received our bachelor of science diplomas along with our commissions as officers. We threw our midshipman caps into the air, to be collected by visitors and family, (My sister collected eight.) Most of us became ensigns in the Navy. Others went into the Marine Corps and even the Air Force (which was in process of setting up its own academy).

In July 1949, I went to Norfolk to join my first unit, the USS Sicily, a carrier. The ship was in process of loading 50 airplanes to deliver to the Greek Air Force for their fight against the Communists in the mountains of northern Greece. I was assigned a great job as assistant navigator, to help in getting us to Greece and to bring some new data from the academy to the navigator.

Aboard the USS Sicily in the infamous Bermuda triangle I was on watch as junior officer of the deck on the bridge. About 2 a.m. on a calm clear night with a full moon on our port (left) side, our radar picked up a contact moving towards us at about 15 knots on a collision course. We summoned the captain to the bridge for a possible emergency. Because of our position relative to the contact, the rules of the road required us to maintain course and speed, and the contact to turn right and move astern of us. The contact continued to move directly towards us. We could see nothing except the smooth moonlit ocean. No birds, no ship, no plane, not even a UFO. The contact passed directly through our ship and passed to the other side, where it continued its course till the radar lost it. No collision, no explanation. End of true story.

We continued on as planned to Athens, where we unloaded our cargo of planes. As the youngest officer aboard, I was assigned a very desirable job of serving as captain's aide. I assisted when he made his official calls in port. Little did I know how this would work out! While waiting in the American Embassy I met a very attractive and well-educated young lady whose father, a general in the Greek army, had just been killed by the Communists. My new friend showed me around in Athens during the week we were there.

One event in particular was truly a highlight of my entire life. The Athens Symphony Orchestra gave an evening performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in the old Roman Theater at the foot of the Acropolis. With a full moon in the dark over the Acropolis and with a very attractive companion at my side, what could have been more moving?
Back home in Norfolk, we got into a normal carrier routine until we found we were being transferred to San Diego through the Panama Canal the following May.

The Sicily was 110 feet wide, and the Canal is 112 feet. Ships normally bounce off the side, but somehow we didn't. We arrived safely in San Diego after a magnificent voyage. San Diego

is a beautiful port, my favorite, if I had to pick a single place I have been. But the North Koreans decided we should not stay there.

In June 1950, the North Koreans crossed the 38th parallel into South Korea. Things did not look good. The Sicily left San Diego on July 4. We were the first American ship to head for the war from the continental U.S. In Japan we cracked up a group of Marine aviators. These were not just ordinary Marine fliers, but members of VMF 214, the squadron established in World War II by the famous "Pappy" Boynton. We headed for the Pusan Perimeter, the area to which the South Koreans had fallen back. Our Marines flew daily to assist the fighting forces as other ships of all kinds joined us.

Our homeport was Sasebo, in the southwest part of Japan. From there we came and went to the Korean coast, while General MacArthur and his staff made plans to invade Korea in only a few weeks, on September 15. They knew that timing was essential, because Korea has 30-foot tides, the second highest and lowest in the world, after our Bay of Fundy's 57-foot tides.

I still read that the date of the invasion was one of the best-kept secrets of the Korean War. Bunk! Our crew members learned on August 31 from the girls in Sasebo that the day was to be September 15. In addition, September 1, when we headed for the action, "Seoul City Sue," the Toyko Rose of the Korean War, welcomed the USS Sicily to the "invasion of the Fatherland," which she knew was to be September 15.

On our way to the invasion, our sonar picked up Chinese submarines around us, and we really didn't know what to expect. The Chinese were not then in the war, but they did like the North Koreans.

On September 15, the invasion began as planned. At 4 a.m. the invasion forces went to "General Quarters," so that all doors and openings were locked shut and we were ready for attack. From my station on the bridge of the ship, with my life jacket on, I noted a lot of broken pink clouds, and all was quiet. We kept a sharp watch to the east toward Korea for artillery attack, and to the west toward China for attack by submarines and for possible planes making an air attack.

It started! Amphibious ships, destroyers, cruisers, and planes from the Sicily and many larger carriers took off. We lost five Marine pilots and planes in the next few days. Our equipment and my friends were gone.

After the invasion had become successful, we left to join the blockade of many ships around the South Korean coast. Our pilots came and went, with only an occasional loss. I had the fascinating assignment as a cryptographic officer, spending every waking moment coding and decoding messages, orders, news releases, etc. I really knew as much as anyone there about what was going on with the war. It was a bit disagreeable to send out a TOP SECRET message to the commander of the Pacific Fleet and get a copy of the New York Times War Summary dated two days later with some or all of my top secret report.

By December 31, many more ships had arrived. The Sicily had been written up in Collier's Magazine. We got orders to return to San Diego. Six months had passed, and we were ready. After a beautiful trip across the Pacific, my favorite port of San Diego never looked better.

During most of my naval service to date, friends had urged me to put in for submarines. I did, on my return from Korea, finally decide to apply for submarine school, and I GOT IT! Submarine Service started with six months in New London, CT.

At the opening assembly, we heard that for each of us there, there were four people who wanted to be there. And we were told to shake hands with the man on either side of us, as one of us would not graduate. It was about true. One hundred twenty started and 69 graduated.

Our six months began with three days of psychological testing, including being put in tanks with high-pressure air, going into a 100-foot high water tower and swimming up through it with breathing apparatus. We experienced "nitrogen narcosis" from being inside a tank of air at 50 pounds per square inch. This results in a genuine feeling of being drunk from too much alcohol. This narcosis kills people who do not decompress properly. They get the "bends" from exposure. Fortunately we came out of our "drunk" still alive and with no hangover. There was no simulation of these things. We did them.

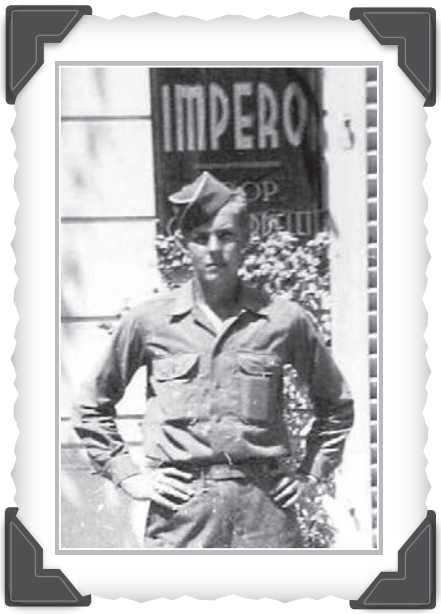
We studied electric motors, diesel engines, torpedoes, compressors, water purification and a lot of other things. Actual submarine simulators in the classroom made things real, and every other Saturday morning we had four hours of detailed examination on all material covered to date. We had practical training with many days at sea in the fleet of submarines stationed in the New London Submarine Base.

My orders were to a Norfolk boat, the USS Runner SS 476 named, as were all submarines at that time, for a kind of fish. (Note that all submarines are called "boats.") It was on the Runner that I completed my work book. The book tells you what you must know about details of the submarine to which you have been ordered, essentially the same for all boats. You must sketch each system (electrical, water, compressed air, torpedo firing mechanisms, etc. etc.) You must actually land the boat at the pier. While submerged, you must make an approach to a surface ship to "sink" it. You fire the torpedo with a dummy head, set to run under the target. The target ship is expecting you to fire at it. It will report the bubble trail of the torpedo if you "hit" it. You dive the boat, surface it, and do all the other things that submarines do, not once, but a specified number of times, each signed off by the skipper as successful. My completed 3-ring notebook was just over an inch thick, typewritten, single space, with sketches.
When I had satisfied my skipper, he wrote a letter to the division commander of our squadron saying that I was ready for final examination. I then went aboard another boat for a week of operations, during which the skipper of that boat put me through the paces. If he was satisfied, the Bureau of Naval Personnel was notified, and they notified me that I was qualified. The crew then literally threw me over the side! Fortunately for me, we were in Key West when my letter came. People in New London usually get a bit cold.

Life as an officer on a submarine is seldom dull. I consider earning my dolphins to be my highest achievement ever.

Junius Earle Dunford, Jr.

Army—Staff Sergeant



Tired of being called a draft-dodger at age 17, I enlisted in the army while a freshman in college. I had to wait until my 18th birthday to be called to active service.

I took the standard Infantry basic training at Camp Blanding, FL. It was cut short by a couple of weeks because of the German offensive known as the Battle of the Bulge. After several days at home, I was sent to Fort George G. Meade, MD, for preparation for overseas duty, then to Camp Patrick Henry for shipment.

We boarded a troop transfer Feb. 6, 1945, and sailed to Italy. (I think we learned where we were going while aboard.) Landing at Naples on February 19, we went to a replacement depot. That's where they stored riflemen before shipping them to the front to take the place of guys who had been wounded or killed. Luckily, there was not much more than patrol warfare going on; we kept being told that each maneuver was "your last dry run. The next time will be in actual combat." About the time we were to move north, the war in Italy ended. It was several days after President Roosevelt's death.

Then I was shipped to the engineers, and we built a railroad bridge over the Po River, among other things. With the end of the war in the Pacific, we found we were not going home (with a delay en route preparatory to beating the Japanese). Instead, those of us with too few months in the service were shipped to other outfits—me to the Signal Corps.

I learned encoding and decoding messages and spent nearly a year at the message center in Leghorn (Livorno). I also learned how to type and eventually was made a staff sergeant. My last job was to oversee a shift at the message center. I came home in late August 1946.

Raymond Jarvis Frank

Navy—Motor Machinist's Mate First Class

I went to John Marshall High School and served in the cadet corps for three years. My father, who served in the Navy in World War I, suggested that I join the band instead of a company. I did. My uncle, who had also served in the Navy, gave me his trumpet, which I learned to play rather quickly. When I graduated from high school, I had moved up in rank from private to captain.

In September 1939, I started classes at University of Richmond hoping to have a future in agriculture or some activity in biology.

The war in Europe was escalating and service in the armed forces seemed inevitable. Since I would be 21 on August 8, and had absolutely no desire for service in the Army, I volunteered for service in the Navy on Aug. 30, 1942.

I went to "boot camp" in Norfolk and, because of the need for men at that time, my group was rushed through in four weeks instead of the usual 12. On Sept. 1, 1942, with arms full of shots, seabags full of new clothes, and minds full of questions, several of us were piled into a truck and taken to the docks. We looked at the war ships on our left and wondered which one we would be put on. To our surprise, we turned away from the ships and through a gate with the sign "Landing Force Equipment Depot." We were told to get off the truck and were assigned to a variety of tasks. We learned that this was where small landing craft used in beach landings in Europe and North Africa had been brought for repairs before being sent out for further use.

I asked to be assigned to the engine test stand after learning that the purpose of the LFED was to repair landing craft that were damaged when taking troops to beachheads in Europe and Africa. There were carpenter shops and metal shops to repair the boats, machine shops to turn new propeller shafts, engineer repair shops for completely overhauling engines and gear boxes, and special shops for fuel pumps and generators.

There was a high priority for replacing landing craft as quickly as possible. That facility was far too small for the work load, and by December 1942, the large Ford assembly plant on the Elizabeth River was taken over by the Navy and quickly became the Landing Force Equipment Depot, where wooden and steel landing craft from 35 to 50 feet long were bought in huge quantities. All activities at the LFED were running at full capacity. The test stand was expanded to five stands, and we had to run three eight-hour shifts in order to keep up with demand.

I was stationed there for a little more than three years. By VE Day, the need for landing craft moved to the West Coast and the Pacific Islands. In June I was sent to Livermore, CA. In July 1945, I was transferred to Shoemaker, CA and from there to a troop transport with 1,500

other Navy personnel. We left San Francisco in August and went to the Philippines. At the Philippines, we were transferred to medium-sized craft, an LST (Landing Ship Tank), and began our trip to Okinawa. Halfway there the war ended.

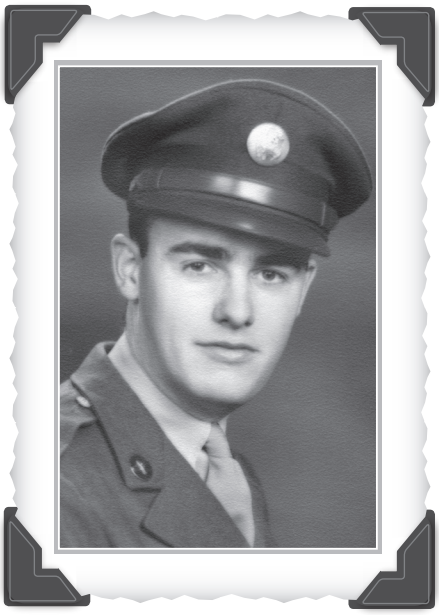
After four days in a make-shift camp in Okinawa, I was assigned to the USS Bowditch, a geodetic survey ship. Two days later we received a typhoon warning and left Buckner Bay. We ran into the storm and I will never forget the 50-foot waves. Damage to Okinawa and ships that could not leave Buckner Bay was dreadful. The following week, we headed east to San Francisco. My trip ended in Norfolk. On Dec. 14, 1945, I was discharged from the Navy with a rating of motor machinist mate 1st class.

LST-325 (left) and LST-388 unloading at Omaha Beach on June 12, 1944 while stranded at low tide during resupply operations.

Landing Ship, Tank (LST) was the military designation for naval vessels created during World War II to support amphibious operations by carrying significant quantities of vehicles, cargo, and landing troops directly onto an unimproved shore.

Cannon Hobson Goddin

Army Air Corps—Sergeant



I was an Army Air Force Control Tower operator at the airfield in Finchaven, New Guinea, a strip cut out of the jungle. My brother, Alfred P. Goddin, Jr. (T.J. 1938, VMI 1942) was with the 99th Field Artillery Battalion, 1st Cavalry Division, in the Admiralty Islands about 400 miles away near the equator. My challenge was to find him.

I caught a ride on an Aussie C-47 that had a load of steaks for delivery to the 1st Cavalry. No sooner had we taken off than the co-pilot and crew chief with a hardy crow bar opened the crates and removed a couple of steaks from each crate. It was minor thievery, but all government issue so what the heck. I got five steaks and with a fifth of whiskey (Three Feathers), gotten by hook or crook, I was all set.

We landed on Manus Island, but what island my brother Al was on I didn't know. The operator on the field telephone said there was a small supply unit of the 99th Field Artillery on the island. Someone answered the phone and I asked if he knew of Captain Goddin. "He is right here." What a reunion we had! The steaks and whiskey quickly disappeared. We met again three times in the Philippines until he was badly wounded and died on the way home.

Our control tower in Leyte in the Philippines was some 35 feet high with a fireman's pole for quick exit in case of an air raid. At the foot of the pole we dug a large foxhole. A lone Jap fighter plane got through to the airfield and started a strafing run. The two boys in the tower hit the pole to their safe haven—the foxhole.

Standing on the other side of the foxhole was a major general also seeking safety. The boys and the general stared at each other for a moment determining who was going to be the first in the hole. One sergeant said "G. D. it—I dug it!" In he went with the general piling on top. It was quickly over and all came out of the hole laughing.

On Dec. 7, 1944, about a month and a half after the invasion of Leyte, we moved up to Dulog Airfield. The mud was knee deep and the airfield had not opened as the Japs still held half of it.

About 3 p.m. an alarm went off and Jap planes came over laying down a complete smoke screen. We didn't know if it was gas or smoke. We grabbed our gas masks, which we had carried for months but not used. Old love letters, apple cores and other junk emerged. The mask worked.

The Japs, to honor the date of December 7, dropped about 800 parachutists in the area to stir up trouble of all kinds. We Air Force boys did the best we could to defend ourselves with our carbines. No infantry were around.

I had a foxhole close by my tent. Our lieutenant wanted me with him to guard the mess hall as we knew the Japs would want that prize. It was pitch dark that night, raining, and our hole slowly filled with water. At least the mosquitoes couldn't bite under water. A lot of rifle fire and flares filled the air.

The next morning I returned to my tent. Someone else had used my foxhole. The Japs had rolled a grenade into it and he did not get out quickly enough. The Japs did get into the mess hall. Fortunately, our infantry arrived and took control.

Two "dog tags" were issued to each member of the military.
Information on each tag included:

- **Name**
- **Serial number**
- **Blood type**
- **Date of last tetanus shot**
- **Religion**
- **Branch of Service**

Richard Oliver Gordon

Army Chemical Warfare Service (Chemical Corps)—Lieutenant Colonel

On return from duty, chemical officer, 2nd Infantry Division, Korea, I was ordered to a similar position, 3rd Corps, Camp Roberts, CA. The corps was on a temporary location at Camp Mercury, NV, to train under conditions of atomic warfare. This exercise was in coordination with the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project (AFSWOP).

A unit chemical officer is responsible for advising a commander in providing radiological defense for troops of the command. In this case, the position was filled by the AFSWOP safety officer, Lieutenant Colonel James Hartgering, Medical Corps, who was my instructor and mentor while I was at Camp Mercury. I learned the practical use of several instruments used to detect and measure the various kinds of radiation about which I had only "book learning."

In April and May 1950, I headed a team of six with special training and responsibility to conduct orientation in atomic warfare for Army commissioned officers at Ft. Lewis and nearby installations.

"Test: Charlie" typified what at the time was a nominal bomb, equal in power to that used to destroy Hiroshima, but a different type. Our location for the test was more than three and a half miles away and faced away from the explosion. The first observation was a wave of bright light followed by one of heat, and finally the rumbling sound of the explosion. At this point, we were permitted to turn and face the rapidly ascending mushroom cloud with its changing colors of orange, yellow, purple, finally gray; truly an awe-inspiring event.

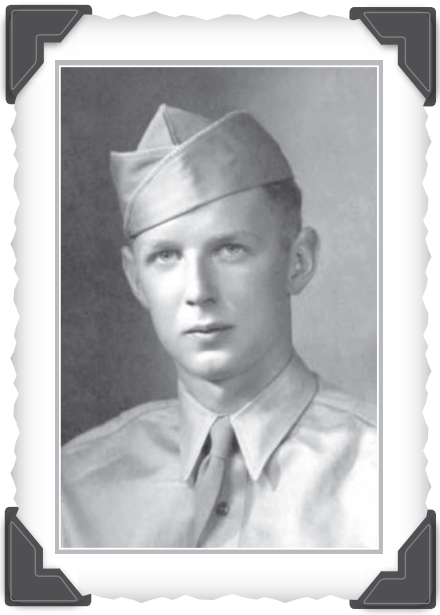
Within the hour, I was suited in plastic protective clothing and riding in a jeep, monitoring (measuring) the fallout radiation from the bomb to include that at ground zero, the spot on the ground directly below the point of burst of the aircraft-delivered weapon.

In spite of the protective clothing, two shampoos were needed to remove the microscopic-sized radioactive fallout aerosols that had made it past the clothing barrier. This impressed me with the invasive power of airborne radiation fallout.

This experience is the most memorable of my nearly 30 years of active duty in the United States Army.

William Hamilton

Army Coast Artillery and Infantry—Private First Class



Drafted Feb. 3, 1943. Sent to Camp Lee for processing and was then assigned to the 242nd Coast Artillery at Ft. Custis on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

Unit was being disbanded in January 1944, and I was sent to Ft. Eustis for training along with many others. Sailed for England in July and was sent to Camp Tidworth, an old English camp near Salisbury, for training.

Sailed for France in October 1944. Landed at Omaha Beach and after a very long train ride arrived somewhere in Belgium. From there, I was assigned to Company A, 394th Infantry Regiment, 99th Division, which was "on line" opposite the Siegfried Line in the Ardennes.

On Dec. 16, 1944, the Battle of the Bulge began. The 99th Division was a prime target of the German attack. Weather was terrible, heavy snow, freezing rain, sleet and sub-freezing temperatures. The 394th Regiment was hit hard and was in for some very difficult times. The situation improved shortly before Christmas when the weather cleared and the Air Corps could get its planes in the air. In early January, the 394th was moved to Elsenborn Ridge (in Belgium), the scene of very heavy fighting earlier and still a trouble spot.

In late February or early March 1945, the 99th Division moved out of Belgium and into Germany, which was the start of the drive to the Rhine River. Resistance was very heavy the farther we got into Germany. Troops of the 394th were the first to reach the Remagan Bridge, which crossed the Rhine, and also the first to cross the river on the bridge. Very heavy and terrible German artillery and ground fire. I crossed in the middle of the night on a pontoon bridge. Not pleasant.

After the "break out" from the Remagan Bridgehead, the 99th started a drive deeper into Germany and on to fight in the Ruhr. Mountainous country and stiff opposition. For the first time we began to see large numbers of German troops walking out en masse to surrender. We continued driving into the country with noticeably less opposition. It was very clear that the war was soon to end, which it did on May 7, 1945. Early in May, I broke some bones in my right foot, which was "the end" for me. I've often wondered why this couldn't have happened three or four months earlier. Such is life. I was discharged on Oct. 5, 1945, at Camp Pickett, VA.

Random Thoughts:
From December 1944 to May 1945, things at my level appeared to happen in "mad confusion." Frequently I was aware only of happenings just to my right, left and directly in front. And we never knew which day it was, not that it mattered.

Arthur C. Hendrick

Navy—Electrician's Mate First Class

From a newspaper clipping:

> The salvage, fire fighting and rescue unit, Service Force, Seventh Fleet, won the Navy Unit Commendation for service in the Philippine Islands area from Oct. 17, 1944 to June 10, 1945, and in connection with the clearing of Manila Harbor. The unit operated under continuous enemy attack throughout the assault phase of nine major landings, including Leyte, Ormoc and Lingayen invasions, and rendered invaluable service in fighting and extinguishing fires and in repairing, refloating and salvaging many vital services and combatant ships.

I kept a log of USS ATR 25 from the time I went aboard until the day we arrived in Charleston, SC, for decommissioning. On May 6, 1944, I went aboard at San Pedro, CA. We continued shakedown cruise until May 28 when we left for San Francisco. On June 3, we took three sections of dry dock (large enough for battleships) and left the United States. On June 18, we arrived in Samoa and on June 26 at Fiji Suva. We refueled at sea and continued to Manus in the Admiralty Islands. On July 5, we did salvage work and took in tow the Luxemburg Victory at Nagno Legone, Fiji. On July 21, we arrived in Espiritu Santo. On July 23, we arrived at Rendova and took a ship in tow. On August 1, we arrived at Manus for repairs. September 3 to 23 we towed targets for ships to practice. On September 26, we rescued a Liberty ship, the SS Don Marcus (we received a blanket commendation). October 1 at Manus; October 10 left for Wewak.

On October 13, Liberty ship was hit. We took on survivors and ship under tow. October 16 at Biak. October 22 at Leyte. On the 26th, we left Leyte for Palau then on October 28, left Palau to rendezvous with the USS Canberra (CA70). She was hit with a torpedo. We took her to Manus arriving on November 9. On November 10, the USS Mount Hood blew up (she was an ammunition ship and for some reason they brought her into the center of the harbor to unload cargo) with a tremendous amount of damage. On November 27, we left Manus for Rendova. On December 10, we were at Finschafen, New Guinea, then December 14 at Hollandia, December 18 at Biak, leaving on December 22 for Palau. There was a report of subs in the area. We returned to Wewak on December 24, Christmas Eve. We were able to go ashore and go to midnight mass.

On December 25, we left for Palau and on December 30, for Leyte, arriving on January 3. Left for Lingayen on January 4, arriving January 9. Following a massive typhoon on January 10, left for Leyte with a DE and LCI 365 under tow. Spent January 17 at Leyte. On January 18, left for Hollandia and January 24 for Biak and January 28 left for Leyte. February 5 at Leyte. February 7 left for Manus through February 14. February 15 engine cylinder cracked

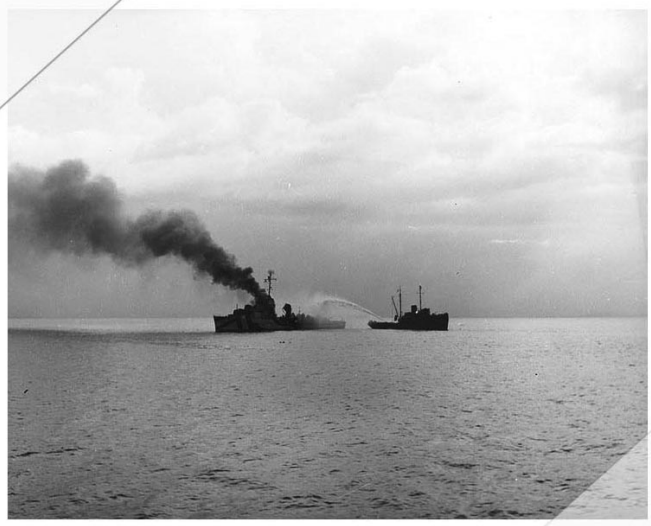
and went in for repairs. Cylinder had to be bordered. On April 3, we left for Moratai to rendezvous for the invasion of Borneo. On April 7, we went to Hollandia and our main condenser had salted up (we were not able to go to Borneo). April 16 at Biak, April 21 at Biak, April 22 left for Leyte. May 1 at Leyte. Resumed salvage work in the harbor. On June 14, Mindanao Sea rescue. June 21 Denacat Island Rescue.

On August 28, at Leyte the announcement was made that VJ Day was coming and all ships were celebrating. September 2 was the actual VJ day.

From September 3 to 30 did rescue work around Leyte. October 1 did rescue work on a ship's fire then left to rescue a tanker on a reef at Batag in the Philippines. The tanker was carrying high test gas in the water. We tried to pull the tanker off the reef with no success. The merchant marines were in the water. We rescued all of them and washed them down to get rid of the gas.

We were in danger. We pulled away just in time as the ship erupted. We transferred the sailors to an aircraft carrier. October 10 left Leyte, October 12 at Manila. October 14 at Manila for rescue work and liberty, the first in 18 months.

On December 16, we were homeward bound, stopping at Einewetok, Kwajulein, and arrived at Pearl Harbor on January 24. Left Pearl Harbor on January 28 for San Francisco, but our orders were changed and we arrived at San Diego on February 9. On February 21, left for the Panama Canal. March 4 at Balboa, Panama; March 5 Coco Sola, Panama; March 6 left for Charleston, SC, arrived March 13.



An ATR (Rescue Ocean Tug) assisting the USS "Lamson" (DD-367) with firefighting after she was hit by a Japanese kamikaze plane.

Samuel Wilson Jackson

Air Force—Captain

Received direct commission as first lieutenant in Air Force in April 1953 and called to active duty in May. Served as air installations officer in Texas, New Jersey, New York, Vermont and Canada. This office was previously called the "post engineer," as it was in the Army.

At Ethan Allen AFB in Winoski, VT, I was a first lieutenant and had a brigadier general working for me five days a week. On weekends, he put on his star and headed the reserve unit on active duty. He was a Civil Service GS-15 working for me during the week. A most unusual situation.

In Armstrong, Canada, the weather was 60° below in January and 30° below in December and February. For this reason, service was for one year and was considered overseas duty.

Arnold W. "Bill" Kamm

Army—First Lieutenant (Active Duty) Major (Reserves)

Drafted April 1951.

After 15 weeks of infantry basic training, I was informed that my commission had come through—second lieutenant Medical Service Corps and I was to report for a three-year active duty assignment to the 43rd Infantry Division, which was undergoing mobilization at Camp Pickett, VA. The unit was planning on moving to Germany in October 1951. I was assigned to the medical company, 103rd Infantry Regiment of the 43rd Infantry Division.

After less than two years, I was transferred to the Army General Hospital in Frankfurt on Main as the director of pharmacy.

In August 1954, I was shipped back to the U.S.A. for termination of active duty.

I remained active in the Reserves in two different hospital units until 1965, when the company I worked for began transferring me about, so I had to go inactive. My rank at that time was major, Army Reserve Medical Service Corps.

Harold Carleton King

Navy—Aviation Cadet and Quartermaster's Mate Third Class

I entered the Navy in June 1942, immediately after graduation from high school in Plattsburgh, NY.

I enlisted with five of my high school friends and after the physical exam in Albany, NY, I was the sole survivor. All of my buddies returned home. I was sent to Newport, RI, to begin training (I have everlasting memories of being homesick and lonely) at 18 years of age.

I soon became busy with every day filled with military education. Since I had played drums in a school dance band, I found an opportunity to join a 23-piece station dance band and at the same time was selected to attend quartermaster school. I had to choose one.

Since my country was depending on my skills as a quartermaster, I was assigned to a ship, the USS Enoree at Sparrows Point, Baltimore, in December 1942, and I raised the commission pennant seven days later. We were equipped to refuel other ships at sea; many were destroyers and some were aircraft carriers.

All of 1943 was spent in the Atlantic traveling with convoys to refuel other Navy vessels. We carried six million gallons of fuel making us extremely vulnerable. Fortunately we had good protection from the destroyers in our convoy.

Several trips were made in that year, including the invasion of North Africa. We traveled with a convoy of 800+ ships. On one trip we carried four P.T. boats on our well deck and they were removed in Gibraltar for action in the Mediterranean. A terrifying experience occurred when the convoy was attacked by submarines. We were survivors, but some of the merchant ships were not.

In February 1944, I was selected for officer training and was sent to Union College in Schenectady, NY. That was the beginning of my college career. In late 1944, I was selected for the Navy Air Corps and then sent to Denison University in Granville, OH, where I continued in civil engineering. In April 1945, I was sent to the University of Georgia for preflight training and remained there until VE Day.

I was released from active duty in September 1945.

Brockenbrough Lamb, Jr.

Navy—Lieutenant Commander

I joined the USNR in 1940 with the rate of apprentice seaman—lower than a private in the Army. Joined a course known as "90-Day Wonder" and was commissioned ensign USNR, August 20, 1941. Obtained rank of lt. cmdr. USNR in 1945.

In 1941, was ordered to Norfolk Naval Base in the 5th Naval District and was sent to Little Creek, VA, and assigned duty aboard minesweeper "Kestrel"—became commanding office of Kestrel and swept mines in the Atlantic going out through Cape Charles and Cape Henry.

March 14, 1942, married and had a son March 5, 1943. (I have always felt that this was better than being married March 5 and having a son March 14.)

At my request, I was transferred from being commanding officer of "Kestrel" to active duty in the South Pacific, where I spent almost two years. I was stationed in the New Hebrides on a small island named Efate, which is south of Espiritu, Santo. Efate was approximately 13 miles long and its width varied up to 3 or 4 miles. The harbor there was one of the finest deep water harbors in the Pacific and Admiral Halsey had his fleet there.

The naval base at Efate was known as Naval Advance Base 156, or NAB 156. I became commanding officer of NAB 156, and I truly believe that the reason depended on three qualifications. The officer I relieved was an Annapolis graduate and was a four-striper captain. At that time I was just a lieutenant in the Navy—the equivalent of a captain in the Army.

The three qualifications: The captain loved to win at anything he did and he found out that I was a fairly good tennis player, so he would call me up and we would play as tennis partners on a concrete court. Our opponents were really not very good and we always won. That was the first qualification: my tennis ability.

The captain found out that I was a fairly good bridge player and he would call me to play bridge with him and we generally won. This was my second qualification: my bridge ability.

The captain had whiskey in his quarters and when we played bridge we would drink whiskey and he told me that I was able to hold my whiskey. This was the third qualification: whiskey holding ability.

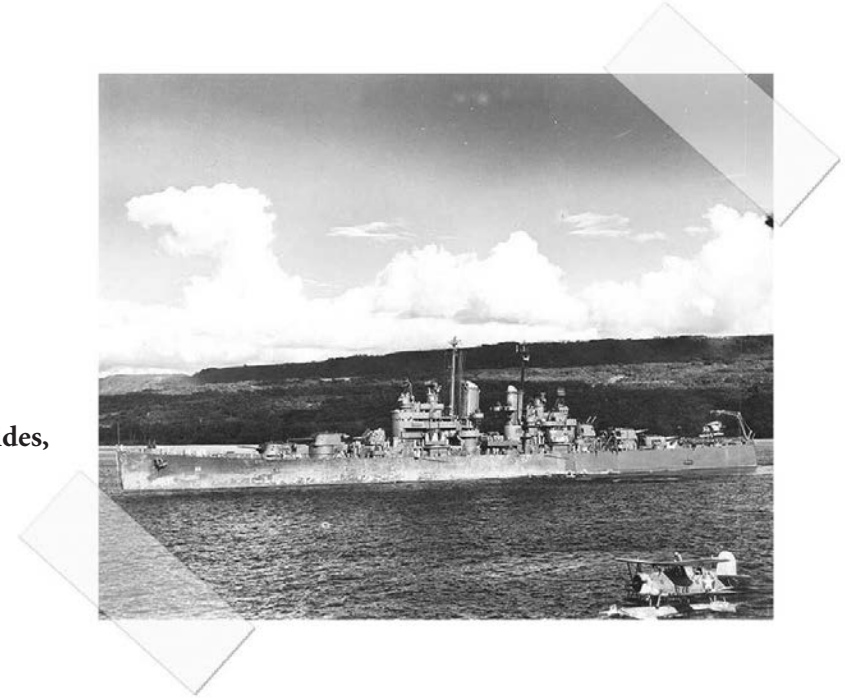
In the Navy, if you are in charge of a rowboat, you are the captain and the fact that I was merely a lieutenant made no difference because I was the commanding officer of NAB 156. I

asked the captain what I was going to do with the lieutenant commanders and commanders who would be under me. His reply was "Ship them out."

I really enjoyed being in the Navy. We had three airfields at Efate. The largest was used to bomb Guadalcanal. From time to time, high-ranking naval officers would visit Efate and because of radio communications, I always knew when they would arrive. I would line up my officers and as the admiral stepped off of the plane, I would salute him and he would return the salute, look at me and say, "Where is the commanding officer?" I always enjoyed my reply, which was "Sir, you are looking at him."

In August 1945, the Japanese surrendered aboard the battleship Missouri. At that time, I was halfway across the Pacific headed for San Francisco and when I arrived there, I felt that I was home because Efate is approximately 7,000 miles west of San Francisco, so I had only 3,000 more to go in order to reach my home in Richmond.

In my approximately four and a half years of service during World War II, I served aboard a battleship, a minesweeper, a patrol boat and was commanding officer of NAB 156.



USS Montpelier enters Havannah Harbor, Efate Island, New Hebrides, on April 22, 1943.

David Carl Landin

Army, Army Air Corps, Air Force—Lieutenant Colonel

I was living in a small town called Sugar Grove in the northwest corner of Pennsylvania when I was inducted into the Army for a required one year of service on May 5, 1941. After processing through Pittsburgh Induction Center, I was sent to Camp Shelby, MS, to serve in the Service Battalion, 166th Field Artillery. When it became a reality that the one year of service would not end as expected, I was concerned about my status and decided that I did not want to go through the war with the unit to which I was assigned.

I had heard that you could apply for transfer to the Air Corps and the request could not be stopped. I did this and, although I had never been in an airplane, I was accepted in the Aviation Cadet Program. I was evaluated at the San Antonio Cadet Center and assigned to pilot training. I did the preflight training there. Following this I was sent for pilot training at Cimarron Field, Norman, OK (Primary), Coffeyville, KS (Basic), and then selected as a single-engine pilot and was sent to Foster Field, TX (Advanced).

I graduated as a 2nd lt. on April 23, 1943, and was sent to the Richmond Army Air Base to become a P-47 Thunderbolt (called "the Jug") pilot and was assigned to Flight A, 376th Squadron of the newly formed 361st Fighter Group. Our commander was Thomas T. J. Christian, who had seen action in the Pacific Theater. My flight leader was Fred Smith, an ex-Royal Air Force Spitfire pilot.

We began our combat training at Langley Field, VA. We did our gunnery at Millville Army Air Base in New Jersey. After that we were one of the first units assigned to the newly created airbase, Camp Springs, MD (now Andrews Field), from which we patrolled the Washington area and finished our stateside training, which included night flying.

In late November 1943, we were sent overseas as a unit on the Queen Mary and arrived at Bottisham Air Field, England (near Cambridge), December 1. We became part of the 8th Air Force and began combat missions in January 1944 in the P-47, which was one of the best World War II fighter aircraft. It had a large and powerful radial engine. It was well armed (like a flying tank) and very competitive in the air against enemy aircraft. The pilots loved it as it was able to take a lot of combat damage and still be flyable. Although our primary combat mission was to escort and protect the bombers on their bomb missions deep into the enemy territory, we also did other things such as dive bombing, strafing and ground troop support.

As the war progressed, it became obvious that the limited time the P-47 could stay in the air even with an extra 155-gal. belly gas tank, it could not protect bombers on runs deep into

enemy territory. Therefore, we were assigned the new P-51 Mustangs in the latter part of May 1944. With the internal gas supply and two disposable 100-gal. wing tanks (one under each wing) the Mustangs could stay in the air comfortably for seven hours. As a result, we could provide cover for the bombers at any target. Again I was priviledged to fly a plane that was regarded as "state of the art" and the best for the missions that it was designed to perform.

I flew 84 missions. Half were in P-47s and half in P-51s. I had two crashes in the P-47s. One was from a tire that blew out on takeoff causing me to lose control of the aircraft. The plane was totaled as a result of the crash. I was shaken up but unhurt. The second was when the right landing gear of the P-47 I was flying broke off at the wing as I landed from a combat mission. Again the plane was heavily damaged, but I was not injured. I had one accident with a P-51 while strafing a locomotive. When I flew through the cloud of steam from the ruptured boiler, I hit a tree on a high bank I hadn't seen that was obscured by the cloud of steam. I pulled up to bail out but found I was able to nurse the plane along and fly home with the damaged wing, which was repaired and the plane returned to service.

I participated in providing air cover for the D-Day landing at Normandy, as well as for the first and many bombings of Berlin, Munich and many others deep into enemy territory. After D-Day, we would roam France on the "deck" looking for targets of opportunity. It was on such a day that I was flying with Sam Wilkerson, another "A" Flight Pilot, that I shot down and destroyed a Hinkel 177 bomber.

I was on the dive bomb mission when we lost two pilots. One was our commander, Col. Christian, who took a direct hit from an anti-aircraft gun and was killed. I lost many friends. Some of those shot down became prisoners of war. Several were able to get out with help received from the underground. One of our pilots was shot down over Paris and was rescued and helped out of enemy territory by a French family. After France was liberated, he returned and married one of the girls he had met there.

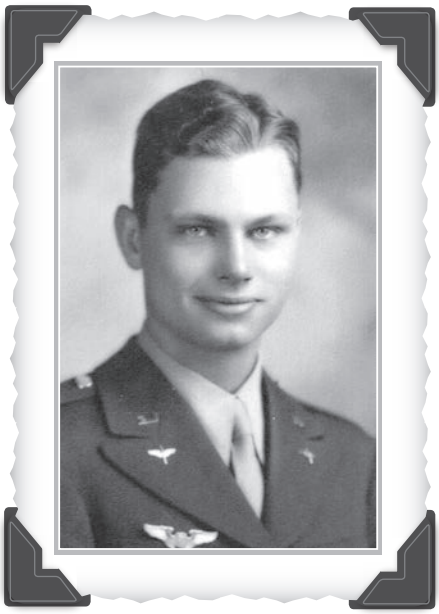
I finished my 300 required combat hours in late August 1944 and was then sent to a base at Hull on the Humber in England, where I instructed replacement pilots for the 8th Air Force. I returned to the United States in November 1944. After a short period at home, I was assigned to the Yuma Army Air Base in Arizona. There I flew P-39s in a gunnery training program for B-17 gunners and acted as officer in charge of the enlisted personnel records.

On Jan. 23, 1945, I married Rita Felthaus, whom I had met in Richmond while there checking out in P-47s. I was discharged from active duty on July 4, 1945. I stayed in the Reserves and retired from the Air Force on May 21, 1971, as a lieutenant colonel. I was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross with cluster, the Air Medal with three clusters and the Meritorious Service Medal. I was also awarded the Bronze Star with battle service stars: Air Offensive in Europe, Campaign Normandy and Campaign Northern France.

I consider the time I spent in the service an invaluable experience that molded my life.

Edward Emerson Lane

Army Air Corps—First Lieutenant



Ed left Virginia Tech in January 1943 and enlisted in the Air Corps.

His first group was sent to Miami Beach to a hotel and he was the "waterfront director" since he had been a life guard.

Next was to Butler University and then to various training bases until he received his wings in April 1944.

His colonel gave him a two-week leave in July 1944 to get married and when he returned, his unit had been sent overseas. I hope he wasn't too disappointed!

I don't know too many details of his training, but we spent almost a year at Ellington Field and in June 1945 he was sent to Smyrna, TN, and was alerted later for B-29 training. The bomb was dropped in August 1945 and that's the end of the story.

Jean Lane (for Ed)

Carl Max Lindner, *Jr.*

Army Air Corps—First Lieutenant (Active Duty) Lieutenant Colonel (Reserves)

There was limited flying as I entered Virginia Tech (VPI) cadet corps and engineering. Navy recruiters visited the campus, seeing possible aviation midshipmen. I took the test. Later, I received a notice that I would be accepted after a physical examination in Washington. The ROTC program at Tech was Army and the commandant was true Army. He was not thrilled that the Navy had visited Tech. When I requested a pass to go to Washington, he was incensed. My request was denied and I was told I would hear further regarding my aviation interest. Several weeks later an Army aviation recruiter appeared, and it was strongly suggested that I take the written test. Of course I took the written test and later took the physical examination in Roanoke. I volunteered as an Aviation Cadet in the Army Nov. 13, 1942.

I continued my studies at Tech until called for active duty on Feb. 13, 1943. 1 was sent to Miami for basic training. After basic we were all under the impression that we would be sent to classification at San Antonio. That proved to be incorrect. At that time all the services were swamped with new volunteers and had no place to assign them in already overcrowded special training. The army placed those in the aviation cadet program in various colleges as part training until spaces could be provided in the aviation programs. I was sent to Cincinnati University from March to June 1943. During this time we attended courses in math, PT and English. Flying lessons were given in J-3 Cubs. All of the aviation cadets were then shipped to San Antonio for classifications as pilot, navigator or bombardier.

It was my good fortune to have been selected for pilot training. Before any pilot training could begin, we would have to attend preflight school, which would include heavy PT, Morse code, blinker and audio. I was sent to The Spartan School of Aviation at Muscogee, OK. We were introduced to our civilian instructors and briefed on the total primary flight training program. Most of us had received some basic flight training and solo time. Our instructor quickly determined the cracks in our pilot abilities and previous training. Flights were made in the Fairchild PT-19, 175 HP Ranger engine. The aircraft was somewhat new in the flight training program with open cockpits and low plywood wings.

My instructor, Mr. Richardson, was very thorough and demanding. He warned me about my short stature and the security of the extra back cushions in my rear seat. During one of his demonstrations of inverted flight, the back cushions left my open cockpit and left me dangling terrified on the seat belt, unable to contact him (one-way intercom). After what seemed to be hours he became aware of my plight. I had a parachute but was not in a hurry to use it. Later during some solo aerobatic maneuvers, I became inverted, made a mistake and went into a split-S dive. Fortunately, I had sufficient altitude to level out. These events made me more respectful and aware of the limits of each flight.

As this primary flight training came to an end, we were all given a "ride" by an official Army officer instructor to see if we were qualified to move on or to be washed out of the pilot program. All of Mr. Richardson's students made the cut.

Basic Flight Training at Coffeeville, KS, was next. We then got the chance to fly a larger metal aircraft, the Vultee BT-13 with a 450 HP engine. (It was called the "Vultee Vibrator.") The Army instructors were all very skilled. There was ground school with emphasis on instruments, weather and radio range use in the air and the Link trainer. Expanded meteorological training received a great amount of study. Aerobatics and other light maneuvers were taught emphasizing recovery from unusual positions. Limited solo cross-country flights required detailed weather evaluation under the instructor's mentorship. As this phase of flight training was concluded we all were most anxious to learn where we would be sent for advanced training (single-engine or twin-engine). I was very pleased that I was selected for Twin Engine Advance training.

We became aware that many of our friendships would be split with the new assignments. Many of us had been together since training at the University of Cincinnati. I wonder who did not make it through World War II.

Flight training continued in twin engine aircraft at a base near Pampa, TX. The flight line contained numerous UC-78 and AT-9. The UC-78 was called the "Bamboo Bomber" and the AT-9 was known as "jeep." Both were well suited and we all came to love them for their responsive and forgiving nature. Basic flying of the twin-engine UC-78 aircraft received our close attention to the details of single engine operation and landing techniques from the instructor. Long cross-country missions in the UC-78 at night required implementation of what we had learned with navigation skills. Instruction in the AT-9 was for instrument training. Classroom time was spent learning the use of the plastic hand-held E6B computer. It was an amazing device and was used extensively by pilots and navigators. Even by today's electronic computers it still can do the job assisting in navigation. No batteries required. Additional classroom time was spent in identification of aircraft friendly and foe.

Graduation came April 15, 1944, with new orders. I was selected for training in the Douglas C-47 aircraft. A brief leave to home and on to Sedelia, MS, for troop carrier training. I was delighted as I always admired this twin engine DC-3 airliner now gone military. Training included many takeoffs and landings, single engine operation, operational manuals, night operations, cross-country navigation, aircraft identification friend and foe. Troop carrier training included paratroop drops, glider tow and formation flying. Each pilot in training was required to take a flight in a glider, with instructor, and pilot the craft to a landing. D-Day took place while we were in training and it was obvious that the C-47 and the troop carriers had played a major role in the invasion.

With completion of training I was given a short leave and reported to Ft. Wayne, IN, to meet the total crew and accept the brand new C-47 fresh from the factory. After an overnight stay we were briefed for our flight to Goose Bay-Labrador. Yes, the inside of the aircraft had that new car smell. Our navigator had just graduated from nav school and our radio operator had just completed his training. The crew chief had had previous experience and was very familiar with the aircraft. The pilot was several years my senior and a good ol' boy from Georgia with whom I flew with during training.

After an overnight rest we were briefed on our two possible routes, Iceland or Greenland, selection being based on weather en route. Departure would be made after sundown so as to arrive on the European continent during daylight. The weather at both destinations was somewhat tentative, but should improve over the next few hours. The weather briefer said, "You won't run into enough ice to put in a cocktail." Later we found that to be a gross understatement. We were given sealed orders only to be opened after departure. Finally, we were told Iceland would be our destination. The aircraft was equipped with cabin-mounted tanks necessary for the extended flight time. In addition, the cabin contained supplies for the European operations including bicycles. In the event of engine failure we were instructed to dump this additional load. There were a number of various aircraft destined for Europe at Goose Bay. All were to be dispatched promptly with minimum delay. Each aircraft was assigned an altitude and takeoff time in order to have some degree of safety between each.

Our takeoff was on schedule and we climbed to our assigned altitude. After an hour or so, we entered instrument conditions and turbulence. A little later we encountered something that we had been briefed on but had never seen. You look outside and see the props illuminated as if they were a big electrical fixture, the wings with static little branches of electrical discharges dancing around the gas filler caps, and similar electrical discharges over the windshield. It gives you pause and an uneasy feeling. This is called St. Elmo's fire. If speed is reduced, the event diminishes. The fun was just beginning. The little perception that the briefer told us about began in full force. We did pick up ice on the wings and windshield and fortunately the deicers on the wings and windshield worked. Here are two twenty-plus age guys with limited real weather conditions plowing along with total faith in their previous training. The others in the crew knew of our feelings and expressed their confidence in us. We had been in the soup for a number of hours, and our navigator was concerned that he could not get a star shot to confirm our position. We had to climb up through the clouds and leave our assigned altitude so that he could complete his calculations. He found that we were way off course. Earlier he had only magnetic headings, which vary widely in this area of north latitudes and time en route. Corrections were made and we returned to our assigned altitude.

The instrument flight conditions continued until we saw brief breaks in the clouds below. To our surprise a B-17 below us was paralleling our course. An hour later we were able to contact our destination, Reykjavik, and made a welcomed landing after a ten-hour flight.

With our evening meal we were entertained with the radio broadcast of "Axis Sallie," a German disc gal who played good music and offered various propaganda news on the great victories of the Reich. The great surprise came when she read the names of those of us who had just arrived in Iceland and welcomed us to Europe. We recalled the sealed and secret orders that we had been given prior to departure and wondered how she had obtained this information.

We departed the next day in fair weather. After a most pleasant flight we spotted the shores of Scotland and were soon on the final approach for Prestwick. After a debriefing we were informed that the aircraft would not continue to be our responsibility. We were disappointed as we had hoped that we would continue on to our assigned unit with the factory-fresh aircraft. After a night of rest the crew boarded a train for London. For several days we were housed at a nearby RAF installation. After several days we were transported to our assigned unit, 442nd Troop Carrier Group, 304th Squadron, arriving late in August 1944. The base

in Western Zoyland was located near Bridgewater in the southeastern area of the United Kingdom.

We were new kids on the block with older more combat-experienced crews. We were greeted in friendly fashion, but with some reservations. After a few hours of flying with the more experienced we were accepted. Good friends were made there and remembered in the many flights and off-duty times together. Many good times and bad times were shared and a true bonding of strangers occurred. Only those who have experienced combat and death of friends can fully understand this.

Most of the 442nd Group was assigned to another base, on a temporary basis, to prepare for a major troop carrier operation. Some personnel were retained at the home base. This operation on Sept. 17, 1944, was called "Operation Market Garden" into the Netherlands. The operation used gliders for the insertion of Allied troops. Unfortunately, adverse weather conditions prohibited many gliders from reaching their landing zones. Many glider pilots lost visual contact with the C-47 tow aircraft, which resulted in the loss of the glider and occupants. There were numerous tragic glider crashes. In addition, enemy ground troops were well entrenched and were prepared to meet the limited and widely dispersed Allied forces. The enemy was also able to use antiaircraft weapons effectively against the low and slow arriving aircraft and on personnel. The operation was later called "A Bridge Too Far." The flyable C-47s returned to base. Resupply of the ground troops required another series of missions with hazardous exposure.

General Patton was pushing his army and required ammunitions, food and other supplies. Much of this was accomplished with trucks effectively. Unfortunately his advances were overrunning his ground supplies. The C-47s filled this need. The missions were flown in marginal weather conditions at low altitude in three ships formation. Fortunately, the lead aircraft had a navigator who could watch and direct the flight. Our destinations were often very unimproved short grass strips cleared by advancing troops. Many times we airlifted wounded from these strips. As Patton pushed forward, we were making many flights to fulfill his requests. Unfortunately, one of our flights of three flew into a hillside and all were lost.

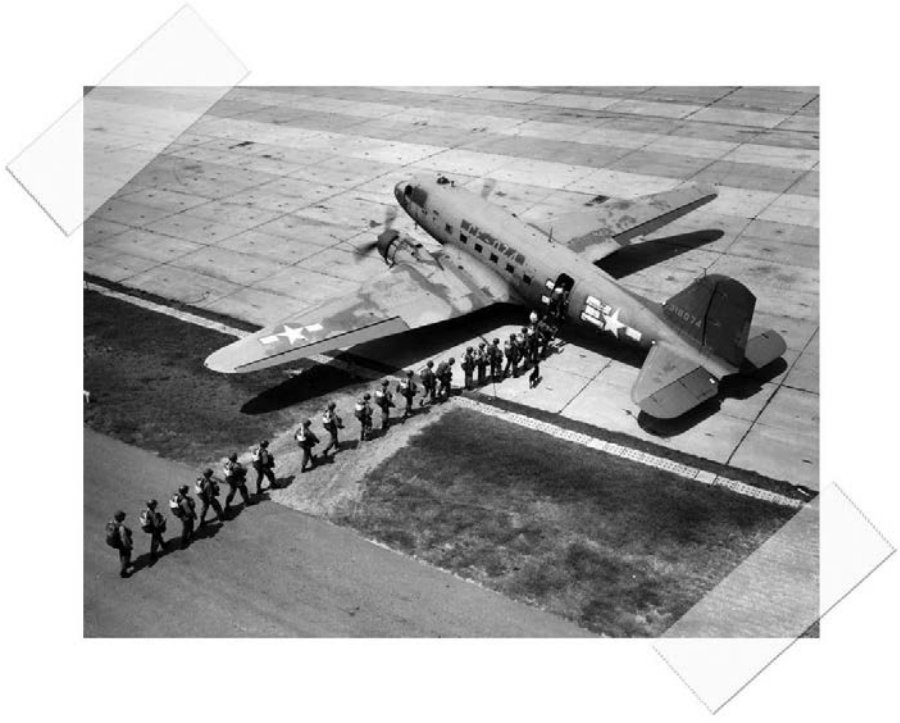
The next big glider operation was to cross the Rhine near Wassel. The mission was well prepared as was that of the enemy. Again, ground forces with small-arms were effective. Many on board the gliders and tow aircraft suffered casualties. In spite of this, the landings were effective, allowing troops and equipment to engage the enemy. Additional supply missions were necessary as we moved toward VE Day, when I was in hospital with an emergency appendectomy in Evereux, France. There was much cheering there as well as back at the squadron at St. André. I remained in hospital with an infection for ten days, after which I returned to flight ops, which included, months later, transporting the 82nd Airborne to Berlin, Tempelhof.

One of our three ship evacuation missions was sent to the UK. We were in V formation and encountered cloud cover, requiring lead aircraft to navigate with great care using radio contact constantly. We had to stay close and depended on the lead ship to exercise assiduous attention to detail in maneuvers so as not to lose visual contact with those on each wing. Stressful in the extreme. In thick clouds slow descent was initiated. As we circled the destination at an extremely low attitude, we were gratified to see breaks in the clouds. This

allowed us to let down gradually and make visual contact, landing in trail.

Upon our return to the base in France, we were assigned to transport numerous displaced Greek workers, who had been assisting Germans, to Greece. The missions were over the Alps to Foggia, Italy, for refueling and on to Athens. Negotiating the Alps in C-47 aircraft primarily not equipped for high altitude provided navigation concerns. Our base ops was moved to Metz and then Munich. I made numerous flights all over Europe. We became in effect an airline. A number of our C-47s were turned over to the French. I became squadron adjutant and executive officer.

To return home required a certain number of points. At long last I boarded a freight train to Antwerp along with many others. At the departure point the Salvation Army served hot food. This great organization had befriended me on one of my flights from France to England for repairs when I was stranded overnight with no money. I shall always remember the compassion. To this day I volunteer and am honored to be a life member of Salvation Army. After two days on the train, we were processed for departure on SS Wilson Victory, arriving in New York after ten days of February rough seas. At Ft. Meade, MD, I went from Army Air Corps to Ready Reserves status, where I served until official retirement from the Air Force in 1966.



The C-47 Skytrain was one of the most durable and versatile of U.S. aircraft. General Dwight Eisenhower credited the C-47 as one of the four machines that won WWII.

DeWitt Herbert Loomis

Army Signal Corps—E-4

Combat Experience? Hah! On May Day, truckloads of Japanese Red Brigade youth would come to our compound near Kyoto, Japan, and yell and curse and throw bottles at us through the fence, and we'd throw them back.

Finally, they would get to laughing, we got to laughing, the beer would come out and be passed back and forth, and after a good time of conviviality, they'd get into their trucks and roar away.

I was ordered to the top of a building, however, where a twin-mount .50 machine gun installation protected our rhombic antenna field, with orders to open fire on sight of anyone seen entering the field. Thank goodness, no one ever did—I would have done a lot more damage to the antennas than any Red Brigade youth ever could have.

Japan, Allied Military Currency

Wilana Camille May Kemp Madden

Army Nurse Corps—First Lieutenant

I was about halfway through my nurse's training on Dec. 7, 1941. The next day I heard President Roosevelt's "A Day That Will Live in Infamy" speech following Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. I resolved immediately that if the war was still on when I graduated, passed my state board exams, and became a registered nurse, I would enlist.

So on Sept. 25, 1943, I was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant, took my oath of office and was put on a troop train headed for the Army Air Force Basic Training Center #10 in Greensboro, NC. I was assigned to the station hospital, issued uniforms and started the 89 hours of military training for nurses. We did just about everything in the basic training program, which included marching in cadence, calisthenics, pistol, rifle and machine gun practice.

Following basic training, my first assignment was the Station Hospital at Keesler Field, MS. I began working as a night supervisor in October 1943. When German U-boats were sighted in the Gulf of Mexico, the whole base worked under blackout conditions. After a month of night duty, I was shifted to days. On weekend leaves, we went to New Orleans and enjoyed the excitement of the city.

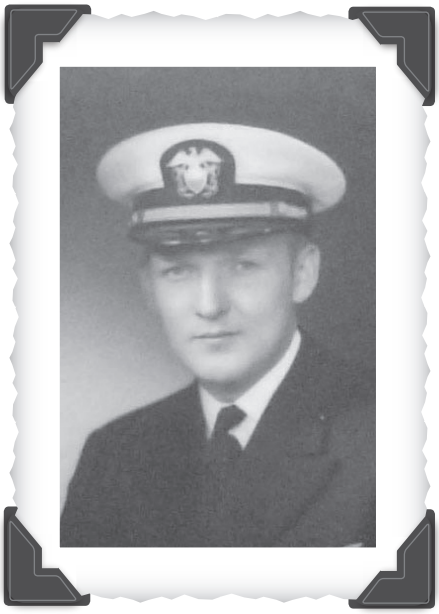
In December 1943 I was transferred to the Station Hospital at Santa Ana Army Air Base in California. During my almost two years there I was head nurse on a surgical ward. The doctor in charge, Major Hall Sealy, was a surgeon who perfected a new procedure for pilonidal cysts. These were quite common in pilots, truck drivers and other positions where you spend most of your time in a seated position. Maj. Sealy would do the surgeries at SAAAB then leave me in charge and go to other station hospitals in the Western Flying Training Command and operate there. About every seven to 10 days he'd be back at SAAAB to check on his patients.

I noticed that every time we were called to get shots for overseas duty, when the orders were posted, my name would be deleted. I complained to Maj. Sealy, who told me that I was too valuable to him, and he was responsible for keeping me there.

Eventually, he put me up for promotion, and I became a 1st lieutenant. He also allowed me to sign up for Air Evacuation School at Randolph Field, TX, but the war wound down before I was transferred.

I come from a long line of volunteer military service people as far back as 1640. My grandfather enlisted in the Spanish-American War. My dad served in France in World War I. Of the four children in my family, two boys and two girls, for at least a year all four of us were in the military at the same time. I am proud of my military service and that of my family.

Frank W. Mayock
Navy—Commander



I was in college and the draft was after me. I checked all services' offerings and chose the Navy. I reported to the Philadelphia Naval Station for active duty and flight training, finished acceptability in April 1942, and reported to the Navy flight training base in Jacksonville, FL, in May as a cadet.

The Jacksonville courses were basic instruction in primary twin-engine craft to include DE spin recovery, stunts and every sort of maneuver, and training in light monoplanes' instruments, old Navy service aircraft, formation flying and night landing.

After about three weeks we transferred to NAS Lee, a satellite field where we practiced aerial gunnery, night flying, carrier landings and instrumentation. After about three months we were sent out to the final base for training in carrier type planes.

I was assigned in early 1944 to the aircraft carrier Yorktown, where I became the pilot of a PBS. A PBS was a torpedo bomber that had a three-man crew and was capable of carrying a large bomb load or a big torpedo. Our targets were enemy ground installations such as airfields, supply dumps, etc., as well as enemy shipping of all kinds.

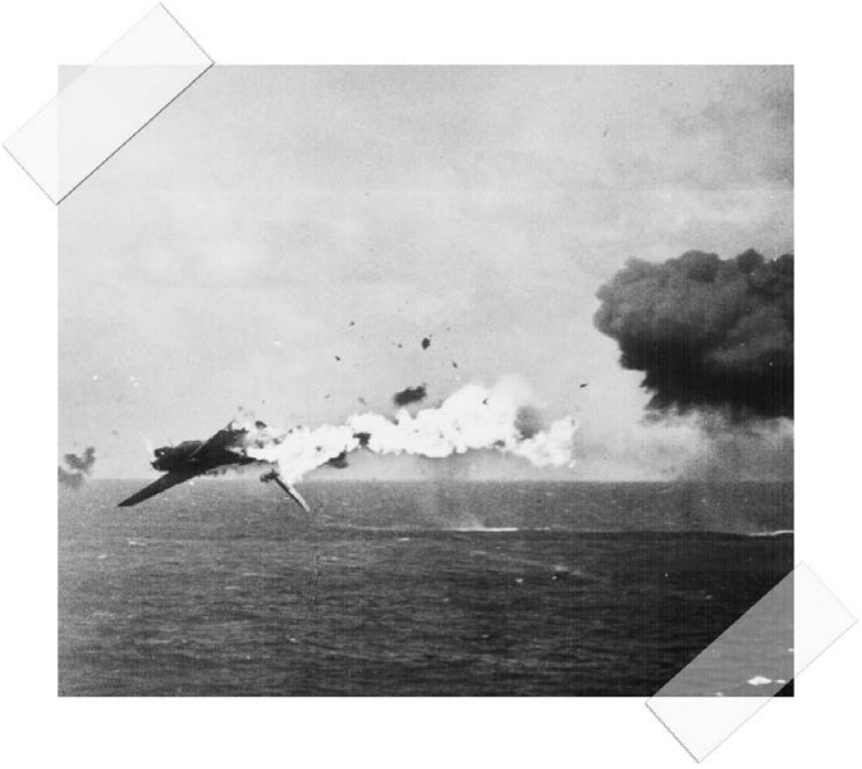
Planes from the Yorktown, which included fighter planes as well as the PBS types, were operating in the area of Truk in the Caroline Islands area and helped take a huge toll on Jap shipping and war ships. On June 8, 1944, Allied planes and ships shot down an estimated 415 Jap planes. Many fighter planes from the Yorktown were included in this big air victory.

On the next day, Allied planes attacked a huge group of Jap ships of all types, which had been located by Allied intelligence sources. This battle was known as the "First Philippines Sea Battle" and was one of the biggest of the war in the Pacific and one of the most damaging to the Jap fleet. My squadron consisted of eight torpedo bombers, five of which were armed with a large torpedo and three of which were loaded with bombs.

I was piloting one of the planes carrying a torpedo. I zeroed in on a huge Jap aircraft carrier. In order to make a successful hit on a ship from a torpedo bomber, it is necessary to drop to a very low altitude and throttle back to a relatively slow speed. I dropped quickly from 16,000 feet to about 200 feet and launched my torpedo at the carrier, which was already under way. My squadron was credited with two torpedo hits on the carrier, but there was no way to tell if one was mine. After passing the carrier, I dropped down to about 25 feet above the water, because the ship's flak guns cannot be angled that low. Just before launching my torpedo, I saw my squadron leader's plane dive into the ocean in flames. By the time we headed back to the Yorktown, it became dark and we were running low on fuel.

My navigator did locate the Yorktown, but each time we tried to land on the deck we were waved off—a total of five times. We finally ran out of gas and had to ditch in the ocean. Our plane carried a life raft and we inflated it, and the three of us bobbed around in the ocean and were finally picked up by a friendly destroyer. I was awarded the Navy Cross for my action in this battle.

I remained in the Reserves after World War II. I was with a reserve unit at the Naval Air Station in Philadelphia, PA, when in 1951 I was called back to active duty. I went to the Naval Aviation Intelligence School in Alameda, CA. After completing the course there, I was assigned to the staff of Admiral "Blackie" Reagan at San Diego, CA, with the rank of commander. This was the Intelligence Headquarters for the entire Pacific area that focused at that time on the area around Korea. I spent almost one and a half years at this job and then retired again to a job in the civilian world.



A Japanese torpedo bomber blown out of the sky after a direct hit by 5 inch shell from the U.S. Aircraft Carrier Yorktown.

Horace Down McCowan, Jr.

Navy — Lieutenant

I volunteered for PT boat duty and upon leaving midshipman school as an ensign, was sent to PT school, then to the Solomon Islands (east of New Guinea, eight degrees south of the equator).

Our first combat was in the next campaign after Guadalcanal, i.e., Rendova, where we were in constant contact with the Japs; we watched dog fights in the daylight and engaged in gun battles at night with anything that moved on the surface. Some of our boats misidentified and sank the USS Macauley, Admiral Kelly Turner's flagship, which had been dive bombed and abandoned earlier in the day.

On Aug. 1, 1943, in broad daylight, dive bombers attacked our boats at anchor. I could see the pilot's face and his four bombs drop to blow the bow off my PT 117 and destroy the adjoining boat.

One of our torpedoes popped out with a leaking warhead and started a lethal "hot run on deck." An act of heroism by a very young torpedo man solved that and we managed to start the engines and beach the boat. That night the 117 was replaced by PT 109 under command of Jack Kennedy and it also was lost. I was moved to another boat in another squadron that continued up the "slot" to Bougainville and beyond.

After home leave, I was assigned to an aircraft carrier. As soon as she was ready, we joined the 3rd / 5th Fleets in the Philippines and fought from there to Okinawa and the home islands when carriers were the prime target of Kamikaze suicide bombers.

In the meantime the flight surgeon on board certified me for flight school, my ambition all along. One day radio orders came in for Lt. McCowan to report to NAS Dallas, "air travel authorized!" When the war ended, the Navy demanded a two-year commitment to continue flight training. I opted out and was sent to Berlin, where I inherited a fascinating job: working with British, Russian, and French counterparts in the occupation. The Potsdam Convention, inter alia, divided the German Fleet among three of the allies. (The French were left out, though they were full players otherwise, apparently because these were the spoils of war and they didn't fight.) After considerable effort, the Tripartite Naval Commission (one of my assignments) divided into three equal parts all known surviving German fighting ships. Subs and uncompleted ships were required to be destroyed; however, it was known to us that the Russians stole many ships and kept the shipyards of Poland, East Germany and Pomerania building without interruption. They were also stripping the area of everything that could be moved, including useful people.

To shield this activity from its allies, "from Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain… descended across the continent," as Winston Churchill said. At the ceremony

of division, at the suggestion of the Russian admiral, three slips of paper marked X, Y and Z were put in his cap and passed around. U.S. Vice Admiral Glassford drew "X" and wrote just that on the slip. He passed it to the commodore, the commodore passed it to me, and I preserved it for posterity. Our share included the cruiser Prinz Eugen, which was later destroyed in testing an A-bomb in the Pacific, and a beautiful tall sailing ship renamed the "Eagle," which is still used by the Coast Guard Academy as a training ship. I finally accumulated enough "points" to be released from the Navy and it was off to home and law school.

PT 117 beached off Rendova after being hit by a dive bomber.

Walter John "Wally" McGraw

Navy —Rear Admiral United States Naval Reserve (Retired)

My active duty period began on July 23, 1951, when I reported for duty at the Naval Amphibious Base located at Little Creek, VA. Following a two-week course on amphibious warfare and beach landings, I undertook underseas training and, upon graduation, became a member of Underwater Demolition Team 22-1 Unit with headquarters at the Naval Amphibious Base. A fellow UDT officer and 18 enlisted men were ordered to Thule, Greenland, to make hydrographic charts to be used for large ship landings in off-loading supplies to build an air force base.

Upon returning to Little Creek, we were ordered to perform explosive exercises in the Caribbean area with English and Canadian forces over a five-or six-month period. We were then ordered to join a NATO exercise in the North Sea with other foreign underwater units. Upon completion of this mission, we returned to Little Creek and shortly thereafter were ordered to join Brazilian, Argentine, French and English demolition units in a full-scale maneuver throughout the Caribbean and South Atlantic and Antarctic waters.

We visited 16 to 20 countries and were away from our home base for six or seven months. On our return, we were ordered to the West Coast for deployment to Korea. However, upon being outfitted for this duty, we were ordered back to Little Creek, then to return to Thule for a two-month mission involving Artic survival, then back to Little Creek and my separation from active duty on June 22, 1954.

While in the Caribbean area, specifically at Uriquez, Puerto Rico, I was involved in the rescue of a United States Marine who had been swimming outside the guarded area. He was bitten by a barracuda and lost a great deal of blood. I swam with him to shore and released him to the medics for further treatment. He survived.

While at Guantanamo Naval Base in Cuba, we were ordered to board two helicopters for a midnight drop and shore loading. This was quite an adventure, climbing down a swaying rope ladder and being dropped into a dark body of water at 25 feet.

Donald W. McVay

Army—Sergeant

I registered for the draft before I was 18 and in May 1943 reported to Fort Dix, NJ. After testing, my assignment was to Fort Bragg, NC, where we enrolled in the first 13-week field artillery training program. The ROTC unit from Purdue University was also included.

After basic training I was sent to The Citadel in Charleston, SC for testing for the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP). I was accepted for basic engineering and sent to the University of New Hampshire in Durham. This program was quite involved and didn't let you forget you were in the Army. We started as freshmen in basic engineering, but we began each day with assembly and roll call outside the dormitory, marching to classes, attending classes six days and dormitory lights out at 10 p.m. The program was very good, but it was ended after two semesters, a couple of months prior to the Allied invasion of Europe. I was lucky and got reassigned to the field artillery. Regardless of where students had been before coming to ASTP, most wound up in the infantry.

My assignment was to the 78th Infantry Division, which had just arrived at Camp Pickett in Blackstone, VA. After maneuvers in Tennessee, I was assigned to Battery A, 307th Field Artillery Battalion, which was part of the 311th Infantry Regiment. No one from the University of New Hampshire was assigned with me so I had a lot of new faces to get familiar with. Also guard duty and kitchen police (KP) assignments, which were new experiences. In June a division baseball league was formed and Artillery was represented by all three battalions. I made the team as a pitcher. We were the only team in the league without a professional ball player, but we still competed. This activity removed me from guard duty and KP, which weren't missed. About mid-summer we got a baseball professional catcher who had been in the St. Louis Cardinals organization. He was good. The last game I pitched to him I had a 4-hit shutout.

In late September we left Camp Pickett and moved to Camp Kilmer to await overseas assignment. This was about 10 miles from my Plainfield, NJ, home. Just before Columbus Day in October we moved by train to the Hudson River, where we boarded a ship. It had been a deluxe cruise vessel, built in Germany and assigned to regular Atlantic crossings before the war. We left New York the evening of Columbus Day. I pulled guard duty for the voyage after having had a reprieve for the entire baseball season.

Our trip took us to southern England, where we were assigned to the city of Bournemouth on the coast. This was a beautiful location. We moved from there to Plymouth in early November, where we boarded an LST. The next voyage was across the English Channel to the Seine River. We were the first successful voyage to attempt the river and we sailed all the way to Tours, where we landed in the rain. This was Thanksgiving Day 1944.

From Tours we moved north to Belgium and awaited assignment, camping in a rural village. In early December we got moving instructions and headed for Germany in a snowstorm. We got to a position in the middle of the night with instructions to dig in, which was normal for artillery howitzers. Snow was almost knee deep and the ground was frozen, so it was no easy task. During the night a battle commenced directly in front of us. We were in the Huertgen Forest, at the Siegfried Line, and this was the beginning of the Battle of the Bulge. At dawn we found out that German paratroops had descended into the forest and there were some battles as they came out of the dense pine trees. We were at the northern end of the Bulge and most of the heavy fighting was to our south. They wiped out the division on our right flank.

We kept moving forward slowly toward the Rhine River. Our forward observation unit, which served with the Infantry and initiated artillery fire, kept suffering injuries and I was selected to join them transferring from cannoneer. We were just a team of three attached with a jeep to a rifle company of the 311th Infantry Battalion. This created continuing exposure to enemy infantry and artillery fire. As the winter wore on we moved closer to the Rhine River. Early one morning we moved toward a bridge that had just been taken. It was a railroad bridge and we crossed it. This was the bridge at Remagen.

We waited on the other side of the Rhine and suddenly we saw a jet airplane, the first we had ever seen. This plane, a Messerschmitt 109, ran circles around the P-38s and other fighter aircraft we had flying over the bridge. These Germans must have been using it to observe and direct artillery fire, because shells started coming across the steep mountains adjoining the Rhine. We saw one shell coming and it fell just beyond our jeep into the Rhine. Luck was on our side.

Our next moves were scaling some of the steep hillsides adjoining the Rhine, attempting to get close to castles near the top of the ridges, which were thought to be observation points. Next we began to move north along the Rhine toward the Ruhr Valley, an industrial area. In one town we were being attacked by German troops. We were in a house and the attacking force was visible not too far distant. The backyard had a board fence and it was decided that the forward observer and I, with the radio, should try to move to the fence and send a message to our artillery unit to get them to initiate fire on the visible German attackers. We crawled across the backyard and I was able to make radio contact with our battery. This enabled us to direct artillery fire on the attackers and cause them to withdraw. As a result of this activity both the forward observer and I were awarded Bronze Star Medals.

While we had been moving toward the Ruhr Valley, our movement near Bonn was redirected toward a town to the east where we assumed an early occupation role. Fighting ended shortly thereafter and World War II was essentially over. Shortly after fighting ended, the Army started giving some furloughs. I was lucky and got a 10-day trip to the Mediterranean at Nice, France. We went down and back by train. While there I saw Monte Carlo and other scenic areas adjacent to Nice. On the way back I ran into a boy I had grown up with who was driving an Army supply truck. When I got back I was given a new assignment as battery clerk.

Around the end of the summer we learned that we would be the first division to Berlin as an occupation force. Shortly thereafter the Army announced a plan for determining when you would be returned to the States for discharge. The plan involved points for months of service, points for being involved in battle zones and points for service awards. My Bronze Star gave

me an extra five points so I managed to qualify for return to the States and discharge ahead of most of my unit.

Instead of going to Berlin, I was transferred in October to the 84th Infantry Division, which was planning to return to the States. We went to France and waited for a ship to make the return voyage. I was a sergeant at the time and the decision was that they would handle KP for the return voyage. We got a ship assignment in late December and began our return trip to New York. Meals were only served twice a day, so luckily this minimized the KP.

We landed in New York and went to Fort Monmouth, NJ, for discharge. The medical exam showed a heart murmur, which delayed my discharge a couple of days, but it was finally accomplished on Jan. 26, 1946.

Remagen Bridge four hours before it collapsed into the Rhine.

Edwin Baylies Meade, Jr.

Navy First Class Petty Officer, Quartermaster

I completed my senior year at Episcopal High School near Alexandria, VA, and returned home to Danville. Immediately, those in my age group were informed they would be drafted. We were all sent to Roanoke and I was drafted into the Navy. They sent me to the Great Lakes Naval Base for basic training (boot camp). Upon completion, I applied for quartermaster service school, was approved, and graduated. In October, the officers training program turned me down because my eye test results were a shade below the required level. I was sent to the Atlantic training base at Solomons, MD, for landing craft training.

After several months, I was sent to Orange, TX, to be assigned to Landing Craft Infantry, LCI 949. Shortly, it was commissioned with a full crew and after shakedown activities we proceeded to Little Creek, VA. After an alarming submarine scare off Miami, we went to Little Creek for more training. Shortly thereafter, a huge convoy of various ship types was assembled.

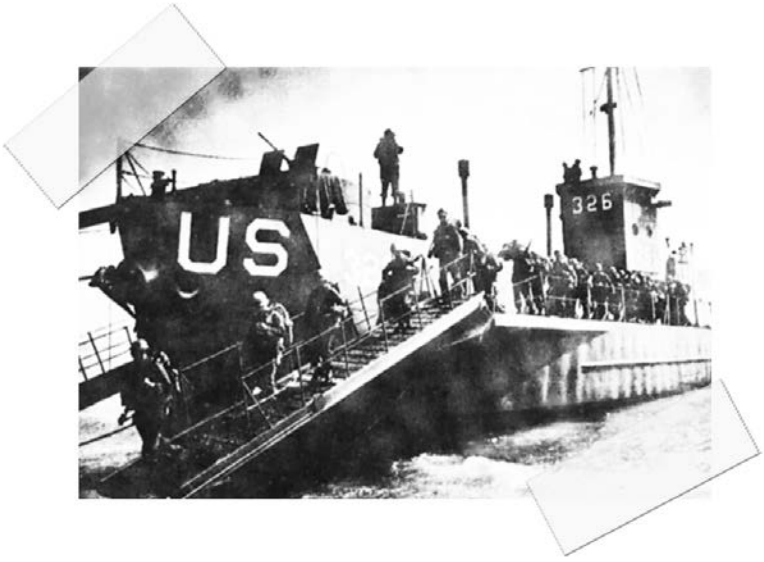
The LCIs at 158 feet long were probably the smallest vessels in the convoy. About 20 days later on June 6, 1944, we passed by Gibraltar. German planes had ceased to be a threat and we arrived the next day in Oran, Algeria. After a few days there and in Bizerte, we proceeded to the beautiful Salerno Bay area off Salerno, Italy, for training. After that, we went to our base harbor in Pozzuoli near Naples. We were part of a flotilla of LCIs and moved troops up the Italian coast to support Army battle efforts near Anzio, Civitavecchia, Piombino and Leghorn. In early August, we began to prepare for some big military action. We loaded 200 3rd Division Army troops aboard and steamed out of Pozzuoli. We soon learned that it would be an invasion of Southern France. The huge size of the naval force became more and more apparent as we proceeded towards France. We were part of the 5th Fleet and were to land troops on 10 or so beaches August 15 at 7 a.m. Paratroopers were dropped slightly inland and naval guns blasted away to disrupt and beat back German troops. Before 7 a.m. many torpedo-type explosives were sent to the beaches to destroy underwater obstructions. Unfortunately, the Germans got on the controlling radio frequencies and sent the torpedoes back toward the American ships. U.S. ships had to destroy them.

We landed all of our troops at St. Maxine with no problems. German resistance was sporadic and we were lucky. We returned to our base for more troops several times and other support duties for several weeks before doing more troop movements up the Italian coast. In early November, some LCIs gathered for our return to the United States. About eight LCIs must have left the convoy near Bermuda and we steamed through a bad storm into Charleston, SC. After some Christmas leave at home, we returned to the ship to go to San Diego, CA. We passed through the Panama Canal and steamed up the coast. As a quartermaster 2nd Class,

I was the assistant navigator. I handled the helm under special conditions and stood signal watch on the bridge usually four hours on and eight hours off when under way from San Diego.

We were sent to Seattle, where we learned we were to go to Alaska on the inland waterway route to Kodiak to receive Russian sailors aboard to train them and to lend lease the four LCIs. It was very top secret and we had been carefully investigated for any Russian bias. We left Seattle in April and stopped at Juneau, Ketchikan and finally Kodiak. We took the Russian sailors aboard and went to Cold Bay in the Aleutians. That went well and we flew back to the United States.

After a nice leave, I went to Charleston and then transferred to San Francisco for further assignment. I was on a troop ship in the harbor when VJ hour arrived and we steamed out as the celebrations were taking place. We disembarked in the Philippines and I was transferred to the USS Derrick in Shanghai, China, in October. A midsized oiler, we were up and down the Whangpoo River working with all types of ships. Shanghai was a very interesting city, but I was glad to get leave in early April for the USA and was honorably discharged on April 10, 1946.



The first LCIs entered service in 1943. Early models were capable of carrying 180 troops.

Andrew J. Metz

Army—Private First Class

On June 6, 1944, the Allies invaded the beaches of France, the start of the drive across France and Germany. After the breakthrough at St. Lo, the Third Army led the drive against the Germans. The fighting was brutal, but one thing we never expected to encounter were the concentration camps.

On April 12, 1945, the Americans of the 80th Division broke into the notorious Buchenwald concentration camp a few miles outside of WeiMarch They brought provisions, hope and liberty to 21,000 miserable, sick and ragged men and women. There were more than fifty thousand prisoners at Buchenwald in early April.

On May 4 our infantry, the 80th Division, entered the Ebensee concentration camp, a sub-camp of the Mauthausen Concentration Camp. Ebensee was a beautiful town near Lake Traunsee, set between two mountains. Our company was situated about three miles from the concentration camp.

I was a medic in the 305th Medical Battalion of the 80th Infantry Division. On May 5, with about 30 other soldiers of our company, we entered the camp at Ebensee. The prisoners were from all over Europe, so we were unable to talk with them even though some of us spoke German. We wanted to give them food, candy and cigarettes, but were told not to. We treated everyone with respect and dignity.

Dr. William V. McDermot, an army surgeon, and his medical staff immediately started treatment for the prisoners, giving very little nourishment at first and gradually increasing it as they could. Many were saved thanks to Dr. McDermot and his staff.

Charles B. Miller

Air Force—Colonel

I got my commission in the Field Artillery from VMI in May 1942 and immediately requested a transfer to the Air Corps. It came in July and I trained in the Southeast and got my wings Feb. 16, 1943.

I completed my 25 missions flying B17s with the 388th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force, out of England over Europe, from about October 1943 to about March 1944. We got four Air Medals and the Distinguished Flying Cross for being lucky.

When I came back to the States, I did not enjoy trying to teach those kids to fly B17s, so I volunteered for B-29s and joined the 39th at Smoky Hill.

We got in 28 missions before the war ended and got credit for the 29th for the flyover at the peace signing, where we buzzed the Missouri. I got four clusters for the Air Medal, a Distinguished Flying Cross for letting a West Point colonel fly with us, so he could get a medal, another DFC for shooting down the Jap plane and one for just being there.

After the war the headquarters brass wanted some fame, so they planned to strip a B-29 and fly from northern Japan to Washington non-stop. Somehow, I was selected to fly their baggage to Washington. The services were counting points and figuring who would go back to the States, so we were happy to carry baggage. We were to fly the baggage to Washington and fly back to Guam. I was from Richmond, only about 100 miles from Washington, so I was going to get home, for a while anyway. We used the plane we had flown over in and on most of our missions. No. 1 engine was not the best, but we were going home.

We flew to Kwajalein, Hawaii and Sacramento. We took off in the evening, with No. 1 not in top shape, but we were going home. At 3,600 feet No. 2 started running away. We tried to feather it, without success. We were holding altitude and that is all. Then No. 3 and No. 4 started running away. No. 2 caught fire and we got it out. We were losing altitude at 1,500 fpm so I gave the order to bail out. At 1,000 feet, (the ground I figured later was 160 feet), I looked around and everybody was gone. I started to get up and the throat mike was caught. I got that loose and went back to the nose wheel hatch and checked, three times, to be sure the chute harness was buckled, jumped out, saw the bottom of the plane and pulled the ripcord. Nothing happened. I gave it a big pull. The chute opened and I hit the ground at the same instant! My knee hurt a little, but I was able to gather the chute, find the North Star and head north, until I was found.

The knee bothered me a little for years but no more.

Joel Lee Morgan

Army Corps of Engineers—Sergeant

In 1949 Joel had completed his freshman year at Hampden-Sydney College, followed by completion of Smithdeal Massey Business College.

After the Christmas holidays, he was asked by his sister and her husband, Rosemary and Fred Morgan, to go to St. Augustine, FL, with them. Joel's home was in Emporia, VA, and the possibility of a change of scenery excited him.

Upon arrival in St. Augustine, Matt Howell, Fred's brother-in-law, invited Joel to join his staff as bookkeeper at Matt Howell Motors. Joel was thrilled to have a full-time job at the automobile dealership. Matt was good to Joel and on weekends allowed him to take a Dodge convertible home to enjoy. Joel also found a charming little garage apartment not too far from work. He was on cloud nine.

For nine months Joel had the time of his young life, then he received an invitation in the mail from Uncle Sam. He had been drafted. This was during the Korean conflict. The Army, being the Army, immediately put Joel on a train and sent him halfway up the East Coast. Where was he sent? To Virginia, into the waiting arms of his loving family.

He served in the United States Army Corps of Engineers at Fort Belvoir. While working with the Engineer Replacement Training Center, he observed that there was no structured system for the Training Aids division for determining accountability for the millions of dollars worth of equipment for eighteen companies of recruits at the center.

Joel was highly organized, detail-oriented and observant. He also had an accounting background so he asked his lieutenant about beginning a system of sign-outs for the valuable training aids with follow-up if the aids were not returned within the time period expected. He made 3 X 5 cards of all of the equipment with a signature line for the borrowers, to the intense relief of his lieutenant. Joel was promoted from private first class to corporal in no time.

During basic training some of the men had not been issued uniforms, and they had to wear their civilian clothes. Joel had a uniform. When they went to the firing range, they did not have gloves and their fingers stuck to the rifle barrel.

Before long Joel's name appeared on the roster for shipment to Korea. His lieutenant was seriously disturbed that he would lose Joel and immediately went to his commanding officer and asked that Joel's name be removed. It was. He was promoted to sergeant. His name came up a second time for shipment to Korea. The lieutenant again went to his commanding

officer with the same request. Again his request was granted. Joel continued to follow orders and stayed where he was.

In January 1952, Joel was invited by a buddy to attend the Billy Graham Evangelistic meeting in Washington. He accepted the invitation and, along with a number of other friends, they attended on Jan. 23, 1952. Although a church member, Joel had never heard the message of the Bible as preached by Billy Graham that night. For the first lime he understood clearly that there was a Heavenly Father who loved him very much. He missed not having a father as his own died before Joel's fifth birthday. The evangelist went on to explain that sin was separating man from God and the only way to correct this and to become a member of God's family was to receive His Son, Jesus Christ, as Savior into his life. Joel was the first one to leave his seat from high up in the bleachers to go forward. His life was transformed forever.

That night he went into the latrine and locked the door to memorize five verses that he had been given. Those verses were permanently embedded in his mind and heart.

At the end of his two-year military commitment, Joel chose discharge over commission to begin his formal training for the Gospel ministry.

Georgia Morgan for Joel

Lewis Hall Myers

Army—First Lieutenant

On Dec. 1, 1941, I was drafted from my U.S. Patent Office job in Washington, DC, under the Selective Service system. That turned out as selecting the first four rows of barracks at Ft. Meade, MD, Induction Center for the Field Artillery, Ft. Bragg, NC.

After heavy artillery training (no ear protection, of course), I decided to apply for Ordnance Officers School. (My Patent Office experience had been in Ordnance.) A field artillery colonel in charge of the Officer Candidate Selection Board, miffed because I had not selected field artillery, ordered me to Engineer School, Ft. Belvoir, VA, instead. Thus we learn of the meaning of the expression: "the right way, the wrong way, and the Army way."

After 90 days of intense harassment by West Point instructors, those who survived received commissions as 2nd lieutenant, referred to disparagingly as "90-day wonders." We were advised on graduation, "Never treat enlisted men as you were treated here!"

Some of us were assigned to the newly organized 828 Engineer Aviation Battalion, Will Rogers Field, OK. We were sent 776 enlisted men directly from induction centers; no military training. On Oct. 20, 1942, we sailed for the South Pacific, without equipment, naturally.

What followed was three years of duty in "combat areas" (Army definition) building airfields across the South Pacific, first in Efate, New Hebrides, where we built three fields in the process of training our men.

Next was building a large bomber airstrip at Munda, New Guinea, Solomon Islands, while subjected to weeks of heavy Japanese bombing. Our men performed very well—we received letters of commendation from the Navy for our work and cooperation. We lost three officers who could not stand the stress.

After that, we were sent to Biak, Western New Guinea, with new equipment to build a new airstrip.

Next was the invasion of Luzon, Philippines, at Lingayen Gulf, Jan. 9, 1945. An impressive sight was most of our battleships, resurrected from Pearl Harbor, firing at the Japanese shore emplacements. The first job was a temporary airstrip for crippled planes, then on to Clark Field to rebuild that with other aviation battalions.

When Clark Field was finished, we were to go in the invasion of Japan on D-Day. Official estimates expected one million American and ten times that many Japanese casualties. Dropping the atomic bomb prevented such losses, even though the Japanese suffered heavily.

Our battalion was soon disbanded and we were shipped back to San Francisco, arriving Thanksgiving 1945.

I spent five years in the Army Reserve, but no further active duty. I returned to the U.S. Patent Office on March 1, 1946.

In June 1946 I married Mary V. Hatcher, a nurse who had spent World War II in North Africa, France and Germany.

Munda Airfield was essential in supporting Allied air support.

Neilson Jay November

Navy—Lieutenant JG, temporary Captain

I first heard the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor while listening to the radio in the living room of a fraternity house at Washington and Lee University, just three months after entering the school as a freshman of sixteen. The next day, Mon., Dec. 8, 1941, most of us freshman went to town and tried to sign up. It was more than a year before the services took us. We were told to get at least two years of college under our belts before they would consider us as officer material.

In May 1943, at the end of our sophomore year, we were ordered to report to the first class of the local Navy V-12 unit at the University of Richmond. V-12 units had been established at various colleges around the country to accelerate the final college years of men eager to become naval officer candidates.

Immediately after completing V-12, survivors of the concentrated program were sent to Asbury Park, NJ, to await assignment to one of the 90-day wonder midshipman schools to become officers in the Navy. We were the first class to be housed at a requisitioned hotel, which was completely unprepared for us. In the commissary we were served one hot dog for breakfast, two for lunch and three for dinner for more than a week before they got things under control.

From Asbury Park I was sent to the Columbia University Midshipman School to become part of the 19th class of future officers. We were commissioned as ensigns in the Navy on July 19, 1944, after one-third of the class had flunked out. I did well in all classes except signaling, particularly the blinker (which is the art of reading Morse code by watching a light flash dots and dashes). I passed only because I figured the instructor used the headlines from the morning newspapers for his daily blinker tests. I memorized those headlines as we were marched past the news kiosks along the street on the way to class each day.

I was then terribly disappointed to learn I could not pass the Navy eye tests for flying training even though I already had several hundred hours flying civilian planes. I never really got over that blow, but I did show exceptional aptitude in aircraft recognition and was sent to Naval Recognition School at Ohio State University for further training to prevent shipboard gunners from shooting down our own planes.

I graduated from recognition school with a perfect score, never misidentifying a single plane (scant compensation for being turned down for pilot training) and was sent to Seattle to help assemble the 500-man crew for our new ship, the USS Lauderdale (APA 179).

Henry Kaiser built the Lauderdale in 49 days in Portland, OR, and sent it down the Columbia River to the Pacific to be outfitted and commissioned. The Lauderdale was a Victory hull (the

successor to the famous Liberty hulls) of 6,000 tons designed to carry 2,000 fully equipped troops along with their tanks, artillery and all types of vehicles and supplies and put them ashore with our 22 LCVPs on the beaches of islands we thought needed invading. We protected ourselves with 20 mounts of 40-mm., 40 mounts of 20-mm. and a 5-inch gun on the stern.

We shoved off on our shakedown cruise on Dec. 28, 1944, then to training at the Hawaiian Islands. From there to the atoll of Ulithi to assemble for the invasion of Okinawa. We put soldiers ashore on Okinawa on April 7, 1945, in a deceptively easy invasion. We were then ordered to stay anchored a few hundred yards offshore to serve as a receiving ship for wounded from the ongoing land battles and survivors of more than 30 ships and landing craft whom we treated with the attention of five doctors and one of the first portable X-ray devices. We transferred them to outgoing hospital ships to return home. We remained as a detention ship for captured Jap prisoners of war and Kamikaze pilots who decided to live instead of die after arriving over the anchorage with almost hourly Kamikaze raids for over 90 days. We left on July 13, 1945.

It was during the battle for Okinawa that I experienced a close call. Our doctors had run out of whole blood during the last big battle of Okinawa on May 4, 1945. I volunteered to take one of our LCVPs to the USS Crescent City, a ship five miles distant from the anchorage, to collect more whole blood or our wounded.

On the way back I was caught in the crossfire between our American ships and a flotilla of Jap suicide boats that chose that hour to attack our fleet. The Japs were shooting at me from behind as I was pushing our boat at flank speed to get back to my ship with the load of whole blood, while the Americans in the anchorage, not able to distinguish between my LCVP and the Jap suicide boats, which looked just like our LCVP, were shooting at me from the front. (The Americans had no other choice when they saw a swarm of Jap boats heading toward them in the twilight.)

This crossfire continued for about 15 minutes before I reached the refuge of my ship and was recognized as an American. Every Jap suicide boat was sunk because the American guns hit the explosive charges attached to the front ramps of their boats, blowing them up. Those shots hit my ramp too, but I had no charges attached so the American shots just ricocheted. The Japs behind me hit my boat several times, but never hit one of my three-man crew or me. The war ended after Okinawa and we were ordered to the Inland Sea of the Jap home islands to pick up American prisoners of war and bring them home. We were the first American ship to visit the main island of Shikoku, safely traversing three minefields to dock at the city of Matsuyama.

The Lauderdale made several "magic carpet" passages across the Pacific bringing combatants home before we were ordered to San Francisco on Jan. 26, 1946, to be decommissioned. By this time I had been given a series of promotions from the lowest ranking commissioned officer when the Lauderdale first put to sea, to the third in command as navigator when we were ready for decommissioning. Once in San Francisco we learned that many ships were waiting to be decommissioned, and it would be six months before they reached us.

We would have to remain anchored in San Francisco Bay all that time because there was no pier space. Our captain wanted space next to the pier so he (and others) could get off more

easily to see their families who lived in and near San Francisco. As navigator, I was dispatched to see what I could do. I immediately recognized the harbor master as my "old" roommate at Columbia Midshipman School. He confided to me that ships were being decommissioned with no wait at Little Creek in Norfolk.

Remembering I had come from Virginia, he asked if I would rather be ordered to Little Creek and be decommissioned immediately. Orders were cut on the spot and sent to the ship. By the time I reached the Lauderdale in the middle of the bay, all hell had broken out. Most of the remaining officers (in addition to the captain) came from the West Coast and were looking forward to a long stay in San Francisco. Now that we were ordered to the East Coast, nearly all of them resorted to "points" to get themselves detached, leaving me with an almost officer-less ship to make the trip through the Panama Canal.

After getting a citation for going through the Canal without a hitch, I had to round up so many of our joyous crew from the whorehouses of Colón, Panama, that we were late leaving the canal area, thereby getting our citation negated by the admiral of the fleet.

We were indeed decommissioned, as scheduled, in Little Creek in May 1946. The Lauderdale was sent to the moth ball fleet in the James River. I was discharged on May 21, 1946. The Lauderdale was reduced to scrap in 1995.

Two and a half years later, driving home from Washington and Lee, where I returned to finish my schooling, I picked up a hitch hiker at Amherst. "Where are you going?" I asked. "Norfolk" he answered. "I'm not going that far, but once we get to Richmond, it will be easier to get a ride to Norfolk. But why Norfolk?" I asked.

"Going to rejoin the Navy," he said. "This civilian life ain't for me." Where were you when you were in the Navy before?" I asked. "On the USS Crescent City," he said. "The Crescent City!?" I replied. "I visited the Crescent City during the battle of Okinawa on May 4 to get some whole blood for our wounded." "You were that officer?" the hitchhiker fairly shouted. "I was the sailor on the gangway who gave you those boxes of whole blood and warned you the Japs were attacking the fleet!"

Six Japanese fighter bombers (in the clouds) strafing over the USS Lauderdale.

George Ossman, Jr.

Army—Private First Class

United States

A number of my friends and I turned 18 in the school year ending June 1943 and the draft board had deferred us until then. We reported at the Belgian Building of Virginia Union University.

A bunch of sergeants at Camp Lee tried to turn us into soldiers using all the standard methods you see in the movies and some you won't see there. I lucked out. The captain picked several of us out to be on the company volleyball team. For the next several weeks, we played volleyball instead of doing KP.

After a few months, I was transferred to a quartermaster basic training battalion. We were taught how to drive trucks and jeeps in all kinds of weather. We also learned to take apart and completely put together all parts of the vehicles. All that plus taking 20-mile hikes with a full pack in one day and learning how to shoot a rifle then take it apart and put it back together with a blindfold on in case we had to do something like that at midnight. We had to crawl 100 yards under barbed wire with live machine guns firing about 30 inches over us.

England

We sailed from New York on May 2 and landed in Scotland on May 14. On May 22, I received orders to report to Headquarters Company, Special Troops United States, First Army Group, Detached Service with Headquarters Company, Twenty First British Army Group. After a short train ride and a truck into downtown London, I got off on a curved street in front of a row of four-story houses. This was to be my new quarters for an unknown length of time. One of the first people I saw was Bobby Gibson, a very good friend, who lived two blocks from me in Richmond. We were drafted together in Richmond, but he had been sent to infantry basic training in Georgia and had left for overseas duty about five months earlier.

While in London, we had frequent attacks by the buzz bombs and the V-2 bombs. The buzz bombs were small drone planes that made a buzz as they flew by; you could hear and see them coming. The anti-aircraft gunners would shoot at them, filling the air with a lot of flak, but I never saw one of them hit. The bombs were made so that they would run out of fuel as they went over London. When the buzzing stopped, they dropped to the ground and exploded, usually destroying a few buildings. The V-2s were supersonic rockets that we never saw, but they would hit the ground, causing much more damage than the buzz bombs.

I had been assigned to the service platoon of the company, which meant KP and clean up duty most of the time. I did not know it at the time, but I was doing KP on D-Day. During

our time off we would walk around town. Hyde Park with the soapbox speakers and Marble Arch were only about four blocks away. The only news we received was from radio and newspapers, and by the time we knew something it was always a day or so late. A couple of weeks later they told us to be ready to move on short notice. The night of July 11 they said to be ready to leave early in the morning. We were unloaded that evening in a field near Portsmouth and beside some docks then put on a small ship.

France

The next morning we crossed the channel and transferred to landing craft, which took us to a beach. When they put down the front of the boat we still had to wade in a foot or so of water to get to dry sand. We could see a lot of debris from blown-up equipment and boats. We had to walk across the beach to a corner in the cliff and climb up to the top, where trucks were waiting to take us to our destination. It was not until much later when I saw movies of D-Day that I knew we had landed on Omaha Beach. At that time all we knew was that the infantry was only five to 10 miles ahead of us. They dumped us in a very picturesque French setting, fields and hedgerows, and said to start setting up our camp. I dug a foxhole and found enough wood to make a cover in case of shrapnel. While we were setting up, a small German plane slowly flew by and fired a few shots to let us know he was there. That happened several more times the next couple of days.

We learned that the name of our outfit had been changed on July 14 to Headquarters Company, Special Troops, Twelfth United States Army Group, General Omar N. Bradley, commanding general in charge of all United States Armies in the European Theater. Our code name was EAGLE and later the headquarters was divided into three sections called: Eagle Tac (the group who were up front watching the action); Eagle Main (the group behind Tac and I never knew exactly who they were or what they did since I was never with them); and Eagle Rear. We kept the records, sent out printed orders and a lot of maintenance, trying to keep the men up front with whatever they needed. I worked in that section.

I remember the first few nights there were many planes flying overhead, with a lot of firing, so I was glad that I was able to have a roof over my head. On about the fifth day, we still did not know exactly how far the front was ahead of us; but we could hear large explosions from that direction. In the late afternoon we started hearing a lot of gunfire. We knew that there were a lot of men in front of us that were not combat people so we did not worry, yet. As it started getting darker it seemed like the shooting was getting louder and louder until it was all around us and the men in our area started getting alarmed. We had gotten our carbines out and had no idea what to do next. The noise started going away from us and finally stopped. About 15 minutes later a truck with a loudspeaker came by saying the gas alert was a false alarm; please stop shooting in the air. The Allies did not know if Germany would use gas after the invasion. We had been trained in what to do if there was a gas attack. If you smelled gas, you alerted people nearby by shooting three shots in the air. A lot of the GIs got their first and probably only chance to shoot their weapons.

The town we occupied first was Colombières, but the first time I saw the town was about 55 years later when I made a trip to France and saw places I had been in or near during the war. Eagle Rear moved to Périers on July 31. On August 21 we moved to Lavel. We found a farmer who would sell us his homemade apple brandy; it was not only the best tasting drink we had

been able to find but also the only drink. On September 2 we moved to Versailles and were given the old French Army Barracks to use, which were right across from the front of the Palace of Versailles. We had tours of the palace several times in the two weeks we lived there. I also found a World War I French sniper's rifle, which I was able to bring home. Paris was liberated one week before we got to Versailles. Each one of us was given a one-day pass to Paris. Recalling that I had not really seen London while I was there, I took a Red Cross tour bus to see as much of Paris as I could.

On September 17 we moved to Verdun, where we hired French people to do our dirty work and KP, which was great, but then they got the privates to be orderlies for the officers. I was assigned a colonel, a lt. colonel, two majors and two captains. Not all lower-ranking officers got an orderly. This is what I did for the seven months we were in Verdun. It was seldom we had a change of officers. Therefore, I got to know many of the officers. Near the end of our stay Col. Charles R. Landon, the adjutant general of the headquarters, asked me if I could operate a mimeograph machine and I said yes. Then he asked if I would like to work in his office, and I said yes again. He said he would try to get me transferred.

Germany

On May 4 we moved to Wiesbaden, Germany. It became the main headquarters of the Twelfth Army Group. My platoon moved into the Hotel Nizza, Frankfurter Str. 28. Two of us were in one room with two beds with spring mattresses and all the furniture and closets we would ever need. I had not heard anything from Col. Landon so I was hanging around with the platoon waiting for something to do. One day a Major Abbott said that I and one other soldier should come with him. He took us to what had to be the best bar in town. We went in and Major Abbott told the proprietor that the Army was taking over the shop and that he and his wife had one hour to get as much of their personal stuff out as they could. The major then put us in charge to make sure that they did not take anything we might need. The bar had a warehouse filled with bottles of champagne made from both red and white wine. When the major came back, I asked him if I could be the new bartender and he said O.K. We found we could go to the bar in the evenings and drink all the champagne that we wanted for 50 cents a bottle.

Early the next morning they told me to report to Col. Landon right away. The colonel introduced me to the people I would be working with, men and women who would outrank me, but we all became good friends. The room I would work in had large copying machines that took paper up to about four feet wide, a multilith printing press, a mimeograph that ran with stencils, and another small machine that would print on small sheets. The colonel then sent me out to move from the hotel to a single bedroom in an apartment building that was only about two blocks from my office. It turned out to be a much better living space for me. Also, shortly after my move, I was promoted to private first class.

While in Wiesbaden we traveled around the Southern part of Germany using one and three day passes, which I used to good advantage. It also gave me a chance to visit my uncle, Col. James Channon, who was with the 84th Division. One day I was ordered to go to the headquarters of the Third Army with Gen. George Patton to deliver some papers to his headquarters. I was assigned a jeep and driver to take me. Before we left we had to polish our boots and helmets, wear a tie and put on a good jacket, because Patton required all officers

and men in his command to be dressed like that all the time. We passed inspection before we left. Gen. Bradley allowed us to go informal around our headquarters.

Our headquarters started closing down July 14. On the afternoon of July 19 Gen. Bradley came in and gave us a little goodbye talk and shook hands with every one of us. The next morning he left for the United States to take over the Veterans Administration.

I was given a week's leave to tour Switzerland, but was told not to spend more than $125. The trip was great and I stayed within the budget. On August 11 they told us to be on the truck to Frankfurt in two hours. I packed my duffel bag, mailed two boxes home and got on the bus. Our office in Frankfurt didn't know what to do with us so they made me a runner. Now the future depended on when you had enough points to go home.

Paris

I knew my point count was 60, but somebody who couldn't count said I had 62 points and could go home. I did not argue and got on the train as they told me. The train took me to Orly Airport, just outside Paris. I was put in a tent camp outside the airport. Somebody checked my points and said I could not go home yet. I was taken to the Petit Palais on the Champs-Élysées, and that was my home for the next three months. My orders were for me to check in every morning. One morning I was sent to a government office to do some office work for a couple of weeks and they offered me a one-year or more job as a civilian, which was tempting, but I decided I needed to get home and go to college. I did frequent the Red Cross building where I met a sergeant about my age whose father worked in the U.S. Embassy in Paris. He was able to get his father's car some evenings and we would double date many nights. His steady girl would find me dates. This was my exciting life in Paris until my 21st birthday. I was told that I was going to Le Havre to board a ship for home.

Atlantic Ocean

The vessel was a Liberty Ship. They were built in mass production at several different shipyards around the country. They were basically plates of steel riveted together. About 2,500 were built in about two years. We sailed on December 7 and had nice weather for about four days. Then it started to get a little rough. People were getting seasick. I was standing on the stern deck and one minute could look down and see the screws (propellers) come completely out of the water and a couple of minutes later look up and see the top of the wave. It looked like it was 40 feet above our head. We had hit a North Atlantic storm. All troops were locked in the hole. The smell of sea sickness was enough to make you sick if you were not already. I was one of 10 men who did not get seasick. The ship was crossing waves so big that it actually fell into the next trough so that the bow would hit the bottom with a big blow. We were scared. I was more scared then than I had been at any of my time overseas. The rumor was spread around that the ship's captain and the first mate were on the bridge deciding who would stay with the bow and who would stay with the stern. Well, if the ship had broken in half, I would not be telling this story.

Robert Adair Painter

Army and Army Air Corps—First Lieutenant

I was drafted May 2, 1941, sent to Fort Lee, and assigned to the Medical Replacement Band. This was a good band and we played for marching and concerts. Apparently the band was not authorized and it was disbanded.

October 1, we were assigned to the 19th Evacuation Hospital at Fort Jackson, SC, on maneuvers for several months and then to Fort Dix, NJ.

When the attack on Pearl Harbor occurred, our unit was immediately sent to New Orleans. From there we traveled to the Panama Canal Zone. The ship was unescorted and it was a scary trip, as many ships were sunk by German U-Boats at that time. We were assigned to the 210th General Hospital, which had just been completed at Fort Gulick. The site was carved out of the jungle and bordered on Lake Gatun, which was part of the canal. I was a clerk at headquarters and had the additional duty of bugler, which I shared with another person. Some of the former band members formed an orchestra. We played for dances at our post and at other places in the canal zone. As the only ladies available were nurses, the dances were mostly for officers.

On Jan. 9, 1943, I took the exam and was accepted as an aviation cadet. I returned to New Orleans by ship. After a short leave, I was enrolled at the Bombardier Preflight School at Ellington Field, TX. During this time, I also attended gunnery school at Laredo. The next school was Midland Flight School at Midland, TX, where we had advanced studies and practiced bombing.

I graduated October 22 and was issued an honorable discharge as an enlisted man in order to accept a commission as a 2nd lieutenant and receive my wings as a bombardier. We received additional training at Salt Lake City and Peterson Field at Colorado Springs, where the crew for the B-24 heavy bombers were formed. Our final training site was at Harvard Air Base, NE. March 24, 1944, we left Lincoln, NE, for our flight overseas. Our first stop was Palm Beach. The next day we were given our orders with instructions not to open them until the plane was in the air. The destination was Italy by way of South America and Africa. Our next stop was Trinidad and from there to Belem, Brazil, and then to Natal, Brazil. This was our takeoff point across the Atlantic Ocean. Our destination for the next leg was Dakar, Senegal, in northwest Africa. The flight would take 10 to 11 hours and would be near the limit of our fuel capacity of 2,700 gallons. We encountered bad weather and it took almost 11 hours to reach Dakar. Our next leg of the flight was about 1,200 miles, over the desert and the Atlas Mountains to Marrakech, Morocco. The next day we flew to Oran, Algeria, and from there to Tunis, where we were scheduled to stop for a short period.

While the 484th bomb group was waiting to be assigned to an airfield being completed in Italy, some of the gunners on our crew were hurt at an old German ammunition dump. I was

separated from my crew and all of the friends that I had trained with. I was transferred to a different bomb group, the 451st of the 15th Air Force, which was already operating out of Southern Italy. At this time, the Germans still held Rome and the country to the north. In March 1944, I flew my first combat mission to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. We saw some flak, which is what they called the exploding shells from the German 88-mm. anti-aircraft guns. We also fired on two fighter planes. This mission was not too bad, and I think all of our planes returned safely.

Some other missions were not so safe. Among them were April 5, Ploesti, Romania: oil refineries; encountered heavy flak and fighter planes; eight planes were lost and heavy damage to others. April 6, Pitesti, Romania: rail marshalling yards for the Ploesti oil tankers. April 23, Bad Vasiace, Austria: air field. April 24 Bucharest, Romania: rail yards. April 30, Budapest, Hungary: rail yards. There were repeat missions to some of these places. Several others were to Belgrade and Zagrab, Yugoslavia, and northern Italy and southern France.

May 5, 1944, would be my 12th mission. We started with a wakeup call at 4:00 a.m., breakfast at 4:30 and a briefing at 5:30. The operations officer announced that our destination was Weiner Neustadt, Austria. The target would be a ball-bearing manufacturing plant and a nearby air field. We were briefed on the expected weather and the amount of flak and the number of fighter planes we could expect.

At 7:00 a.m. we took off, and after climbing to 15,000 feet, it was the usual practice for gunners to start firing short blasts to keep the guns from freezing up.

When we reached 19,000 feet, one of the waist gunners called on the intercom and said flames were coming from the number one engine. The top turret gunner called and said there was a large hole in the number three engine and that it was on fire. It was unlikely that two engines would go out at the same time.

Since the engines were attached to the wings that were full of gasoline, the pilot gave the order to bail out. We had not seen any flak or fighters and we have often thought that we were hit by our people, when they fired the guns to keep them from freezing, or that someone touched a trigger by mistake. This is what you call friendly fire?

It was difficult for the nose gunner to get out of the turret by himself, so I helped him. I had to take off my oxygen mask, and I was without oxygen for a period of time. We both went out the nose wheel door. Ordinarily you would free fall until you reached a lower altitude before pulling the rip cord.

Because I had been off oxygen for a long time, I was afraid I would pass out and I opened the chute after falling a few seconds. It seemed it took an hour to come down. I could see several other parachutes in the distance.

The plane did not initially explode. It went into a dive straight down, pulled up and made a perfect loop, which was unusual for a heavy bomber. I remember the eerie scream of the engines as it went into its final dive and exploded. We were later told that there was a fire fight over the remains of the plane.

When landing, I tried to guide the parachute away from some rocks and in the process partially collapsed the chute. I hit pretty hard, broke my knee cap and tore the cartilage. I did not know what to expect and tried to gather up the parachute and hide in some woods. A man appeared. He had a red star on his cap. He motioned for me to come with him, but when he realized that I could not walk, he and another man came to me.

I had not been briefed on the political situation in Yugoslavia. I had heard that we were to get in touch with Michaelovich, the leader of the party loyal to the royal family. I could tell by the expression on their faces that this was not the correct inquiry. I found out that the men were partisans, the major resistance group, led by Tito. I had never heard of them. They were communists, but as it turned out, I was very fortunate. I could not have been treated better. The place where we went down was in a rural area in Croatia near the capital, Zagreb. In addition to the Germans, Croatia was run by a puppet government called the Ustasha, a cruel group.

The two men who had come to me put my arms over their shoulders and they hurried me away along a narrow dirt road. It took about an hour to reach a little village. By midafternoon, eight of the crew had been brought there and we were served a good meal. There were a number of men and women soldiers there who were having a party, singing and dancing in colorful peasant costumes.

About 10:30 that night, we became part of a military group heading down a dark road. From this point on, I had to ride on a two-wheel horse drawn cart. My knee was swollen and I was in intense pain. There were no springs on the cart and we traveled over rutted dirt roads and paths. There was no pain medicine available.

On the third day we had a happy reunion with the other two missing gunners. On the fourth day we were joined for a short time by 25 civilians, who were on their way to a Communist conference. (Before my stay was over, I was invited to join the Communist Party a couple of times.) Most of our travel had been at night, but on the fifth day we traveled in the daytime with 50 soldiers and 10 civilians. I was on one of the two carts loaded with weapons and telephone equipment, which we assumed had been captured from the Germans.

About nightfall I was separated from the rest of my crew. They were to be escorted through the underground back to the coast and then to Italy. They were told that I would be taken to a hospital manned by British doctors. It turned out this was far from being correct. Up to this point, I could recite specific dates and events, because my pilot kept a diary and later wrote an article about our experiences. (We lost track of each other until 1992 when we were brought together through the 451st Bomb Group publication.) Some things are still vivid after 60+ years. I kept a record of some names and dates for a while, but disposed of them when I thought I was about to be captured.
After leaving the rest of my crew, I must have traveled 15 more days. This was mostly at night with an escort of men and women partisans. Because I had to travel by cart, I am sure I endangered their lives. Later I was told that we had crossed the border into Hungary.

The Germans could control the cities, main roads and railroad tracks. They could take most any place they wanted to, but they could not keep control of the rural areas. I remember one occasion when we had to cross a railroad track. The partisans split up and one group made

a diversionary attack, while the rest dashed across the tracks with me in the cart. We drew machine gun fire, but we all got across safely.

Around late May or early June, we arrived at a small village called Chasma. They had set up a hospital in a five-or six-room house. The stable for the cows and horses was attached to the house. Most of the rooms had dirt floors.

The setup reminded me of what it must have been like during our Civil War. They did not have any anesthesia and very little antiseptic. At times they would have to amputate a leg or arm without putting the person to sleep. I did not want them fooling with my knee, even if it was twice the normal size—and they did not want to.

I had two interpreters while I was at the hospital. One took care of me. He had come to America during the Depression and had become discouraged and returned home. The other fellow was well educated, but I do not remember much about him.

Neither side took many prisoners. Several times I saw Ustasha prisoners being taken along the road to some woods. I would hear shots and the partisans would return without them. On another occasion I was informed that the Germans or Ustasha were about to enter the village and we had to hide. They had constructed underground bunkers with sod on top. I spent two days there with 12 other people. I expected to have a grenade dropped on us at any time.

I had no toothbrush or soap for about a month and had only one real bath in a cold stream that flowed nearby. This did not remove the lice.

The British intelligence and the American O.S.S. made arrangements for a plane to drop supplies and occasionally land. On the night of July 3 rows of bonfires were lighted to guide a plane to a landing in a pasture that had been cleared. I do not know where all the people came from, but the plane filled with people who had limbs amputated and other injuries. There was also one crew member from another plane that had been shot down. The field was in range of German artillery and the plane had to make a quick take-off. I carried some secret documents back with me.

We landed early on the morning of July 4 at Bari, Italy. You can understand why Independence Day has a special meaning to me. After de-lousing and my first shower since May 10, I was debriefed about my experiences.

My family had been sent a telegram informing them that no parachutes were seen leaving the plane and there was no hope for the lives of the men. The first person to hear that I had returned safely was my fiancée, now wife. I had written her a letter from the hospital in Naples, assuming that my family had been notified of my return. My family also received a letter from me about a day later.

After my return to Italy in July, I was transferred to the 26th General Hospital. A large number of the staff were from Richmond. I was not operated on there because I was supposed to be transferred to the States. There was a delay because the available ships were reserved for the invasion of southern France.

I returned to the U.S. on a hospital ship in September 1944. The hospital ship I was on was caught in a hurricane and we were late coming into Stark General Hospital in Charleston. After a short stay, I was transferred to Woodrow Wilson Hospital at Staunton, where I had surgery on my knee. During my stay in the hospital, my fiancée Caroline and I were married.

In February 1945 I was transferred to the Regional and Convalescent Hospital at Miami Beach. I was sent to the Atlantic City Redistribution Center in April 1945. While there, I was declared ineligible to return to active duty. Then I was sent to Fort Worth, TX, to be assigned a new classification. I was fortunate to meet my former commander of the 451st Bomb Group. He asked me where I would like to be assigned and I told him Langley Field, VA. At Langley Field I was reclassified from bombardier to instructor.

I was discharged from active service at Fort George G. Meade, MD, on Sept. 30, 1945.

A B-24 Liberator of the U.S. Army Air Forces releasing its bombs.

John Wesley Pearsall

Navy—Lieutenant JG

Married with one child and engaged in the practice of law, I was commissioned in the spring of 1944 as ensign and sent to the University of Chicago for a nine-month course in weather forecasting. On completion, I was assigned to Fleet Air Wing Five at Norfolk Naval Air Base that was engaged in antisubmarine patrol as the war in the European Theater was winding down.

Following the termination of these hostilities, was sent to Dugway, UT, for a short course in forecasting for chemical warfare. After the Japanese surrender, was sent to Majuro in the Marshall Islands, a stopover point for aircraft operating in the South Pacific.

I was promoted to lieutenant junior grade by ALLNAV and discharged from active duty March 1946.

The 35 ensigns in our aerology class at the University of Chicago, who were commissioned from all over the United States largely as science majors, developed a great sense of camaraderie. (Many still stay in touch by e-mail.) In all good humor, they decided one day to bring home to me my provincial pronunciation of "out" and "house," etc. So, when my turn came to direct close order drill and my command came out at "aboot face," each man turned in a different direction, leaving the group in total disarray. I was not cured, but I got a good laugh at myself.

Robert S. Seiler

Army Air Force—Major

I enlisted in the service in August 1941. On Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, I was at Camp Lee in Petersburg, VA. Soon after that, I transferred to the Air Force in hopes that I would be accepted for pilot training. In Texas, I received all my flight training and received my wings in April 1943. Then I was sent to Ft. Worth, Texas, to learn how to fly a four-engine bomber, the B-24 Liberator. The next stop was Boise, ID, where I received my crew of 10. After a short shakedown period I flew my crew to Wendover, Utah, where we joined the 467th Bomb Group, which was just being formed. We had a great commander, Albert Shower, who was a West Point graduate.

At Wendover we learned formation flying. Flying over the Great Salt Flats was a challenge, as the ground often looked like the sky, and it could be very scary as I was not always sure where the ground was.

In late January 1944 we started our trip to England, where we were assigned to the 2nd Wing of the 8th Air Force. We flew the southern route via Florida, Belem in Brazil and then across the South Atlantic to Dakar and Marrakech in North Africa. Arriving on the West Coast of England, we flew the next day to our air base at Rackheath just a few miles from Norwich.

Our ground crew came by ship. Soon after their arrival we were ready for combat. Our Group's first mission on April 10 was to Bourges in France, where our target was an aircraft assembly plant. My most vivid memory of England was the weather. It was either so bad that our mission would be "scrubbed" after we had been briefed and sat in our planes for an hour or more, or, if the weather was found OK, we would often fly up to 20,000 feet plus, through thick clouds, only to find bright sun and beautiful weather over the Continent. But flying through those thick clouds was scary, as I knew that there were 500 or more other planes flying through the clouds. Fortunately we had wonderful navigators and few midair collisions.

Our group's first mission to Berlin was on April 29, 1944. After climbing though thick layers of clouds we faced a beautiful day. In no time German fighters began to circle us. One plane came right at me and I thought I saw the pilot's face as he passed by. Soon I learned that he had hit my wing man, who went down. There were no fighters as we approached Berlin but there was a very heavy concentration of flak. Trying to avoid the flak, we did a lot of evasive flying. Both the earlier enemy planes and the flak slowed us up, with the result that we were one hour late over Berlin. We never made up the time and some planes ran out of fuel. Some crews bailed out over the Continent and others ditched in the English Channel. On that mission we lost 60 planes with 600 crew members. A few became prisoners of war.

In the summer of 1944, General Patton rapidly moved his troops across Europe, outrunning his fuel supply. Our 467th Bomb Group was taken off combat duty and assigned the task of getting fuel to Patton's Army. We carried gas in five-pound cans first to Orleans-Bricy Airfield south of Paris and later to Clastres Airfield near St. Quentin. A few of us had fun exploring the village of St. Quentin, where I found an abandoned German headquarters. In the basement was a huge cache of wine. I loaded many cases on my returning plane and was well remembered as the "wine" captain.

Soon after returning to combat status, we flew a very unusual mission. We were to carry "fire bombs" to bomb a naval installation on the Atlantic Coast of France where the Germans were restocking their ships. We had never carried fire bombs and we did not know anything about them. Shortly after takeoff, a gunner called to say that some were leaking. What should they do? I got out of my seat, called for a rag and wiped the liquid off a few bombs. Then I told the crew that we were OK and would drop the bombs in a few minutes.

Normally we were awakened about 5 a.m. and went to breakfast before being briefed on the day's target. The tactical briefing was followed by a weather briefing. We gave the meteorologist the nickname "Cloudy." On the first Sunday in June 1944 we had a very unusual briefing. It did not start until 10 a.m. Our mission was to destroy all the planes on airfields surrounding Paris. We were to fly at 19,000 feet, which we knew would put us in the range of enemy flak. It was a beautiful day and my crew took wonderful pictures as we flew around Paris. A number of planes were hit at that altitude and I saw many parachutes open that day. Other 8th Air Force planes went after other air fields that day in an effort to clear the skies of Germans. We did not know that "D-Day" was two days later. I flew on D-Day dropping bombs in France well back from the action on the coast. The weather was bad and I only got a glimpse of the Channel as we flew over.

I served as a pilot and flew 33 missions. After 10 missions I became operations officer of the 488th Bomb Squadron. When I reached 30 missions and was ready for home leave, Col. Shower asked me to come back as he wanted to assign me to the 491st Squadron as commanding officer. I accepted his offer, and after a wonderful leave, returned to fly three final missions. In May we celebrated VE-Day and in June we flew home. That summer we waited for assignment to the Pacific. In August, VJ-Day came and I was discharged in October 1945.

Invasion stripes were alternating black and white bands painted on World War II Allied aircraft, for the purpose of increased recognition by friendly forces during D-Day.

Cornelia Carswell Serota

Navy—Commander

I was sworn into the Navy before graduation from Smith College in the spring of 1943. I was anxious to do something that would help in the war effort. (Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard women officer candidates were being trained at Smith College.) I became an ensign in a few weeks and went on to Communications School in South Hadley, MA. "Ninety-day wonders" were created in short order, as it was wartime and the need was urgent.

In October 1943, I was assigned to duty at Naval Air Station, San Diego, located on North Island. It was a very exciting experience for a very "wet behind the ears" ensign. One of my first duties, in connection with my work in communications, was to drive a jeep to the docks where the big flat-tops were tied up and to deliver classified messages to the appropriate officer on board.

My next duty station, in December 1944, was an auxiliary air station in the desert east of Los Angeles at Holtville, CA. The mission of this base was the final training of Navy pilots who were headed for the war in the Pacific. For several weeks one other woman officer and I were the only military women on the base. Recreation was pretty much limited to reading or playing pool at the officers' club. I bought a three-year old quarterhorse mare and enjoyed riding for miles across the desert.

The scenery was barren and beautiful, with gigantic rabbits, various kinds of snakes and tarantulas. (Scorpions often shared our living quarters.) The commanding officer decided that horseback riding would be a good solution to the problem of lack of recreation facilities, and he bought a whole stable full of horses for the sailors to ride.

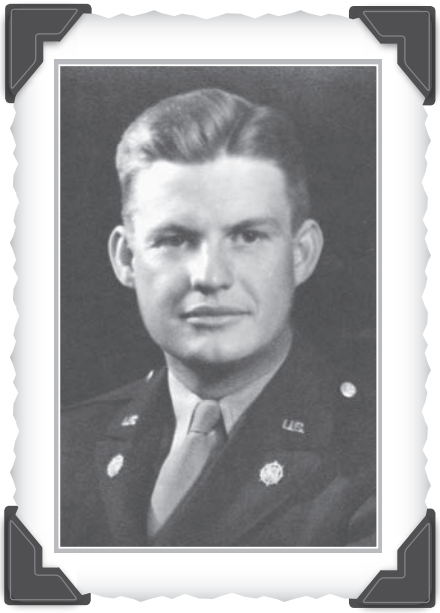
My collateral duties at the Holtville Station were as legal officer (I knew nothing about military or any other kind of law) and as officer in charge of the liquor supply at the Officers' Club. As I was a non-drinker at the time, the commanding officer (C.O.) felt that the Officers' Club liquor supply would be safe with me from unauthorized use. These two collateral duties turned out to be more stressful than my primary duties in communications. (I spent two days "in hack" because of a disagreement with the C.O.) Life at a remote base such as this one brings out the best and worst in people. The C.O. and I did not get along well. Many other officers and men at this base were among the finest I have ever known.

In March 1946, I returned to life as a civilian, but continued in the Ready Reserve. In September 1950, the Korean War was on, and I returned to active duty at the Naval Security Station in Washington. My work there included duty with the newly organized National Security Agency.

I returned to civilian status in September 1953, and spent many subsequent years in the Ready Reserve in the field of Telecommunications Censorship.

Stuart Shumate

Army Transportation Corps—Colonel



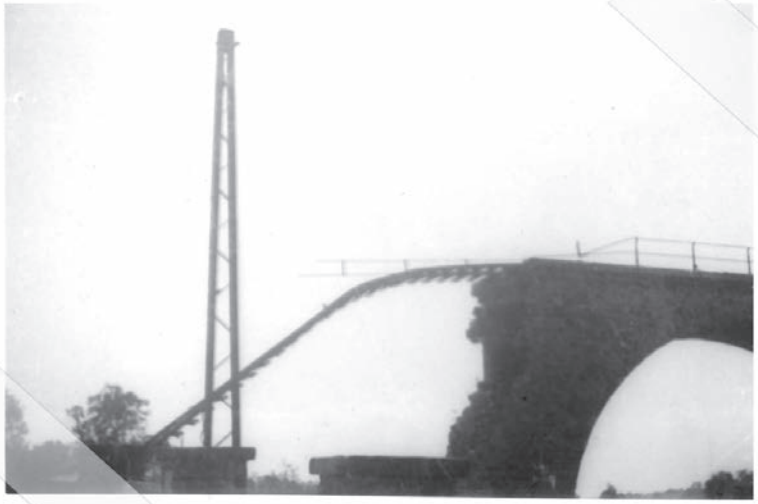
I graduated from Virginia Tech in 1936. At Tech I was part of the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) and as such was a 2nd lieutenant in the reserve. Upon graduation I took a position in the Engineering Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

When the United States joined World War II, the railroad organized on paper The Railway Operating Battalion. It was designed to have the necessary talent to operate and maintain 110 miles of railroad in the war zone. The various specialties were to stay on their current jobs until the war effort required their full-time service.

As the plan for the invasion of Europe developed, our unit was called up and was moved to England as a unit to prepare for the invasion.

My unit was responsible for track and bridge maintenance. It was separated from the battalion and was sent to Europe. Earlier, the U.S. bombing had caused much damage to the tracks and bridges of the railroads in Europe. Our unit repaired the bomb damage to the tracks and bridges so that when Railroad Operating units arrived they could perform transportation function. This was interesting and challenging.

After the Allied Victory, we worked with the German civilian railroad management for a short time, awaiting our time to return home.



Railroad bridge in Kornelimunster demolished by Germans.

Helen Lucille "Gig" Smith

Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—First Sergeant

My service in the Army lasted for the duration of the war in the Pacific. I did not have to endure the horrors of combat. My military service was most rewarding and memorable and at times embarrassing, yet funny.

After basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, GA, I was assigned to the headquarters company's art department of publications. We made training aids for the classes. Then I was transferred to the headquarters company as cadre. I played on the post fast-pitch softball and went to a state championship tourney, hitting two grand slam homers. While at Fort Oglethorpe, we paraded for President Roosevelt. His little Scottie dog was allowed out of the convertible before the parade began.

Colonel Hobby, the first head of WAAC (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps), visited our art dept. I was transferred to the Pentagon to work on top secret material that dealt directly with the war in the Pacific.

My most embarrassing moment occurred when I was visiting a friend at her job in the office of Secretary of War Henry Stimson. A buzzer sounded and my friend bolted to attention at the closed door. Out came this short little man followed by a very tall colonel. I sat turned to stone. The secretary of war went into the hallway, followed by the tall colonel. But as soon as the secretary was out the door, the tall colonel returned to sternly address me saying, "Sergeant, don't you know when the secretary of war enters the room, you are to stand at attention?" My answer was a blubbering, "Yes, sir, but I didn't know he was behind that door." The stern colonel said, "Well, see that it doesn't happen again." You couldn't have given me a million dollars at that moment to return to that office.

I was at the Pentagon when Roosevelt died and I was there when the columnist (Drew Pearson in *The Washington Post*) announced that we'd broken the Japanese code. Our office was livid and felt he should have been court-martialed, for our work depended on that secrecy. It was our means of dealing directly to the war effort in the Pacific.

I am probably the only enlisted person to turn down two opportunities to become an officer, but I loved my job and the outstanding people that I worked with and I'd have been assigned elsewhere.

I loved the Army.

GIG: Government Issued Gripe

John B. Sperry
Army—Colonel

I enlisted (private) in 1942 and retired (colonel) in 1968.

I entered basic infantry training at Camp Wheeler, GA, and I remained as cadre (instructor) at Wheeler and Camp Blanding, FL.

After all eligible ROTC cadets had been processed for Infantry Officers Training, spaces opened for enlisted personnel. I completed the Officers Candidate Program at Ft. Benning, GA, also known as the infantry school for boys.

OCS was followed by assignment as an instructor in the infantry basic training center at Ft. McClellan, AL.

Overseas service followed with assignment to a Moro guerrilla battalion in the extreme southern part of the Philippine Islands. When the battalion was dissolved, I was assigned to Clark Field as an advisor to the Philippine Army.

Upon returning to the United States, I applied for and received a regular Army commission. After an extended leave, I was assigned as a fiscal officer in Korea and Okinawa.

Returning again to the United States, I completed airborne training at Ft. Benning, GA. "Jump School" was followed by assignment to the 11th Airborne Division at Ft. Campbell, KY, where I served as the division finance officer.

After the 11th Airborne, I pursued a master's degree (accounting) at the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. I still remember the shock of flunking the first examination. I was so scared of flunking out that I (literally) studied day and night for the next two years and finished with an academic certificate of distinction.

Wharton School was followed by teaching accounting at the Army Finance School, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN.

Next, was a year in Vietnam as an advisor to the finance corps of the South Vietnamese Army.

Vietnam was followed by a year at the Command and General Staff College (C&GS) at Ft. Leavenworth, KS. We studied combat tactics for large army units; e.g., divisions.

I was accepted at the American University evening Ph.D. program (business administration) and requested assignment in Washington. Fortunately, it was fulfilled. I received the Ph.D. degree six years later. In Washington, I served as a researcher designing a new Army pay system and as chief of the Finance Corps officers personnel branch.

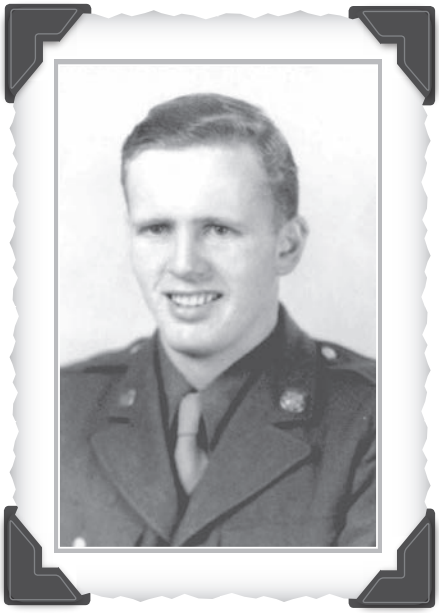
I was singularly honored to be selected to attend the National War College (the nation's highest military school) in Ft. McNair to study geopolitics. It was the greatest year of my life. We had daily lectures in a guarded auditorium, classified top secret, with non-attribution and no notes allowed. Immediately prior to graduation, our class was divided into separate groups. My group, in a C-5A aircraft, spent three weeks touring the African Continent.

Graduation was followed by assignment as professor of management at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces (devoted to logistics) also at Ft. McNair. This was my last posting prior to retirement.

Thousands of paratroopers drifting down during the invasion of Holland.

Charles Everette Sutton, Jr.

Army—Technician Fifth Grade



I was inducted into the Army on June 16, 1944, at Roanoke and shipped to Camp Lee that day. I was 20 years old.

After orientation I was transferred by train to Camp Plauche, LA, for training in the Transportation Corps. I was assigned to Clerk's School. This was a "cool" assignment in a very hot location. Our modified basic training took place near Slidell, LA. I was chauffeur to the battalion commander.

My next training assignment was Non-commissioned Officer's School. Demands of the war in Europe changed in December of 1944 and I was "scratched" from an overseas shipment with the Transportation Corps list and sent to Ft. Gordon, GA, for basic again in the Armored Infantry.

On March 1, 1945, I boarded a troop ship in New York that was headed for Europe. Replacement troops from several training camps boarded converted troop carriers that night to join a convoy headed for Le Havre, France. My berth was second from the bottom in a 5-tier section, three decks down, in the second hold. This location later proved to be crucial to my survival.

On the third night out of New York our small cargo ship was struck broadside by an aircraft carrier positioned on our right in the convoy. The collision destroyed the entire first hold which contained all platoons of company A. I was in the second hold. A sailor on watch and seventy soldiers in the first hold were killed or lost at sea. Thirteen were rescued from the water in total darkness of that pre-dawn disaster. Because of my alphabet location on the roster, I was in B company and in the second hold.

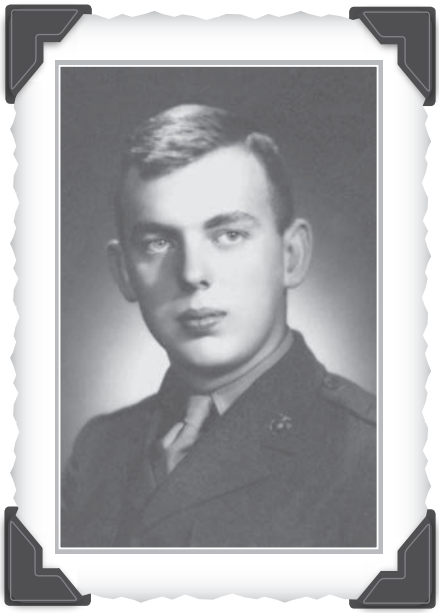
The convoy continued and a dangerously crippled and distressed troop ship, with a single destroyer escort, was deployed at the rate of five knots per hour to the Azores Islands.

The fierce conflict in France continued. In early May of 1945, just as the Germans surrendered, I was finally connected to the 45th Infantry Division in Mooseberg, Germany. By August I was assigned to the 45th Infantry Division headed for the Pacific. Then Japan surrendered and the 45th did not have to leave the United States.

I then served as clerk typist in the Signal Section of the Fourth Army Headquarters, under the command of General Wainwright, in San Antonio, TX, an assignment I held until discharge the last of April 1946.

Charles Morris Terry, Jr.

Marine Corps—Private First Class



I was sworn into the Marine Corps on June 6, 1944. Earlier that day at the Belgian Building (part of Virginia Union University) I had passed my physical. I was 17. It was D-Day and the doctors spent most of their time listening to the radio reports from Normandy. There were no rejects that day.

I said goodbye to civilian life July 21 and boarded the train at Broad Street Station. We arrived at Parris Island on July 22. What a change from civilian life to boot camp. We left mechanical air-conditioning to air-conditioning by Mother Nature, who was more interested in producing monster mosquitoes.

We were greeted by the legendary gunnery sergeant, Diamond. His first words were, "God forgive them, we've reached the bottom of the barrel." The story was that he had sunk a Jap destroyer by firing a mortar shell from the Guadalcanal Beach, which went down the smokestack and exploded, sinking the ship. After completing boot camp we were transferred to Camp Lejeune, NC.

We arrived Oct. 1, 1944, and trained almost every day. That winter was one of the coldest in North Carolina history. On Christmas Eve, an ice storm descended. I was "volunteered" for guard duty for the 12 to 4 a.m. shift. My orders were to keep the enemy personnel outside the perimeter. It would have made more sense if my orders had been to keep the marines inside. Jan. 1, 1945, we boarded a troop train headed toward sunny California.

We arrived at Camp Pendleton approximately January 10 and training began immediately. However, our training was halted abruptly and around February 11 we were sent to the staging area to await orders to embark. There was no leave, just waiting.

February 17 we boarded trucks and headed for the San Diego harbor and our troop ship. Passing thorough the streets bystanders shouted, "Give 'em hell on Iwo!" Only a few of us had ever heard of Iwo.

We didn't know what our destination was until the captain read a message from General Holland Smith to General MacArthur saying, "We have encountered unexpected stiff resistance and as of now Iwo is not secured, but I assure you, General MacArthur, that we will secure that island shortly if it takes every Marine in the Pacific area!"

It took 25,000 casualties, but when we arrived the island had been secured. They then sent us to Hawaii to join the Marine 5th Division 28th Regiment. Quite a few of us were assigned to B Company, which now consisted of replacements and the few survivors of the original company.

We began training at Camp Tarawa on the island of Hawaii. From mid-March on we trained for the invasion of Japan. We were located in the boondocks, undergoing rigorous training, and on August 13 we were to participate in a dress rehearsal for our landing in Japan. There were Marines on the island who would act as enemy troops.

They were to fire live ammo over our heads as we landed to make it as realistic as possible. However, at the last hour we were ordered to unload and stack all weapons. We then climbed down the ship's ladder and were transported to the beach on landing crafts. We walked to the high point of the island and joined the "defenders" listening to one short wave radio. After several hours, we heard the great news, THE WAR WAS OVER: VJ DAY! A few days later we boarded troop ships and sailed to Sasebo, Kyushu, Japan, for occupation instead of invasion, landing Sept. 1, 1945.

During my eleven months of occupation duty, I will admit that I saw no Japanese misbehavior. However, I cannot say the same for a few of my good Marine buddies. On Aug. 1, 1946, we sailed from Japan. One of the most beautiful sights in my life was the water between my ship and the Japanese mainland. We landed at Little Creek, VA, on August 23, and three days later I was a civilian again!

I often think how incredibly blessed I was. The Marines secured Iwo just before our troop ship arrived, and President Truman dropped the bombs just before we were to ship out for the invasion of Japan. I don't know why I was so fortunate, but I'm very grateful to the good Lord and those who went before me.

Japan was the last Axis Power to surrender, which it did by sending a cable to President Harry S. Truman via the Swiss diplomatic mission in Washington, DC. The formal Japanese signing of surrender terms took place on board the battleship USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay on Sept. 2, 1945. Truman declared September 2 to be VJ Day. However, in the memories of Americans, the date of the Japanese Cable, Aug. 15, 1945, will forever stand as VJ Day.

Allen Newmen Towne

Army—Staff Sergeant

The morning of June 6, 1944, was misty, overcast and dismal. Visibility was poor, but gradually improved. The wind was strong and the waves were three to four feet high. The large troop transports, anchored about ten miles from shore, were rolling and some of the men were seasick.

Sunrise was around 0600 hours and low tide was about 0530 hours. The initial units were to hit the beach at 0630 hours about one hour after low tide.

We were awake before dawn and after a quick breakfast got ready to wait for our turn to load onto a smaller craft for the landing on Omaha Beach. I could hear the guns on the war ships firing as well as the guns on the shore. There was a great deal of smoke coming from the beach, but I could not see what was going on.

The 18th Infantry combat team would land in the second wave, scheduled for 0930. My unit was to land on the section of the beach called Easy Red. The aid station platoon was split up into two groups so in case one group did not make it, there would be one left.

We had been waiting for more than an hour, loaded with all our gear and two life preservers, when we heard the LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) we were supposed to go on had been sunk. We were rescheduled on a different landing craft. The wait was difficult because we were all at a high pitch of excitement. It was a feeling between dread and the desire to get going. Any delay increased the dread.

At last, we were told we were next to go ashore. A large tank lighter was brought alongside the Dorothea Dix. It was not normally used to carry soldiers, but so many of the smaller landing craft had been sunk.

I climbed over the rail and down the side of the ship using the rope cargo net as a ladder and stepped into the bouncing landing craft. Because of the uneven pitching of the two vessels, everyone had to be very careful not to fall between the large ship and the smaller landing craft. Finally, we all boarded except one man, who fell overboard between the two vessels. He was pulled out and did not seem to be badly hurt. He was the object of envy for he would miss the landing. We had several hundred men on the landing craft, including a Navy shore party, who were going ashore to direct naval gunfire.

Our landing boat had to circle for a while, because only a few holes had been blown through the beach obstacles. We had to wait for our turn.

Off to one side, there was a barge a half mile from the beach with four cranes sticking up like giraffes. As I watched, a shell hit the barge on one end and it slowly started to list and

sink, one side going down first. The cranes fell out into the ocean like little toys. Finally, all disappeared underwater.

As we proceeded toward shore, I could see some LCIs and smaller craft burning on the beach. As we got closer, I could see German shell fire hitting the beach. I also could see many beach obstacles still in place. These beach obstacles were mined metal triangles that would rip the bottom out of the boats and then set off powerful explosives to blow up the landing craft. This meant the engineers were having trouble and we had only a few places to come ashore. We knew that beyond the beach there would be barbed wire, concertina wire, antitank ditches, machine gun emplacements and land mines to further hinder any advance inland. Nearby there were two destroyers drifting and firing their guns point blank at the pill boxes on the hill above the beach. The battleships were further out and were firing guns overhead. We could hear and feel the blast of the guns.

At last, we got clearance to land and the landing craft started in toward shore at full speed. Our group of 20 men moved up toward the front of the landing craft. Most of us had been on assault landings before and we wanted to be able to get off before the German artillery ranged in on the tank lighter. But we did not want to be the first ones off in case there was small-arms fire hitting the ramp, so we positioned ourselves about five or six rows behind the lead men.

The landing craft grounded on a sand bar in about two to three feet of water. I ran down the ramp and waded to shore picking my way through the obstacles. German artillery shells were landing up and down the beach in a somewhat predictable manner, so we could gauge when to run and when to dive to the ground. I ran as fast as possible over the hard packed sand and went inland for about 20 feet to an area of shingle. This consisted of smooth, semi-flat stones about two to three inches in diameter.

The shingle led further inland to the ravine or draw we were supposed to use in exiting Omaha Beach. The stones were slippery and hard to run on. I was the senior noncom so the others followed me. I went on until I came to where about 20-30 infantry men were lying at the approach to the draw. I yelled to them to see why they were not moving out. There was no response and none of them moved. I crawled over to the nearest man to see what the problem was. I found that he was dead and so were all the others. There was a German machine gun nest at the mouth of the draw and they had all been caught in the fire as they tried to leave the beach.

I immediately scuttled on my hands and legs off to the right where there was some protection from a small mound of sand. When I say scuttled I mean moving like a crab with no space between you and the ground and going fast. We had to decide what to do next.

I was scared and my mouth got so dry I could hardly talk. A Sergeant Woods, who was next to me, leaned over and asked what was wrong. I croaked back "My mouth is so dry I can't swallow, never mind talk." After a short time, I calmed down. There was no small-arms fire on this section of the beach. While there were German shells landing on the beach, they seemed to be random fire from mortars and artillery. There were very few soldiers in the immediate area. Except for the landing boat that dropped us off, no other boat came in at this part of the beach.

Were we in the right location? We soon decided that the Navy had brought us in far to the left (east) of the proper landing spot and we had tried to leave the beach through Draw E-3, where the dead infantrymen were. We were supposed to leave the beach at Draw E-1, about a mile to the right (west). I found out later that Draw E-3 had not been secured and was still in German hands. Our group moved west (to our right), running and diving to the ground as the shells would come in near us. We ran along the beach toward Draw E-1 until we came to a beach aid station. The Navy had set up a collection point where the wounded were being collected to be brought back aboard the ships.

At this part of Easy Red Beach, the sand portion was about 100 yards wide with areas of swamp along the inland edge of the flat. The bluff overlooking the beach was about 125 feet high and was reached by 200 yards of moderate slope, which had patches of heavy brush. We were supposed to meet the other half of our group near here and leave the beach and go inland. First we had to find out where they were. We used the aid station as our meeting place. While several men went looking for the other group, the rest of us went up and down the beach helping the wounded men and bringing them to the beach aid station. The beach was still under shell fire and many of the wounded were staying in place because they did not know where to go. Others were in a partial state of shock and needed help to the aid station There was wreckage all along the beach. There were damaged tanks, trucks and all kinds of gear. I went by one landing craft that had dropped its ramp in front of another exit and the Germans had opened fire as the men left the boat. Many had been hit and killed as they tried to run down the ramp. All of the wounded had been removed, but the dead were still sprawled out in front of the vessel. The landing craft was disabled and burning half out of the water.

The beach was a shambles. I saw a tank that had come in at low tide underneath a disabled landing craft that had come in at a higher tide. One of the unusual things was a yellow Piper Cub airplane used by artillery spotters. The plane seemed to be in perfect shape as if it had come over from England and landed there. About a half hour later, I saw it get hit by a shell and go up in flames.

We made contact with our other aid station group and proceeded to leave the beach. We crossed the anti-tank ditch and another ditch that was flooded. We then went up the hill through the German minefield. There was a narrow winding path through the minefield. It had been made by the first infantrymen. Some of the leading men had tripped the mines and several men, who were wounded, remained there to guide the rest of us through the mine field.

We finally got up onto the bluff overlooking the beach. By now the 16th and 18th Infantry had infiltrated behind the Germans and had knocked out the machine gun nests and other strong points the Germans were using to defend Draw E-1. This portion of the beach was now secure.

We dug slit trenches and set up our temporary aid station on the beach side of the hill so the German shells would go over our heads. We started to evacuate the casualties to the beach. We had a good view of the beach. The engineers had cleared out several openings through the beach obstacles and were now bulldozing a road up the draw. Vehicles were starting to leave the beach area. Enemy shells were still landing and there was a tremendous amount of wreckage on the beach. Some of the larger landing boats were still burning as more troops

and vehicles were coming ashore and going inland. The battleships and cruisers were now firing at points inland. The blast from the battleships guns could be felt where we were and we could see the incandescent shells overhead. The targets were so far away we never heard the shells land.

Later that night, some German aircraft flew over the beachhead, but there was no problem because a fleet of 4,000 vessels can throw up a lot of flak. A few German planes were shot down. Of our two groups that landed, four officers and 70 men, seven were wounded and one was killed.

At dawn, the fleet moved in closer. There were troop ships, all sizes of merchant ships, large barges, LSTs and all types of naval vessels. It looked like all the ships in the world were here. If Hitler could have seen this, he would have sued for peace.

View from the landing craft as crew hit the beaches at Normandy.

John Randolph Tucker, Jr.

Army—Lieutenant Colonel

As a graduate of VMI, I had a reserve commission and was a first lieutenant when I entered the Army on Dec. 7, 1940, one year before Pearl Harbor. The Army was calling up reserve officers for a one-year training course, which ended up lasting five years for me.

On Jan. 1, 1941, I was assigned to the 2nd Armored Division (2AD) at Ft. Benning, GA. The 2AD was at that time commanded by Major General George Patton, whose hawkish speeches to the troops had already earned him the name of "Old Blood And Guts." On April 14, I was designated as part of a cadre to help form the 3rd Armored Division (3AD) at Camp Polk, LA, a new camp for armored troops near a backwoods town named Leesville. It was easy to see why this area was picked for armored troops because there was nothing there that a tank could hurt. The area was all fields of stumps and swamps. Because Camp Polk had not been completed, we first went to Camp Beauregard at Alexandria, LA. At this time, there was little military equipment including firearms and military vehicles. We trained as best we could, but it was hard to visualize that this relatively small group of officers and men with such sparse equipment would become a distinguished armored division. We moved to Camp Polk on June 2.

My assignment with the 3AD was with the 83rd Armored Reconnaissance Battalion (83rd Rcn. Bn.). Our vehicle equipment was primarily six-wheeled armored cars, light tanks, halftracks, jeeps, and motorcycles. I was the assistant company commander of B Company and, due to the shortage of officers, was also designated as motor officer, mess officer and communications officer. When the B Company Commanding Officer (C.O.) was transferred, I took over command and was promoted to captain on June 2, 1942. Prior to taking command of B Company, I was sent to Detroit for a month to observe the manufacture and operation of tanks and other armored vehicles. The "Big Three" motor companies were at full speed trying to get us ready to fight.

During our stay at Camp Polk, there were some large-scale maneuvers by other troops. As part of the training, some of our officers were sent to an airfield at Alexandria, LA, to see the maneuvers from the air, and the pilots came to Camp Polk to ride in tanks and observe the action from the ground. On my day at the airfield, I was assigned to fly in an observation plane called O-52. These were clumsy-looking aircraft with space for a pilot and observer. I was given bags of flour to throw on the ground troops to simulate bombs. My pilot was a hotshot young 2nd lieutenant who disregarded several of the rules for taking off. We did get airborne but when we got over thick woods beyond the airport, I looked out the window and saw that we were only two or three feet over the trees and the plane was mashing down. It was obvious that we were going to crash and I never expected to hit the ground alive. But the Lord was riding with us and the uprooted trees cushioned our fall. The plane was totaled, but

the section where the pilot and I were sitting did not collapse. We both walked away, with a gash on my knee the only injury. The people at the airfield saw us go down and came running through a swamp with fire extinguishers, fully expecting to find both of us dead. They were amazed to find us sitting on a log, smoking cigarettes. The flour bombs had broken and spilled all over my face. I did not realize this but our rescuers thought I had been terribly burned. They said no one was supposed to walk away from this kind of crash.

During our stay at Camp Polk, we had a cadre of officers and men superimposed on all of the 3AD units in order to form the 5th Armored Division. This meant training this cadre along with the training of our own troops. This is the way new divisions were created. The Pearl Harbor attack on Dec. 7, 1941, caused us to intensify our training and tighten up the discipline because it was clear we would soon be in combat.

On July 7, 1942, the 3AD was shipped by rail to the Mojave Desert in California to get desert training for possible combat in North Africa. We loaded all of our tanks and other armored vehicles on flat cars for the trip. The trip took five days because of the necessity to sidetrack us at times for other troop trains and because of the great weight of the cargo. When we tried to cross the Rocky Mountains, we were delayed because the railroad had to bring in several more engines to get us across. It was about the middle of July when we reached our destination in the desert, a so-called railroad station (a weather-beaten shack surrounded by sand and grease wood). We quickly discovered that the daytime temperatures averaged 120 to 130 degrees. It was literally possible to fry an egg on the deck of a tank. On the first day, many soldiers were passing out from the heat. We quickly erected a medical tent, but in heat that great, a tent is almost as hot as the temperature outside. We set up tents for our base camp but spent a great deal of time away from it on maneuvers all over the dessert. We lived mostly on K and C rations, but when we occasionally returned to base camp, the mess sergeant would get fresh fruit and vegetables from the Los Angeles valley. We got our water by tapping into the Colorado River, which flowed to Los Angeles in an aqueduct through the desert. We were issued cloth flaxseed bags to try to keep the water cool, but the help was minimal. We started every morning with calisthenics and a long jog through the sand. As a result, we were in better physical shape when we left the desert than at any other time in the war. Occasionally sandstorms filled our cots, our tents and our food with grit. Our animal companions were jackrabbits, rats, rattlesnakes and scorpions. The last liked to inhabit shoes so we always shook our shoes out before putting them on.

In November 1942 we finished our desert tour and went by train to Camp Pickett, VA. The purpose was to draw all new equipment and ship out to the desert war in North Africa. Soon after our arrival, word was received that the Allied Forces in North Africa had things under control so our orders were changed. In January 1943, we moved to Indiantown Gap, an Army post in Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg. The weather was extremely cold and there was frequent snow, but the post had excellent tank ranges and other training areas. We had some tough road marches in the hills and other serious physical training. We had an introduction to the infiltration course. This was an area covered with low-hanging barbed wire and a pattern of small explosive charges. Overseeing this was a soldier in a tower from which electric wires ran out to the explosive charges. The tower operator had a number of switches he could throw to set off the explosive charges. Some of these courses had a machine gun placed to fire over the barbed wire. The object was to crawl under the wire on your belly with head down and have the charges set off near you but not under your belly. The British had

some very realistic courses. We had some very good weekends in Harrisburg where we were welcomed because we were the first combat troops there.

On Aug. 26, 1943, we departed Indiantown and went to Camp Kilmer, NJ, to prepare for overseas shipment. On September 4, we went to New York harbor for embarkation. On September 5, we boarded ship and set off for an unknown destination. We were in a convoy of ships, including passenger ships, oil tankers and destroyers. Because we could only go as fast as the slowest ships in the convoy (the oil tankers), our voyage took 10 days. We had about 8,000 troops on a converted cruise liner, which formerly carried probably 600 to 800 passengers. The schedule called for half of the troops to be on deck and half to be below, with a shift in location every 24 hours. However, so many down below became seasick and the smell there was so bad, everyone wanted to be on deck. As a result, trying to walk down the deck meant stepping between bodies. Before our voyage, German submarines had taken a heavy toll on Allied merchant and troop ships. There appeared to be a lull in German sub activities during our trip and only once did a destroyer in our convoy throw several depth charges when an enemy sub was suspected.

On Sept. 15, 1943, we docked at Southhampton, England. In spite of all the supposed secrecy of our trip, we were greeted by "Lord Haw Haw," a German propaganda radio broadcaster, who told his listeners that the 3AD had arrived that day. We went by rail from Southhampton to the vicinity of a small town named Longbridge Deverill in Southwest England. This was to be our home until the invasion. The rest of the 3AD was scattered all over the countryside in this area. Our base camp consisted of one or two formerly private houses and many Nissen huts. We encountered blackouts for the first time and lived with this until the end of the war. This condition was strictly enforced, and one could even get in trouble by lighting a cigarette when not under cover. Except for occasional dogfights between Allied and German fighter planes over our area, there were few signs of war, but London and other large cities were being heavily pounded by German bombers and V-1 and V-2 rockets fired from the continent. The rockets were not adapted for smaller specific targets, but were devastating in large cities such as London. There would have been much more bombing by the German Air Force (Luftwaffe), but the Royal Air Force (RAF) fighter pilots had done severe damage to the Luftwaffe bombers in the "Battle of Britain" (1940), probably preventing the invasion of England. Our food was mostly powdered eggs and Brussels sprouts, which seemed to be the only fresh vegetable available. Our supposed whiskey ration rarely ever reached us because it was being transported by the Air Corps, whose men liked booze, too.

As we got closer to being committed to combat, the training became more intense. We spent a lot of time on the rifle ranges, crawling through infiltration courses, and other physical activity.

The Duke of Somerset, his wife and daughter lived in a huge stone mansion not far from our camp. As one way to assist in the war effort, from time to time they invited some of our officers to tea on weekends. I went there one Sunday afternoon with two other officers, including my battalion surgeon and good friend. To entertain us, the Duke took us out to his stable and showed us his fancy horse-drawn carriage, which was used for coronations and other state ceremonies. He also took us to the tack room, which was fitted with leather harnesses adorned with metal, which appeared to be brass. Trying to make conversation, I said that it must be a big job for the groom to shine all that brass. The Duke, overcome with

indignation about my ignorance, drew himself up and said, "Brass! It's gold." My battalion surgeon stifled his laugh, but took great pleasure in spreading all over camp the story of my insulting faux pas.

During the winter of 1944, I was sent to the Matlock School of Military Intelligence up in the Midlands. I was not an intelligence officer, but the Army liked to send officers to school. The school was run by the British and there was only one other American officer there. I was a major at the time and roomed with a British captain who was far older than I. We became good friends and he invited me to his "flat" (apartment) in London on two different weekends. He had a sister and a girlfriend living in London and most of their friends were people in the entertainment world. On one of my trips, he asked me to escort a friend of theirs to a nightclub. The friend turned out to be Hermione Baddeley, who at that time was the most popular comedienne on the stage in England. She was much older than I and brought along her 14-year-old son and a dog. Late in the evening I had to walk with her and the dog through the London blackout to her lodgings.

On another occasion, while I was at Matlock, I was invited by a young British officer for cocktails with his family in London. His parents lived in a high-rise apartment next to a park in the center of London. While we were sipping our drinks, there was a huge explosion from anti-aircraft guns in the park. Our windows rattled until I thought they would fall out. The guns were firing at German bombers over our area. I fully expected that we would head for shelter in the basement or maybe the subway where many Londoners went for shelter during bombing raids. The sole response by my host was, "I say, old Jerry is out again tonight," and we kept on with our cocktails.

The date of the upcoming invasion was top secret. Only the very high-level American and British officers were advised of the proposed date for D-Day. We knew that the time was getting close because we were moved from the barracks into tents and were ordered to waterproof all of the tanks and other vehicles in anticipation of a wet landing. We were told that we would know the invasion was on when we saw Allied aircraft with black and white stripes painted under the wings. In the early morning of June 6, 1944, we were awakened by the roar of many aircraft which had the black and white stripes. Those of us in armored units were fortunate in not having to go in on D-Day, because we could not land our tanks and other vehicles until the infantry troops had secured a beachhead.

Shortly after D-Day, our division moved to Weymouth, a town on the English Channel. The German Air Force had been weakened to the extent that there was practically no enemy air activity in our staging area. Otherwise, the Luftwaffe could have wiped out large numbers of troops and vehicles, because the whole south coast of England was packed with both. About D plus six days, I was ordered to take an advance detachment of the 83rd Rcn. Bn. to France. My detachment consisted of two officers, about six enlisted men, and a few halftracks and armored cars. We were loaded on an LST (Landing Ship Tank) with other troops and vehicles. As we approached Omaha Beach and I saw the cliff behind the beach and the concrete pillboxes all over the cliff, I wondered how any of our Allied troops had ever reached the top of the cliff. The tide was out and we landed dry-shod so the waterproofing of the vehicles, which had been a huge task, was not needed. The 29th and 30th Infantry Divisions had clawed their way a few miles from the beach and we moved up behind them near the French town of Isigny. The evidence of the carnage of war was everywhere. There was debris

all over the water in front of the beach and inland. Wrecked gliders that had taken troops in on D-Day were in trees and scattered all over the ground.

We went into bivouac in a field behind the 30th Infantry with orders to wait there until the rest of the 3AD came ashore and we were committed to combat. We appeared to be in a safe area, but I put out outposts at night manned by soldiers armed with machine guns and rifles. I was sleeping in a pup tent and beginning to think how comfortable war was when I had a rude awakening. One morning I was awakened by something very hard hitting me in my rear end. I reached behind me and picked up a hot fragment of a large shell. When I stuck my head out of the tent and heard several more explosions close by, I realized that we were being attacked by several German tanks that had broken through the 30th Infantry line. Several of our people had been wounded, and we put them in a halftrack and evacuated them. One was the other officer with me, who was one of the finest officers I met in the war. His arm was badly torn up and he was never able to get back into combat. (I have kept up with him through the years.) Realizing that we had no weapons capable of fighting German tanks, I got in touch with the advance detachment of the 3AD Headquarters and advised them of our predicament. They got in touch with some fighter-bombers that happened to be near our area and told the pilots the location of the tanks. The planes dove in and knocked out one or more of the tanks or drove them off. I have often thought that had it not been for those planes, our little detachment would have been wiped out before we were even committed to combat.

The remainder of the 3AD gradually arrived and the whole division was ordered into combat near the end of June. We were fighting in the hedgerow country of Normandy. The small fields were separated by thick, tall mounds of earth with trees or bushes on top. These were natural defense positions for the Germans, who seemed to be behind every hedgerow, firing machine guns and rifles at any of our soldiers who tried to get over. The hedgerows were too thick and tall for our tanks to get over. Tanks were of not much use until some of our innovative maintenance troops fabricated a kind of plowshare and attached them to the front of some tanks. This enabled these tanks to bulldoze an opening in some of the hedgerows and give our troops and our tanks a chance to attack the Germans behind the hedgerows. There were many land mines in the area, which, at the least, would blow your leg off. Many of them were large enough to blow a tank track off. Again, the imaginative maintenance soldiers partially solved this problem by attaching large rollers with heavy chains attached to them to tanks so that the chains would flail the ground in front of the tank and explode the land mines.

The progress in Normandy was very slow because of the hedgerows, and there were heavy casualties in men and equipment on both sides. The 3AD position on the battlefield was on the right flank of the British-Canadian Army, commanded by General Montgomery, whose ego rivaled that of our General Patton. We were with the 1st Army commanded by General Courtney Hodges, a splendid troop commander, but virtually unknown to the public because he was as modest as Patton was egotistical. The latter, who came into Europe with this 3rd Army near the end of the fight for Normandy, kept a professional public relations team with him and they advertised every success he had. To this day, many people think that if you weren't with Patton's army, you weren't really in World War II.

I remember well my first impression of combat. Here were two armies whose soldiers looked

like each other, whose countries were leaders in the world and who were apparently civilized, using every invention of the devil to try to kill each other.

We were still slugging it out in the hedgerows near the end of July when the high command decided to launch a huge air attack on a small area near St. Lo. A rectangular area of about two by five miles was marked off as the strike zone. The 3AD was ordered to wait behind the northern line of the strike zone and to break through the enemy defenses as soon as the strike ended. Thus we had front-row seats for the most massive air strike in history. Between 3,000 and 4,000 Allied aircraft (fighter planes and bombers) pounded the area for several hours and the earth trembled. As far back toward England as the eye could see, the sky was black with aircraft. Some of the bombers were hit by German anti-aircraft guns and a number of them were falling, crews were parachuting, and one got the feeling that one was witnessing the kind of scene that the movie-makers would fake. Several bombers accidentally dropped their bombs short and killed some Allied infantry troops and General McNair, a high-ranking field commander. Immediately after the strike ended, we fired up our vehicles and went through the bombed area. There were huge bombs craters everywhere, but we did not see many dead Germans. They may have gotten the word that there would be a strike and pulled out of the area. In any event, we were out of Normandy and headed east across France in a campaign called "Northern France."

In early August, the Germans launched a huge counterattack near the city of Mortain. Our Division was heavily involved in fierce fighting, and we suffered many casualties, but the Germans were finally subdued. Shortly after this encounter, our 83rd Rcn. Bn. led a 3AD drive to try to encircle the German 7th Army. This area was known as the Argentan-Falaise Gap. We were ordered to move north to meet British troops moving south in the hope of encircling the entire German 7th Army (a huge body of troops). A lieutenant from our 83rd Rcn. Bn. made the first contact with a British officer, who advised him that there was a "bit of sniping going on" where he had just been. About that time a huge 88-mm. tank shell burst near our officer, who said he had never heard of referring to a big tank shell as "sniping." We found many British officers were prone to understatement. We succeeded in trapping a large part of the German 7th Army, but a fairly large number of troops escaped only to be confronted again later at Mons, Belgium.

On August 22, the 3AD headed for a crossing of the Seine River south of Paris. The 3AD was elected to lead the drive on Paris from the south. During this march, our battalion had the misfortune to get the French 2nd Armored Division on our flank. This Division was fully equipped with American tanks and other vehicles. They appeared to be rather disorganized and more concerned with having a good time than fighting a war. They kept our radio channels jammed with their idle chatter. One of our lieutenants was assigned to confer with them each evening to learn their plans for the next day, but he reported they never seemed to have plans for the next day. One day some of their units got turned around the wrong way and started firing at us. We radioed them we were not Germans and survived with no casualties.

As we approached Paris, we felt that, having spearheaded the march from the south, we would be chosen to help liberate Paris and be besieged with hugs and kisses from pretty, young girls. Imagine our dismay when the French 2AD, which had given us so much trouble, was picked to go into Paris. C'est la vie!

Soon after we started across France, my commanding officer was relieved and, as his executive officer (second in command), I took over as commanding officer of the battalion, a job I held for about two weeks. I was a major and a battalion commander was supposed to be a lieutenant colonel, but I was in charge until a lieutenant colonel took over after we had gotten into Germany.

We had learned early in the war that armor and infantry needed each other. We had some motorized infantry in the 3AD, but we fought with the help of other infantry as well. One of these was the "Big Red One" (1st Infantry Division), which I considered the most seasoned and best infantry division in Europe. Another lesson we learned as we moved across France was when you get the enemy running, stay on his tail. This can be exhausting, but it saves lives not to let the enemy stop and get in defensive positions. Front line combat troops had no facilities for handling German prisoners. We would disarm them and send them down our column of vehicles until they reached units that were equipped to handle them. Many of them seemed glad to be captured because that meant the end of the war for them.

When we traveled at night, our vehicles had to be blacked out. The only light permitted was a small slit in the tail light which allowed one to see a little red.

After crossing the Seine River, we headed east across France toward Sedan and Charleville. En route, we crossed the Marne and the Aisne rivers on bridges built by the very competent and brave engineers whose battalion was an integral part of the 3AD and who often worked under fire.

During our entire time in France, whenever we passed through a French village that had been liberated, families turned out to greet us, always with the same request: "Cigarette pour Papa, chocolate pour Mama and 'shoomgum' (chewing gum) pour babee."

Suddenly, on August 30, an order came to the 3AD to change direction and head north toward Mons, Belgium. Turning the direction of an armored division is a great deal more complicated than it sounds, especially when the orders are to do it in a hurry. The 3AD accomplished the task in a few hours. By September l, the 3AD had reached positions just south of the Belgian border. On September 2, the 3AD entered Mons. The first vehicle to enter the city was a light tank in my battalion. The fighting at Mons was fierce. There were no front lines. Battles were going on everywhere. The German troops were mostly units of the German 7th Army, who had escaped encirclement at the Falaise Gap. They were desperate to get back to the defensive position of the famous Siegfried Line. We had gotten ahead of them in our run across France. The 1st Infantry Division had joined the 3AD for the attack on Mons, and together the two divisions killed and captured 30,000 German troops in a three-day battle. Among those captured were three German generals. I remember clearly having tanks on a hill on the outskirts of Mons and seeing a large German column moving up the valley below. The column included a large number of horse-drawn artillery guns. Our tanks opened up on the column and decimated it. As a former cavalryman, I remember sadness about the killing and wounding of the horses, but no sympathy for the troops who were killed. That is how hardened combat veterans react to the killing of enemy troops. Although the battle at Mons has never been heard of by the average citizen, it was crucial because it kept 30,000 German troops from reaching, and defending, the Siegfried Line.

After Mons, the 3AD moved on east toward Namur and Liège, crossing the Meuse River on a bridge built by our 23rd Armored Engineer Battalion. One day, I was given command of a small task force with the mission of determining whether a large dam had been prepared for demolition with explosives. Had it been blown, the water would have flooded a huge area through which the 3AD planned to pass. A patrol from my unit found no evidence of preparation for demolition, but while in the area, we liberated the city of Verviers.

At the city hall, I was approached by a very fine-looking man in riding britches and boots. He spoke good English and asked if I was in command of the troops. After I said yes, he identified himself as a member of the Belgian underground (Armée Blanche). He took me in the city hall and showed me maps of German positions in the area. He said the Germans had recently pulled out of the city but were on the outskirts. As there was no shooting going on in the city, young girls and other citizens came out to welcome us. The troops loved being hugged and kissed by pretty young girls and after we left Verviers, whenever I had a soldier go AWOL, he had gone there to see one of the girls. From a hill on the east side of Verviers we spotted a large column of German troops and vehicles moving down a road about a half-mile in front of us. My battalion had ground-to-air radio and we saw several P-47 fighters in the air.

The rule was that when you saw a target of opportunity such as this, you radioed Division Headquarters and asked for air support. If they thought the target deserved air, they would contact the pilots themselves. We had gotten to know the nicknames of some of the P-47 pilots by listening to their transmissions between each other. I decided that if we had to go through Division Headquarters, the column would be gone, so I called "Dixie" direct on our ground-air radio and told him we had a good target for him and the two other planes with him. "Dixie" said he could not see the target so we fired a smoke shell from a tank and marked the head of the column. The pilots spotted the column and started attacking it from low level with their 50-caliber machine guns. The column was destroyed and many of the personnel were killed. The P-47 pilots had been giving us close support since early in the war and we loved that airplane. Often when the pilots were giving us close support, they were strafing such a short distance in front of us that the links on the bullet belts would fall on our vehicles.

About September 12, my battalion occupied the town of Roetgen, marking the first German town to be occupied in World War II. Our next target was the Siegfried Line, a formidable defense barrier running the length of the German border with France. The Siegfried Line was a series of so-called "Dragon's Teeth" backed by many thick concrete "pill boxes," which housed both large guns, machine guns and riflemen. The pillboxes were staggered so that if you got by one, there was another one backing it. The "Dragon's Teeth" consisted of rows of fairly tall solid concrete barriers, a real obstacle for tanks. If a tank tried to go over the barrier, its belly would be exposed and that was its most vulnerable section. Our armored infantry got over the "Dragon's Teeth" but came under a blistering fire from the pillboxes. Finally, our engineers blew a hole in the teeth with explosives and another tank with a blade on it made an opening. Some tanks got through these gaps, but many of them were knocked out once they got inside the pillbox maze. My battalion ended up inside the Siegfried Line at a town called Busbach, which was heavily defended. We, together with a company of the 1st Infantry Division, were given the job of taking this town. This was house-to-house fighting, which is both slow and dangerous. Our tanks would blast a building and the infantry troops would follow up with hand grenades and rifle fire, one house at a time.

We had been fighting there for one and a half or two days when the worst catastrophe of my army career came to pass. I was still in temporary command of the 83rd Rcn. Bn., but the job required a lieutenant colonel and I was only a major. A lieutenant colonel (whom I shall refer to as Colonel X) arrived to be battalion commanding officer. I had not previously been associated in my Army career with anyone with whom I could not get along, but Colonel X was the exception. He was a dour, mean-spirited West Point graduate who was older than most of his classmates, many of whom were full colonels. I think this grated on him and contributed to his sour disposition. I had just greeted Colonel X and welcomed him aboard when he said he was relieving a company commander, who was, I thought, the best combat leader in the battalion. When I told Colonel X this, he said he had already seen that company and observed that the men were unshaven, their uniforms were dirty, and that showed there was improper discipline in the company. I explained that the men had been fighting continuously for several days and had not had time to shave and clean up. I also told him that the captain had been with the battalion for several years and was a tried and true combat leader.

He replied that our battalion was a nice fraternity but he was going to break it up and this was the first step. My plea for the captain fell on deaf ears and he was shipped away. After I briefed Colonel X about the disposition of our troops, he said he wanted to cross a street intersection in front of us and see what was going on. I told him we had not cleared the houses on the other side, and that they held enemy snipers and probably machine guns. He said he didn't think there was any danger and insisted that I cross the intersection with him. I knew that if I refused, he would probably have me court martialed for refusing to obey a superior officer. On the other hand, I was certain that if we crossed the intersection, we would be easy targets for snipers. I decided to go with him and we crossed the intersection and were walking along the sidewalk beside a brick building. Almost immediately, a sniper in a building across the street fired a burst of bullets with a sub-machine gun. The brick wall beside us was hit and brick chips fell all over us. Fortunately, there was an open door beside us and we both dived through it before the sniper could fire another burst. Once we got inside the building, I looked at Colonel X and his face was white as a sheet. Although I was frightened, I smiled to myself knowing the "brave" Colonel X seemed to be more afraid than I. He never apologized for almost getting both of us killed for no good reason and for not heeding my warning to not cross the street.

"Hell's corner" in Busbach, Germany

After Busbach, we moved on to Stolberg and got halfway through one part of the city before hitting strong resistance. The Germans held one side of the street and we held the other. Because we had run from the Seine River into the Siegfried Line in 18 days, troops and vehicles needed maintenance. For that reason and the fact that we were building up supplies for the Rhine River crossing, we did not try to push further into Stolberg. During the days that we stopped here, there was a constant exchange of shellfire and small arms fire and close range encounters between patrols from each side. We set up the headquarters of the 83rd Rcn. Bn. in the basement of a big house to give us some protection from the artillery shells and other types of enemy fire. The basement was damp and I got the flu. Since there were no medical facilities available, I was put in the house of an older German woman. She brought me tea and sandwiches and I gave her some of my rations. As half of Stolberg was still in German hands, I kept wondering whether German soldiers might come visiting me in my sickbed, but none did.

On December 16, the front suddenly erupted in an action that shocked the Allied World. The Germans in a last-ditch effort had committed their finest tank and infantry troops to a breakthrough into the Ardennes in Belgium. This was the beginning of the "Battle of the Bulge." The weather had been so bad prior to this move that our aircraft had been grounded. Otherwise, this huge enemy build-up could have been detected earlier. We received orders to pack up and move out immediately and back to Belgium we went. The night march was a nightmare. It was black, the weather was bitter cold, and a dense fog settled in at dark. We, of course, were traveling without lights and drivers were frequently edging off the road. Tanks and other vehicles became mired on the road shoulders, blocking the road behind them. This was December 18, and we finally made it to our assembly point near a town called Manhay. We soon found that the Ardennes was a worst case scenario, particularly for tank warfare. The area was very hilly, the roads were narrow and many of them were sunken roads between a high bank on one side and a drop off on the other. It was freezing cold, snow and ice were on the roads, and tanks and other vehicles were constantly sliding off the road. In this type of terrain, if the lead vehicle in a column gets knocked out by enemy fire or is otherwise stopped, the entire column is blocked. We found ourselves in a new kind of war here. Before this, we had a good idea where enemy front lines were. In the Ardennes, there were no front lines. The Germans were everywhere with orders to take no prisoners. Most of their troops were SS Panzer tank units and SS Infantry troops, both Hitler's finest. All types of German tanks, not just the huge Tiger tanks with 88-mm. guns, were superior in high-velocity guns and armor to the biggest tanks we had (the Sherman medium tank).

After marching all night, we were put into battle almost immediately. Colonel X, being the senior officer in the area, was put in command of three small task forces which were ordered to traverse different routes. I was ordered to command the task force on the middle route. The equipment assigned to my task force was in no way adequate to fight German tanks and it was not long until my lead elements encountered many enemy tanks and a large infantry force. All three task forces ran into heavy opposition and the German forces were coming at them not only from the front, but also the flanks and rear. I got a radio call from my 83rd Rcn. Bn. that it had run into superior enemy forces; then I lost radio contact with this unit and had no idea where it was. The commanding officer of a company of six medium tanks attached to my task force reported that most of his tanks had been knocked out by enemy tanks.

As darkness approached, a thick fog settled in and visibility was almost zero. I still had no radio contact with my forward units and was at my C.P. (command post) with a small group of armored cars and halftracks. Sometime during the night, a lieutenant with me reported that German infantry had bypassed us on the right flank. We could not see them to shoot, but he had heard them speaking German. Since they were headed toward Colonel X's C.P. (which was some distance behind us) and might attack him and his staff, I reported the situation by radio and asked if he wanted us to send the small force that was left with me to try to intercept them. He responded that he did. I sent them back with orders to try to find an intersecting road between my C.P. and that of Colonel X and try to intercept them. I am not clear on this because nobody ever told me what happened, but I think the group went all the way back to Colonel X's C.P. and he assumed we were retreating. I was still at my forward C.P. when Colonel X, by radio, ordered me back to his C.P. He relieved me of command of the task force and sent an infantry battalion commanded by a lieutenant colonel into my zone. I had been begging all evening to get Colonel X to send me some infantry troops, but never got any. Colonel X told me I was relieved as commanding officer of the task force, but never told me why. The C.O. of the third task force was also relieved. We had been battered by far superior German forces, as had the other two task forces. One of them got surrounded by Germans, shot up all their ammunition, and were ordered by Maj. Gen. Rose (the 3AD commander) to destroy their tanks and other equipment and try to get out on foot at night. I am glad to say they got back to Allied lines safely.

No official charges were ever brought against me after I was relieved as C.O. of the task force. I was told to submit a written report of my actions on the night in question. I did this and never heard anything in response to the report. In any event, I felt this was my chance to sever all connections with Colonel X and I applied for a transfer to the 2AD (2nd Armored Division), the division with which I had started my career at Ft. Benning in 1941. The request was granted and I was assigned to the 1st Battalion 67th Armored Regiment as executive officer (second in command). I finished the Battle of the Bulge and the war with this unit. The battalion C.O. was a lieutenant colonel (to whom I shall refer as Colonel B).

The change from Colonel X to Colonel B was one of my happiest experiences of the war. A few years older than I, Colonel B was a brave and excellent combat leader. He looked after his men and was highly respected by them. He was a gentleman with an engaging personality and a good sense of humor. We bonded almost immediately. He was a graduate of Norwich in Vermont, which, like VMI, was an all-male military college. He knew of and respected VMI graduates, unlike many of the West Point graduates who felt if you did not go to school there, you did not belong to the elite officer ranks. Those of us who went to other military colleges used to refer to the West Pointers as the WPPA (West Point Protective Association), a label we claimed gave them an advantage when it came to promotions and good assignments. Even so, some of my best friends were West Pointers.

The 2AD was located near the front edge of the German penetration (the Bulge) with the mission of stopping any further penetration. Although the snow, freezing weather and the terrain created the worst possible conditions for armored warfare and the fighting was fierce, our battalion carried out all its assignments. It was undoubtedly the worst Christmas that most of us had ever spent. On Jan. 17, 1945, elements of the Third Army coming up from the south met us, the point of the Bulge was sealed off, and the German thrust had failed. When the Bulge battle ended, our vehicles and our personnel needed maintenance. We set up

headquarters in a picturesque little village named Remouchamps, at the edge of the Ardennes. The innkeeper there allowed us to use part of the inn as our headquarters and we shared our rations with them. They ate heartily because food had been scarce since Belgium was occupied by the Germans almost four years earlier. The innkeeper had a young daughter who was about 17 years old. When I visited Remouchamps in 1989, the 45th anniversary of Allied victory in Europe, the girl was in her early sixties and she and her husband were running the inn. Her father had died.

It was now time to move back to Germany and prepare for the crossing of the Roer River. The river was so flooded that it could not be crossed. This gave us a fairly long period to stop for training and to indoctrinate the green replacement troops, who were sent to fill the gaps in our ranks. Some were killed or wounded quickly because they did not have the experience of the veterans. During lulls in fighting when we were out of range of German artillery fire, Red Cross girls would come to us in two and a half ton trucks and serve coffee and doughnuts to the troops. Colonel B was attracted to one of these girls and she to him, and they saw each other whenever the girls came up. This developed into a real wartime romance and they were married as soon as the war in Europe ended.

We crossed the Roer River at Julich on February 26, on a bridge built by our engineers. Julich had been flattened by artillery fire. The march from the Roer to the Rhine was marked by fierce defensive fighting by the Germans who were making a last-ditch stand. Casualties in vehicles and personnel were heavy because the battalion was constantly being assaulted by tanks, anti-tank, artillery and bazooka fire as well as small arms fire. At several times during this drive, our old friends, the P-47 pilots, attacked enemy tanks and other obstacles to our progress. On March 28, we reached the western bank of the Rhine River at Wallach. The engineers had built one bridge and were working on another downstream. We crossed the bridge that night under blackout conditions, a very hazardous trip, but we came under no enemy fire during the crossing. One of the towns we liberated after crossing the Rhine was Beckum, which was a short distance from Ahlen, a very important road junction which we had already taken. When we arrived on the outskirts of Beckum, we positioned tanks around a perimeter of the town.

At that time, we had a psychological warfare tank attached to the battalion. This tank was equipped with a loudspeaker and one member of the crew could speak fluent German. At the edge of town, he turned the volume up on his speaker and announced that American tanks were on the outskirts of town and that if the Germans would not surrender, we were going to trash the town. Of course, he hugely exaggerated the size of our forces. Not knowing whether we had to take the town by force, I eased with my jeep driver down a street toward the center of town. Soon we captured a German major who was apparently the commander of the troops in the town. He had set their headquarters building on fire to destroy records and arms and was somewhat inebriated. I put him up on the hood of the jeep so that if we came under fire, he would be the primary target. I let him know that I wished to be taken to the burgomeister and he directed me there. Then I radioed the psychological warfare tank and told them I had not yet been fired on and to come down the street that I had used. When the tank arrived, I ordered both the German major and the burgomeister to get on the loudspeaker and announce that if there was any resistance, we would bring our tanks in and reduce the town to rubble. They did as ordered and in a few minutes, some of the citizens began to hang sheets out of the windows, signifying surrender.

We found out a little later that the German troops had pulled out to the far side of town. I radioed Colonel B and told him I thought we could take the town without firing a shot and he moved the battalion through. By the time we exited the town on the far side, it was dark. I was leading the column in my jeep and was trying to read a map with my blackout flashlight in order to select the route. All of a sudden, my jeep driver jumped out and started running back toward the town. He yelled to me to look out and when I looked up, I was face to face with an 88-mm. gun on a German "Tiger" tank. I abandoned the jeep in a hurry and jumped in a ditch. I lay there quietly for a few minutes listening for Germans talking. When I heard nothing, I got out of the ditch and approached the tank, which had been abandoned. I assumed it had run out of gas, because it was intact. At that stage of the war, gas for German vehicles was becoming very scarce. I "spiked" the big gun by throwing a thermite grenade down the barrel, retrieved my jeep driver, and moved on. Colonel B recommended me for a Silver Star for my actions at Beckum.

In early April, our battalion reached the Weser River. The two bridges were blown, but the engineers put in a new one in a hurry and we crossed just before dark and secured some towns on the far side.

During the last days of March and the first part of April, we were encountering enemy pockets of resistance, but the fighting was less fierce than in earlier days. We were taking more and more prisoners as the German soldiers realized that the end of the war was not far away. At one point, I had to go back to Belgium to a maintenance unit there to see how soon we could expect to get some of our damaged tanks back. It was getting dark when I approached the town there and blackout had recently been lifted in that part of Belgium. I saw a light in a window for the first time in almost two years and it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. It made me think of home and the possibility that it might not be long before I would see lots of lights in windows. I suppressed my homesickness and traveled back to war.

On April 11, we ran into heavy enemy resistance at the town of Oschersleben. They were using artillery mortars, 88-mm. guns and automatic and small-arms fire. Our attack had bogged down and I left my tank and went forward on foot to try to get some infantry troops moving. I was successful and we cleared out a pocket of resistance. During the attack, a machine gun bullet creased my neck and ended up right at my windpipe, but did not penetrate it. The wound was not sufficiently serious to seek any help except first aid. I was awarded a second Silver Star and a Purple Heart for action at Oschersleben. At this late stage of the war, we had moved so fast that we were 50 to 100 miles ahead of where many Germans realized.

As we left Oschersleben, we learned there was a German airfield ahead. We stopped for the night and early the next morning we surrounded one side of the airfield with tanks. When the surprised pilots realized we were there, they came running out of their barracks and tried to get their planes off the ground. Only one succeeded and we shot him down. There were 27 planes on the ground and most of them were on fire, causing an eerie glow in the early morning light. Earlier, we had surprised two German trains carrying weapons by using a tank shot through the engine boilers. They sent up great clouds of steam. The engineers of these trains thought we were 100 miles away.

On the morning of April 12, we reached the western shore of the Elbe River, the last major barrier between us and Berlin. The city of Magdeburg nearby was still held by German forces and we were to attack there after a saturation bombing by some of our B-26 bombers. We were told the first flight of bombers would drop their bombs at the north end of Magdeburg and the other flights were to gradually drop their bombs back toward the south end until the city had been well covered. We put our battalion around a block behind the south end of the bombing zone and ordered the troops to stay in their tanks until the bombing was over, at which time we were to attack the city. Some of us went up to the top floor of a building to observe the bombing. We were sitting on stools and chairs and had a good view of some of the buildings in front of us which were about two miles away. One of the bombs hit an ammunition dump and, all of a sudden, there was the loudest explosion I have ever heard. The blast blew us off our stools and chairs, and glass from the windows and plaster from the walls was flying everywhere. We had picked ourselves up off the floor and resumed our watch when there was a second huge explosion that floored us again, but this time there was no flying glass, because there was none left to fly. As we watched the bombers dropping their patterns back in our direction, the last flight came over and dropped their stick of bombs short and right in the middle of the block that our tanks surrounded. We felt sure that some of our troops had been hit, but they had stayed in their tanks.

After the fall of Magdeburg, we stayed on the west bank of the Elbe River while the politicians decided whether the Russians or the Allied forces would be allowed to take Berlin. At this time, the Russians were closing in on Berlin from the east. Berlin was being bombed around the clock. We were close enough to see the flashes from the bombs being dropped by night. There were some Germans dug in across the Elbe and, having fought our last fight at Magdeburg, we had some time on our hands. We would go to the top floor of some tall buildings on our side of the river and take a shot at every German who exposed himself on the other side. We also acted as artillery forward observers and called in to the artillery behind us to harass those Germans with artillery shells. This was the easy way to fight a war. At this point in the war, the civilians knew the war was lost and they tried in every way to curry favor with the Allied troops. Hitler was an S.O.B. and none of them had ever liked him. They all had a cousin in Milwaukee or some other U.S. city. The propaganda that Hitler had spread had made the German civilians believe that we would massacre them if they lost the war.

While we waited for the decision about the taking of Berlin, we were given the duty of getting displaced persons back to their own countries. Many of these people despised each other and we had to be stern with them to keep them from attacking each other. On May 1, a Russian day of celebration, some of the displaced Russians found what they thought was alcohol and celebrated by drinking it. It was acetone, used to coat airplane wings. Many died and many others became deathly sick.

On April 12, 1945, I was listening on a tank radio to BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) when I heard of President Roosevelt's death. I had liked the President because he had done a good job in assuring the Allied troops of a constant supply of food, ammunition, fuel and fighting equipment.

The official announcement of VE Day was on May 9. There was no big celebration because we felt we had won the war before this. I had hoped to be coming home soon, but the

Russians had been allowed to take Berlin and the city was being divided into four zones, one for each of the four nations: the United States, Russia, France and Great Britain. The 2AD was to go to Berlin to help outpost the U.S. zone.

From day one, the Russians, our allies in name, created problems for us. Our first contact with them was at a bridge site on the Elbe River, where they were building a bridge the old-fashioned way by splitting trees and using nails from a blacksmith shop. We told the Russian officer in charge of the bridge project that we were due in Berlin that night and needed to speed things up by letting our engineers throw up a temporary bridge. The officer told us they were going to build the bridge however long it took and we could forget our engineer bridge. In order to get to Berlin on time, we had to take a long detour and march all night. We first encountered a number of Russian troops when we reached the far side of the Elbe. At first glance, I thought I was seeing a band of gypsies. They had taken from the Germans everything they could possibly move. They had horse-drawn wagons filled to the brim with mattresses, furniture, lamps, food and tools. The soldiers themselves were a rag-tag looking group, but I guess this was excusable because they had been in combat for a long time. It was a real shock to realize this represented a segment of a formidable combat army.

When we arrived in Berlin, I was the C.O. of the battalion. Colonel B had turned it over to me, because he was back in Belgium getting ready to marry the Red Cross girl he had courted. We were assigned outpost positions along the perimeter of the U.S. zone and manned them with men and weapons immediately. It did not take long to discover what a mistake the politicians had made in letting the Russians take Berlin. Until three of the four zones were taken over by the other countries, the Russians had free access to the entire city. They were looting, raping and killing civilians. The people of Berlin were so afraid of the Russians that they welcomed us as if we had been allies of the Germans all along. When we outposted our segment of the U.S. perimeter, the Russians were no longer permitted in our zone. But, having had free access to all of Berlin, they wanted to keep it that way. When they encountered our roadblocks and were forbidden to pass, they tried to force their way through. More often than not, they were drunk because they had seized a lot of alcohol and wine in warehouses. I went to Russian headquarters near our zone and, through an interpreter, told the C.O. there that he had to put a stop to what was happening. In the headquarters, I was surrounded by a lot of unfriendly looking Russians and I wasn't sure whether I was going to get out. Finally, the C.O. appeared and I told him why I was there. He was a major, but told me he had absolutely no authority to stop what was going on and any such order would have to be given by a general. I thought what a peculiar chain of command.

Drunken Russian soldiers continued to try to get through our outposts and I was afraid some of our troops might get shot. I went to the 3AD commanding general and told him of the problem. He was sympathetic, but said the politicians were saying the Russians were our allies and we should try to avoid any strong action against them. Finally, an order came down that gave permission to use force. I told all of our outpost soldiers that they could use the amount of force necessary to stop the Russian aggression. That night, when two Russian soldiers tried to force their way through one of the outposts, our men shot and wounded both of them. That was something the Russians understood and that was the end of the problem.

Our soldiers in Berlin were at first forbidden to fraternize with German girls. The day the ban was lifted, most of the soldiers appeared on the street with a girl. Someone jokingly said

our soldiers knew how to make friends fast. Of course, they had been fraternizing in secret all along.

When Colonel B (whose nickname was "Batch") turned the command of the battalion over to me, he told me of his plans to marry Anne, the Red Cross girl, as soon as VE Day was made official. He asked me to be his best man at the wedding. At that time, it was illegal for a couple to be married in Germany, so they went back to Belgium and were legally married in a civil ceremony. However, Anne's Red Cross friends wanted a ceremony and reception in which they could participate, even if the marriage ceremony in Germany would not be valid. The ceremony was held in Bad Nauheirn and I went there in a jeep from Berlin. It would not have been possible to have had a finer ceremony and reception than the Red Cross girls arranged. Anne had a German dressmaker make a wedding dress from a silk German parachute. A German baker made a beautiful wedding cake and there was more than enough champagne from a recently captured German winery. We had a band in the evening and danced and imbibed champagne. I drank more than my share and finally went to the Red Cross building and conked out. I had to be back in Berlin the next day and that jeep ride over battle-scarred roads was one of the most painful trips I have ever taken. I concluded that there is no hangover like a champagne hangover.

While still in Berlin, which had been reduced to rubble by hundreds of bombs, I received orders to report to a redeployment camp further west in Germany. My regimental commander tried to persuade me to make the Army my career. I had been in the Army for five years and gave it some thought, but when I saw who was staying and who was leaving, I decided to go back to civilian life.

The redeployment camps were the beginning of the journey home. There were numbers of them from Germany back to port cities in France, where you were put on a boat to go to the United States. The priorities for getting on a boat were based on how many points a person had. Points were awarded for time overseas, number of decorations, and some other factors. I had been oversees for almost two years and had five decorations, so I had a fairly good priority rating. I was moved through several deployment camps, including one near Paris. There was nothing to do in these camps except wait for your turn to get on a boat. Nobody

Colonel B and Anne's wedding cake From left, J. Randolph Tucker, May, Batch, Anne, Bob Stewart and Major Gus Hart.

in the camps checked on what you were doing. The boredom caused another officer and me to catch a ride to Paris, where we stayed for three days and enjoyed real life again. One day we were observing Place Pigalle (which the soldiers called "Pig Alley"), which is sort of a carnival in the street, when along came a VMI friend driving a confiscated Mercedes painted olive drab and marked with the numbers of his military unit. He was the officer in charge of occupation forces in some German town. We climbed aboard and started cruising around the streets. Soon, we spotted another VMI friend and picked him up. Shortly after that, we saw another VMI friend in a sidewalk café. He came aboard and we had a small VMI reunion in a matter of an hour or less.

When we returned to the redeployment camp, nobody had missed us and my name had not been called for boarding a boat. Soon I boarded a boat at Le Havre and headed home. We docked at Newport News very close to where I had reported in when I joined the Army. We were taken by bus to Ft. Eustis, where there were pretty girls and a wonderful meal, including good filets, which we had not seen for several years. I had to go to Ft. Meade in Maryland to get my termination papers. I was not officially discharged at this time, because I had terminal leave built up that took me into January.

During this terminal leave period, I was promoted to lieutenant colonel, which was the proper rank for a battalion commander. I caught the train back to Richmond, where I was met by my family at Main Street Station. What a thrill it was to be back with people you loved and know that nobody was going to shoot at you. This was September 1945, and I had been in the service almost five years. I was officially discharged in January 1946, as a lieutenant colonel in the reserves. My combat decorations included two Silver Stars, two Bronze Stars (one with V for valor) and a Purple Heart. I also had a European Theater medal showing that I had participated in all five of the major campaigns in Northern Europe.

Louise E. Wells

Army Nurse Corps– Lieutenant Colonel

I was commissioned a second lieutenant March 27, 1941, and entered the Army Nurse Corps at the Station Hospital, Ft. Eustis, VA. I was the only nurse for one week. We became about 15 nurses, all reservists, with 10 wards opened and the operating room staffed and functioning well prior to the arrival of a regular Army chief nurse. She seemed amazed that a group of "green" nurses fresh from civilian hospitals really knew what they were doing. The hospital commander assured her that the hospital was functioning extremely well.

In December 1941, after Pearl Harbor, I received a promotion to 1st lieutenant, transferred to Walter Reed Hospital for further training in January 1942. In the spring of 1942, I transferred to a very large station hospital at Ft. Bliss, TX. During the year there, the nurses were well educated in the needs for preparation for overseas duty.

From Ft. Bliss, I was assigned as chief nurse of the 60th Station Hospital located at Ft. Meade, MD. I was again the only nurse. A visit to the Surgeon General's Office in Washington, DC, could give me no instructions as to where we would get more nurses. Twenty-nine additional nurses joined us at Camp Kilmer, NJ. None had experienced any training for overseas duty. The chief of surgery and the adjutant assisted me in getting the equipment and the preparation they needed.

After boarding the ship at Staten Island, we were totally exhausted. Along with many other ships in our convoy, we landed in Oran, Algeria, on May 11, 1943.

Since Rommel had just been chased out of North Africa, our hospital, along with several other hospitals, was set up in tents and bivouacked on a large hill outside of Oran—very hot in the daylight hours and very cold at night. My most memorable quote was approaching a lieutenant from the Quartermaster for extra blankets. His comment was that he would gladly settle for front-line duty to get away from the 900 nurses on "Great Hill" asking for extra blankets.

After several weeks of becoming acquainted with who was where, and when we would eventually work in a functioning hospital, our unit was transferred by a French train to Tunis, Africa. We were located in the salt flats along with another station hospital about five miles out of Tunis. After the tents for patients were set up and the tents for staff were set up, the British provided electricity for us. Field Marshall Montgomery was in charge of the area we settled in.

Late in 1943, our hospital—500 beds, 30 nurses and other necessary personnel—was assigned to the Air Force on the island of Sardinia. We were established in a hospital building. Sardinia had been badly bombed by the Americans in order to chase the Germans out.

As our hospital planned to leave for Corsica, I moved to Italy with the 37th General Hospital from Brooklyn. We were really more Brooklyn than we were Army. As the war was winding down, I accepted an opportunity to return to the USA.

My fist assignment in the United States was Ft. Meade Regional Hospital in Maryland. After four years at Ft. Meade, I requested assignment for the Army of Occupation in Germany. I really felt I had hit the jackpot with an assignment to the 98th General Hospital in Munich. I believe our hospital was about 2,000 beds, and a research unit from Hartford, CT, was attached to do work in reference to hospitals. We usually had about three large wards (80 beds each) of hepatitis patients. The nurses were careful not to eat in local restaurants. While in Germany, I received many college cadets from the University of Maryland's night school.

From Germany, I was briefly stationed at Valley Forge Army Hospital in Pennsylvania and then attended nursing administration school at Ft. Sam Houston, TX. That was seven months. From school, I was assigned to Madigan General Hospital at Ft. Lewis, WA. My first Army Hospital with medical interns was quite a learning experience.

My last overseas assignment was with the 121st Evacuation Hospital at "Ascom City," Korea, between Seoul and Inchon. At this time, the 121st served as a general hospital. All other hospitals (military) in Korea were very small. We were 400 beds with 30 nurses and very busy. As chief nurse, I worked six days a week and was on call on Sundays. My off-duty recreation was visiting the Star of the Sea Orphanage in Inchon. Our hospital also sponsored a blind orphanage. The Koreans were wonderful people to work with.

My last assignment was as chief nurse of the Noble Army Hospital in Alabama. We were one of the smaller hospitals, but I had valuable experience in helping to open and supply a new permanent hospital.

Richard Cunningham Wight, Jr.

Army—Captain

Immediately after the Pearl Harbor attack, I applied for and received a commission in the Army. My first assignment was in Atlanta, where I recruited 200 enlisted men for an ordnance unit including mechanics, machinists in various grades, all within 90 days.

I received training at Camp Sutton near Charlotte, NC, at Aberdeen, MD, for ordnance instruction, then on to Camp Forest in Tennessee and then to Camp Pickett, VA. At Pickett we split the group, some to quartermaster.

I opted for overseas ordnance intelligence, waited six months for orders, then went to Ft. Hamilton in Brooklyn, waiting for deployment. I was put on a Liberty ship, John Sargent, at the height of submarine attacks in the North Atlantic. We left in a complete blackout and fog. Fortunately, the pilot tugs got us out to sea safely. We were in a convoy of 64 ships and took 20 days at nine knots zigzagging to elude torpedoes on the way to Gibraltar.

We were escorted by several fishing vessels to Oran, Algeria. On the way we saw many sunken vessels' masts above water. These were French ships, sunk by the British to keep them out of the hands of the Germans.

We set up an ordnance office in Algiers and were sent to a depot warehouse receiving requisitions for and distributing equipment. There were two divisions, automobile parts and ammunition. I recall the disgust of soldiers finding at long last that they were in the wrong line.

From Africa, with generals Patton and Montgomery feuding, we went on to Sicily and to Salerno to a replacement (personnel) depot since we were out of business in Africa. I couldn't get an assignment, but a good friend of mine was killed shortly after he got an assignment.

I asked for aviation ordnance in Italy and was assigned to the 15th Air Force Service Command in Naples, where many combat pilots were assigned to transports and bombers. After two weeks receiving the squadrons, we were to service two B-24 groups, each plane carrying 10 bombs. This was based at Toggia Plani just up the Atlantic Coast. This was a broad, open, flat area, perfect for an air base. I stayed in an old farm house. It was a destitute area.

Our planes were bombing Romanian oil fields. If targets were not located, the remaining bombs were dumped into the Adriatic, unarmed. No one wanted to land back at Love with a load of bombs—a little dangerous. After that mission, our planes made the eight-hour flight to drop bombs in Germany.

After two and a half years, the surrender came. We expected a 30-day leave and off to the Pacific.

I stayed in Naples for a week waiting for transportation home, then went on the cruise ship America arriving on July 30, 1945. I still remember the feeling of excitement and pride cruising into the New York harbor with crowds lining the docks cheering and flag-waving.

I was sent off to Fort Dix for 30 days, then I was scheduled for the Pacific. A group of us rented a cab and spent a while at home in Richmond. Another day I visited my sister in New York. She took us to the 42nd floor of the Rockefeller Center, where we could see the Normandie, which had caught fire and was on its side due to the weight of the water from the fireboats.

On August 6 on the way home we heard that the atomic bomb had been dropped. The Japanese had an "atomic-ache."

Between the bomb and the surrender, we were in New York and observed the ticker tape celebration in Times Square, largest crowd ever. The whole crowd went wild, just celebrating, no mischief.

I was discharged at Fort Meade in December 1945, elected not to re-enlist, and decided never to buy another brown suit.

B-24 bombing an oil refinery.

Richard Burwell Williams

Air Force— Captain

From Cerignola To Bucharest

The 739th Bomb Squadron, 454th Bomb Group made up of B-24 Liberator Bombers, arrived at our base near the town of Cerignola, Italy, on Jan. 25, 1944. We set up our operation in what had been an orange and olive grove. We lived in tents large enough to accommodate our cots and an inverted 55-gallon steel drum in which we burned high octane aviation fuel for heat. Some poor souls got the fire too hot and saw their tents and possessions go up in flames bonfire style. There were no more than three or four permanent buildings in the area, so most of our activities took place in tents.

Our first mission to Orvieto Air Field was over northern Italy and fairly close to Lake Nemi. Thirteen missions later I thought I was over the hump, but my superstitious tendencies got the best of me when I rolled out of my sack in that pre-dawn darkness on April 21. "Completed thirteen missions," I thought. "That should be a good omen." I was tired and rather hoped the mission would be scrubbed because of weather. I had an odd feeling.

We hastened through breakfast, a briefing and other preliminaries and boarded our B-24, which we called "Bugs Bunny" for our navigator, Bob "Bugs" Ralston. In a short time we were airborne and forming for our mission. As we circled, we saw thick black smoke billowing up. One of the crews apparently had a dead engine and crashed. It was rough but we couldn't stop.

By now we were headed toward the spur of the boot and the Adriatic Sea was beyond. Before long we could spot the coast of Yugoslavia. We continued to climb and the temperature began to drop. We were wearing our fleece-lined jackets, our flak suits and steel helmets over our fleece-lined flight helmets. As we passed over the mountains of Yugoslavia, we saw P-38 fighters flying cover for us. Unfortunately, they were not going all the way. We continued on over the tip of Bulgaria and across the Danube. Everything seemed to be going too well. We had seen neither enemy fighters nor flak.

We approached the target area, the marshaling yards in Bucharest. There was a thick layer of clouds below. The lead bombardier had opened his bomb bay and we followed suit. His first string of bombs could be seen and now it was our turn. "Bombs away!" I called over the intercom and closed our bomb bay doors. We were making our turn and heading for home. I thought, "This is too easy!" and sure enough it was. At that moment all hell broke loose. Three fighters attacked us. Our gunners were firing away at the fighters and I thought we were holding our own when suddenly there was a crash. I saw stars, literally. Something had hit the back of my head. The plane lurched and seemed to be heading into a dive at high speed.

I looked at Bob Ralston, our navigator, and saw blood running out of his left eye. I grabbed a compress and tied it over his eye then tried to communicate with the rest of the crew. I could get no contact. The intercom and oxygen systems had been knocked out and the passage to the flight deck blocked. I felt the back of my head. Whatever had hit me had ruptured my steel helmet and lodged in my skull, where it remains to this day.

Bob and I made a quick decision. I attached his parachute to his harness, attached mine and opened the nose wheel door. I tried to get him to jump but he balked and insisted I go first. To this day neither one of us could tell who jumped first. The oxygen had been knocked out so neither one of us was very clear. From that point I remember nothing until I came to and found myself floating toward the ground. It was absolutely quiet. Then the silence was broken by a Romanian yellow nose ME109 fighter, which headed toward me. I did not know what to expect. I had heard stories of American airmen who parachuted over Bulgaria and were shot at by the Bulgarian fighter pilots. One million thoughts quickly went through my head as I hung there. Fortunately, this Romanian pilot was not blood-thirsty. He circled two or three times, each time coming close enough to give me his prop wash and make me swing violently. As I got close to the ground he went on his way.

At about one hundred feet the earth seemed to rush up to meet me. This being my first and only jump, I did not know what to expect. I landed in a plowed field, which softened the impact. I pulled in my parachute and quickly headed for a hedgerow between two fields, much as a child hides by pulling a pillow over his head. But it didn't matter because a group of peasants in the field had seen me and, armed with pitchforks and shovels, they approached. I took off my bombardier wings and pushed them deeply into the earth. The peasants waved in a manner that made me think I was to go away, but they were waving for me to come to them. I got up and we started toward each other. They were friendly and kept saying "Fratres American, Nemfs (Nazi) nui bun." All this meant that they liked the Allies and did not like nor trust the Nazis. In spite of their feelings, they were afraid of the Nazis and would never help Allied airmen escape.

The group of peasants was chattering like crazy. Over and over again I heard "Fratres American, Nemfs nui bun..." as we walked along a dirt road to a village with gaily decorated buildings. We were met by Romanian soldiers who escorted me to the town hall, which was their headquarters. The peasants who had brought me in followed right along. Once inside, they offered me some "Easter bread" and milk. They then gave me a piece of cake and some goat's milk. I managed to drink the goat's milk, but must have made a face because they asked me if I would like sweet milk. I said "Yes, thank you," and they put some sugar in the milk. After much jabbering, they offered me a drink of tsuica. I accepted and they sent a young girl out to get it. She was dressed more like a city girl and I figured she was a refugee from Bucharest. She came back with a water tumbler of what looked like "white lightnin'." She took a sip, supposedly to show me that it wasn't poison. The tsuica was good and hit the spot. She did too! She was pretty and I wanted her to stand by.

In a little while a man dressed in civilian clothes came in. There was much conversation in Romanian between this man and the soldiers. Then he turned to me and said, "Come, I am taking you to headquarters."

The two of us climbed into an open-bed horse-drawn wagon and started what seemed a long slow ride to the next village where there was some kind of Nazi headquarters. On the journey, the man said "You are lucky! For you the war is over." I didn't figure it out nor did I figure him. He went on to say that he had worked for the ABC Clean Heat Corporation in Chicago. The rough dirt road had many ruts, and by the time we reached our destination, my ribs had begun to hurt like everything and I had trouble getting my breath. I had broken ribs jumping out of the plane when I hit the sides of the nose-wheel door opening. But until this time I had not been conscious of my broken ribs. I was helped out of the wagon and into the headquarters where they allowed me to lie on a cot. Two or three Nazi officers talked to my "clean heat" friend. I could make little out of their conversation. The tsuica may not have been poison, but it seemed to have had the effect of "white lightnin'." Before long we were joined by other airmen who had been captured that day. This was when Bob Ralston and I got together again. I had his 24-hour navigation watch, which thoroughly confused the Romanians with its 24-hour dial.

By now it was beginning to get dark. We were taken to a railroad station and the Romanians kept saying "Choo, choo. Choo, choo." At least that's what I thought they were saying. It seemed to make sense. (Who hasn't said, "Choo, choo" at some point in life when referring to an old steam-driven locomotive?)

It was dark when the train pulled in and we were loaded into one of the box cars. There were civilians, mostly peasants, in the car, but peasants or city folk, we could understand when they shook their fists at us and shouted, "Gangster American!" Our train ride was to Giurgiu (Choo, choo). When we arrived we were taken to what seemed like a makeshift garrison. I remember the dimly-lit room with high ceilings and a line of bunks with straw mattresses. Bob and I started our search for the rest of the crew, asking other airmen who came in. No one knew anything. Floating down in my parachute I had seen numerous fires from crashes and wondered if any had been our plane.

We got little if any sleep that night. My ribs were giving me a fit and we didn't know what was ahead for us. I questioned our decision to jump, but we couldn't change that now. Early in the morning we were awakened and marched to a garage where we met other POWs. A Romanian sergeant threw a chair at one of the guys with an injured leg. We had to restrain one of our guys from killing the S.O.B. From the garage we were taken to the hospital in Giurgiu.

First we were taken to the basement where we were stripped of our clothes and each put in a large oval galvanized tub. Peasant women who worked in the hospital bathed us. We were given hospital gowns and taken up to a large ward-like room, a bright, cheerful room with big windows that let in the warm sunlight.

After some time the doctor came around. He was a rather large man, possibly in his late forties, tastefully dressed—almost a Brooks Brothers traditional. Dr. Ionescu Miltiade was a friendly sort, much like people back home. He was a gentleman. He used to bring his young son of about ten or twelve to see us. Together, they would bring cigarettes and American magazines. In a 1939 issue of *Town and Country* I found a picture of good friends from Alexandria, VA. Also, I found a picture of a friend in *Spur*.

Altogether we were in the hospital two or three weeks. It seemed longer, but everyone there was friendly. On one occasion, Dr. Ionescu's young son brought us some beer, a welcome treat. One night shortly before we left the hospital for Bucharest, Dr. Ionescu had some steaks cooked for us. This was quite a change from the spinach soup that we usually had.

The following is a report of EarI W. Parker, Staff Sergeant, AAF, nose gunner in our airplane:

> "On 21 April, while flying over the capital of the country involved, three fighters attacked at 11 o'clock. Shooting fast, they hit with three 20-millimeter shells. At that moment, the interphones went out. I turned my turret in so that I could see the navigation compartment in order to let them know that the inter-phones were out, and I saw Lieutenant Williams bandaging the head of Lieutenant Ralston. Blood had already soaked through the bandages. I turned front to see the fighters and then, none coming in, turned rear once more and saw that the nose wheel doors were open. Lieutenant Williams was putting a parachute on Lieutenant Ralston. He called for me to come into the compartment, which I did, and I stood behind Lieutenant Williams while he helped Lieutenant Ralston over the nose wheels and into the well. Lieutenant Williams jumped immediately after him. Williams did not appear to be injured. I did not see the parachutes open."

Note: Bob Ralston believes that I centered Parker's nose turret so he could get out. Bob later got a report from C. W. Weir, the pilot, that the flight engineer managed to work his way through the passageway from the flight deck and stopped Parker from bailing out. Five planes lower down reported seeing the men passing, with parachutes opened. There is no supposition as to why they jumped, except that Williams thought Lieutenant Ralston was so wounded that he needed to be gotten out, and he jumped in order to take care of him, or that their oxygen went out. AAF says under those circumstances their chances of being a prisoner are enormous, or they may have trekked off and are now hiding trying to make their way out of the country.

Giorgiu to the Schoolhouse in Bucharest

When we entered the hospital, the Romanians had taken our G.I. shoes and left us with fleece-lined flight boots. Their belief was that it would help discourage any escape attempts. Well, the fleece-lined boots were not very comfortable in warm weather, not to mention their total lack of support for our feet.

Bob Ralston, two other POWs and I were discharged from the hospital and we were taken to a garrison in Giurgiu, which looked like it might have been a military school. It was late afternoon when we arrived. We were fed a light supper—the Romanians did not have an abundance of food. Following the supper, such as it was, we were put in a barred room with floor boards about halfway to the ceiling so we could not stand erect. We wanted to sleep so we wouldn't have been doing much standing.

That night the four of us were sitting in semi-darkness—the hospital had been so much more pleasant with its sunny exposure—when three Romanian officers came into our room. We didn't know what to expect, but they were pleasant and invited us into a larger, meeting room with a big table in the center and a single dim light hanging over it. One officer was a major

and the other two were captains. The major, like so many Romanian officers, said he had spent many years in the United States. In any case, they all spoke English and appeared to have pro-Ally leanings.

The officers spread a map of Europe on the table and pointed out the fronts. They told us that Hitler was headed west and was determined to cross the English Channel. "Who," they asked "is going to stop him?" "We are, we Allies are" we answered almost in unison. We Americans had a convincing way about us because we were proud of our country and our people and were filled with confidence. We believed in the United States and we had a purpose. We were a cocky foursome and the Romanian officers seemed to like us. The officers brought up a point that night that has always interested me. They indicated that they would like to see the Allies come up through Turkey and the Dardanelles into the Balkans and Eastern Europe. I don't know whether they also told us, or if I learned later, that Churchill wanted the Allies to use that route, but that Stalin and Roosevelt had vetoed it. The officers' visit ended on a friendly note. It seemed that they did not like their relationship with the Nazis. I don't think they had much trust of the Russians either. They seemed to be searching for some kind of reassurances.

We had a reasonably good night's sleep on the straw mattresses—bed bugs and all. The next morning we were awakened and loaded into a pick-up truck for transfer to Bucharest. It was a bright sunny day and our trip took us through beautiful rolling countryside. It was early spring and there were no signs of the ravages of war. The trip of 50-60 miles was uneventful, but the countryside made me feel a little homesick.

Our destination was the Iron Guard Barracks in Bucharest. There were already many allied airmen there—mostly Americans—who were being held for interrogation. It was a kind of holding point for POWs before sending us to "the Schoolhouse," Lagarule de Prisoneri No. 13. In the garrison we were held in a large room with many double-decker bunks. Every time we wanted to go to the latrine, which was in another building, we had to get a Romanian guard to go with us. All the guards were Romanian, but there were some German soldiers billeted in the barracks.

On one trip to the latrine I ran into some young German soldiers washing up. I will always remember one young German who gave us a friendly greeting and spoke very good English. The young fellow was particularly good-looking, about average build with curly blonde hair and a winning smile. He was eager to learn about Hollywood and movie stars. I told him all I could remember about the studios and night clubs from my two visits there. I think his ambition was to get to Hollywood as soon as the war ended. My Romanian guard, who could understand nothing, became bored and kept tapping me on the shoulder, and motioning me back to the security area.

While we were in the Iron Guard Barracks, we were interrogated by a Captain Christie. He was an overweight Romanian captain who spoke good English and had cooked up a good story to try to get us to talk. He claimed to have lived and worked in Detroit for some time before the war. He wanted to impress me with the fact that he had lived and worked in the United States for many years. He started talking about things he thought might be familiar to me, hoping to get me into a friendly talking mood. In trying to trick me into telling him something, Captain Christie claimed to know all about our crew. I knew nothing and what Captain Christie told me made no sense at all.

The second day of our stay in the Iron Guard Barracks, one or two American fliers tried to escape. They had made their way to the countryside where they had run into peasants working in their fields. Most Romanian peasants liked the Allies and were very friendly, but they were afraid for their own safety and were not likely to help, fearing that they might be severely punished. They would turn the would-be escapees over to Romanian authorities. The fleeing fliers were turned over to Romanian soldiers, who returned them to the Iron Guard Barracks where they were placed in solitary confinement.

After three days at the Iron Guard Barracks, we were moved to the Schoolhouse, on the southside of Bucharest. It was a fairly large building not unlike some of the older school buildings in the United States. The ground floor was a little over halfway above ground level. There were steps from the street level up to the main entrance, a typical main entrance to a school building of that size and age.

Off to the left as we faced the school, there was a tall fence with barbed wire running along the top. Close to the building there was a gate in the fence opening into a side yard. Immediately to the right inside the fence was a side door into the building, which opened onto a landing with steps to the first floor and to the basement. This door was used for anything and anybody brought into the building.

We were taken through the side door and onto the first floor where we were checked in. The Romanian colonel in charge of the prisoner of war camp had quarters on this floor. He was terribly overweight and could bellow like a bull. It was said that he would eat a dozen eggs each morning for breakfast and could eat a whole leg of lamb at a sitting. It turned out he was awfully lazy and we didn't see much of him. From the main floor there were wide marble steps to the basement, and there was a wide marble staircase to the second floor. We were escorted up these steps to our room which was on the front of the building and overlooked the street. There was a park across the street and a Greek Orthodox Church about half a block up the street.

The room was bright and sunny and had three rather large windows, wooden casement type, with black paper tacked to the inside of the windows themselves for black-out. The openings had barbed wire instead of screen wire, an advantage because having no screens, more air would come in. We didn't worry about flying insects. There were about ten old iron beds in this room and each had a straw mattress complete with bed bugs. With the beds there wasn't much space to walk around. There usually was a Romanian guard in the hall.

The hall outside our room was wide and there was a table with a light over it—what better place for a bridge game, which was going on all the time. Since there was only one deck of cards and only one table large enough, bridge was the popular game and had many kibitzers and that was the place to be if you knew bridge.

Passing the card game, we would run into a large fairly narrow washroom with a line of wash basins along one wall. Two Russian barbers were set up by the opposite wall (they, too were prisoners). They understood no English, but appeared to know Romanian and had an excellent sense of humor.

On the opposite side of the hall from our room there was a large auditorium complete with stage. There we had church services almost every Sunday. With the help of Romanian Princess Catherine Caradja, the American prisoners were given a few Anglican prayer books for the services, and one or two hymnals. Because there were so few hymnals, some of us bought small notebooks in the canteen and copied hymns into them. One hymn I copied was *The King of Love My Shepherd Is*, because I remembered that Mother had told me that it was one of her favorite hymns. I also copied the 91st Psalm in my notebook. I read it every night before I went to bed. It gave me strength.

One of the POWs in our room conducted the services. This fellow had planned to start training to become a Baptist minister right after the war. I think almost all of the POWs attended the services.

We may have had barbed wire on the windows and a Romanian guard at the door, but our room, crowded as it was, was bright and sunny. In the mornings we would first go downstairs to the mess hall to get our breakfast, usually imitation tea and brown bread. We all sat at bench-type tables. After breakfast most of us returned to our rooms and tried to get busy about something.

One of our roommates when forced to jump from his aircraft had grabbed a book that he happened to have with him on his last mission. The book was *So Little Time* by J. P. Marquand, a delightful book and very much in demand. My turn came and I borrowed it. On one morning after breakfast I picked up the book and settled in to do some reading. Just then I heard the wailing of the siren outside, and the guards inside the building started yelling "Alarum! Alarum!" Outside our window we could see people scurrying through the streets to the air raid shelters shouting, "Adipost! Adipost!" Some of the air raid shelters were located in the park across the street from the Schoolhouse. Many were no more than slit trenches which offered very little protection against bombing raids. We headed for the basement on the run. Most of us had wooden shower clogs for shoes so you can imagine the clatter we made as we ran down two flights of stairs to the basement. When we reached the basement, some would huddle under marble tables for protection. We later reflected on how stupid we were. If the table had cracked and large pieces of marble had fallen on us, we really would have been hurting.

Many of us would sit on the floor with our backs to the wall, knees drawn up under our chins. Some of these bomb strikes were close. I remember that after a string of bombs had hit we might find ourselves six feet away from the wall. The concussion as the bombs exploded bounced us across the floor. "Were you scared?" someone would ask. "Was I?" was all I could answer. What do you think? In the area of the park across the street there was an anti-aircraft gun that we called "Snapping Jack." That added to all the sound and fury. When the all clear sounded, we heaved a sigh of relief and climbed back up the stairs to find some kind of activity. The bridge game outside our room would already be in session, kibitzers and all—almost a continuous operation.

I went back to our room and picked up *So Little Time* with the idea of reading until lunchtime. Lunch often consisted of bowls of what looked like unflavored macaroni with paprika sprinkled over it and more brown bread. Some of the guys wouldn't touch the macaroni and would slide it down the table to me. I ate it because it was filling and I was

usually hungry. I didn't lose nearly as much weight as some of the others. We learned that we had to watch the brown bread because one or two of the fellows had found glass in it. Lunch and dinner meals varied a little. We might have choppa (onions) and apa (water) with brown bread. We might have spinach soup with the usual brown bread. Often we had goat's milk cheese with cucumbers and brown bread. On rare occasions we might get a small piece of mutton, chewable if we were lucky, otherwise it was gristle.

The kitchen and mess hall were run by the Russian prisoners. They took what they wanted and the Americans got the leftovers. The Russian prisoners also seemed to have more freedom. One afternoon I looked out a window and saw four or five Russians walking down the street with a Romanian guard. Well, we finally got a senior American officer in charge of the kitchen. He had some of the American enlisted POWs helping him and our food got much better.

At times when we were not expecting the 15th Air Force, we spent a lot of time looking out of the windows waving to people on the streets. There was always something going on. Occasionally there would be an open-bed wagon filled with the round loaves of brown bread stopped by the side gate waiting for someone to take the loaves in.

Frequently, a peasant farmer would ride by in his open wagon. We figured he must be a Greek Orthodox because he would cross himself and make the sign of the cross, when he reached the far side of the church. He came by so often we felt we knew him and began looking for him. Every city or town, no matter where it is, has some pretty young girls, and Bucharest, the "Paris of the Balkans," was no exception. The girls liked to walk down the street by the Schoolhouse with all us young fellows waving and yelling to them. Two walked by often in the afternoons. One afternoon when they were walking by it started raining, but they didn't seem to mind. They started skipping instead of running and were soaked through their pretty white blouses, which were almost "see through" anyhow. You know all the guys at the windows liked that.

Some of the Romanian words and phrases that Ed Lyman taught us fit right in when these girls walked by. Ed was a P-51 fighter pilot who was downed on a Ploesti raid and wound up in the Schoolhouse. He taught French and Romanian. Some of the best lines we learned in Romanian were "N'am vazut niceodata o dimnisora asa da fromoasa" meaning "I have never seen a girl so beautiful." Another was "Ce placere Pentru ochii" meaning "What pleasure to the eyes," and "Buna dimeneata" meaning "Good morning." These are just a sample of the lines we learned thinking we might yell at the young girls. Believe me, we tried out some of the sentences. All this was in the afternoons, because the day air raids usually came before noon.

Also in the afternoon, the POWs were allowed out into the side yard, a way of getting some exercise. Princess Catherine had gotten a basketball for us. There were various activities going on every day. For instance, there was an effort by one group working in teams to dig out underneath the Schoolhouse. The work was slow because the tools were poor and it had to be done when any guard on duty was out of earshot. I learned about this activity through the grapevine. It was something that had to be kept very quiet.

After supper each night there was always the question of whether or not the RAF (Royal Air Force) would come over. These raids, and the raids by the 15th Air Force during the day, worried us. The Romanians thought that both the 15th Air Force and the RAF knew where we were and avoided us just like they had missed the Red Cross freight car, which had been parked in the marshalling yards, because it had a big red cross painted on top.

When the RAF came we would hear the wailing of the siren then the guards would start shouting "Alarum! Alarum!" and we would hear people outside running down the street shouting "Adipost! Adipost!" As usual, we would run for the basement. Again, we would try to sit on the floor with our backs against the wall and our knees drawn up. As during the daytime raids, the concussion of the bombs would cause us to bounce across the floor. That was a bit frightening, but there was another aspect. The RAF used "screamers" on their bombs and that was really scary.

After the all clear sound we would heave a sigh of relief and most of us would light up a cigarette. We probably smoked many more cigarettes after these raids, but these cigarettes were the Nationals, a Romanian cigarette about half the diameter of an American cigarette and made with dry black tobacco. The Nationals came in little paper packs made of coarse paper without any foil or cellophane. When our supply was low and the canteen was closed so we couldn't buy any, we would smoke what we had, butt it and save the butt. The next time we wanted a cigarette we would smoke the butt. When the butt got too short to hold, we would butt it again and save the tobacco. When we had saved enough of the tobacco we would bum a cigarette paper off one of the guards and roll our own. By the time we smoked that hand-made cigarette, the tobacco was really black and strong.

We tried to keep busy when we were not sitting out air raids in the basement. Americans can do all kinds of things if they set their minds to it. Someone suggested Monopoly. Some of the fellows got together and built a Monopoly board with almost all the details. Many heads are better than one and with suggestions from all, this turned out to be a pretty complete game. One day some of us were in our room having a "bull session" and the Red Cross lady came in and gave each of us a card to write home. She said we could send four cards or one letter a month to our families. Some of these bull sessions were right much fun. We had a good group of roommates. Naturally, the subject often settled on girls.

After some weeks we discovered that there was a shower room in the basement and we were going to take a shower. Boy, that sounded great! When we got to the shower room we found three or four showers about eight feet above the floor. Though the water seemed to go in all directions, the trickling shower was a welcome sight. The showers didn't get rid of the lice.

The Romanian government had to pay us something. I am not sure what they paid me, but whatever it was, it enabled me to buy pastries and cakes from the Romanian who ran the canteen. He also stocked a few other things: "cigarettes, nougat, beer, roll, matches, cig holder, ice cream, notebooks and paper." The canteen manager said the pastries and cakes were made by the same bakery that made them for the royal palace. Whether that was true or not, the pastries and cakes were delicious and he had a hard time keeping them in stock. We had been in the Schoolhouse for some time when four Romanian princesses came to talk to us. One was Princess Catherine Caradja. The auditorium was filled and the ladies gave the impression that they were not happy with the Germans. One told us of the horrible times

they had had with the Russians during World War I. They found the Germans to be no better. She said it was "either the frying pan or the fire."

Princess Catherine's mother had started an orphanage in Romania. In 1919 Princess Catherine took over the orphanage estate not far from Ploesti. In the low level raid of August 1943, one B-24 crashed on her estate. With the help of some of the orphans, she extricated a crew member who had been left for dead. A couple of German soldiers came up at that time and tried to take the badly burned American officer, but the Princess held on to him. She then took the prisoner to an orphanage hospital for treatment of his severe gasoline burns. Princess Catherine did what she could to help the American POWs of this raid. She referred to them as "her boys" and visited the POW camp when she could. Those of us who were POWs from the high level raids of 1944 did not see the "Low Level POWs" almost until we were freed.

Princess Catherine insisted that we were prisoners of the Romanians and not the Germans. There had been some Romanians, as well as some Germans, who thought that we should be turned over to the Germans. Romanian Premier Antonescue was one of these and, worse than that, Antonescue's wife wanted American POWs to be taken out in the woods and shot. As it was, we tried to keep busy between the raids by the 15th Air Force and the RAF so we wouldn't have things like that on our minds.

One would not guess the crazy things we did to keep our minds occupied. In the evenings, we preferred to have our lights out and our windows open. One amusing night we recognized that there was a distinct difference between the Low Level POWs of 1943 and us, the high level POWs of 1944. We realized that we had brought along with us some of the finest natural gas producing equipment available. That night we produced operation "Blow Torch" or by today's standards, "Operation Flame-Out." These "blue light" activities would take place during black-out and would light up the room. (I don't think the RAF could have spotted it.) There was one flaw in the equipment. It had no anti-syphon device and one poor POW got singed. That closed down the operation for the night.

Toward what became the end of our stay as POWs, the Red Cross supplies finally came through. We received shirts and pants, cigarettes (better than the Nationals we had been smoking) and Woodbury soap. The Woodbury soap brought the fat Romanian colonel out of his quarters for a rare visit. We hadn't seen much of him, but when he smelled that soap he hung around begging anyone he could prevail upon to give him "just one bar."

On Aug. 17, 1944, Colonel James A. Gunn, who only a short time before had assumed command of the 454th Bomb Group at Cerignola, Italy, was shot down on one of the Ploesti missions along with two other officers from the 739th Squadron. They were held in a temporary confinement facility then taken to an interrogation camp outside Bucharest and finally to the permanent POW camps. The officers arrived at the Schoolhouse camp about August 20. The enlisted men were held in a camp on the opposite side of the city. Colonel Gunn was the senior officer at the Schoolhouse.

Somehow at sometime a radio had been acquired, but not all the POWs knew about it. The radio was brought out at night to listen to the BBC news broadcasts. On the night of August 23, 1944, it was learned from a news broadcast that King Michael of Romania had announced

that his nation had capitulated to the Allies. This was joyous news and you can bet it was not kept quiet. The Schoolhouse went wild. Actually, what I heard was that Michael and his mother, Queen Helen, had invited Antonescue, the Prime Minister, to the Royal Palace and had set a trap for him. When he came into the Palace, they had sprung the trap and had taken Antonescue prisoner. There were all kinds of stories running around, but one thing we knew, they had overthrown Antonescue, the Nazi Puppet.

The next morning we were assembled by a Romanian Army colonel who advised us to remain in the prison camp until further notice. You can imagine how well these instructions were followed when the gates were opened and we were no longer restricted to the area. Soon after the Romanian colonel left, Princess Catherine came to the Schoolhouse. She spoke to the officers and she was not as elated as one might think. She didn't like the Nazis, but she feared the Russians. I did not trust the Russians.

In most reports, the Russians, having started a drive down from the northeast, were given credit for bringing about the armistice and liberating the American POWs. I have always understood that the Romanians pushed the Nazis back toward the northwest. There was much ground fighting. The Romanian paratroopers were used, along with other Romanian troops, because in pulling back, the Germans had destroyed the Romanian planes on the ground. So the paratroopers had nothing in which to fly.

On August 24, we heard the loud wailing of the air raid sirens. Shortly thereafter, there was the bursting of bombs. The Germans kept up this indiscriminate bombing for three days and nights. During one raid, Bob Ralston and I were outside the Schoolhouse talking to a Romanian girl who used to walk by the Schoolhouse and wave. We ran to the adipost (slit trench) in the Park. We had given the girl some chocolate. After the raid she took us to a bombed-out building and her mother cooked some eggs for us. They were the first eggs we had had for a long time. Realizing that the slit trench was no protection, we went to the Schoolhouse basement for the next raid.

In the middle of Bucharest, the Germans had made a mess of the Royal Palace and also had wrecked the Royal Shelter hoping to get King Michael. He wasn't there. He had gone to an unknown destination. Another of the German targets was a large residential area. The residents had run to the slit trenches for safety. Many were killed when the slit trenches were blasted out of the ground. The buildings were hardly touched. Realizing that the American and Allied Prisoners of War were in a dangerous position with the German bombing and street fighting, Colonel Gunn worked to get the Romanians to agree to move the POWs to a camp a few miles outside of Bucharest.

After reaching an agreement, Colonel Gunn then tried to get a plane to fly to Italy to evacuate the POWs and prepare a plan to strike against the Germans, who were operating out of Banasea Airfield a few miles north of Bucharest. Suggesting the strike against the Germans at Banasea helped Colonel Gunn persuade the Romanians to arrange his flight to Italy. Preparations were made for a Romanian pilot to fly Colonel Gunn out of Popesti Airdrome in an ancient Savoia Marchetti. There was a crew of two Romanian enlisted men wearing sidearms, because Colonel Gunn wasn't trusted. The Savoia Marchetti took off from Popesti Airdrome, but returned in 20 to 30 minutes supposedly with engine trouble.

When Colonel Gunn alighted from the plane, he was met by a Romanian captain, Constanti Cantacuzene, commander of a fighter group, an excellent pilot, and a cousin of Princess Catherine. Captain Cantacuzene spoke excellent English. The captain offered to fly Colonel Gunn to Italy in the belly of a Messerschmidt. Colonel Gunn agreed.

The radio equipment was removed from the belly of the Messerschmidt and American flags were painted on either side of the fuselage. Fearing that information about their flight would reach the wrong people, Captain Cantacuzene put out the word that they would leave at dawn the next morning, August 28. When the flags were completed, and almost dry, Captain Cantacuzene helped Colonel Gunn climb into the radio compartment as if to try it out. The opening to the compartment was rather small. When Colonel Gunn was inside, Captain Cantacuzene slipped the cover plate over the opening, fastened it, climbed into the cockpit, and took off to Italy.

The flight from Romania to Italy may have been uneventful, but Colonel Gunn had been stuffed in the belly of the Messerschmidt without oxygen, with no way of seeing out, and no way of getting out in an emergency. They landed at the San Giovanni Airstrip, home of the 454th and 455th Bomber Groups. Colonel Gunn and Captain Cantacuzene were given something to eat, then hurried off to the 15th Air Force Headquarters at Bari, about an hour's drive. There plans were made for strikes against the Germans at Banasea Airdrome and for the evacuation of the prisoners of war. The next day the 99th Fighter Group made a strike against the Germans, followed by bombardment of units of the 15th Air Force, and destroyed the Germans at Banasea.

Part of the plan for the evacuation of prisoners involved Captain Cantacuzene. He flew a P-51 fighter plane to Popesti Airdrome, accompanied by two other P-51s. The captain landed at Popesti and signaled to the other two pilots that it was still safe for the evacuation. Those two P-51s climbed to a safe altitude and relayed the message on to Bari.

The first two B-17s arrived with P-51s flying as escort. These B-17s brought in a liaison party of medical officers, OSS and others to prepare for moving the approximately 1,200 POWs. Most of the POWs, including many from the Low Level Ploesti Raid of 1943, were in the camp outside of Bucharest, waiting for the B-17s to pick us up. Though more of the POWs were from B-24 squadrons than B-17 squadrons, the B-17's tail wheel could cope with the rough runway of Popesti Airdrome better than the nose wheel of the B-24s. It didn't bother us—we just wanted to get out.

While we were waiting, I thought of the great job the Romanians had done in taking control. I believed that they pushed the Germans out to the northwest and kept us out of the hands of the Russians.

Our day for evacuation was Aug. 31, 1944. We were taken by truck and bus to Popesti Airdrome to wait our turn to board the B-I7s as they came in. They would pull up, cut the two outboard engines, and a group of 20 men would run out and board. Each B-17 had been equipped in the bomb bays with boards for seats, which accommodated 20 men. Many Romanian soldiers had come out to see us off and many had insignia or other items that they offered as souvenirs for trade. I discovered that I wasn't much of a "horse trader" and don't remember what I wound up with.

Our turn came and we ran out to the B-17 that was taking our group of 20 to Bari. We had a beautiful trip and we thanked God for that. He was with us all the way. When we landed in Bari, about the first thing we had to do was take off our old dirty clothes and get dusted or sprayed to get rid of those pesty lice that we had picked up in the prison camp. Bob was then taken to the hospital in Bari, where they kept him overnight because of the injury to his eye.

The first night in Bari we slept in tents and on cots with mosquito netting on a frame around each cot. I had just gotten to sleep when there was an air raid alert. The siren woke me and I jumped off the cot and got myself thoroughly entangled in the mosquito netting. I wound up under the cot wrapped in the mosquito netting.

From Bari we were flown back to our groups and taken to our Squadron. The day after we got back, my brother-in-law, Froggie deBordenave, who was the Navy chaplain at Naples, drove over to see me. He said, "I didn't know what to bring you, but the supply ship had just come in, so I brought you a half crate of California oranges and a fifth of Seagrams VO!" That night we had a party. Froggie may not have been around the 739th, but he had a good idea of what had been happening during the past spring and summer. He wowed us with his stories of playing poker with the Navy pilots and winning all their money.

Orders dated Sept. 7, 1944, released us from the 454th Bomb Group and directed us to report to the C.O. of Replacement Depot No. 7 for trans-shipment to the United States. We went to Replacement Depot No. 7 and Froggie was on the ball. He immediately looked me up and asked me to bring a couple of friends and have dinner with him. Froggie came down and picked us up. Froggie, the Skipper of the Port, and the Executive Officer lived in a villa overlooking Naples harbor.

We had a fancy three or four course dinner with a white table cloth and all. After dinner, the seamen brought us liqueur and set up a movie for us to watch. That evening was a real treat to these former POWs. On our way back to the Replacement Depot, Froggie drove us around Naples and pointed out the Naval Officers Club and enlisted men's club. Froggie, among his duties as chaplain, was in charge of the clubs and had to use up any surplus money that was made. He would use all he could to make the clubs pleasant, and he would put them on free beer for about two hours every afternoon.

We didn't spend much time in the Replacement Depot. We were put on a troop ship, the SS Athos, headed for the United States. We landed at the New York Port of Debarkation, Fort Slocum. There, we had to get new uniforms. Bob Ralston and I got a lot of help from two nurses. The place that sold the uniforms couldn't fit them in time for us and the nurses offered to fix them. You can be sure we said yes. Well, Bob and I took the nurses to the Glen Island Casino that night. We had fun and Bob and I even sang *Mr. Moon* for the crowd. We were glad to be back in the good old USA.

When we left Fort Slocum, Bob was scheduled to go to AAF Redistribution Station #1 in Atlantic City, and I was to go to Redistribution Station #2 in Miami Beach. We have kept up with each other over the years.

Richard Arrington Wiltshire

Army Air Force—Staff Sergeant

On Jan. 28, 1945, I was flying as a flight clerk in a C-47 aircraft on the return leg of a routine scheduled flight between Shanghai, China and Taihoku, Formosa. Our pilot tried unsuccessfully to get a weather report shortly after take-off from Formosa. About one and a half hours out of Taihoku we were told the field at Shanghai was closed and to return to Formosa.

During the flight, high winds blew our plane off course. After we had flown about a half-hour, the island had not been sighted. We decided to ditch the plane before dark. Descending through the overcast, we saw a small island, which turned out to be Kotosho.

Since the coast was too rocky to land, our plane was ditched about three miles off shore and the crew reached shore in life rafts. We were greeted by a shouting, spear-wielding group of tribesmen. Fortunately, our colleague Lieutenant Kerr, had studied the island group and convinced the natives to help. We spent the night on the island and were picked up the next morning in response to our distress call.

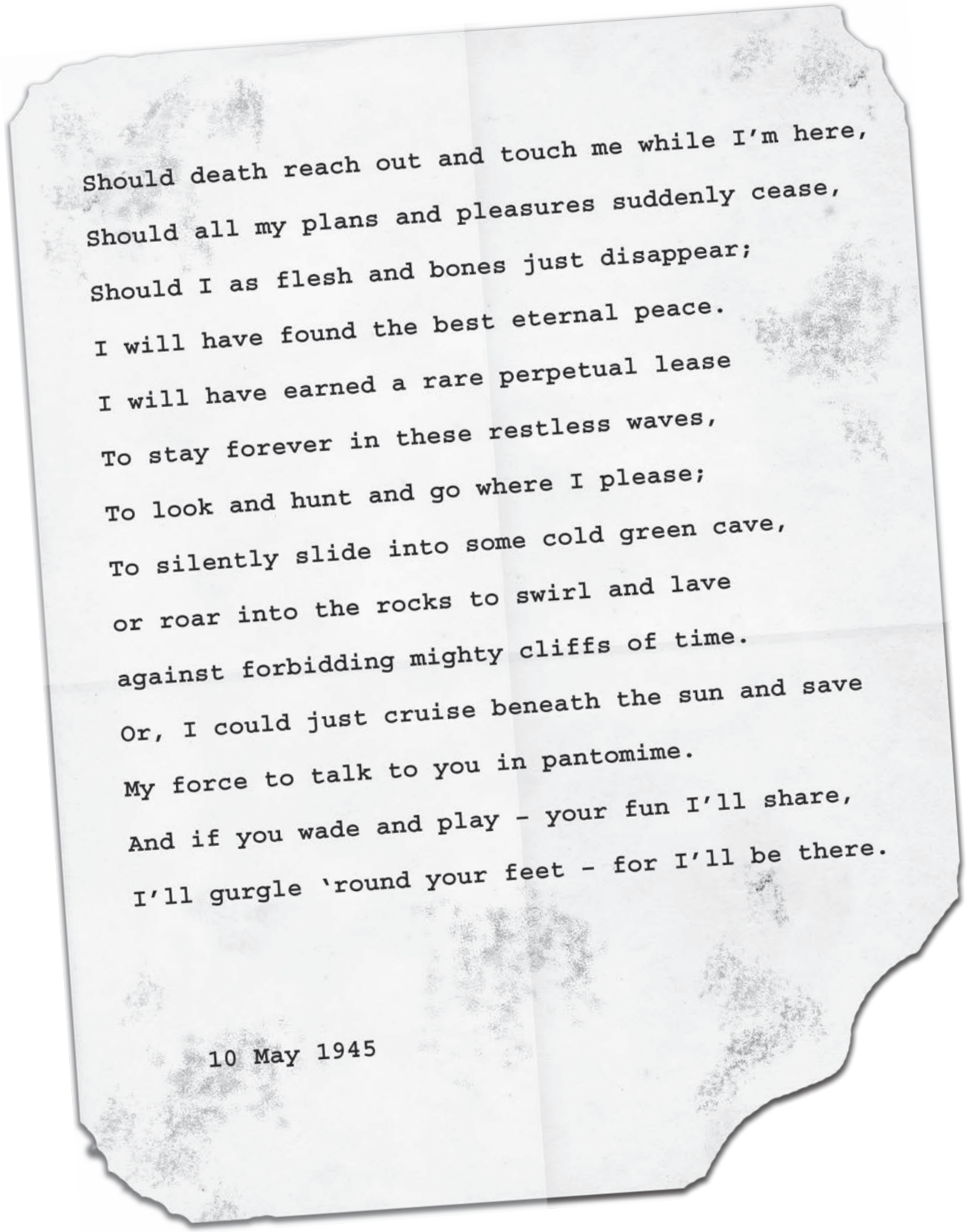
Strangely, my mother received a letter from Langley Field command saying I was missing, several days after I had sent her a news clipping that I was safely at my base in Shanghai.

For some reason, the War Department put this in my record:

"When the decision to ditch the aircraft had been made, Sergeant Wiltshire immediately checked all life saving equipment and briefed the passengers on ditching procedures. He assisted the passengers and crew to abandon ship and embark in the inflated life rafts. Sergeant Wiltshire's devotion to duty and skill in handling the emergency equipment represents a meritorious achievement."

The award was the Air Medal.

Military colleagues with members of the tribe discovered on Kotosho island.



Should death reach out and touch me while I'm here,
Should all my plans and pleasures suddenly cease,
Should I as flesh and bones just disappear;
I will have found the best eternal peace.
I will have earned a rare perpetual lease
To stay forever in these restless waves,
To look and hunt and go where I please;
To silently slide into some cold green cave,
or roar into the rocks to swirl and lave
against forbidding mighty cliffs of time.
Or, I could just cruise beneath the sun and save
My force to talk to you in pantomime.
And if you wade and play - your fun I'll share,
I'll gurgle 'round your feet - for I'll be there.

10 May 1945

Between raids, Navy Lieutenant Neil November wrote this poem in 20 minutes on digestible rice paper he had found in a Japanese cave. The Japanese Army used digestible rice paper for secret messages.

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Acknowledgements

The inspiration for *War Stories* came about through the interest in military experiences expressed during Memorial Day 2007 with gatherings uniting veterans throughout the community. Some of the renewed interest may have been inspired by the WCR Forum lecture on Neil November's experiences during the Battle of Okinawa. The War Stories Committee thanks all *War Stories* participants for sharing their military service histories and stories, and those who helped.

At the risk of serious oversight, we thank the following: Many residents were involved in the *War Stories* project. Bob Cross typed the handwritten submissions, putting them into a format to be edited. Earle Dunford edited and proofread each military history and war story. George Ossman collected and scanned photographs and memorabilia. Jo Ann O'Hara photographed veterans and archival information. Joanne Jones proofread the *War Stories* draft. Jane Haile Dawkins, a community volunteer, provided the scrapbook which was the model for the cover, and proofread a draft. Rebecca Hatch, graphic design specialist, designed the book's cover and layout.

Margaret Webb, director of public relations, was our staff support and the catalyst we needed. Without her skills, guidance and patience, this mission would never have gotten off the ground.

Foremost, the committee members salute Ed Adams for his vision and leadership. Ed led the *War Stories* process from initial idea to final product. His passion and diligence resulted in a successful project with participation from the majority of resident veterans.

This book is a true expression of Westminster Canterbury Richmond camaraderie.

WAR STORIES COMMITTEE

Westminster Canterbury Richmond
Richmond, Virginia

WAR STORIES COMMITTEE

Back, from left: Neilson Jay November, Charles Morris Terry, Jr., Charles B. Miller, Edward Reeves Adams
Front: Carl Max Lindner, Wilana May Kemp Madden, John Randolph Tucker, Jr.

Neil November Cmterry Edward R. Adams

C Miller

Carl M. Lindner, Jr

J. Randolph Tucker Jr.

Wilana May Kemp Madden