

P R O G R A M

Friday, October 12, 1984

REGISTRATION: 3rd floor during day  
Reunion fee \$110.00 per couple or \$55.00 per  
person  
Keys and room assignments for those who have  
pre-registered

DAY: Free time to get reacquainted with old and new  
Kriegies

NIGHT: Cash bar 7 to 8 P.M.  
Western style chuckwagon buffet 8 to --  
Free time later to attend shows of choice

Saturday, October 13, 1984

MORNING: Meeting, Kriegies only  
Sight seeing, Hoover Dam (extra cost item)  
Tour of Strip (extra cost item)

NIGHT: Dinner and dancing  
Cash bar 7 to 8 P.M.  
Dinner 8 to 9 P.M.  
Speeches limited  
Music and dancing, 9 to 12 P.M.  
Free time after 12 P.M.

Sunday, October 14, 1984

Memorial Service 11:00 A.M. to 11:45 A.M.  
Breakfast/brunch 11:45 A.M. to --  
Farewells

OCTOBER 2, 1984

CHANGES

Raymond Marnien  
2212 Hillthorpe Ave  
Abington, PA 19001

Kenneth A.L. Johnson  
405- DN. W. 39th Rd.  
Gainesville, FL 32607

John H. Van Vliet (Col. USA Ret.)  
302 Village Lane  
Winter Park, FL. 32792

Vincent J. Di Francesco, M.D.  
6601 Greentree Rd  
Bethesda, MD 20817

NEW ADDITIONS

I.E. Franklin ("IKE")  
2005 Grandview Dr.  
Fort Worth, TX 76112

NEED NEW ADDRESSES

B. G. John W. Dobson  
51 Brains Point  
Box 1066  
Hilton Head, S.C. 29928

Lt. Robert J. Milles  
4051 S. Normandie  
Los Angeles, CA

Lt. Edward Baker  
549 Hellman St  
Phila, PA

Lt. Arthur Heindl  
3703 N. Oakley Ave  
Chicago, IL

Capt. Leo V. Thieme

Lt. Harvey A. Todd

"Pop". Phill Foster, Penn State

Thomas O. Rush

"Red Wiegand

GLADWYNE, PA Boy, I guess you all know that heading by now! This is the last newsletter before Reunion and enjoying talking to each of you in Las Vegas. Big turnout! Over 215 persons registered at present time. Great! Sorry about the bad news but we don't have much control over it. In addition to Thomas Morse-(see card enclosed). I learned that Dr. M. E. Smith of Gloversville, N.Y. has passed away. Still having some problems getting all the names & addresses correct but will continue to work on it. See you all in Vegas Editor.

\*\*\*\*\*

WENTWORTH, MO. As noted in the early August mailing all the thanks to the Oshlo's, Evelyn and Bob for the tip on Eastern Airline reduced rates. I hope some of you were able to take advantage of this potential fare deduction. Next time we'll try to get the information to you sooner. Thanks again Evelyn & Bob.

\*\*\*\*\*

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN A great letter from Henry Söderberg advising me he was joining us in Las Vegas, In spite of the great expense to him. As a retiree he has lost his privilege of flying S A S on business. We all look forward to seeing you Henry. A trip by over 40 persons from Stalag Luft III to Moosburg, and Scandinavia where they were personally entertained and fed by Henry proved to be a real highlight. We are indeed hungry for the Reunion, Henry.

\*\*\*\*\*

TULSA, OK Bob Thompson is back on our mailing list again. We lost him for awhile, but he forgave me for not putting the right address on his mail. He also advised me that he is a member of the American Order of the French Croix deGuerre, Inc. Anyone interested in becoming a member of this order write a letter to Robert Thompson  
7448 E. 68th Place  
Tulsa, OK 74132

will also have these papers in Las Vegas for those interested.  
Nice to have you back on the list Bob.

\*\*\*\*\*

FORT WORTH, TX Hi "Ike" Franklin. Great to have you on our list, Look forward to seeing you in Vegas. We do expect Father-Brach to be with us. I know he is looking forward to it. I know you'll enjoy it. Make sure you make yourself known to me Thanks much for the contribution.

\*\*\*\*\*

POTOMAC, MD This is a good news and bad news item. The bad news was that General Waters was hospitalized for 50 days this summer. The GOOD NEWS is that he has come around nicely and except for loss of weight, which he is slowly putting back on, he appears quite well. I was with him the early part of this month and also received a letter from him since then. Unfortunately the Doctor's won't let him fly so we'll miss <sup>you</sup> at Las Vegas. " Keep em flying General"

\*\*\*\*\*

LAS VEGAS, NE Talk about unfortunate happening Alan Dunbar our general Chairman at Las Vegas received word that his good friend who was to be our speaker passed away suddenly on September 2, 1984. Alan says he will depend on our own fellows to fill in the time unless someone else comes along.

\*\*\*\*\*

MONTGOMERY, AL TED RINEHART is looking forward to telling us about his plans for our 1986 Reunion I have seen some literature on his plans and they all come up roses. Let's see what Ted has to tell us in Vegas Saturday morning. He is motoring to Las Vegas with Roy Chappell and Helen. My only thoughts on this is to suggest to Ted that stay in his own car so that he won't have to wear ear plu Just kidding Roy! See you both in Vegas.

\*\*\*\*\*

WOOSTER, OH Ed & Rita Seringer will be with us in Las Vegas and will meet with Chas Snider and his wife. They were in Rita and Joe's Wedding party 39 years ago, and were also Kriegies together in our Oflag. See you both in Las Vegas. Thanks for confirmation of Charles' address, Joe.

\*\*\*\*\*

OWEGO, N.Y. In case your wondering , this is near the home of I B M and Hugh Hogan has worked for I B M for long enough to retire and then go back to work again. Nice to hear from you again, Hugh and look forward to meeting you and your wife in Las Vegas. Thanks for the contribution.

\*\*\*\*\*

BATON ROUGE, LA Sorry to hear that Gordon Smith will not be with us in Las Vegas, but he has a conflict with his Unit Reunion being held in Washington, D.C. Incidentally, the Howard you asked about in Baton Rouge is  
Howard Charlton Sr.  
3032 Seneca St. 70805  
Hope you contact him, Believe he is coming to Las Vegas. Nice to hear from you.

\*\*\*\*\*

HONOLULU, HI Nice note from Ken and Mildred<sup>Johnson</sup> as well as a contribution, which is much appreciated. They are moving from Honolulu to Florida so note the change of address list. They are already looking forward to the 1986 meeting. Keep well and see you in 1986.

\*\*\*\*\*

NORTH CANTON, OH Well it looks like Joe or Rita Seringer might be responsible for seeing that your name was added to our list , but I can't be sure "Chuck " Snider. Anyway, nice to have you <sup>on our list</sup> and look forward to meeting you in Las Vegas. Thanks much for the contribution to the Postage Fund.

\*\*\*\*\*

HEMET, CA I know from previous letters that Herb Siercks was planning to make this reunion. His health is not up to snuff but if I tried to say what was not right with him it might take the rest of the newsletter. Herb keep plugging up and hanging on and maybe you can see us in 1986. Herb, Lynn Hansaker is in South Carolina P.O. Box 554  
Darlington, S.C. 29532  
Really enjoyed your letter and had no trouble reading it in spite of your shaky hand.  
Good Luck! God Bless! Good Health!

LAS VEGAS, NV The enclosed information on the shows that will be current in Vegas during stay there, were supplied by our busy General Chairman, Alan Dunbar. I hope they will help in making your stay a pleasant one. Of course the biggest show will be in the Hospitality Room of the Union Plaza. Be There!

\*\*\*\*\*

HERE's to a GREAT MEETING !!!!!  
See you in LAS VEGAS If you have any problem pertaining to your attendance please feel free to contact: Alan S. Dunbar  
4675 Green Canyon Dr.  
Las Vegas, NV 89103  
Home Phone 302-871-5046

# Padre expressly hated dirty songs

In 1943, U.S. bombers attacked Rome for the first time, going after military targets. Stray bombs hit the Basilica di San Lorenzo. Official Italy reacted with fury, and at P.G. 21, a prisoner of war camp across the Abruzzi Mountains from Rome, the irate but triumphant commandant summoned an American army captain to his office.

The commandant, a colonel, thrust a newspaper under the long, thin nose of the captain. Its headline proclaimed the latest barbarity of the American gangsters, illustrated with photos of the bomb-blasted basilica.

"What do you say about your godless countermen now?" the colonel demanded with bitter glee. In Italian, of course. The captain understood Italian.

"Churches are only stone and mortar," the captain said, unruffled. And in Italian. "If it's necessary to bomb every church in Italy to destroy fascism, it will be worth it."

Impotent with rage, the colonel sent him back to his quarters and revoked all his special privileges.

The most unusual thing about this is that the American captain was a Catholic. Not just a Catholic, a Catholic priest. Father Stanley Brach was an army chaplain. A Jesuit. He had been captured in North Africa with a group of American wounded he'd gone forward to comfort.

Someone who was there said that while Padre Brach was helping the wounded, German dive bombers began hitting the area. The wounded, terrified, began screaming. Padre Brach rose to his full height, which was considerable though narrow to the point of emaciation, and circulated among them, saying calmly, "They're not landing anywhere near. Would I be standing up like this if they were?"

The wounded men believed Padre Brach,



not the medics flat on their bellies groveling in the dirt.

The special privileges the colonel took away from him were extra letter forms, free access to prisoners in sick bay, and occasional permission to attend mass outside the walls. It did not perturb Padre Brach. Nothing did. Well, I did, almost.

I'd learned some dirty songs from the British, who made up the majority of the prisoners. American dirty songs were coarse and sometimes funny. British dirty songs were vile and almost always hilarious. I tried not to sing them when Padre Brach was around, but all the Americans lived together in one bay, making it hard to do so.

Ordinarily, Padre Brach did not pull his collar on us no matter how we swore, blasphemed or boasted of romantic exploits. So I took it as a mark of special affection the night he drew me aside and said, "You're a nice boy, David, but do you have to sing those awful songs?"

As a chaplain, Padre Brach was eligible for repatriation. Instead of requesting it, he requested a transfer. To a Japanese POW camp. He thought he would be more useful in a more benighted place than P.G. 21.

When Italy quit the war, Padre Brach cele-

brated what might be called a non-denominational mass of thanksgiving. He was an amazing man but an ineffective thanksgiving-giver. Because it wasn't two days later that the Germans scooped us up and took us to Germany.

They moved us first to another camp in Italy. Padre Brach was permitted to wear clerical garb instead of his army uniform and to move freely inside and outside the camp. One day he came upon me moping around a courtyard, seized me, and before I knew what was happening, was walking me around the hard-packed ground in a bear hug.

He stopped abruptly and released me. "I shouldn't do things like that," he said. "It shocks Jerry. They take priests too seriously."

The prisoners were moved to Germany stuffed into boxcars. Water was short, and we began complaining to our guards. They responded the way most people respond to complaints — without great interest.

At stops, through a small grated window in our car, we'd see Padre Brach, still in priestly robes, ranging along the cars asking if things were OK. Someone told him about the water situation. He browbeat a guard, in German, into fetching the officer in command and then lit into the officer, in German. We got water. And bathroom privileges.

I never saw Padre Brach again after we got to Germany, but some years after the war I got his address and we began corresponding. He was not — and is not — a faithful correspondent. I like to think it's because he's such a busy man and not because he remembers the songs I used to sing.

Or resents the southern accent I gave him when I modeled the brave, kind, wise and compassionate Father Costanzo after him in *Von Ryan's Express*.

## Ex-war prisoner given letters after 40 years

WASHINGTON (UPI) — George Durgin recently got his first look at letters written to him almost 40 years ago, when he was held at a German prisoner of war camp in Poland.

The letters, written in 1943-44, were handed to Durgin and his wife, Virginia, at a ceremony at the Polish Embassy.

"A mere thank you seems most inadequate," said Durgin, who came to Washington with his wife from Sacramento, Calif. to accept the letters, found last summer in the walls of an old building in Poland.

Then, grinning, Durgin added, "My wife is grateful also because she wants to see who wrote these letters." Joking aside, Mrs. Durgin was certain she had written most of those letters as a bride.

"We had no idea it would be so much fun to receive the letters," she said at a reception prior to presentation of the letters.

Durgin, 65, an engineer now retired from the aerospace industry, was a young tank officer in North Africa when he was captured in 1943 and sent to Oflag 64, a prison camp run by German soldiers in Szubin, Poland.

Durgin's letters were among 176 found and addressed to him and Howard H. Holder, a former prisoner who now lives in Athens, Ga. Holder was unable to attend the ceremony.

The Polish Embassy said it held the presentation ceremony as a reminder of "the cruelties of war and fascism."

810 Gonzalez Drive, 4-D  
San Francisco, CA  
94132

25 June 1984

Alan Dunbar  
4675 Green Canyon Drive  
Las Vegas, NV 89103

Dear Alan:

Having read the information on the Oflag 64 reunion in the June, Officer Review, I would appreciate further details as they become available.

For the record, as a captured platoon leader of the 3rd Ranger Battalion I was at Schubin, barrack 7A from April 1944 to our march out in January 1945.

65

Sincerely yours,

Clarence R Meltesen  
Lt Col USA Ret

## Obituaries

### THOMAS S. MORSE

**ISLESFORD** — Thomas S. Morse, 72, died Sept. 3, 1984, at a Deer Isle. He was born at Islesford, July 4, 1912, the son of Frederick and Mary (Smyth) Morse. He graduated from St. John Prep School in Danvers in 1930, received a B.A. from the University of Maine in 1934, and a Master's in Insurance from the American College, Bryn Mawr, Pa. in 1979. He entered the Army in 1941 and attained the rank of Major during World War II. He was a POW for 27 months and was awarded the bronze star. He worked for the Phoenix Mutual Insurance Co. for over 40 years in Ellsworth and the main office in Hartford, Conn. He is survived by his wife, Emeline (Hamilton) Morse of Islesford; two sons, Peter of East Hamp-

ton, Conn., Timothy of Bristol, Conn.; three daughters, Anne Morse of San Francisco, Calif., Maureen Hamilton of New Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Hank (Theresa) Connor of Nashville, Tenn.; one sister, Irene Bartlett and a twin brother, Nathan, both of Islesford; 14 grandchildren, several nieces and nephews. A Funeral Mass will be held 10 a.m. Friday from St. Peter's Catholic Church, Manset. Rosary will be said at the Fernald Funeral Chapel, Mount Desert, 9 a.m. Friday, with the Rev. Richard Rice officiating. Graveside service will be 12:30 p.m. at the Morse Cemetery, Islesford. Those who wish may make contributions to the Alzheimer's Disease Assoc., Suite 601, 360 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60600 in Thomas Morse's memory.

## Obituaries

Lt. Col. William C. Burghardt  
Lt. Col. William C. Burghardt, U.S. Army retired, age 66, 501 Parish Blvd., Mary Esther, Fla., died Tuesday, July 31, 1984, at his home.

He was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and had lived in this area for the past three years. Lt. Col. Burghardt retired from the U.S. Army in 1963 after having completed over 26 years military service. He was a veteran of World War II, Korea, and was held as a prisoner-of-war by Germany. He was awarded the Purple Heart, Korean Service Medal, Army Occupation Medal (Japan and Germany), Silver Star and Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal.

Survivors include his wife, Louise Burghardt of Mary Esther; daughters, Dianne Zrelack of Sunrise, Fla., and Elyse Dunham of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; stepdaughters, Renee Jandrew Thomas of Loahatchee, Fla., and Bonnie Jandrew Lovejoy of Lilburn, Ga.; stepson, Robert W. Shepherd of Atlanta; and sister, Audrey Cobb of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

Graveside services will be conducted at 11 a.m. Monday, Aug. 6, at the post cemetery, Fort Benning, Ga., under the direction of Striffler-Hamby Mortuary, Columbus, Ga.

The family requests memorials be made to a charity of your choice.

McLaughlin Mortuary, 17 Chestnut Ave. S.E., Fort Walton Beach, Fla., is in charge of local arrangements.



# Hearing a voice from POW camp

Last month I wrote about Father Stanley Brach, the heroic Catholic Army chaplain with whom I did some time in an Italian prisoner of war camp in World War II. A few days after it appeared, I received a letter about Padre Brach from a distinguished fellow Houstonian, John T. Jones Jr., who also had done time with the good padre, but in Germany.

Padre Brach, along with other Army types, had been sent to a Wehrmacht (Army) POW camp, Oflag 64, in Szubin, Poland, after the Germans scooped us up in Italy. We Army Air Forces people were sent to Stalag Luft III, a Luftwaffe (Air Force) camp in Upper Silesia, and I never saw him again.

Jones wrote, among other things, "We have a reunion of this particular camp every other year, which is about often enough. If he is anywhere within striking distance, Father Brach always shows up and usually does a little non-partisan praying at some point or other. We usually all need it."

And shortly after I got that letter, *mirabile dictu* (translation, "Holy moly!"), I received a phone call from Padre Brach himself, the first time I'd spoken to him since October, 1943.

He is retired now, after 46 years in the priesthood. He lives in San Antonio and still pinch-hits (his own phrase) on a regular basis at his neighborhood church, St. George's. He hadn't seen the column about him, but had been told about it by a couple of his old altar boys. I promised to send him a copy, which I did. You do not break a promise to a priest.

Then I phoned to see if he had received it, which he had, but the first thing he said to me was, "You know, I'm not a Jesuit." I'd said he was in the column and in the past had ad-

dre Brach was quickly overseas again, this time in the Pacific. Among other places, Guam and Saipan.

He stayed in military service until 1950, when he resigned his commission. Originally from New Jersey, he'd found Texas to his liking while at Fort Sam Houston and Kelly Field. So he opted for Texas and wound up in the Corpus Christi diocese. He spent many years in Valley (out here in Los Angeles, "Valley" means the San Fernando Valley, but everybody in Houston knows it really means the Rio Grande Valley) towns and came to know the Texas-Mexico border area well, possibly even better than any of us would like to. Padre Brach didn't say that, but Jones hinted in his letter that at times our old friends in ministry took him into places and situations your average layman would never visit by choice.

Padre Brach lives alone in his retirement. As he describes it, he's his own chief cook and bottle-washer. It's quite a difference from the war years when he was hemmed in by all of us young barbarians (now old barbarians, though it may be true, as Padre Brach says, "After being POWs, we are people of different dimensions").

Like Jones, he mentioned the Oflag 64 reunions. "We had a special relationship there," he said of his companions. "And still do. Sixty-Four is still my parish."

Reminiscing about the sometimes vexing transition from military service to civilian life, he said, "I didn't know a thing about running a parish. I didn't even know how to run a bingo . . . maybe you shouldn't say anything about bingo."

But I am, Padre.  
*Mea culpa.*



David Westheimer

dressed letters to him as "The Rev. Stanley Brach, S.J."

"You're not? Everyone at P.G. 21 (the Italian POW camp) thought you were."

"It must have been because I was always spouting off," Padre Brach said, through a grin, it sounded like.

He's a diocesan priest, not belonging to any particular Order. When he told me "diocesan," I thought that was an Order, with a capital D, until he explained things.

He told me some other facts he'd never mentioned at P.G. 21. In World War II, he was Regular Army and hadn't known much about the military when he entered it. He hadn't had a whole lot of experience as a priest, either, having been one only a couple of years. Two months after becoming a military chaplain, he was overseas; and six months after that, he was captured in North Africa while comforting wounded men in a forward area (I already knew that part). "On Thanksgiving Day," he said. "It was my birthday, too."

After liberation from prisoner of war camp, while the rest of us were enjoying leave and something called "Rehabilitation and Orientation," with many of us getting out of the service because the war in Europe was over, Pa-

# **CENTER CITY SPEED PRINTING**

P.O. Box 170  
Gladwyne, PA 19035  
(215) 642-9173

LATE BULLETIN

1015 Chestnut Street  
Suite 712  
Philadelphia, PA 19107  
(215) 922-0809

Fellow Kriege,

To those of you flying to the Las Vegas Bash!

It is quite possible that you may be able to save 30% or more on your airfare if you do the following:-

- ① CALL 1-800-327-1295 - (5 days/week)
- ② Tell the operator you are going to a reunion in Las Vegas and you would like to fly EASTERN AIRLINES
- ③ your group has the following CODE #.

E-10-P-90

- ④ This should benefit particularly those in the South as Eastern flies to Vegas via Atlanta
- ⑤ If they want proof of the Code # I hope to have this to you in about two weeks

Try it! It may save you a bundle!!

John Slack  
Editor

POST FLAG 64 ITEM

Center City Speed Printing  
Box 170  
Gladwyne, PA 19035

September 14, 1984

Dear Kriegies,

This letter was received by me on September 13, 1984. In as much as it was addressed to all Kriegies, I felt that I should send it out to all of you.

It was sent to me by Annette Secor of Hudson Florida, is self expanatory.

Dear Kriegies,

Enclosed is some information concerning our P.O.W-M.I.A.'s still missing in Vietnam, all most 2500 of them.

Perhaps many of you are allready aware of the work the families, friends and interested organizations are doing to help bring them back alive or dead.

I'm a member of <sup>it</sup> a friend of parents of a missing young airman in the Nat'l Forget-Me-Not Assoc', - and their red ribbon campaign, to try and make Citizens of the U.S. more aware of their quandary as possible and bring pressure on the U.S. gov't into dealing with this problem.

I'm hoping you will support the Nat'l Forget-Me-Not Association. in their quest to regain loved ones, dead or alive.

Thank you,

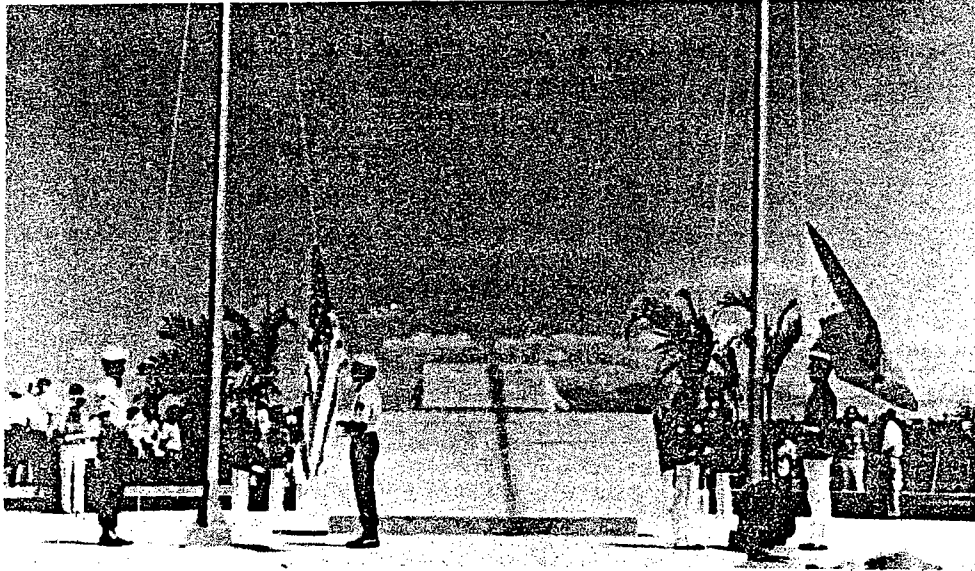
S/ Annette Secor

The National Forget Me-Not Assoc.  
For P.O.W.-M.I.A'S Inc.  
P.O. Box 41023  
St. Petersburg, FL 33743 or

Mrs. Annette B. Secor  
12535 Morgan Rd  
Hudson. FL 33562

Inquiries or contributions will be most gratefully received and acknowledged at either one of the addresses above.

John Slack



DEDICATION CEREMONIES of first phase of Cabanatuan POW memorial

## Hardaway spearheads POW shrine

Cabanatuan is hardly a household name, but it will be much better known and those who died there as prisoners of war in World War II will be properly memorialized if a committee of retired military officers, including Brig. Gen. Eads G. (Tank) Hardaway of Greenville, has its way.

**CABANATUAN** is a small town in northern Luzon, Philippines. When World War II started, the Philippine Army had a small mobilization and training base there. The Japanese later used the camp as an American POW compound.

In the 30 months of its operation, 3,000 Americans died in the Cabanatuan POW camp, the largest number of Americans to die in a prison camp since the Andersonville prison of Civil War days. Many of those imprisoned at Cabanatuan miraculously survived the infamous Bataan Death March or were captured after the fall of Corregidor in May, 1942.

To honor the memory of those fallen Americans, General Hardaway and his committee associates are soliciting funds to complete a memorial on the site of the POW camp.

**ALREADY A CONCRETE** monument base 90 feet in diameter, topped with a slab of appropriately inscribed Philippine marble at its center, has been dedicated to the memory of the Americans who died as a result of executions, disease, starvation and inhumane treatment. Cost of this first phase was supported by contributions from former POWs, families of deceased prisoners, and their friends.

Left to be completed are fencing to protect the site's desecration by carabaos and other wandering animals, landscaping, walkways, parking area, maintenance, and inscription of the names of the 3,000 men who died there. Governmental funds are not available for this purpose and in excess of \$40,000 is needed to complete the memorial.

**MANY OF THE COMMITTEE** members involved in the solicitation were prisoners of war of the Japanese or involved in the surprise attack deep inside enemy lines by an American team of Rangers to liberate the Cabanatuan camp in early 1945.

General Hardaway is in neither of those categories but his military experiences in World War II parallel to a large degree those who were captured by the Japanese, leaving him with a feeling of comradeship for those who suffered similar adversity.

Hardaway's first military assignment after his West Point graduation in 1937 was in the Philippines at Fort McKinley near Manila. He and his bride of nine days left the Philip-

pinas on reassignment to the U.S. just a few months before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and subsequent attack on the Philippines.

**HARDAWAY'S FOUR-YEAR** West Point roommate, William Dunnmeyer, arrived in Manila aboard the transport ship on which Hardaway and his bride departed. Dunnmeyer later was captured and imprisoned at Cabanatuan and died on one of the unmarked "Hell Ships" used to transport prisoners from the Philippines to Japan.

In 1944, not long after D-Day, Hardaway arrived in France where he was in the battle of St. Lo. His battalion in the 30th Division, First Army, later was moved to Mortagne in southern Normandy where it was caught in a massive German counter-attack and surrounded.

Unable to receive supplies or reinforcements, the battalion fought the Germans to a standstill for a week before the overwhelming German forces finally overran the battalion's positions and took many prisoners, including then-Lt. Col. Hardaway.

**THUS BEGAN** Hardaway's POW confinement which, although he is reluctant to discuss it, was akin to that experienced by the prisoners in the Philippines.

From France, Hardaway and his fellow prisoners were taken to Poland. After nearly nine months of confinement during which the Allies were moving through western Europe and the Russians were attacking from the east, Hardaway and the American prisoners were ordered to begin marching toward the Baltic Sea away from the approaching Russians.

Sub-zero weather added to the miseries of the marching American prisoners (Hardaway lost 50 pounds in a short period) as they walked toward the Baltic Sea, crossed the Yoder River, marched through portions of Germany, were herded into boxcars for short rides, arrived in Nuremberg, and later were liberated by U.S. forces at a small village between Nuremberg and Munich.

**THE HARSHNESS** of those marches with accompanying illnesses and rough treatment left Hardaway with a compassionate attitude for those who suffered or died in Philippines, particularly Cabanatuan. Hence, his interest in the Cabanatuan memorial.

He is particularly interested in that phase of the Cabanatuan memorial which will result in the names of the Cabanatuan dead inscribed forever. The names of any South Carolinians who may have died at Cabanatuan were not immediately available. It is estimated that \$10 will be necessary to inscribe each name.

Tax deductible contributions can be made to Cabanatuan Memorial Fund and sent to the Cabanatuan Memorial Committee, P.O. Box 13505, Orlando, Fla., 342859, or to General Hardaway (4 Lake Crest Dr., Greenville, S.C. 29609), who chose Greenville as his retirement home after almost 30 years as a military career officer.

**AFTER COMING** to Greenville, General Hardaway was associated with Furman University and Greenville Technical College. Now he occupies much of his time with volunteer work and enjoying golfing.



HARDAWAY

# Curtain time

## STARS ★ ★ ★

Caustic queen of comedy **JOAN RIVERS**, with her new team, superlative trumpeter **DOC SEVERINSEN** and clever comedian **GARRY SHANDLING**, is at **CAESARS PALACE**, performing cocktail shows (\$30, Sunday-Thursday 12:30) at 8:30pm and 11:30pm (Monday at 9pm and midnight) through October 2. Maitre d' Angelo Glouzelis, 731-7333.

Mixal Shore's Innovative **COMEDY STORE** is at the **DUNES**, presenting cocktail shows (\$10) at 8pm and 11:30pm (Sunday, Tuesday-Thursday at 9:30pm) through October 7. Maitre d' Chester Kleinécke, 737-4741. Suave baritone **TONY SANDLER** is at the beautiful **TOP O' THE DUNES**, performing cocktail shows (\$7.50) at 11pm, plus Friday-Saturday 1am through October 6. Maitre d' Tony Mesa, 737-6696.

Droll comedian-author **DAVID BRENNER** (through September 29) and energetic singer-pianist **FRANKIE RANDALL** (through October 2) are at the **GOLDEN NUGGET**, presenting shows (\$12.50, cocktails optional) at 8:30pm and 11:30pm. Maitre d' Johnny Joseph, 386-8300.

Effervescent entertainer **LOVELACE WATKINS** is at the **HACIENDA**, performing cocktail shows (\$14.95) at midnight nightly except Monday. Maitre d' Colby Millar, 739-8831.

The riotous comedy team of **MARTY ALLEN** and **STEVE ROSSI** is at the **MAXIM**, performing cocktail shows (\$9.95) at 8pm, 10pm and 12:30am through September 30. Maitre d' Craig Smith, 731-4300.

Romantic singer-actor **ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK** and creative singer-songwriter **JIM STAFFORD** are at the **MGM GRAND**, performing cocktail shows (\$27.50) at 8pm and midnight (Thursday at 8:30pm) through October 10. Maitre d' Pete Bella, 739-4567.

Outrageous comedian **REDD FOX** is at the **SAHARA**, presenting his XXX-rated cocktail shows (\$14.95) at 9pm and midnight (Sunday at 8:30pm) through September 30. Maitre d' Jesse Miranda, 737-2424.

Attractive country singer **DONNA FARGO** and zany comedian **GARY MULEDEER** are at the **SANDS**, performing cocktail shows (\$14.95) at 8pm and 11pm through September 30. Maitre d' George Levine, 733-5453.

## PRODUCTIONS

**Brendan Boyer** and his lively **IRISH SHOWBAND** play at the **BARBARY COAST**, with shows at 9pm, 11pm and 1am (no minimum) nightly except Tuesday. 737-7111.

**"VIVA LES BOYS"** is at **BOGIE'S NITECLUB**, presenting female impersonators of superstars in cocktail shows (\$4.95) at 7:30pm and 11pm nightly except Sunday. 736-0668.

**"OLDE TYME BURLESQUE,"** starring **Bob Mitchell** and **Dyanne Thorne** in the hilarious skits from the golden years, is at the **CABARET**, with cocktail shows (\$12) from 8:30pm until 3am nightly except Monday. 733-8666.

A unique entertainment experience, **"ONE OF A KIND"** starring clever ventriloquist **WAYLAND FLOWERS** and his Madame is at the **DESERT INN**, with cocktail shows (\$15) at 7pm and 11pm nightly except Monday. Maitre d' Frank Shane, 733-4566.

Colorful **"CITY LITES"** features lively production numbers at the **FLAMINGO HILTON**, with 7:45pm dinner (from \$15.95) and 11pm cocktail (\$10.95) shows. Maitre d' Walter Moroni, 733-3333.

Master illusionists **SIEGFRIED & ROY** star in their spectacular **"BEYOND BELIEF,"** with cocktail shows (\$29.50) at 7pm and 11pm (October 5 — 6pm family show, 9:15pm and 12:15am) nightly except Monday through November 25. Maitre d' Bobby Miranda, 734-0240.

**"FIRE & ICE"** makes ice sizzle in the **HACIENDA** spectacular starring skating champ **Nancy Lee Parker**, with 7:30pm dinner (from \$13.95) or cocktails (7:30pm and 10pm \$9.95) shows nightly except Monday. Maitre d' Colby Millar, 739-8831.

**"BAL DU MOULIN ROUGE,"** starring energized singer-dancer-flamenco guitarist **CHARO** through October 9, is one of the most lavish of French shows, featuring a cast of 80 at the **LAS VEGAS HILTON**, with 8pm dinner (from \$18.50) and midnight cocktail (\$15) shows nightly except Monday. Maitre d' Howie Weiner, 732-5755.

**"WILD WORLD OF BURLESQUE"** continues its long run at the **HOLIDAY CASINO**, with cocktail shows (\$6.95) at 10pm and 12:30am nightly except Sunday, plus Saturday at 8pm. Maitre d' Sven Levin, 369-5222.

**"LEGENDS IN CONCERT,"** musical tribute to late greats, and wry Welsh comedian **DAVE SWAN** are at the **IMPERIAL PALACE**, with cocktail shows (\$11.95) at 8pm and 11pm nightly except Sunday. Maitre d' Sam Miloro, 733-0234.

The wild zany **MICKEY FINN SHOW** is presented at the **LANDMARK**, with cocktail shows (\$7.95) at 8pm and 10:30pm nightly except Sunday. 733-1110.

Lively **"BREAKDANCE FEVER"** is at the **MARINA**, with shows at 8:30pm and 10:30pm nightly except Monday, plus Saturday 12:30am (tickets \$6.95). Maitre d' DeeDee Joseph, 739-1500.

**"JUBILEE,"** a super-spectacular with multi-million dollar stage effects and a cast of 125, projected for a ten-year run, is presented in the **MGM GRAND Ziegfeld Room**, with cocktail shows (\$23.50) at 7:30pm and 11pm nightly except Wednesday. Maitre d' Sam Barbee, 739-4567.

Zany **Breck Wall** and the bountiful hilarity of his **"BOTTOMS UP"** are at the **MINT**, performing at 8pm and 10pm nightly except Sunday-Monday, plus Friday-Saturday midnight (2 drink minimum) through October 25. Maitre d' Al Borghessa, 385-7440.

Lively **"SOLID GOLD,"** starring the harmonious **5TH DIMENSION** through October 23, is at the **RIVIERA**, performing 8pm and 11:30pm (Saturday 7pm, 9:30pm and midnight) cocktail shows (\$17.50, under 16 \$12.50, with buffet \$20) nightly except Sunday. Maitre d' Rudy Guerrero, 737-1755.

**"BOY-LESQUE,"** in which the 'females' are men and the maitre d' is a woman, **Betty Bohlen**, at 8pm, 10pm and midnight nightly except Thursday, and the lively Western romp **"BRANDED,"** with maitre d' Bobbi Carmona at 9pm and 11pm nightly except Sunday, plus Saturday 7pm, are popular at the **SILVER SLIPPER**. Tickets \$6.95, 734-1212.

**"LIDO DE PARIS,"** the famous revue with beautiful girls and exciting acts, continues at the **STARDUST**, with cocktail shows (\$17.50) at 7pm and 11pm. Maitre d' John Rubin, 732-6325.

**"LES FOLIES BERGERE,"** with sparkling numbers including **Le Can-Can** and starring clever puppeteer **Barclay Shaw**, is presented at the **TROPICANA**, with cocktail shows (\$13.95) at 8pm and 11pm nightly except Sunday. Maitre d' Teddy Tadich, 739-2411.

## BROADWAY SHOW

**"OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT,"** sexy, fast-paced comedy starring curvaceous **Jane Wilkinson**, is at the **UNION PLAZA**, playing 8pm dinner (from \$11.95) and 11:45pm cocktail (\$7.50) shows nightly except Monday through Oc-

# Call Board

## Caesars Palace

Oct 3-8 Rodney Dangerfield, Jim Carrey  
Oct 10-16 Joan Rivers,  
Smothers Brothers, Garry Shandling  
Oct 17-30 Tom Jones, George Wallace  
Oct 31-Nov 5 Melissa Manchester  
Nov 7-12 Diana Ross  
Nov 13-28 Wayne Newton  
Dec 4-26 Dark  
Dec 27-Jan 1 George Burns,  
Diahann Carroll  
Jan 2-8 Joan Rivers  
OUTDOOR CONCERTS  
Oct 6 George Benson  
Oct 13 Hank Williams Jr.,  
Leon Russell

## Dunes

Oct 10-28 Mario Caletti,  
Kathryn Grayson, Jackie Vernon  
TOP O' DUNES  
Oct 8-Nov 17 Keely Smith

## Golden Nugget

Oct 4-9 Vic Damone  
Oct 11-16 Alan King  
Oct 18-27 Shucky Greene  
Nov 15-27 Natalie Cole  
Nov 29-Dec 4 Roger Miller

## Hilton

"Bal du Moulin Rouge" starring  
Oct 10-Dec 4 Debbie Reynolds  
Dec 5-Jan 15 Juliet Prowse  
Jan 16-Mar 12 Suzanne Somers  
May 8-Jun 18 Jim Nabors

## MGM Grand

Oct 11-17 Eddie Rabbitt,  
Tammy Wynette  
Oct 18-24 Dean Martin  
Oct 25-31 Paul Anka  
Nov 1-7 Staller Brothers  
Nov 8-21 Mac Davis, Pointer Sisters  
Nov 22-28 Oak Ridge Boys  
Nov 29-Dec 12 Rich Little, Pointers

## Maxim

"Ballbusters" starring  
Oct 1-14 Gary MuleDeer  
Oct 15-31 Murray Langston

## Sahara

Oct 9-14 Jerry Lewis  
Oct 16-21 Don Rickles  
Nov 1-4 David Steinberg  
Nov 8-18 Don Rickles  
Nov 23-25 George Carlin

## Sands

Oct 2-14 Lola Falana, Imperials

## Thomas & Mack (U.N.L.O.)

Sep 29 Lionel Richie, Byron Allen

## Union Plaza

Opening Oct 16  
"Best Little Whorehouse in Texas"

Now In The Exciting New  
**CLOUD NINE LOUNGE**  
THE  
**LAST BAND**  
1am-6am

**CALAMITY JANE**  
8pm-1am

MAXIM HOTEL

## Dr. Martin E. Smith Dies; Practiced In City for 25 Years

Dr. Martin E. Smith, 60, of 31 Prospect Avenue, a general surgeon who practiced in this city since 1956, died yesterday afternoon at Albany Medical Center Hospital. He was stricken ill about 10 days ago.

Dr. Smith was vice chief of staff of Littauer Hospital since 1979.

He was born Sept. 29, 1920, in Ravena, Albany County, the son of Martin V. and Myrtle Devereaux Smith. He was a graduate of Ravena High School.

He received his pre-med degree from Cornell University, Ithaca. His formal education was interrupted by four years of service in the Army during

World War II. He served in North Africa.

He later was graduated from Yale University School of Medicine and interned at Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Smith served one year as a resident physician at the Charlotte Hungerford Hospital in Torrington, Conn., and four years surgical residency at Albany Veterans Hospital before opening his practice in Gloversville.

He was a member of the American College of Surgeons, the Fulton County Medical Society, Eccentric Club and the First Congregational Church. He also had been a member of the Ravena Masonic Lodge.

Dr. Smith served as chairman of the Fulton County Cancer Drive in 1958.

Survivors include his wife, the former Jean C. Holliday; two sons, Steven E. Smith of Troy and Bradley G. Smith, at home; one daughter, Miss Rebecca J. Smith, at home; two sisters, Mrs. Muriel G. Speakman of Houston, Pa., and Miss Evelyn C. Smith of Ravena; also nieces and nephews.

**City  
National  
Bank** of Gloversville

One contribution we could all make to help the energy problem is to do our shopping locally.

FDIC Insured for \$100,000

# Seeing war buddies of '43 again

Honey Bear stood next to me in the swaying boxcar staring through a steel-grated aperture at the magnificent Brenner Pass scenery.

"I wish my wife was here," he said wistfully.

"What?" I demanded.

It happened to be the fall of 1943, the boxcar was jammed with about 30 other smelly men, and we were all on our way to POW camps in Germany.

"I just can't enjoy something beautiful unless she's with me," Honey Bear said.

We went our separate ways not long after that, Honey Bear to Oflag 64 and I to Stalag Luft III. I never saw him again. Until the middle of this month. In a room at the Union Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas. There was a nice view from the window, and he could enjoy it because his wife was there with him.

Arthur (Honey Bear) Bryant was in Las Vegas for the biennial convocation of Father Stanley Brach's flock. As you may know by now, Padre Brach is an ex-military chaplain whose unofficial wartime parish was a POW camp at Chieti, Italy, and later, when the Germans split us up, Oflag 64 in Szaubin, Poland. The Las Vegas gathering was intended for Oflag 64 veterans, but I hurried in to visit with the padre.

When we met for lunch at the Union Plaza's Center Stage restaurant (Padre didn't care, but I wanted their best for the occasion), we hugged a lot. We'd corresponded some over the years and spoken on the phone just recently, but we hadn't seen one another for the 41 years since I'd belonged to his Chieti parish (you didn't have to be Catholic, and still don't, to be one of the padre's own). He's aged like the rest of us and is a bit frail (he's mending from a

serious illness), but I recognized him immediately.

We spent most of the afternoon and part of the evening together, but there was also time for remember-whenning with some other Chieti alumni — Honey Bear, Don Watul, Lewis Lowe and Tom Holt, with their wives. There is a reason for giving their names, which mean nothing to you. Not long after the war I sat down and typed up everything I could remember about the POW years, including the following thumbnail descriptions:

"Bryant, a pudgy little tank officer who seemed about to burst out of his skin and whom we called Honey Bear because of his fondness for sugar. His friend, Don, a pleasant, sandy-haired tank officer who could play the trombone and spent most of his time composing letters to his fiancée; Lew, a big, slow, quiet signals officer who never had much to say... a ranger named Tim (our nickname for Tom Holt) who was studying for a career in opera... he whistled extraordinarily well and could do whole symphonies. He was so wrapped up in his music that often, when he mounted his stool to make his top bunk, he would hiss through his teeth imitating a string section as he conducted with graceful flourishes of his arms and much head-swaying... a

big man with a huge chest whose fierce expression and manner of speaking belied his almost-prin nature."

Honey Bear is now trim and fit, so much so I didn't come close to recognizing him, and, of course, no longer viewing beautiful vistas without his wife, Watul, much the same after all these years, still plays trombone, and with three different groups, but has no letters to compare to a fiancée because he's many years married. Lowe is still big and quiet and, which I failed to record in those old notes, gentle. Tim is still a big man with a huge chest. At the Union Plaza bash, I saw him first at a table with Watul. After he crushed me a little against that huge chest and I got my breath back, I asked, "Remember how you used to whistle through your teeth and conduct the symphony orchestra?"

"See? See?" Watul cried triumphantly, pointing a finger at his wife and Tim's. "You didn't believe me when I told you he did that!"

When I mentioned to another Oflag 64-er, Houston's John T. Jokes Jr., what a coincidence it was for him and Amon Carter Jr., from another noted Texas family, to have been in the same German POW camp, he said that wasn't all: They had also been at the University of Texas together. But there was one major difference in their otherwise-parallel lives he said he never tired of pointing out to Carter.

"I'd tell him, 'I was captured by Germans. You were captured by Arabs and sold to Germans.'"

I had to leave before the big banquet Saturday night, but maybe Padre Brach or Honey Bear or somebody will tell me what I missed and where we're meeting two years from now.

# Finding Mule's Place At The Table

CHAPEL HILL — Now, with the turkey reduced to hash and Christmas menus being planned, is a good time to consider mule meat, a favorite entree of the besieged and desperately hungry.

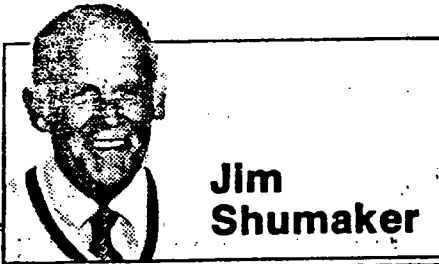
The mule has an honored place in North Carolina, although not on the dinner table. Benson, in Johnston County, holds an annual Mule Day when this beast of intolerable burdens, including denial of parenthood and conjugal pleasures, is showered with appreciation. Ironically, the celebration takes place hard by I-95, along which traffic flies and no sensible mule would tread.

The mule's place in Southern history is fixed and secure, largely in the diary of John D. Austen, the Confederate chief telegrapher at Port Hudson, the South's last Mississippi River stronghold in the Civil War. The diary recently was presented to the state of Louisiana by Austen's descendants and is available for public consumption.

## Making Confederate History

A memorable passage in the diary was entered on Port Hudson's 43rd day of siege by the Yankees. All of the meal, rice, bacon and lard were gone by then, and the gallant defenders were casting about for something to eat. That's when the lowly mule won its place in Confederate history.

"This day we had mule steak for dinner for the first time," Austen wrote. "I partook of it most heartily, and indeed found it good. It is equal



Jim Shumaker

at least to the poor quality of beef which we sometimes have been compelled to eat."

Port Hudson surrendered five days later, having held out for nearly a week longer than Vicksburg, probably on the strength of the mule meat.

I have to go along, up to a point, with John Austen's assessment of mule meat as table d'siege. It is indeed edible, if a trifle chewy and on the sweet side. In texture and taste it can't compare with roast cat, but is more filling. Mule sticks to your ribs, as Granny used to say of oatmeal, while cat qualifies practically as an hors d'oeuvre.

My first encounter with mule as table fare was 40 years ago when I was under siege by the Germans. Well, not exactly under siege; I was in a German prisoner-of-war camp. The fare was skimpy, depending heavily on German bread, made of sawdust and spread with denatured axle grease, and ersatz coffee, made from burned peanuts.

The arrival of the mule, on a flatbed truck, hooves sticking

straight up, ready for butchering, was greeted with cheers and sustained applause, the sort of jubilation that attends the presentation of a particularly fine animal in Benson on Mule Day.

We didn't get steaks, there being about 1,000 of us having to make do with one mule. So, I can't speak with authority on that particular cut. We had a fine mule stew, garnished with a dehydrated German vegetable that turned black in water.

At times these days, dining in one of Chapel Hill's standard eating places, I look back on that mule stew with a certain longing.

The roast cat came later, at another prison camp, and was as much a lark to break the monotony as it was a game effort to ease the hunger pains.

## A Cat Tasting

A couple of lighthearted souls caught the stray cat, fed it for several weeks on whatever was at hand, toning up the flesh the way you top off a steer, and then held a cat roast. There wasn't enough for a genuine cat-pickin'; it was more of a tasting, like at a Tupperware party. Once you get over the idea, cat isn't half-bad.

Still, everything considered, I'll take mule. There is something warm and intimate, if not altogether elegant, in saying, "I believe I'll have another helping of old Maude there."

*Jim Shumaker, an Observer Sunday columnist, lives at Caswell Beach and teaches at UNC.*