

VOL. XXX

POST OFLAG 64 ITEM

APRIL, 1994

FAR HILLS, NJ: Joe, many thanks for your nice letter and the kind encouragement that you provided. Your generous gift to the Postage Fund was appreciated. Loved your short recall of the brush with the law and your buddy's slow reaction to assist you in any recognition at all. Nice recovery that you made! Joe Freylinghusen.

HOUSTON, TX: Ted, I had a couple of days in February with John Slack up in Raleigh. We were in attendance of a Hillsdale College Symposium on "Family Values" with some dazzling speakers on tap. We got around to Al Cecil's preparations for the October Reunion and we both hope that you will be able to come and bring the rest of the triad with you. Best wishes. Ted Roggan.

GIG HARBOR, WA: Jimmie, thanks for your nice letter, the neat escape narrative and the generous check for the Postage Fund. Appreciate your kind words on THE ITEM and the way it is going. Am a bit sad that you will be tied up on your trip to Europe in October and miss our function at Fort Worth. Hope your return to Colmar is a pleasant one for you. My plans for Normandy in June are almost in place and what memories it will bring!

Loved your story and the way you did it. Even in Raleigh, John Slack mentioned that on his way toward Germany from Africa he had a somewhat similar report to make. Know that you will enjoy the brand new Gavin Book due out in April and what a story it is! "Airborne All the Way!" Jimmie Kanaya.

HIGH POINT, NC: Tony, thanks for the recent note and the check for the Postage Fund. Glad you liked the ITEM and the coverage on you and your buddy there in High Point. He has not

written to me and I really don't know what his address is, so help me on that please. Tony Liberatore.

BELLEVUE, WA: Nate, thank you for your long distance call recently. you simply amazed me with all the small details you reported at the time of your capture with the 9th Armored Division. Please put it into a letter for me and I am still looking for that letter that you promised me, and include what your work and main interests are. I have some more information on the camps and their names and numbers for you. Nate Sachinowitz.

DALLAS, TX: Al, thanks for your call and the more specifics on the next Reunion at THE RADDISON PLAZA HOTEL, October 6, 7, & 8, 1994, Fort Worth, Texas. (Have enclosed a nice profile which John Creech sent to me on that nice place to meet, thank you John).

A recent mailing list was sent to you a few days ago, Al, and I hope it will be of some real help to you and your assistant, Roy Chappell, on the mail outs to us. Nice work on the project so far, and let us know if there is anything here that we need to help you.

On the sad note for a moment, I do appreciate the list of four names that you sent to me which you felt might be overlooked. They are:

George Bentley, Dallas, TX; Hollis P. Wood; John Kader;
Albert Pritchett (my roster shows Henry L. Pritchett)

Al's telephone in Dallas is 817-469-6576. We thank you so much! Al Cecil.

SAN FRANCISCO: Clarence, thank you for the nice note on 2-11-94 and the unusual discovery from the Archives on Tony Libertore and Bing Evans. As with most stories which are submitted to me, there are some variations in each of them and this was quite interesting. Please let Tony share the items that you sent and a bit later we can comment on it. Tony's address is P.O. Box 641, High Point, NC, 27241. Keep me posted on the progress on the new book. Many thanks. Clarence Meltesen.

HAMILTON, GA: Jane, I have written Ed Joiner with the data which you gave to me. This has to do with Ed's search for Albert S. Jenkins. Ed's address is 906 Kimry Moor, Fayetteville, NY, 50459 if you can be of any assistance to him. Jane, the second of your husband's memories as he wrote them up some time ago is enclosed in this issue. They are so interesting to read and we appreciate what a find military doctor he was. We appreciate your thoughtfulness in sharing them with us. Best wishes. Jane Graffagnino.

HOUSTON, TX: Tony, your 7-25-94 letter came in a circuitous way to me thru my accountant along with a nice Postage Fund check. You are the second one to use the CPA trace to reach me. I thank you for the note and the check for the Postage Fund. As I said above, we all hope that this fine trio will show up in Fort Worth in October (Roggan, Vetrano and Jones). Sincerely. Anthony L. Vetrano.

ASHEBORO, NC: Bob, thank you for two things: your reminder to have us include Charles T. Goodman on the Memoriam List and the successful response to Mrs. Goodman's note as well. I also thank you in advance for the assistance you are giving me on some photos that Ed Sager loaned to me taken inside Oflag 64.

(When Bob is finished it might be a great help to mail out to our members who purchased the 50th Anniversary Book and have no inkling as who many of those pictured are. As this progresses, I will gladly share it with the members.) My best to Francis and you. Bob Cheatham.

GREENWOOD, SC: Mrs. Goodman, a friend of your husband, the late Charles F. Goodman, was given your address by a mutual friend, Mrs. John B. Nelson, and that person is Bob Cheatham in the next line above. He is the one who must be credited with insuring that Charlie's name was added at the last moment to the Anniversary Book, appropriately as Glub, the name by which we knew him. For those who wish to make a note and write Mrs. Goodman, it is: Mrs. Mary Lou Goodman, Evergreen Drive, Greenwood, SC, 29649. Many thanks for the kind assist to our caring group!
Mrs. Mary Lou Goodman.

SILVER SPRING, MD: Mary, thank you for the nice letter and your check for the Postage Fund. I do appreciate your help in finally getting the mailing list corrected for you. We had about ten days in Brookeville, MD, not far north of you, and when time ran out, I simply did not make the call to say at least "hello". Forgive me and on the next trip, I will try again. Mary Kallander.

CHARLOTTE, NC: Gene, thank you for your letter in February and your nice check for the Postage Fund. It was a gift that Ethelene and I feel you well deserve. Your kind remarks about the parts of the book which you enjoyed most were well stated. As you said, it is an assortment of many officers and enlisted men, events and conditions that spell out vividly how to survive. Am very anxious for you to find your way (with your wife) to Pinehurst and for a luncheon date which will be hosted by Chaplain Bobby Black, the Head of the handsome Village Chapel here. Glad your Caribbean cruise went well and you deserved it! Best wishes. Chaplain Gene Daniel.

(For the readers, you will recall in the Anniversary Book he selected for us the most appropriate words on page 219, to Head the Memoriam List. Second, he never put a foot in Oflag 64, but came to know many of our people when they reached Moosburg and Stalag VII A following the long march thru Parchim, Hammelburg and Nuremburg to ultimate freedom and movement home. Since the war, he has become known to us and has attended some reunions and we hope he will honor us this next October in Fort Worth).

CALIFON, NJ: Jim, I still have not accurately traced the exact names of the ones in the photos taken in the David Englander article written in May, 1945. Jim Young from Blairsville, GA has been in very close touch with me and the entire article has been found. When I visit Jim shortly and work out some differences that are essential, I hope in the late spring to try to get it published for the entire membership to read and enjoy. One vital and necessary part of the process is to get the copyright release for the right to publish it.

Who is more pleased over your narrow win in the recent Mayoral race for Califon is Joe Feylinghusen or me? In a recent response to me from Joe, he promised me he'd drive over and pay some homage to His Honor soon. For those who may want to also congratulate Jim for his success, his address is Mayor James Ball, Box 184, Califon, NJ, 07830. Best wishes. Jim Ball.

KENNEBUNK, ME: Francis, many thanks for the thoughtful note that you sent to John Slack in the spring, 1992. It tells us of the loss of your husband, Victor, on April 18th of that year. Perhaps John did respond to you for he surely saw that his name was carried and shows in the Anniversary Book. But in any case, I want to

thank you for letting us make a proper correction in our mailing list to reflect your name in his place. The widows of this organization play a great role and I am so proud of it. When you have a bit of time and are seeing the ground again up in Kennebunk, ME., Please write to me and keep me posted. With warm regards. Francis D. Danylik. Her address if you care to send a little note is: 16 Longwood Drive, Kennebunk, ME, 04043.

PHOENIX, AZ: Eva, it is my first contact with you since you were a Director of the South Central Region of the Amer-Ex POW's in 1992. It was then that you advised me of the wisdom to join your fine organization. So in a recent visit with Commander George Juskalian of the North Virginia Chapter, he laid one on me in the same tone. I will affiliate with his Chapter since we make several trips a year to the D.C. area and it will keep me closer to those folks of ours and yours.

Second, and more important, he gave me your new address there in Phoenix and I appreciate that and a change is being made on the mailing list to insure the prompt delivery of THE ITEM to you. To those readers who recall Milton, her husband and wish to write Eva, her new address is: Mrs. Eva J. Moore, 1343 North 35th Ave., Apt. B1068, Phoenix, AZ, 85029. With my best wishes. Mrs. Eva Moore.

CENTREVILLE, VA: George, what a pleasant visit in your home and the lunch recently. Thank you so very much. Also am glad to get Eva Moore's new address as shown above in my note to her. Also am happy that the heart Doctor gave you a fine bill of health that afternoon in your visit with him. You surely set me straight on the many nice things I needed to know about the Amer-EX POW Organization and I want to commend you in the appointment as the N. VA Chapter, and to wish you well in your term of office. My best to Lucille and you. George Juskalian.

FALLS CHURCH, VA: Al, what a nice visit with you and Louana recently at the Army Navy Club there in Arlington. It is one of the first times that we have ever sat down and gotten fully acquainted before. We surely covered a lot of ground and people from the days of the 168th Infantry Regt. days in and around the Kasserine Pass. Most of all was the chance to meet and share a part of our conversation with your lovely wife, Louana. Thanks for bringing her. A photo or two taken at the Club are on the way to you. (Al, in this issue is a reminder to Al Cecil and Roy Chappell, if it is in their power to please set up some sort of an arrangement for the dozen or so of who enjoy golf and are definitely not low handicap players, to try to find a course on one of the relaxed days which Reunion Chairman seem so kind about). Thanks and my best wishes. Al Castner.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Francis, what a pleasure it always is to sit down with you and catch up on some of our mutual friends. Invariably, we end up touching bases with names like, Tom Holt, the talented baritone, also from Mississippi, who did a number of concert programs for us at Szubin. Upon my return home, I got your old letter out which referred to Henry W. Haynes. But your story of his being a fellow classmate at Ole Miss and having come on active duty earlier than you did which led to his capture in North Africa while with the 1st Armored Division. Then upon your arrival in late 1944 in Szubin and his on the first day and many to follow came to the Hospital ward and visited you.

Francis and Ann, his wife, live comfortably in an area near the Chevy Chase Circle in Washington. He has retired from the old Antioch Law School which has since lost its accreditation. There he was an Instructor of Law. Francis Stevens.

BETHESDA, MD: Wilbur, it was good to hear from you on our recent phone visit in the D.C. area. Am so proud of your part-time work with a colleague in his jewelry store. I took your advice and have made some inroads with The Book Place here in Pinehurst, with the owner and close friend of mine, Charles Cain, who may try to fit me in a day of the week now and then. If one loves books as much as I do, there might well be a mutual benefit out there. Congratulations on your selection. Hope to see you in Fort Worth in October. Wilbur Sharpe.

ALEXANDRIA, VA: Bob, our short telephone call had some real memories attached to it. Especially the days of our graduate program out at the University of Maryland and our respective work on the staff of the University College. Yet it had a sad point when you revealed to me that you are into Parkinson's Disease and it bothers me very much, more especially, since right here I work each week with a church member who assists me in the Tape Preparation for our Homebound Members. He has in the past year become afflicted with it, but like you, he keeps on going and takes his medications regularly, and that seems to control it fairly well. (If you have a copy of Clarence Meltesen's book, ROADS TO LIBERATION FROM OFLAG 64, you will notice that Bob was an invaluable source for Clarence as the column proceeded along the march, especially at Hammelburg, and on to Moosburg. He is a fine writer and holds a Ph.D. from the University of Maryland in Government and Politics and rose to the position of Assistant to the Chancellor from which he retired.) My best wishes to Jane, and to you. Bob Reppa.

BEAVER CREEK, OR: Hilda, what a nice book that you sent to me. The review is found in this issue. Please keep up the fine work and we wish you the best for your continued success.

In the hope of tying the harsh life of the 20th century Whalers to my review of THE MAGIC GLASS, your book, I found that an old friend of mine from St. Johns was such a resource. His nicely written and most descriptive article follows yours and they complement each other. Albeit, the types of ships were many decades apart - sails and steam. My best. Dr. Hilda Stubbings.

ESSEX JUNCTION, VT: Mary, I do appreciate your mailing the nice pieces about your Dad, Dr. Albert Crandall. (He was a late arrival to Oflag 64 but he had a fascinating experience as a Medical Officer in one of the earlier mobile hospitals, MASH today, which supported the 101st Airborne Division in two air assaults - Normandy and Holland).

Mary, John Hedin's article, using both you and your husband, Bill, as prime resources, and which was so neatly titled, "Guns, Planes and Surgery" is a real credit to the University of Vermont Quarterly. Nov., 1989. However, the enclosed article which you mailed to me is equally well done and with its brevity was selected and appears in this issue in honor of your Dad. Finally, you and Bill have done a great service for us in sharing this story and we deeply appreciate it. Mary and Bill Cavanaugh.

NIMES, FRANCE: Aimé, what a fine book in which you showed the harsh life you endured in a Nazi Labor Camp in Germany. Yet, it portrays the solid character building which you found consolation in and on into the ministry. I am most grateful for John Slack, our erstwhile Editor of THE ITEM, for many years and his loan of the book to me. Meanwhile, one of the two American friends whom you mention in the last pages of the book has become a new and regular correspondent of mine, Mrs. Barbara Van Sice, up in Wilmington, DE. She gave me your address and that led to your recent letter to me. I hope that in June we can see each other in Normandy even if for a few minutes. A copy of the review of his book is shown in this issue. Aimé Bonifas.

HENDERSONVILLE, NC: John, a short thank you note on the clip that you kindly mailed to me for our readers about the city of Forth Worth. It is found in the following pages of this issue. I feel sure that Al and Roy down there in that area will have some more interesting things in the mail to us soon. My best to Elaine and you. Dr. John Creech.

ABERDEEN, NC: Glenn, I fully realize that the honor that was given to you was sometime ago and may or may not be known to our members at large. So, I am proud to enclose it in this issue. It is done with congratulations and our very best wishes. Glenn, I thank you again for the local support and ideas that we toss around from

time to time in making this newsletter a good one. Our best to Ruby and to you. Glenn Brooks.

LAKELAND, FL: Art, your loss of Vivian which you so thoughtfully shared with me is likewise shared by many of our members who knew and loved her. That notice is shown in this issue of THE ITEM, and I am very appreciative of that. What cannot be seen or felt in the news release is well stated in your deeply personal letter and the devastating life and suffering she had for almost two years before. Please, for those of you who know and recall Vivian, drop him a line in these troubled and lonely times ahead. Our condolences and best wishes. Art Bryant. The address is: Arthur W. Bryant, 1974 Long Boat Drive, Lakeland, FL, 33809.

NORMANDY, FRANCE: For the past year, I have been bombarded with mail and questions from the members about the events scheduled for the 50th Anniversary this summer in France in Commemoration of the momentous events which took place there in June, 1944. You will find enclosed the events which may be of interest to many of you. Realizing fully that D-Day and the Bulge actions were surely welcome news at Szubin, and yet are not places that some members would care to see. Even though that group who fought there were a considerable element of our camp rolls.

I have seen perhaps a dozen sponsoring organizations and their materials announcing their plans and prices and amenities thereto, and will simply leave such choices as you wish to make it entirely up to you. I am going and will assist in any way that I can provided you write to me or call me for any guidance that I may provide. My address and telephone is: Herbert L. Garris, Editor, POST OFLAG 64 ITEM, Box 1693, Pinehurst, NC, 28374; Tel: 910-295-6290.

ALTAMONT, KS: Norm, thank you for the catch up letter which came a short time ago. It had two very interesting points. One, you were very close to the place on Anzio where General Jack Dobson was captured. Well, in the past few weeks it was my good fortune to see and visit with him. Lots of welcome and warm conversation and a lunch followed. He is still as engaging, gregarious, and caring as he ever was. His colleagues at Bermuda Village treat him with the greatest care and esteem. Two, here you made my day with your recognition that you knew and were close to Tony Libertore. What a pleasure it was to get to that story, and Francis Hargis too, through Bob Cheatham from nearby Asheboro, NC. Thank you again and let's stay in closer touch. Norm Alloway.

CINCINNATI, OH: Betty, we thank you for the thoughtful story of David's loss to you in late February. Our deep condolences and prayers go to you at this time. This issue covers the story which you kindly shared with us. Our very best. Mary

McConnaughey. Her address is Mrs. Mary McConnaughey, 1131 Deliquia Drive, #328, Cincinnati, OH, 45230-5002.

BATON ROUGE, LA: Gordon, many thanks for the leads that you provided me with by telephone recently. Am most grateful for the story on Bill Paty and his activities in Hawaii. I simply lost my last note and his coverage. A copy of The Gavin Book is on your desk by now and when you read it, I expect you will find it the most interesting stories in a long time. Hope to see what I can do about the Atlanta visit on April 28th where the Airborne awards will be featured. With an aunt there in Norcross, it makes the trip most inviting. My best to Marty and you. Gordon Smith.

WHISPERING PINES, NC: Barbara, the news which you gave me recently about your condition is wonderful. As you said, "I was given an extension", and for that we are eternally grateful. Keep up the exercise regimen and we hope that the January crisis is about enough for a long while. Carl, our best to you and Barbara. Carl Christensen.

ENGLAND, AR.: Billy, am so pleased to have been able to assist one of your comrade in arms down in Italy near Anzio. Got a nice note from Alden Lance, member of your unit, and more fortunate than you in that he was not taken. He was after a copy of the recently reviewed book Circles of Hell. It took a day or so to get one in and on its way to him out in Savannah, MO. He is a good friend of not only you, but Garvin Fitton and Bill Fabian. Sent along your vivid narrative of a little while ago on the Trace of the Acadians from Canada to Louisiana. In a short time he will be thru here enroute to Charleston, S. C. and I hope we can visit a little while before he continues. Sent him also a copy of the Freylinghusen review Passages of Freedom. They are both very descriptive and interesting books. Bess and Billy it is a little early to suit up for Fort Worth, but not too early to be making some plans for it. Hope you can be there. Best wishes. Billy Bingham.

WAIALUA, HI.: Peg and Bill, miracles never cease. As soon as I put down the phone with Gordon Smith this week I began a long overdue clean up spree here around my desk. Among the first lost things to be found were:

Jim Burg's, Hawaii's Sharks and HISTORIC HAWAII, Fall Issue, 1993

both of which you all had sent to me soon after the Louisville Reunion. I have enclosed on the next page the splendid article telling about the honored award you received on Dec, 4, 1993. Our best wishes and hearty congratulations! (For those members who have not yet met this fine couple, a brief note follows. We met in Normandy soon after we had landed there on June 6, 1944 and following a skirmish we were both taken as prisoners. He was a Captain and commanded an Infantry Company of the 501st Prcht. Inf. Regt., of the 101st Airborne Div. A bit later we met Gordon Smith from the 82d Abn. Div and were on our three months trek to Oflag 64. The three of us managed an early departure from the column on the morning of Jan. 22, 1945 and proceeded for six weeks to Odessa and Naples, via Port Said, Egypt. He graduated from Cornell University and in 1945 returned to the Islands to continue in the pursuit of his agricultural interests of: sugar cane, pineapples and more recently the tasty Macadamia Nuts.

Just recently he left the State Government for a posting of great trust and some distinction of the Mark A. Robinson Trust.)

Thank for sharing the book and the magazine with such an interesting and well deserved story about you two. Sincerely. Peggy and Bill Paty.

ST. JOHNS, NFLD, CANADA.: Lal many thanks for the fine whaling essay, enclosed, that you so painstakingly prepared for us. Very interesting and easy to read. Am so glad to have Babs and you as my closest Snowbird friends. Sincerely. Lal Parsons.



Historic Hawai'i's annual gala winter benefit to honor Bill and Peggy Paty

Bill and Peggy Paty think of themselves as "country *kama'āina*," most at home on their beloved North Shore where both have worked so diligently to save the historic places and special character of O'ahu's surfside plantation communities.

Those efforts and other contributions on behalf of Hawai'i's historic, cultural and natural resources earned them special recognition this year as Historic Hawai'i Foundation's "Kama'āina of the Year."

Bill is a trustee of the Mark A. Robinson Trust, former chairman of the board and director of the Department of Land and Natural Resources (DLNR) and longtime president and general manager of Waiialua Sugar Company who retired from that job in 1985 to manage Governor John Waihee's successful gubernatorial campaign.

Peggy is a director of Hale'iwa Main Street, actively working to preserve the old Hale'iwa courthouse, the 1937 Community Association building and Kaiaka Park, among other projects, and a director of the Nature Conservancy. He was born here; she has been a Hawai'i resident since infancy. Both have an endless record of civic involvement.

They were high school sweethearts at Punahou who married after World War II, raised a family of five and share a special closeness reflected in the theme of this year's Winter Benefit gala: "Boundless

sponsorship tables and a special "Holiday Bazaar" silent auction. It is planned as an elegant celebration with their friends--including Waihee, who is serving as honorary chairman of the event.

What does it mean to be Kama'āina of the Year? In Bill Paty's words, "It's a singular recognition for someone who likes to think they've devoted the better part of their adult life to contributing to the quality of life, whether for preservation and protection of natural resources or supporting agencies that make for a better way of life in Hawai'i."

It's difficult for Paty to choose a single preservation project that has meant the most to him. As former DLNR chief and State Historic Preservation Officer, he was responsible for protecting all of Hawai'i's historic sites, and all its natural resources too. Paty has a long record of accomplishments, many born in the public turmoil that accompanied that high-profile, high-stakes job--

a position, Paty notes, with "many opportunities to stub your toe. But I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world."

He helped bring Main Street to a thriving reality in Hawai'i, was involved in creation of burial councils on each



Bill and Peggy Paty are Historic Hawai'i's 1993 Kama'āina of the Year

Love. *He pūnāwai kahe wale ke aloha* (A love without bonds that exists for all)."

The black-tie optional party to honor them, scheduled for Saturday, December 4 at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel's Monarch Room, will be Historic Hawai'i's major fund-raising event of the year, with



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island, established the Division of Historic Preservation as a separate, well-staffed office. Paty is active in the Hawai'i Nature Center, a director of the Bishop Museum, a veteran and a member of the Civilian Advisory Group for the Pacific Army Command, chairman of the Western Pacific Regional Fishery Management Council, international advisor to Earth Trust, and a community leader for Boy Scouts of America. He formerly served on Historic Hawai'i's Board.

Selecting Kama'aina of the Year is a way to recognize "those wonderful people who put life and breath back into buildings," says Foundation President Phyllis G. Fox—people who helped perpetuate the culture and who lived the history that is being preserved when old structures and sites are saved.

Prior honorees were Herman von Holt in 1989, Robert J. Pfeiffer in 1990, musician Irmgard Farden Aluli and Rev. Abraham Akaka in 1991, and Kenny and Joan Brown in 1992.

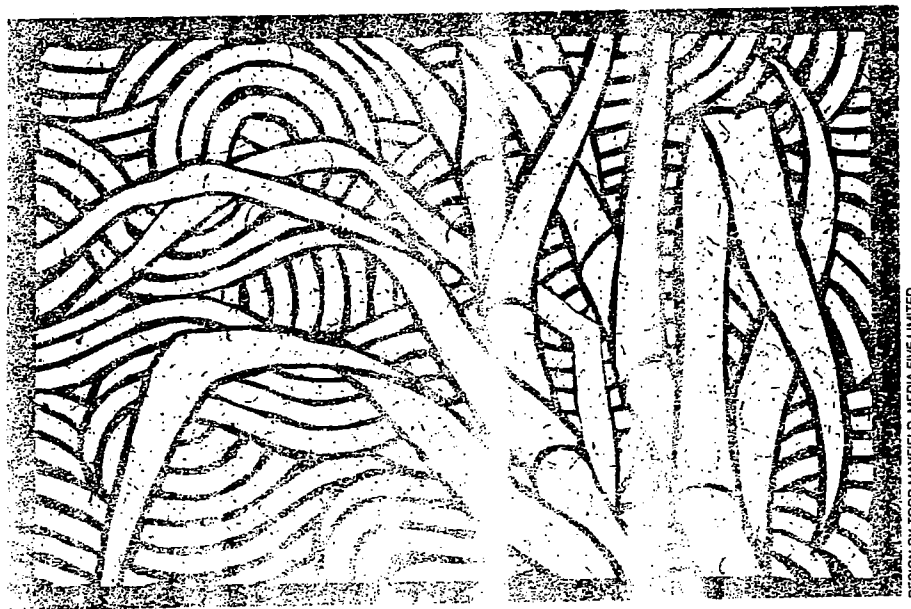
Many volunteers are at work to make Winter Benefit 1993 a success. Committee leaders include Richard Gerage, decorations; Jimmy Kaina, entertainment; Shari Berinobis and John Henry Felix, favors; Peter Fulgenzi, food and beverage; Leina'ala Davis, hospitality; Mel Choy and Todd Mayfield, invitation/program design; Gordon Johnson, logistics; Jean Kellerman, mailings; Linda McCrerey and Joe DeMattos, publicity; Bonnie Eyre and Joan Brown, seating; Bob Leinau and Momi Cazimero, silent auction; Jeff Watanabe, Ruth Ono and Warren Haight, sponsors and tickets; and Momi Cazimero, theme. Planning committee members include Joshua Agsalud, Walter Dods Jr., Tina Haight, Mili Landgraf, Judy Massey, Kathy Mills, Margie Pietsch, Fred Schaefer and Arthur C. Tokin.

Winter Benefit: A kama'aina kind of evening

Join us in celebrating the lives and works of our Kama'aina of the Year, Peggy and Bill Paty. Historic Hawai'i Foundation invites you to a gala evening of fellowship, music, dancing and a banquet at the Monarch Room of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, with the Patys as guests of honor. The Historic Hawai'i Foundation 1993 Winter Benefit will be held Saturday, December 4, 1993, from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. A new feature this year is a silent auction, featuring holiday gift ideas. Tickets are \$150 per person for this annual fund-raising event. Sponsor tables of ten are available. Dress is black tie optional. For further information, phone 537-9564.

BOUNDLESS LOVE:

*He pūnāwai kahe wale ke aloha
A love without bonds that exists for all*



DESIGN BY TODD MAYFIELD, MEDIA FIVE LIMITED

Roselle Park, N. J. 07204,: Charles, we appreciate your mailing this obit of a classmate of mine at N.C. State and many others who knew him at Oflag 64. Like you said he was a quiet and reserved person, so typical of many who do so many fine works and achieve such goals.

Thank you for the nice letter and especially the way in which you and Bob Plummer made contact after so long a time. Makes me feel good to be able to afford such linkage. Best wishes. Charles EBerle.

Herb

Bloomfield, N.J.: Dorothy, it is with deep regret that many of us share with you alike the loss of Eddie recently. As I mentioned above to Charles Eberle, who sent me the notice, we were at N. C. State at the same time and he was well known and held in very high esteem. That holds true for his Army Service as well. All of us join in condolences and our prayers at this time of loss. (Her address is shown below and please send a note if you knew them that well. Bless you and all the best. Mrs Dorothy Berlinski, 47 Williamson Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J. 07003).

Friday, March 18, 1994

Edward Berlinski, athlete and coach

Edward T. Berlinski, 79, a lifelong resident of Bloomfield, who was an honored athlete and coach in Essex County for many years, died yesterday in Mountainside Hospital, Glen Ridge.

A Mass will be offered at 10 a.m. Monday in St. Valentine Church, Bloomfield, after the funeral from the Levandoski Funeral Home, 44 Bay Ave., Bloomfield.

Mr. Berlinski attended Bloomfield High, where he earned 12 varsity letters in football, baseball and basketball. He was an All-State quarterback in 1932 and 1933 and an All-America in his senior year of '33, when he scored 170 points.

At North Carolina State, he was an All-America and selected as the Most Outstanding Athlete in 1937. After graduation, he played pro football for the Brooklyn Dodgers of the NFL.

In 1939, Mr. Berlinski became an assistant football coach at Bloomfield High under the highly successful Bill Foley. He also starred with the Newark Bears semi-pro football team from 1939 to 1941.

Mr. Berlinski entered the Army in 1941 as a second lieutenant tank commander in the First Armored Division. He was captured in South Africa and spent 27

months in a German prison camp in Steuben, Poland, until it was liberated.

He was discharged with the rank of major in 1946 and returned to Bloomfield High as the first assistant to Mr. Foley.

Mr. Berlinski became head football and baseball coach at Belleville High, where he served from 1947 to 1962. He taught physical education in Belleville for 18 years before his retirement in 1980.

He was selected as Father of the Year in Bloomfield in 1962 and was inducted into the Bloomfield Hall of Fame in 1978 and the Belleville Hall of Fame for coaching in 1989. He was the recipient of the Distinguished Coaches Award of the Essex County Chapter of the National Football Foundation and inducted into its Hall of Fame in 1989.

He was a member of the New Jersey Education Association, the American Legion Post 0448 of Bloomfield and the Retired Officers Association at Picatinny Arsenal in Dover.

Surviving are his wife, Dorothy M.; a daughter, Mrs. Elaine Scordo; a son, Edward T. Jr.; a sister, Mrs. Ann Steger, and two grandchildren.

2-28-94

From: Art Bryant
1974 Long Boat Drive
Lakeland, Fl 33809

DEAR HERB:

It is with a heavy heart that I must tell you Vivian passed away suddenly and unexpectedly on Friday evening, January 28th here at home. The enclosed information folder would indicate that Vivian died at LRMC (Hospital), but actually she slipped away gently and quietly at home while resting in her favorite chair.

Some 20 months ago, she had an unfortunately hard fall when we were just crossing a city street with some other travelers. This resulted in a crushed knee and a shattered left shoulder, both of which required major surgery to repair. We believed she was mending as well as could be expected for one in our age bracket. However, in all this time she was never free from pain in her left shoulder. Also, immediately following her fall, Vivian developed some heart irregularity and elevated blood pressure.

During this time she was under what we felt was the best of Doctor's care and was receiving medication in effort to control these irregularities and ease the pain. Apparently, this was all taking more toll than we or her doctors realized, and her heart just gave out completely.

Forgive me for not writing to each of you individually, but I am sending copies of this to many of you with whom we normally keep in touch by an occasional phone call or at reunions or by exchange of letter or card during the Holiday season. I am still not doing very well at writing or at talking by phone.

I guess all the above is quite self-explanatory. Thank you for the great job you do with the Post Office by Items.
Enclosing small check for Postage Fund.
Art Bryant

The Ledger

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1994

Vivian Bryant, 78
Citrus Regional Blood
Center

LAKELAND — Mrs. Vivian K. Bryant of Lakeland died Friday (Jan. 28, 1994) at Lakeland Regional Medical Center. She was 78.

Born in Riggs, Iowa, on Sept. 18, 1915, she moved to Lakeland from Lansing, Mich., in 1957. She was a registered nurse with Citrus Regional Blood Centers. She was a member of United Methodist Temple.

She is survived by her husband, Arthur W. Bryant, Lakeland; son, Bruce J. Bryant, Valdez, Ark.; daughter, Nancy S. Bryant, Lakeland; sister, Leota Samsel, Lakeland.

Visitation will be from 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday at Gentry-Morrison Funeral Home, Northside, Lakeland. Services will be at 1 p.m. Monday at the funeral home.



In Memory

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Vivian K. Bryant

BORN

September 18, 1915

Riggs, Iowa

ENTERED INTO REST

January 28, 1994

Lakeland, Florida

SERVICES

1:00 P.M. Monday, January 31, 1994

Gentry-Morrison Funeral Homes

Northside Chapel

OFFICIATING

Rev. Robert Paulson

United Methodist Temple

Lakeland, Florida

INTERMENT

Oak Hill Burial Park

Lakeland, Florida

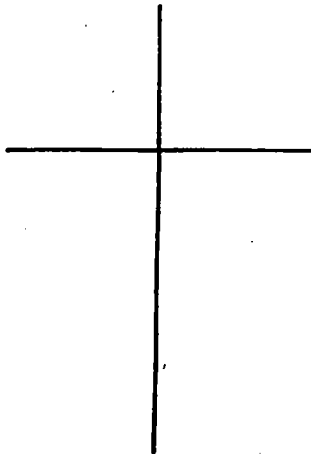
ARRANGEMENTS BY

Gentry-Morrison Funeral Home

Northside Chapel

Lakeland, Florida

*The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death. I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me. Thou preparest a table
before me in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup
runneth over. . . Surely goodness and
mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life: and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord for ever. . .*



A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE AND WITNESS
OF
DAVID CHARLES MC CONNAUGHEY
AUGUST 30, 1917 - SEPTEMBER 23, 1993

St. Timothy's Episcopal Church
8101 Beechmont Avenue • Cincinnati, Ohio 45255 • 513-474-4445

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD: RITE ONE
September 28, 1993; 7:30 pm

Prelude:

- Sonata in f: Adagio
- Our Father in Heaven
- O How Happy Are Ye Whom Death Has Brought unto the Presence of God

- F. Mendelssohn
- G. Böhn
- J. Brahms

- The Postcommunion Prayer (Unison)
- *The Commendation
- *The Blessing
- *Hymn 671 Amazing grace!
- *The Dismissal

- BCP 498
- 482
- 483
- New Britain
- 483

*Opening Anthem

*Hymn 287 For all the saints

*The Collect

Old Testament Lesson: Lamentations 3:22-26; 31-33

Psalm 46 (Unison)

New Testament Lesson: 1 Corinthians 15:20-26;

35-38; 42-44; 53-58

Psalm 23 (King James Version) (Unison)

*Hymn 208 The strife is o'er

*The Holy Gospel: John 5:24-27; 6:37-40

The Homily

*The Prayers

*The Peace:

Celebrant: The peace of the Lord be always with you.

People: And with thy spirit.

THE HOLY COMMUNION

*The Offertory

Anthem: Brother James's Air Arr. Gordon Jacob

The Great Thanksgiving: Eucharistic Prayer II 340

*Sanctus (S 114) 341

The Lord's Prayer 336

The Breaking of the Bread 337

Fraction Anthem: Christ our Passover (S 154) 337

Fraction Anthem: Agnus Dei (S 158) 337

The Ministration of Communion

Hymn: In the garden

Insert

All baptized persons are welcome to receive the Sacrament at our altar.

Celebrant

Organist

Lectors

Psalmists

Intercessor

Chalice Bearers

Acolyte

Altar Guild

The Rev. Roger S. Greene

Martha N. Folts

Carolyn Bookman

Christopher H. Gardner

Donald J. McLaughlin

Mooydeen C. Frees

Jean A. Donnelly

Jean A. Donnelly

Mooydeen C. Frees

Edward F. Deane

Lorraine R. Heizer

Susan Maroon

PARTICIPANTS

IN MEMORY OF

David C. McConnaughey

DATE OF BIRTH

August 30, 1917

DATE OF DEATH

September 23, 1993

SERVICE

St. Timothy's
Episcopal Church

INTERMENT

Dayton Memorial Park & Cemetery
Dayton, Ohio

OFFICIATING

Rev. Roger S. Greene

McConnaughey, David C. Husband of Mrs. Richard (Lou) Frymire; Mrs. (Joanne) Shestey, and Mrs. Roger (Jeanne) also survived by Niece Mrs. and Cousins. Ser. 21. 1993. Age 76 years. Burial at St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, 8101 Beechmont Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, Tuesday, September 28, 9:30 P.M. Friends may call: Middle St. Sons, Funeral Home, 2050 Beechmont Ave., Cincinnati, Monday, Tuesday, September 28, 10:00-12:00 P.M. at St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, O.K.I. Chapter, 143 F. & A. Scottish Rite Ring, Monday at 7:30 P.M. Burial at Dayton Memorial Cemetery, Dayton, Ohio, member of Stuart G. L. American Legion Post active in Boy Scouts for years.

The family will receive friends in the parish hall after the service.

Col. Brooks Is Inducted Into OCS's Hall Of Fame

For 36 years Glenn P. Brooks led a life of excitement.

During World War II he was a prisoner of war who managed to escape from a German camp in Poland into Soviet Russia.

He graduated from Officers Candidate School at the age of 19, when, as he puts it, he was still on "Pabulum." Brooks was probably one of the youngest OCS graduates in Army history.

Six years were spent in South America, where he did a three-year geographical study in Venezuela while working on his Master of Science degree. This work was carried out with such distinction that he was presented the Merit of Honor by the Venezuelan government. Another three years were spent as advisor to the Argentine Army staff.

Back in the States Brooks served on three occasions in the Pentagon, the last three years of this nine-year stint including a position with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Last week the retired colonel, whose home is in Aberdeen, was inducted into the Officer Candidate School Hall of Fame in ceremonies held at Wigle Hall at Ft. Benning, Ga.

But Brooks enjoys Moore County and his retirement, complete with house painting, yard work and golf, so much that his induction was carried out in absentia.

Brooks was one of 30 nominees inducted in the Friday, Sept. 17 ceremonies. Eighteen inductees were present for the ceremonies, including Peter T. Coleman, governor of American Samoa. Among those who were inducted in absentia were Nebraska Gov. Charles Thone.

Criteria for nomination to the Hall of Fame are: OCS graduate; recipient of the Medal of Honor, regardless of rank; a person who has attained the rank of colonel while serving active duty or duty in a reserve component, who has been elected or appointed to an office of prominence in national or state government, or been recognized and recommended by the commandant of the Infantry School for outstanding service.

Kentucky Native

Born in Harlan County, Ky., Brooks joined the United States Army in 1940 when he was 17. He retired in July, 1976 and moved in retirement to Moore County with his family.



Col. Glenn P. Brooks

World War II provided the young soldier with enough exciting experiences for any lifetime. In September, 1944 he was captured in France by the Germans and was imprisoned at a prisoner of war camp in Poland.

Rough conditions and annoyance with this confinement were too much for Brooks and three fellow prisoners, and the four executed an escape in January, 1945. They made their way into Russia and were returned to the United States later in the year.

Brooks admits these were exciting times, but he prefers to talk about the three years spent in Venezuela where he made a distinguished geographical study of Venezuela while working on his Master's degree for the U.S. Army. This effort included voluminous reports and some 8000 photographs taken by the professional photographer assigned to Brooks' service.

From 1969 until 1973 Brooks served as advisor to the Argentine Army staff.

The years in South America were enjoyed by the entire Brooks family. They all learned Spanish and settled in to enjoy the experience to the fullest.

Of his military career and the South American excursions in particular, Brooks says: "It was a great experience for me. I wouldn't have wanted to do anything else."

Military Education

Education has been a military affair for Brooks, who took the Command and General Staff Course at the Air University (Air Force School) in Montgomery, Ala. He earned his Bachelor's degree at Eastern Kentucky State University and later was sent to the University of Illinois by the Army to earn his Master of Science degree.

During his military career Brooks was awarded the Legion of Merit on two occasions. In addition to the Legion of Merit several of the usual decorations, he received the Bronze Star and the Combat Infantry Badge. And of course there was the Merit of Honor award presented by the government of Venezuela.

Life for the soldier became much brighter on May 29, 1948, when he married the former Lillian Ruby Miracle, another Kentucky native. They were married in Lafayette, Ind.

Brooks enjoys a pun on his wife's name and says she made life "miraculous for me."

Their two daughters also live in Moore County. One daughter, Beverly Cunningham, is employed by radio station WCEL. Mrs. Cunningham and her daughters, Jessica and Amy, live with Col. and Mrs. Brooks in Aberdeen.

The other daughter is Ellaine Burwell, who works with the Moore County Children's Center. She is married to Bobby Burwell and they live in Pinehurst. Brooks formerly worked with his son-in-law in the operation of St. Charles Kitchen in Southern Pines.

Brooks is active in the Southern Pines United Methodist Church and the Sandhills chapter of the Retired Officers Association.

Military life was full of surprises and exciting experiences, but the Brooks family is happy in Moore County.

"We consider this the place to be. The whole family is extremely happy here," Brooks says.

The OCS Hall of Fame was begun in 1957 by Lt. Col. Waldron J. Winter, commander of the 5th Student Battalion. Winter wanted to honor the contributions and achievements of OCS graduates.

The Hall of Fame is housed in Wigle Hall, named in honor of Lt. Thomas W. Wigle, a 1943 graduate of Infantry OCS. Wigle received the Medal of Honor posthumously for gallantry in action near Monte Cassino, Italy.

The charm and heritage of Fort Worth

BY KATHRYN JONES

N.Y. Times Special Feature

Fort Worth became known as Cowtown in the 1870s; when it was a rest stop and watering hole for cattle drives on the Chisholm Trail.

Cows still roam around town at stock shows, rodeos and auctions, and Fort Worth still has a passion for the cowboy life — even though some of the auctions are conducted with video linkups and most of the real cowboys have left for less urban environs.

Fort Worth is much more laid-back and casual than its larger sibling Dallas; blue jeans and cowboy boots are welcome in all; but a few restaurants and some business people prefer to wear bolo ties instead of silk ones to work. Yet Fort Worth is no cultural desert. It has splendid art museums — Picassos and Rembrandts hang in the Kimbell Art Museum, ranked as one of the world's best small art museums.

It also has funky jazz and blues clubs and a renovated downtown that is still active after dark.

Museums

Fort Worth's main museums are clustered in a pretty parklike cultural district between University Drive and Montgomery Street, a few blocks from the Will Rogers complex.

The Kimbell Art Museum, 3333 Camp Bowie Blvd., 1-817-332-8451, is showing "The Golden Age of Florentine Drawing" from now through March 13, and will be the only United States museum to display a retrospective of the 16th- and early 17th-century Italian Baroque painter Ludovico Carracci, now through April 10.

The Florentine show is free, as is admission to the museum's permanent collection, which includes Old Masters, modern and prehistoric

works.

Admission to the Carracci show is \$5, \$1 for children under 12. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday to Friday, noon to 8 p.m. Saturday and noon to 5 p.m. Sunday; closed Monday.

The Amon Carter Museum will show "Time of the Buffalo," a selection of paintings from its permanent collection, which includes works from the 18th to the 20th centuries, including some by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, Thomas Eakins and Georgia O'Keeffe.

The show runs until May 8 at the museum, 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd.; 1-817-738-1933. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday to Saturday, noon to 5 p.m. Sunday; closed Monday. Free admission.

Sightseeing

Sundance Square, named for the Sundance Kid, who once hid out in Fort Worth with Butch Cassidy, is a good place to begin a walking tour of downtown.

The area, roughly bordered by Second, Fourth, Throckmorton and Commerce Streets, has renovated turn-of-the-century buildings that house specialty shops, restaurants and theaters.

A striking mural of the Chisholm Trail is painted on the side of the narrow building at 400 Main St.

A short walk away, at Lamar and Texas Streets, is Burnett Park, named for the cattle baron Samuel Burk Burnett. It features four of Henri Matisse's "Backs" sculptures and is a quiet spot with fountains, pools and granite walkways.

The 4.3-acre Fort Worth Water Garden, designed by Philip Johnson and John Burgee and opened in 1974, has modern geometric stone architecture and water that spews from five fountains, surges through channels, cascades down steep walls and flows into bubbling pools.

Visitors can walk down inside a

huge cascade and sit on benches to enjoy the white water. Admission is free. Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. at 1502 Commerce St. across from the Tarrant County Convention Center.

The best place to learn about the Texas ranching industry is the Cattleman's Museum, 1301 West Seventh St.; 1-817-332-7064.

Exhibits trace the history of the state's cattle business and its colorful ranchers, rustlers and lawmen. Open 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday to Friday. Admission free.

The Stockyards National Historic District, centered around Exchange Avenue and North Main Street on the city's northside, has 125 acres of cattle pens and renovated buildings used during Fort Worth's cattle boom era early this century.

Now the 10-block area caters to tourists, with galleries, restaurants, saloons, Western specialty shops, an indoor rodeo and Billy Bob's Texas, a huge honky-tonk that books big-name country-western acts.

Most shops are open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Saturday and noon to 6 p.m. Sunday. Call the Stockyards Visitor Center, 1-817-625-9715, for more information.

Hotels

Fort Worth has a limited number of hotels and motels; it is best to make reservations as soon as possible.

The city's most historic hotel is the Radisson Plaza Hotel Fort Worth, 815 Main St., 1-817-870-2100. The main building was formerly the old Texas Hotel, built in the 1920s, and is the place President John F. Kennedy spent the night before his assassination.

The Stockyards Hotel, 109 East Exchange Ave., 1-817-625-6427, in the historic Stockyards area, was built in 1907 and its 52 rooms have been restored and furnished in an old Western decor. A double is

\$105.

The 292-room Clarion Hotel, 2000 Beach St., 1-817-534-4801, sits atop a hill east of downtown just off Interstate 30, one of the city's main arteries.

Budget: The Green Oaks Inn, 6901 West Freeway, 1-817-738-7311, is only a few miles from the cultural district and the stock show and has comfortable rooms overlooking landscaped grounds.

The 350-room Ramada Inn, at 1401 South University Drive, 1-817-336-9311, has a good location near the city's cultural district and Trinity Park along the Trinity River. The standard rate is \$49 for a double.

Where to eat

A visit to Cowtown wouldn't be complete without sampling the beef that made it famous. That means a steak at Cattlemen's Steak House, 2458 North Main St., 1-817-624-3945, in the Stockyards district.

This is a meat, salad and potatoes kind of place, where cuts like tenderloin are the stars, but seafood and chicken are also on the menu. Dinner for two with wine is about \$50 to \$75. Open 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. Monday to Saturday and 4 to 10 p.m. on Sunday.

Michael's, in contemporary ranch style, is one of Fort Worth's most elegant restaurants, with a Southwestern-influenced menu. Game cooked with Southwestern touches like tomatillo or raspberry-chipotle sauces is a specialty.

Dinner for two with wine and dessert from about \$65 to \$100. The restaurant is at 3413 West Seventh St.; 1-817-877-3413. Open for lunch Monday to Friday, dinner Monday to Saturday; closed Sunday.

Angelo's, 2533 White Settlement Road, 1-817-332-0357, is Fort Worth's barbecue shrine, with an ambiance that is a combination of

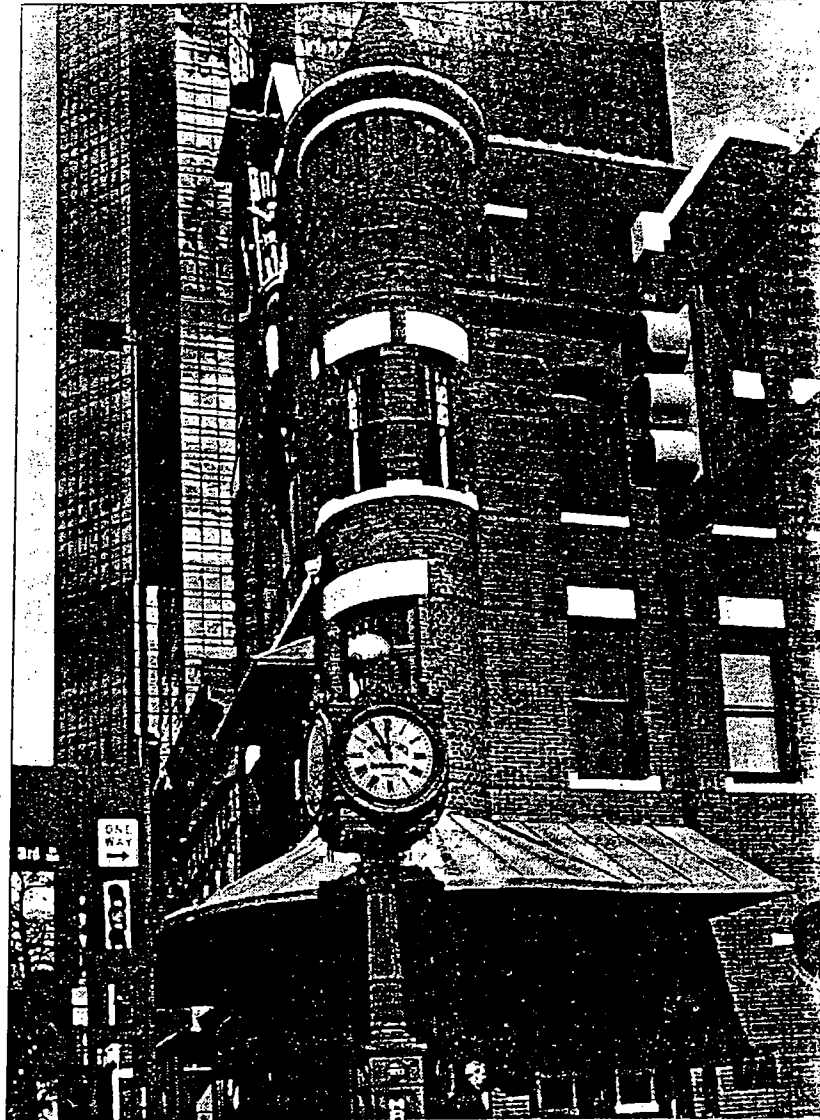


PHOTO COURTESY OF THE FORT WORTH CONVENTION AND VISITORS BUREAU

In Fort Worth, Texas, the glass towers of downtown's City Center complex are the backdrop for turn-of-the-century buildings in Sundance Square.

hunting lodge and noisy beer hall.

Lunch will cost \$10 to \$15 for two with beer, dinner \$25 to \$30 for two. Open 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Closed Sunday. No credit cards.

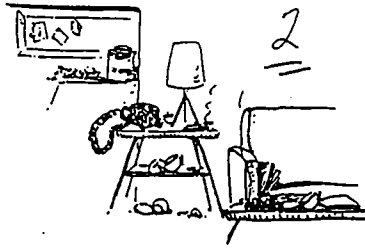
Fort Worth has dozens of good Mexican restaurants on its predominantly Hispanic northside or the area south of downtown.

Benito's, 1450 West Magnolia Ave., 1-817-332-8633, has specialties including chile rellenos and tamales. Lunch for two will cost about \$10 and dinner for two, with beer or cocktails, about \$25. Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sunday to Thursday, 10 to 3 a.m. Friday and Saturday.

the

DOCTORS' LOUNGE

by: Dr. Peter C. Graffagnino



Winter Scene, 1945

Our mild present winter recalled the memory of a contrasting one twenty years ago. At that time our enforced domicile was Barracks 8A, Oflag 64, the German prisoner-of-war camp at Sczubin, in what used to be the old Polish Corridor. The Winter months at a latitude of 54 degrees have some fairy tale qualities, but most of them are better appreciated outside the confines of barbed wire enclosures. When good weather prevailed, the days were crisp and clear, but remarkably short. Darkness persisted until well past nine in the mornings, and returned again by four in the afternoon. Snow was everywhere, and in the rural village setting near which we were penned there was a quiet beauty and hush that blanketed and obscured even the drab realities of a prison compound. The nights offered spectacular lightings of the dancing aurora borealis here at this proximity to arctic regions.

In late January of 1945 we were concerned less with the beauty of our surroundings than with the prospect of imminent liberation from our prolonged confinement. The German war effort was collapsing, and the eastern front had disintegrated before the Russian advance. The German garrison that was guarding the nearly 2000 American officers in Oflag 64 was increasingly apprehensive about

its own safety since the foremost salient of the Russian push was aimed almost directly at our camp. Worry was evident on the faces of our captors, and their preoccupation resulted in considerable relaxation of camp routine and discipline. We kept an operational map of the European fronts posted on the bulletin board in the main administration building, and whereas earlier we had always been careful never to alter it except in conformity with official German releases, then we were openly changing the battle lines once or twice daily in accordance with the BBC bulletins received over our clandestine radios. The German guards and officers were frequent visitors to the board, apparently trusting our information more than their own news reports which inevitably proclaimed heroic battles and great German victories stemming the barbaric Russian advance.

As the Russians drew nearer and the sound of distant artillery could be heard for the first time there was great rejoicing within the camp. Within a few days we confidently expected to see the Russian tanks and vehicles appear, the camp gates opened, and our careers as prisoners ended. But for most of us it did not happen that way.

Twenty-four hours before the calculated arrival of our liberators, the German garrison, on orders from Wehrmacht headquarters, clamped down on discipline, assembled the prisoners, and announced that for our protection they were evacuating us to a safer camp near Berlin. Only the sick and incapacitated were to be left in the camp. With two German doctors supervising, the American doctors (there were over two dozen of us by this time) were instructed to hold sick calls and weed out all prisoners who were unfit to march.

In the hurried preparations for evacuation, there was great confusion and much indecision among the prisoners. Try to stay in the camp, or march out? Since the Russians were our great buddies at the time, all of us would have preferred to stay. But there was also the uncertainty, not only of what might be in store, but of a possible desperate German reaction and reprisal (they still had all the guns) if confronted with a general revolt and uprising of the prisoners. After surviving one to three years of prison camp existence there was a hesitation on the part of many of us to jeopardize our own personal survival by some heroic but premature resistance that could result in disaster. Especially with the end of the war in sight.

Many of the prisoners did choose to feign illness and turned up on the sick list. In the confusion, and in addition to the truly ill and bed-ridden (among whom was war correspondent Wright Bryan, managing editor of the Atlanta Journal), we were able to leave over one hundred "sick" officers in camp along with five or six doctors to care for them.

On the morning of January 21, the rest of us marched out. A holiday, picnic atmosphere prevailed as we assembled in the bitter cold and gray light of morning and started through the opened barbed-wire gates. The temperature was 16 below zero, and we were bundled up in all of the clothing we owned, layer on layer and of countless variety, to the limit of what could possibly be worn and still permit motion. Most of us had knapsacks or lugged wooden suitcases and, in addition, were slung with blanket rolls containing other possessions worn on our backs or in horse-collar fashion over a neck or shoulder. Some had fashioned makeshift sleds of tin can strips and wooden bed slats, which they pulled behind them, piled high with canned food and odds and ends. POW's are like pack rats, and everything we had ever saved, accumulated, scrounged, or made from scraps and empty food tins was draped on our coats or dangled from some pocket, belt or button.

We headed south initially, and the march (which for some of the group eventually covered 234 miles in sixty days) began briskly. Although we marched in platoon groups stretched out in long columns of two abreast, our appearance was anything but military, and certainly not in keeping with our status as gentlemen and officers. We were a ragged, attenuated horde straggling and shuffling along like an endless procession of decrepit refugees. The more literary among us were reminded of Tolstoy's description in *War and Peace* of the Napoleonic army's retreat from Moscow, except that in place of dejection and despair our mood was one of excitement and anticipation. The snow lay everywhere, three and four feet deep over the fields and valleys with drifts reaching as high as eight and nine feet. The heavy, blowing snowfall of the night before had ceased and the daylight was bright and clear under the hazy sun. The packed, dry snow on the uncleared, rutted roads screeched audibly under the tread of hundreds of marching feet, and our disorderly, strung-out procession, contrasting darkly against the brilliant white, looked for all the world like an unending, disjointed serpent, emitting smoke from every pore, shrouded in the misty haze of the condensing vapors of our labored breathing.

But as we said, there was no despair, only excitement. Our hopes and spirits were high, and no searing, penetrating cold that stabbed with every breath and numbed our hands and feet, could change them. We were outside of our pen of barbed wire for the first time in months or years, on the open road, unconfined, and unmolested by the dejected and miserable armed guards who marched beside us. The scenery was ever changing. We had no real idea about where our icy feet were taking us. But there was joy and jubilation. We were on the move and, somehow, headed home.

PARATROOPER



THE LIFE OF GEN. JAMES M. GAVIN

T. MICHAEL BOOTH
& DUNCAN SPENCER

PARATROOPER: The Life of General James M. Gavin, T. Michael Booth and Duncan Spencer, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1994, 441 pp., \$ 27.20. Reviewed by: Herbert L. Garris.

This fine book is about one of the youngest and most admired General Officers in World War II and to review it was a joy and a privilege. My association with his unit, the renowned All American Division of the 82d Airborne Division, was in a short span of 1945- 1946. My own division, the 101st Airborne, was integrated into the 82d in December 1945 in France and sailed shortly afterward from La Havre to New York on the Queen Elizabeth. There General Gavin led it down Fifth Avenue in a ticker tape Victory Parade. Over the next spring his aide de camp, Derwood Cann, became a close associate and friend of mine and has assisted me in the preparation of this review from his home in Monroe, LA. General thoughtful and personal letter to me upon my appointment on the first list of WW II integrated officers into the Regular Army is today one of my treasured memoirs.

The book has a slow and involved beginning and reveals a very miserable young home life with his foster parents. Although it developed his hard working ethic and a dedicated application at an early age he made a rapid and deliberate departure from his hometown in Mount Carmel, PA., and then enlisted in the Army. Just when he began to make careful notes of his career is not revealed but he did all through his long military career and the twenty years that followed with Arthur D. Little in Boston. Obviously, this became a fine asset for the two writers who wrote the book.

The heart of the book lies not in the peacetime assignments from his graduation from West Point, but, as you may imagine, from the start of WW II and more specifically to the Nazi and Soviet Union's success in the newly conceived and well executed massive air deployments of their paratroopers. This began during his promising assignment on the faculty of the Department of Tactics at the Military Academy where he was called a "natural instructor" by his students and his faculty colleagues. He used with great skill the portrayal of the lightning like and devastating attack and conquest of Fort Eben Aemel near Liege, Belgium. It was a maneuver unequalled in modern times utilized by the invading Nazi Armies which literally by-passed and circumscribed the reputedly impregnable Maginot Line. They parachuted into and around the fort and secured the northern flank which led to the humiliation and total surrender of the entire French Army in June 1940.

By 1941, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, took full notice of that remarkable success of the German Army and named Colonel William C. Lee to head the new Provisional Airborne Group. This led shortly to the release of Gavin from West Point and he joined Col. Lee as his operations officer. Soon the green light led to the accelerated reorganization of one of its regular line infantry divisions, and thus the 82d Airborne Division was formed. Within two years that unit was to leave Fort Bragg under Major General Matthew Ridgway enroute to North Africa and scheduled for an air assault in Sicily to test the new concept in joint amphibious plan with the British. Meanwhile Rommel had been forced out of Africa along with the Italian ally were moving rapidly into Italy and toward Germany.

He made a fine impression upon President John F. Kennedy and a warm relationship began to be apparent. Though this short-lived acquaintance, which was terminated by his death in Dallas, he was asked to become the President's Chief Marshal for the Inauguration Parade, which is indeed an honor. Shortly afterward he was then asked to become the United States Ambassador to France. His mission, simply stated, was to find some way to bring the obstreperous President Charles De Gaulle closer to NATO and the United States. It proved a sound and very wise choice having considered the role that Gavin had played in his role from June 6, 1944 through the ultimate freedom of the French people from the Nazi yoke. At the end of eighteen months, the agreed upon time Gavin returned to his position as a Vice President of the Arthur D. Little think tank and laboratories. He had made quite a contribution with his respectable and enviable performance in Paris.

Much credit must go to the two authors of this book for their clear descriptions of this controversial general who seemingly made so many lasting contributions to the Army he loved and was deeply dedicated to for so many years. It is an interesting and most worthwhile biography and will serve for years in senior service schools with its examples for officers and planners to follow in the execution of joint service strategy.

A salute to one of the leaders of "The All Americans".

Nothing can, or should be, taken from the next two years in a costly, yet vital, description of three other combat jumps along with other commitments of his unit along the way until V-E Day in 1945. However the details are well researched and are quite articulate in their presentation. Throughout this daring officer led his men with a personal concern and care with his daily visits to the front lines. Invariably he could be seen usually at the hot spot with an M-1 Garand rifle slung on his shoulder. As the combat phase ended and occupation began he could easily be singled out as one of the most distinguished division commanders in the theater.

The story then takes another turn as he leaves the 82d at Fort Bragg, after five years as its commander and a splendid record, to be assigned to senior high level staff duty so essential for his career pattern. It was new to him and he faced another set of problems vividly shown in detail. One serious oversight was his being shunted out of the Korean Crisis, another was his advice and writing of certain Army strategies which were, so far, not acceptable for some reason, and the deadly inter-necine contest he was soon thrown into with at least four or five of his next highest seniors, both military and civilian. The above factors and individuals brought him to an early retirement. What a pity it was to have the Army lose someone of his qualifications over such personality, political and other allied differences with no apparent real effort to reconcile or resolve the deep chasm.

This story will be dear to those who may have served with him in the airborne units in WW II and have witnessed his rapid progress in the service. He always appeared a soft spoken man, with deeply humble mien and more personal, the profound appreciation of his subordinates for their trust and dedication to him.

PRISONER 20-801: A FRENCH NATIONAL IN THE NAZI LABOR CAMPS,
Aimé Bonifas Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale, IL.,
1987, 163 pp., \$12.00. By: Herbert L. Garris

This book came to me from another avid reader, John Slack, with his suggestion that if it was as pleasant to me as it was to him perhaps it might merit a review. It does indeed.

My sympathy has always been with the many French civilians who, at great risk assisted me in Normandy Peninsular some fifty years ago as we tried to rejoin my unit after the invasion jump into France. A year later my unit was assigned to France from Germany to a small town named Auxerre on the Yonne River, south of Paris. We were there long enough to meet and develop a lasting friendship with Madame O'Doul and her fine family. Their kindness to me and the hospitality shown with their very limited means impressed me very much. So my return in June for the Celebration of Normandy will be a humbling and solemn occasion for me and some whom I may see among those brave and dedicated French people.

This book was written in 1946 has a profound foreword by Franklin H. Littell with credit to which he gives the author, who is today a retired Pastor of the French Reformed Church. He says "that the book fills a valuable place in the modern history of Christian witness under adversity in a situation where patriotism and faith, devotion and courage were finely blended".

Bonifas in his preface assails the Nazi regime and its unspeakable, and well executed, death industry. While Hitler and his ruthless accomplices, the S. S. and Gestapo, came on the scene at the time of an acute economic and moral crisis in Western Europe. The concentration camps, so unlike anything in modern history had as a salient goal in two parts: to provide a way to eliminate a relatively small majority of the German population as unworthy citizens, and to provide a vast source of labor for the fast growing German economy and its awesome war machine. The latter group involved many, not only Jewish people, but large numbers of victims in the occupied countries. Their treatment was nearly unparalleled in harshness and brutality.

The story begins in the fall of 1940 following the highly successful Blitzkrieg and the loss of France and its fighting force. At the age of twenty he was drafted just before the capitulation, and took a discharge while a student of law at Montpellier, only a short way from his home in Nîmes in southern France. In about a year he graduated and with the day to day relentless poor treatment of the citizens of his community he joined a small force in an attempt, using the Resistance, to escape to Spain to rejoin the Overseas French Forces. It failed with only a short distance between them and freedom, and he was captured and soon was on his way to the German labor camps.

The most compelling and underlying theme of the story, notwithstanding the horrible torture and dehumanizing treatment he was shown, is the fine character exhibited throughout the entire period. It was a survival based on his daily-Christian leadership role which he gained in respect of his peers, but the German authorities as well. His experiences with forced

labor in and around the concentration camps fully acquainted him of the vicious extermination programs underway. The poor diet and the worst in living conditions caused him some illnesses and with his determination he returned to the labor duties.

Purposely the agony of the time spent in the camps is omitted here, but his resolve and hope grew with thankfulness to God for it. His love for and his conduct while confined came to fruition upon his return home to France. He then became a pastor of the French Reformed Church and served in many areas, even on the international postings. He now has retired but is a lecturer of renown and is in constant search for and giving support to those oppressed, as he was, and the close attention to violations of the Human Rights. It is our good fortune for him to have assembled this book, which is a testimony to his ministry. He shows great forgiveness to the Germans who mistreated him so badly, but mixed with it is his deep hope that such a disgrace may never again appear. Another sidelight to the story is the one searching question that not only he asked, but many of us today ask is "Where were the Christians when they were so sorely needed as the Hitler forces went unchallenged?"

A splendid book with so many fine lessons within its few pages. A job well done. C'est magnifique!

THE MAGIC GLASS, Hilda Uren Stubbings, Rubena Press, Bloomington, IN.,
148 pp., 1992, pb., \$24.95.

This short book is a two-fold view of some extracts from Herman Melville's *MOBY DICK*. The larger part of it is dedicated to an explanation of the aberration adopted by whalers in their pursuits almost a hundred and fifty years ago. The term is Gam, a noun, and its verb form-Gamming. Simply put, it a social term of a meeting of two or more ships in search of whales often near the whaling grounds. It led to an exchange of greetings and visits to each others ships, it extended to the respective captains and the two chief mates on the other ship. It was a tradition and usually a most welcome break to the harsh and severe routine of whalere crew member. The author reflects on the nine gams of Captain Ahab and his Pequod, over a period of time while at sea. My comments on these enlightening visits follow.

Here the author skillfully dissects the society in the mid 1800's as Melville knew it. This serious social study was affected by his early manhood of poverty and humiliation, and even more deeply rooted in the loss of his father at the age of twelve. His profound analysis of the new and modern evolutions began in England and then to the Americas where world-wide a search began to find a rational solution to many of the searing human problems. The observations are easily seen in the whaler crews as they made the nine gams in this book as, possibly, a microcosm of the larger society fitted in a small and crowded milieu. Moreover, it seemed to this reviewer as a godsend for the frail human beings aboard a frail whale ship, for often long and extended voyages in dangerous and unknown waters and sometimes wretched weather conditions. It allowed an exchange of letters and messages for return home. With the captains the dialogue was more specific to hunting reports, the oil on board, and lucrative grounds. Obviously, with Captain Ahab, his inquiry was more direct and pointed, "Have you seen the Great White Whale?"

At this point a suggestion to the reader is made emphatically. No need for the entire book of *MOBY DICK* is required to be reread, but to have a copy at hand is well worth the effort as a reference. It would provide even more detail on the lonely, agonizing and demanding voyages as at least one pleasant aspect of such an occupation.

Without revealing the overall story contained in all the gams my selection of a typical one is the one in which The Pequod meets the Jungfrau. Captain Ahab meets this stranger ship under the hand of Captain Derick De Beer out of Bremen, who approaches and asks for some oil for his lamps. A strange request when whalers are usually stocked with such an item. He produces his lamp feeder in a friendly gesture and the visit begin on an amicable basis. Ahab asks her inevitable question on the White Whale. Some generosity is extended and the oil is provided and unexpectedly, as the visit was being completed, some eight or nine whales appear in their meeting place. Immediately both crews set to work to lead as the contenders for one of them, which seemed to narrow down to an old bull, which was struggling. So a fierce competition began and launching the first harpoon became the test. The Pequod had three renowned harpooners and gained the advantage and caused such a violent and fighting reaction by the whale that the Jungfrau's crews were thrown overboard and were floating helplessly in the sea. They finally were rescued and survived, but some bad blood developed between the two ships crews. It appeared an amoral bit of conduct of man against man. This is shown as an example of the true nature of man's inner self demonstrating amorality and a lack of responsibility, which Melville was so deeply aware of in his own life. Each of the remaining gams, likewise, showed clearly the reflection of the greater society in miniature.

It is no wonder that Melville at an early age, perhaps fourteen, signed on as a common seaman on a merchantman, and thus blocked his hope of advanced schooling. Yet his interest in reading constantly, plus his numerous and wide spread voyages gave him a distinct and less formal education. In his ventures to England, South America and the South Seas he soon became acquainted with "spiritless awakening". His observations prodded him into a search of human life into which he presumed purity might prevail in the simple cultures- only to see cannibalism before him. The conditions he saw in the industrial cities with their abuses and wretchedness with such apparent callousness shown by leaders with their wealth and power. In Liverpool he found more than its share of poor, homeless, friendless suffering people who profoundly touched him. Even as painful as it was his balancing of understanding many beliefs convinced him that the modern society and its stimulus was purely for money.

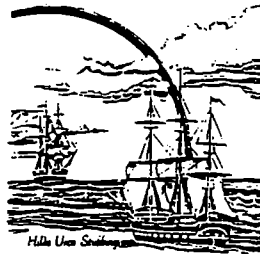
His broad vision he observed the composite of men aboard the whalers, formed of men from islands worldwide, composing the whaling ports of native white Americans and their contribution to society and trade. One tenet he strived to portray even to an extent applicable to the whalers were the strong and worthwhile values of democracy. The truth is that Captain Ahab, even with his morbidity, verging on the edge of insanity with an obsession over the White Whale was no less daring than some of the traits shown in American industrial and plantation leaders. Leaders, yes, or heroes, yet with a manifest greed for success. And with a complete disregard for the rights of the weak. A troubling parallel was Ahab's awareness of the earlier and later the fatal wounds in his whaling experience. This basis led Melville to view, hopefully, a relationship between the United States and England, especially with their very similar cultures and heritages in educating the people of all classes.

In conclusion we have here a fine and thoughtfully written essay in which the author pours out the thoughts of many great writers of the period we know as The Industrial Revolution, while with its many achievements failed to address the many facets of the human and his undernourished element to the equation of success. It is clearly written and easy to read and a great credit to those of us who have seen and studied our mammoth organizations-government and the industrial arena. Having read *MOBY DICK* many years ago as a young man, the whaling exploits held me far more fascinated than did the deeper message it sent.

With best wishes for your continued success as a writer of distinction.

The Magic Glass

The Industrial and Seamy
As Seen in the Case of
Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick*



Hilda Uren Stubbings

WHALING OUT OF
ST. JOHN'S
NEWFOUNDLAND
BY
Lal Parsons

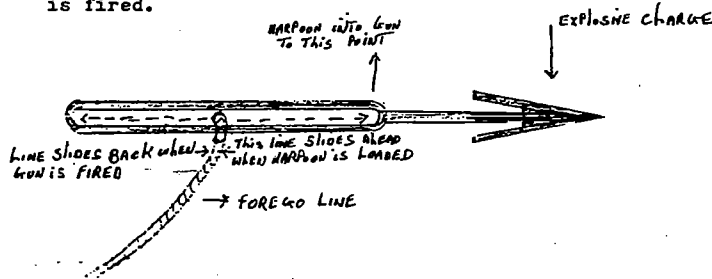
Now about the Whaling. The way we whaled was a long haul from the days of Moby Dick. Rather than floating factories used in the Antarctic, our processing factories were land based. At that time there were three in Newfoundland waters. One at Grady on the Labrador, One at Hawkes Harbour, also on the Labrador, and the one we operated from at Rose au Rue, down near the Argentia Naval base in Placentia Bay. The area was not as accessible then as it is now and we sailed around Cape Race to get there in the spring when we left and did not come home until the season was finished in the fall.

Rose au Rue was a whaling station built in the early 1900s on the eastern side of Merasheen Island in Placentia Bay. It was necessary for the station to be built in an isolated area as the stench from the processing plant would make it very uncomfortable for anyone with a family to live near it. The station was completely self contained (for that period) Decked over areas called slips for the flenching and cutting up of the whales. Powerful steam winches would drag the dead whales from the mooring buoy to the lower slip where the "flenchers" would cut off long strips of fat from the outer skin, or fat layer, from there the fat would be winched up to another slip and fed into "press boilers" to be rendered down by steam until all the oil was reclaimed. The meat from the carcass was then winched up to another slip to be fed into the meat boilers where the oil would be rendered out as it was done from the fat boilers. The third slip was the bone slip. On the bone slip was a steam driven saw with a blade about ten feet long which would saw off each vertebra and that would be fed into the bone boilers to extract the oil.

When the oil had been extracted from the fat, meat and bone, it was piped away to a steam driven centrifuge, from where the partially refined product was barrelled for shipping. The remains of the meat and bone were then put through a dryer, ground to a powder, sacked in 225 pound burlap bags, and exported as fertilizer. The dryer was a coke fired unit with a barrel six feet in diameter and fifty feet long.

Whales were hunted in Placentia Bay, St. Mary's Bay and on the Grand Banks. At times along the St. Pierre Banks and along the southern shore of the Island. They were harvested by steel ships (Catchers) of about 250 tons, powered by coal fired triple expansion steam engines and could attain a speed of 18 knots. The captains were Norwegian and Newfoundlanders made up most of the crews. Each ship had a gunstand on the bow with a gun which could fire a 125 pound harpoon. Each harpoon had a bomb built into the head which would explode on contact, throwing out the "claws" so the harpoon would not pull out of the whale. The harpoon is about five to six feet in length. Picture if you can one of the crew in the barrel at the mast head shouting down to the captain on the bridge that a whale had been sighted, and in what direction. The captain is the gunner but for awhile he directs the chase from the high open bridge. At the appropriate time he races down the catwalk, which goes from the bridge to the gunstand, then by hand signals, directs the helmsman which way to steer the ship until eventually the whale surfaces just ahead of the bow and within range of the gun. Here I must digress and explain how the whale is not lost by sinking when it is hit by the harpoon.

I will try my hand at drawing a harpoon because I think this will be the simplest way to show how & what happens when the projectile is fired.



The bore of the barrel of the gun is five inches in diameter. The harpoon is slid into the barrel after the powder and wads (which look like large hockey pucks) are rammed home. This excuse for a drawing will show how the line is attached to the harpoon. The line is then fed back through the pulleys in the bow to a large spring loaded block in the deck, then up to another spring loaded block near the mast head, just underneath the barrel. The line goes back to another spring loaded block in the deck and back to the winch (a massive affair) located on deck below the bridge. The forego line, usually pronounced "Fogo" by the Newfoundlanders, is at this point spliced unto a "whale line" going from an inch and a half in diameter

Parsons - Lamont MARY

Born Harbour Grace, Newfoundland August 12, 1919

Son of Reuben T. and Gertrude L. M. Parsons

Educated Harbour Grace

Sailed with Newfoundland Whaling Company at age 15

Joined the Royal Canadian Air Force at the outbreak of World War II. Served overseas as a Fighter Pilot with 11 Group of the Royal Air Force, with the Tactical Air Force and with the Norwegian Fighter Wing.

Employment - Crosbie and Company, fish processors 1945 to 1958.

Commissioner Newfoundland Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society. 1958 to 1961

In 1961 formed General Dealers Ltd. and Automotive Enterprises Limited operating muffler shops, carwash and Service Stations in St. John's and Harbour Grace. Retired in 1975.

Past President of the St. John's Lions Club, The Newfoundland Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society and of 150 Wing of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association.

Past Chairman of the Newfoundland Provincial Committee of the Air Cadet League of Canada and Past Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Newfoundland Division of the Canadian Corps of Commissioners.

Life Member of the Royal Canadian Air Force Association, Honorary Vice President of the Newfoundland Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society and Honorary Member of the National Society. In 1980 was awarded the Order of Red Cross.

Hobbies - Hunting, Fishing, Gardening and Aviation History.

Residence - 203 Portugal Cove Road, St. John's, Newfoundland

to three inches in diameter. This line is then wound around the nigger heads of this big winch and fed down into the hold where it is very carefully coiled. When the gun is fired all this line (really very heavy rope) feeds out through the pulleys and spring loaded blocks and the nigger heads (which at this stage are out of gear) at a terrible speed, and as the whale starts to sink, the man on the winch applies the breaks to the nigger heads until the runout stops. Then the winch is put in gear and the dead whale is hoisted to the surface and brought alongside the ship. A compressed air line from the engine room is then inserted into the whale and it floats belly up alongside the ship for towing.

So there you have it. The whale is sighted. The captain runs to the gunstand. when the ship is in position he fires and all this line is running out, shaking the mast head so that the barrelman wishes he were somewhere else. The ship carries on with the hunt and if another whale is sighted a buoy has been rigged with a long bamboo pole attached. A weight on one end, cork slabs about a third of the way up, and a flag on top so this whole rig can be set loose by slipping a shackle. The location is marked on the chart so that when the chase for the second whale is over the ship can return and pick up the first whale and head for the shore factory. The whales were dropped at the buoy just off the flenching slip and the catcher would dock for a few hours to take on coal, water and supplies, then was off to the hunt again.

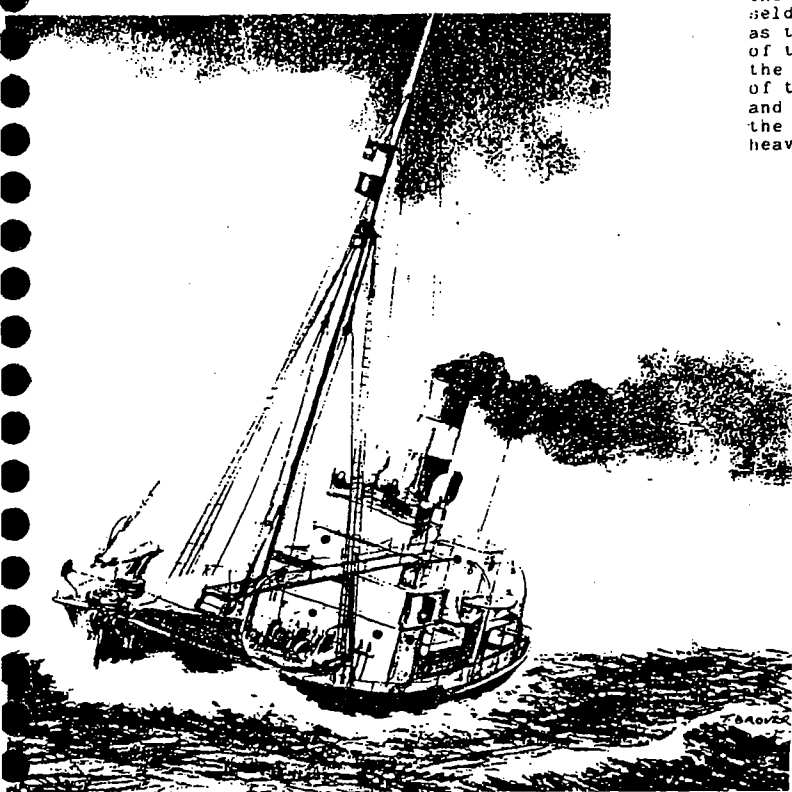
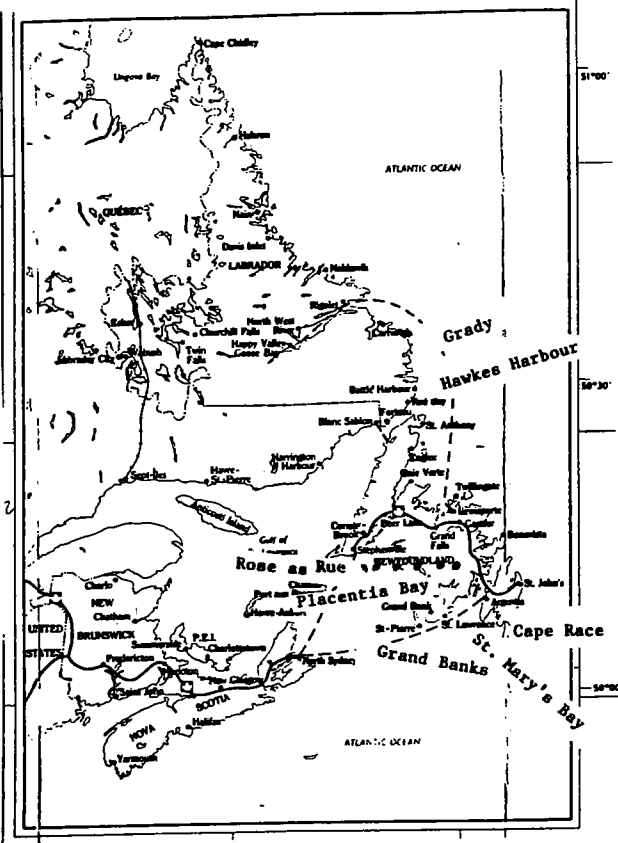
Most of the whales brought in to the Rose au Rue plant were finbacks, some humpbacks and the odd sulphor bottom. The licence allowed the catchers to take whales fifty feet and over but many of the finbacks were over eighty feet. They weighed about a ton for every foot of length.

In the thirties a man made thirty five dollars a month and a boy (me) made twenty five. Out of this a worker had to pay for his food (found) which cost about eleven dollars a month. Captains and mates made fifty cents and a dollar for each whale and the man in charge of the oil was paid an additional one quarter of a cent for every forty five gallon barrel of whale oil.

The boss man on the station stayed in a wooden house and the men stayed in bunkhouses attached to each end of the cook house. The food was rough but well cooked. No fresh meat except whale meat. Salt beef five days a week and salt fish Wednesdays and Fridays. Every morning beans and salt fish for breakfast, every evening hash made from what had been on the menu for the midday meal. No milk of any kind and tea was sweetened with molasses. We had the best bread you ever tasted and lots of it.

At the end of my first voyage, having drawn no pay since leaving home, my settlement came to ninety eight dollars. The captain, being in a generous mood, said to the paymaster "give him a hundred dollars. Some bonus.

Upon reading this over I thought I should add that not every time did the first harpoon kill the whale. If the first shot missed, which was seldom the case, then the gun had to be reloaded completely as outlined as there was a second set of forego and whalelines on the other side of the mast and fed back through the niggerheads on the other side of the winch. If the first shot hit the whale and the resulting explosion of the charge in the harpoon head did not break the whale's backbone and kill it, a second harpoon was loaded with nothing attached for the kill. It was unbelievable how fast a wounded whale could tow that heavy ship.



S.S. "Siva"
Whale catcher, built in 1924 in England, at South Bank on Tees. Dimensions 110x23x13', 220 tons gross, 78.46 net. The "Siva" was some time owned and operated by the Polar Whaling Co. of Har. Grace S.S. "Siva" was sold to the admiralty in 1946.
From the series "Ships and Stories of Har." by "The Ocean"

My World War Two Comrade: An Extraordinary Person

Richard Foregger, M.D.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dr. Foregger was a medical officer in the 3rd Auxiliary Surgical Group attached to the First US Army for the invasion of Normandy and the campaigns in northwest Europe 1944-45.

Albert Crandall (1909-1982) was a medical officer in the Army of the United States during the Second World War.

After graduating from the University of Vermont College of Medicine and postgraduate training, Crandall served in the medical service of the XV International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. Returning to the United States, he practiced surgery in Essex Junction, Vermont.

When the United States entered World War II, he was assigned to a general hospital in Massachusetts and, in December, 1942, was reassigned to a hospital in Georgia. In transit to the South while the train was laid over at the Washington D.C. depot, Crandall disembarked, taxied across town to the Surgeon General's office and requested an overseas assignment.

The preoccupied Colonel looked up from his work. "Did I hear right? Everyone else who comes in here — either his wife is going to have a baby or someone in the family is sick. I want you to come with me and talk to the General."

Within a few moments they were inside the Office of the Surgeon General of the US Army. "General," the colonel said, "I want you to hear this man's story. He wants to be reassigned to go overseas, and his outfit is on a train in the Washington depot headed for Georgia."

The General looked at his Adjutant. Could the reassignment be done? Was there enough time? Papers were quickly drawn up, orders changed, and a Command Vehicle with Crandall, accompanied by a Sergeant driver and two Military Police, was dispatched to the train in the depot where Crandall's foot locker was retrieved. He was on his way to the Queen Mary in New York harbor. Crandall had come in time; indeed, he was too early.

"We don't sail until two more days," the British Navy officer in charge at the pier where the ship was docked told Crandall, who was sent back to join our outfit at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. For the first time the men of the Third Auxiliary Surgical Group met Crandall. We listened to the tall, quiet-spoken captain as he told us he had been up to New York Harbor, and that we would be sailing for England on the Queen in a few days.

Not long after we got to Oxford, our outfit was split in two. One part was sent on to the campaigns in North Africa, and the other remained at Oxford. Crandall had to stay. We didn't learn about it until one early morning, when those who had been selected to go were already packing and getting on the trucks. In the dark courtyard where loading was taking place, there was a discussion between the Commanding Officer and those left behind. Crandall led. He was pleading and arguing with the C.O.; he wanted to go. It was no use. The young Lt. Colonel stood in the dark listening. He just shrugged: having gotten his orders, he was not going to disturb matters. Crandall slowly accepted being left behind, but he was disappointed. The rest of the day was spent in hard drinking.

The members of the surgical group left behind were dispersed throughout England, where we worked in US Army and British civilian hospitals, went on military maneuvers, and waited and prepared for the invasion of the continent.

Crandall never stopped pleading and demanding to get to the Mediterranean theater. He was determined to show that medical men could be useful in the front line area. Several months later in London, he arranged for a meeting in a hotel room with the Commanding Officer of the group left behind. Members of the group

alternately pleaded, cajoled and demanded to go to Africa. The C.O. Major held his ground. He said that we should be patient and wait, and get ready for the big one: our chance would come.

Crandall went on several low level aircraft missions over France. To do that was unheard of for a medical officer; he had befriended and quietly talked some young pilot into it.

General Maxwell Taylor, C.O. of the 101st Airborne Division, came up to our outfit one evening to give a short talk in the mess hall. The 101st needed some medical officers and corpsmen for the coming invasion. Would anyone in the Group volunteer? He said he would wait over at headquarters for an hour or so if anybody were interested. As the door of the mess hall closed behind the General, Crandall was up and out the door, after him. He and his teammates signed up and were able to drop in by glider on Omaha Beach, Normandy in the very early hours of June 6th. This was the only surgical team landed by gliders on Omaha Beach. Major Clifford Graves told the spectacular story in his book, *Front Line Surgeons*, 1950:

For Crandall this was a special day. His placid features and deliberate gestures hardly concealed his elation. From the very beginning it had been his ambition to participate in an aerial mission. This was no ordinary mission. It was a giant airborne assault in which he was playing a vital part. For the first time in history, a complete surgical team was to be glider-landed on enemy territory and he was the surgical spearhead. Casualties began to arrive on H hour plus 3 and the operating room which had been set up at Hiesville was going full blast. Crandall and his men never stopped. To Crandall's men goes the credit of performing the first surgery on the beachhead. (p. 142)

Our outfit had made the invasion of Omaha and Utah Beaches, Normandy, by ship across the sea from England. After the two beachheads were joined, I was assigned to the battle for the Cotentin peninsula and Cherbourg.

With the capture of Cherbourg on June 25, there was a lull in fighting in that sector. I met Crandall after seeing a direction sign for the 101st at a crossroad in Cherbourg. He was sitting under a tree with two generals in the early evening, as I approached from a wooded area. During the evening meal I asked about the meeting with the generals.

"This is the biggest opportunity of my life. I can't tell you where but this is going to be a big one."

He mentioned matter of factly the possibility of being captured, as he had done before we left England. It did not seem to concern him. Putting the small hospital far forward left it open to the possibility of capture, as he realized.

Strange as it may seem to persons removed a generation or more from World War II, Crandall never expressed any feelings of personal bitterness or hatred for the enemy. He was an individual incapable of hatred. (1) He had great admiration and respect for the enemy's fighting ability. To Crandall war was an adventure. He had no fear. War was an "opportunity", he said. I spent that one night with the 101st just outside Cherbourg. There's was a primitive and rugged life. The next day I returned to my outfit.

Crandall made another glider landing in the invasion of Holland on September 17, 1944. Although he was wounded, he wasn't captured until the 101st was sent to Bastogne. Just before midnight of the 19th of December, a German force of tanks, half tracks, and infantry slipped around to the Division service area, west of Bastogne where the hospital was located. A convoy of trucks was just leaving. The Germans opened fire, setting the trucks ablaze. (2) Here is what Emil Natalie, a medical corpsman and teammate captured with Crandall, said:

I'll never forget that night. I had just dozed off when I was aroused by a machine gun barrage. Bullets were flying everywhere. They passed right over my head I raised my head and peered out over the edge of my foxhole. That was enough for me. I could see that the Germans were still playing for keeps.

I crawled over to Major Crandall. "Major, this looks bad. Can you figure it out?"

"Wish I could. It looks like Germany for us," he said.

Major Crandall was a fearless man. He was a big man. He always knew how to conduct himself, no matter what the situation. Just to hear him gave you a feeling of security. The Germans were all over the area, hollering and laughing. They were Panzer Grenadiers, the much-feared, hard-hitting tank men. Our Commanding Officer surrendered to the German officer. There was no alternative. (Frontline Surgeon, p. 278)

After being captured, Crandall, along with the other members of the 101 Airborne Division surgical team, spent several weeks marching from one place to another under deplorable conditions in war torn Germany through the last weeks of 1944. For the prisoners there was very little food or rest. Many were near collapse. There were hundreds of cases of blistered feet, frozen ears, sore throats and dysentery. On several occasions Crandall protested vigorously to the German commanding officer on the lack of proper medical care for the prisoner casualties, citing the Geneva Convention. On New Year's Day, 1945, the team arrived at the notorious Stalag IV-B (3) at Muhlberg, Germany. It was bitter cold with a fierce northwest wind blowing into big snowdrifts. Corpses were lying about from the night before. This was a huge international camp with 16,500 prisoners of war of which 5,000 were Americans. There was no heat in the barracks and meals consisted of stale sauerkraut—green hornet soup. Here Crandall stayed for two weeks and was then sent to Oflag-64 (4) at Schubin, (Polish Szubin), (5) along with teammates Captain John Rodda, Captain Charles van Gorder, and Captain Saul Dworkin. They arrived on January 15, 1945.

Oflag-64 was a well-run camp with over 1500 American army officers. Here the prisoners had their own classes, maintained a library and kept in touch with the outside world through secret radios. Food was of poor quality and nourishment was the predominant concern of most POWs, even though Red Cross packages arrived regularly. The Soviets were advancing rapidly and on January 20, the German camp commander, Oberst (Colonel) Fritz Schneider, ordered that the next day all the prisoners would move out to the West. The first day's march, January 21st, was from Schubin through the small town of Exin (Polish Kcynia) to the farm estate at Wegheim (Siernicki), a distance of 22 km., where they were billeted in the barns. (6) Here Rodda and van Gorder were able to escape during the night, returning to Exin where they worked under the Russians taking care of the sick and wounded. They finally got away and started to work their way east towards Schubin. There was information through the Polish underground that there was an American medical officer in Schubin.

Captain Dworkin continued on with the march column to Parchim, Germany, a distance of 570 km, arriving on March 6, 1945, and then on to Hammelburg and Nuremberg by rail where he was liberated.

Crandall continued in the march column as far as Netzthal (now Osiek nad Notecia), a distance of 44 km from Oflag-64. Here he was permitted by the German commanding officer to remain to take care of several sick and injured POWs. The men were loaded into a sleigh and taken, 9 km, to the Polish hospital, run by the Catholic nuns at Wirsitz, (Wyrzysk) where he worked until after February 3rd at which time the town was overrun by the Red Army and he was ordered out. In two days he marched back to Schubin in bitter cold weather with no food. When Rodda and van Gorder relocated Crandall in Schubin it turned out that he was the only doctor in a 100-bed hospital run by nuns. After the long hardship as a prisoner and the harsh winter weather during his trip back from Wirsitz, he now seemed to be living it up—good food and several nuns to wait on him like a king. Van Gorder and Rodda thought that he may have been a little bit sorry that they had interrupted his new domain. Casualties were arriving and, reunited, the three worked together again. During this time, they spent several hours each day helping with the sick at the former Oflag-64. But within a few days the Soviet commissar summoned them to the city hall and informed them that he had received orders that all foreigners were to leave. They asked for and were given a pass to Moscow. After that the three traveled together and went by

Soviet truck convoy to Bromberg (Bydgoszcz) where they again worked in a Hospital. Fierce fighting broke out, and fearing recapture by the Germans, they left hurriedly for Thorn (Torun) where they were apprehended and put in jail. Released the next day they were told to move on. They went by truck, freight train and hiking until they reached Praga across the Vistula River from Warsaw.

Here they stayed for 10 days living and working in a hospital where there were about 10-15 doctors—all women, the male doctors having been taken away or killed during the war. They also made contact with the University of Warsaw Medical School; operating underground during the German occupation, it was just then setting up in an old German school in Praga and the faculty and students were eager to learn the latest information about American medicine. They walked across the frozen Vistula to Warsaw every day looking for a building with a room intact enough to live in. Warsaw had been systematically demolished by the Germans.

There was practically no food and it was very crowded in the hospital at Praga. They felt that they could no longer impose but should move on towards Moscow.

They again went by freight train across Poland through Bialystok, but were turned back by the NKVD, the Soviet security police, at Negoreloe, USSR, a small town on the main line railway to Moscow, 45 km outside the industrial center of Minsk. The NKVD ordered them to return to Poland, immediately.

Traveling by freight train through Brest-Litovsk, they arrived at Lublin, where they boarded a train that the Soviets had arranged to take Allied prisoners of war to the Black Sea port of Odessa. This was the standard Russian troop boxcar train with a small wood burning stove but no sanitary facilities. Food was obtained by bartering with the local inhabitants whenever the train stopped at a village. (7) At Odessa they were transferred to the British ship, Duchess of Bedford, which took them to Naples where they arrived on April 2, 1945. (8) They tried to rejoin the 101st Airborne Division, but the request was refused and they were ordered back to the US.

One day in December, 1945 in the United States, my father said that a medical officer had come into the office in New York looking for me in August, 1945. He had been on his way to the Pacific Theater when the war ended. That very same day, a short while later, in walked Crandall. We discussed many things about our wartime experience since we last met at Cherbourg, and I asked about the capture at Bastogne.

"They came at midnight", he said, "A very well-dressed Wehrmacht officer was in command. He was immaculate, wearing polished, high, black boots, a monocle, and carrying a revolver. He spoke perfect English and said we had thirty minutes to pack up and get on the trucks."

There was no hint of bitterness about the hardship he had endured.

That evening we had dinner at his hotel in New York City with his wife. In 1982 I learned that he died. I was unable to obtain an obituary in any medical journal.

Dr. Charles van Gorder writes: "Crandall and I watched the big parade after the war in New York City by looking between someone's feet while we were standing under some bleachers in front of the City Hall—we could not get a seat. Crandall and I were in civilian clothes and someone in the bleachers asked us, 'Who do you think you are anyway?' We did not answer."

The "Great Adventure" was over.

Emile Natalie, the medical corpsman who spent days in talks with Crandall and hours at the operating table, and who was his driver when traveling, knew Crandall as well as anyone might have, given his propensity to be a quiet individual. Natalie said, "Albert Crandall's was an unassuming and noble character".

Albert Crandall's achievement and that of the men who worked with him have earned a permanent place of fame in the annals of airborne medical service. They were pioneers: men without fear who braved great danger to help others.

EUROPEAN CAMPAIGN U.S. Sponsored Commemorative Events

DATE	TIME	LOCATION	EVENT
3 June	1200	London, UK	SHAEP HQ
	1730	Cambridge, UK	AAF Crews (Cemetery)
	1100	Nettuno, Italy	Nettuno Cemetery Ceremony
4 June	1000	Rome, Italy	Liberation of Rome
	1800	Whale Island, UK	US/UK Retreat
5 June	1400-1700	St Mere Eglise, FR	Airborne Ceremony
	1215	South Common, UK	US/UK Drumhead Ceremony
	1400	South Common, UK	Flotilla Departure
6 June	0730	Off French Coast	Wreath Laying Ceremony USS Geo Washington
	0830	Point Du Hoc FR	Ranger Commemoration
	1000	Utah Beach FR	US/French Bilateral Ceremony
	1400	Omaha Beach FR	Fr Intl Ceremony
	1700	Colleville FR	US National Ceremony (US Cemetery)
15 Aug	1800	Draguignan FR	Liberation of South France
25 Aug	TBD	Paris FR	Liberation Ceremony

Current Planning as of : November 16, 1993

CONTINUED SEE NEXT PAGE, PLEASE.

D-Day Vets Sought for Honorary Celebration

A French hotel company operating in Scarsdale, MS, is planning to honor America's D-Day veterans on the 50th anniversary of the landing in Normandy.

Hotel Sofitel is asking for veterans who landed in Normandy on 6 June, 1944 (originally 100,000 men) to "stand up and be recognized" as Sofitel prepares a special celebration in their honor.

"It is our way of saying thank you to all those GIs who fought in Normandy in '44," said John Lehodey, president of Hotel Sofitel North America, who at the time was a small boy living in Avranches, where GEN Patton made his famous breakthrough.

Fifty years later, as president of the company, he is planning a commemorative dinner at each of the seven Sofitel hotels in the United States.

Lehodey said, "These men will be my guests, honored by our company and the French people." Lehodey hosted a similar dinner for the 40th anniversary of D-Day when he was the general manager of the Sofitel in Minneapolis, an event which attracted nearly 200 area veterans.

Lehodey is asking all interested veterans in the Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Washington, DC areas to write to him at Hotel Sofitel North America, 2 Overhill Road, Suite 420, Scarsdale, NY 10583.

Veterans who landed in Normandy on D-Day on 6 June 1944, should include with their names and addresses the name of the military units to which they belonged when they landed, Lehodey said.

NORMANDY CONTINUED.

For those who do not want to go to France for whatever reason you may have, this very generous offer by a successful Hotel Manager, whose home was in nearby Avranches, is one you may wish to attend. It is indeed a great honor and worthy of your consideration.

Source: The Screaming Eagle (Mar. Apr. 1994)

Hqs. 101st Airborne Div. Assoc.
101 East Morris Street
PO Box 586
Sweetwater, TN

The Allies land on Italy's coast

To mark the 50th anniversary of U.S. participation in World War II, Knight-Ridder Tribune News Wire has commissioned a series of stories that chronicle each week's events as they happened 50 years ago. The series is written by William R. Hawkins, president of the Hamilton Center for National Strategy, a non-partisan think tank for the study of international economics and national security policy. Hawkins is a former economics professor at Appalachian State University, the University of North Carolina-Asheville and Radford University.

By William R. Hawkins
KNIGHT-RIDDER

When the Allies invaded Italy, it was thought the Germans would abandon the southern half of the peninsula. Indeed, this was the first reaction of Adolf Hitler and his advisers in Berlin. However, Generalfeldmarschall Albert Kesselring persuaded his superiors Italy could be defended south of Rome. Kesselring had first slowed, then stopped the Allied advance.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill, remembering the bloody stalemate of the trenches in World War I, was always looking for a way to turn the enemy's flank. He thus supported a plan code-named "Shingle" for a landing on the west coast behind the German lines. If German logistics were threatened, enough troops might be pulled back from the front that the Allies could break through.

The problem was that even though the Allied navies had complete control of the sea, they were short on amphibious lift, especially in the number of available LSTs, the largest type of landing craft. There were only 104 LSTs in the Mediterranean, and half of these were to be moved to England in December as part of the buildup for the D-Day invasion. The Pacific also had higher priority than the Mediterranean for new LST production.

Strategy also called for the establishment of a strong force of heavy bombers in Italy that could strike Germany from the south. Once this force was in operation, Allied shipping capacity would be fully committed to moving supplies to southern Italy with nothing left to support a new force landed from



the sea.

Churchill appealed directly to President Franklin Roosevelt for a delay in the LST transfer and Roosevelt approved. This would allow an initial Anzio invasion by two divisions plus commando units. The invasion force was only to be supplied over the beach for 10 days, after which it was supposed to be supplied from the south as the result of a successful breakthrough by the main Allied armies. This was to prove overly optimistic.

At dawn on Jan. 22, 1944, the invasion began. The U.S. VI Corps landed the U.S. 3rd Infantry Division and the British 1st Infantry Division along with three battalions of American Rangers and two British Commando units. Each division had a battalion of tanks attached. Plans for the 504th Parachute Regiment to jump 8 miles inland and for the 504th Parachute Battalion to jump into the outskirts of Rome itself were cancelled. Both units would land on the beaches as regular assault troops. In all, 40,000 men would land, half the number that had gone ashore at Salerno.

The invaders met no organized resistance and advanced 3 miles inland. Maj. Gen. John P. Lucas, VI Corps commander, did not feel he had enough troops to advance further without the risk of being cut off from the beachhead. VI Corps was then reinforced with elements of the U.S. 45th Infantry and 1st Armored Division; and with the 56th British Infantry Division.

The Germans rushed some of their best troops to the area: the 16th SS and 3rd Panzer Grenadier Divisions, the 26th and Hermann Goring Panzer Divisions and the 1st Parachute Division plus several infantry divisions. In February, the Germans would try to drive VI Corps back into the sea.

'Big Week' a turning point in war against Nazi forces

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By William R. Hawkins
KNIGHT-RIDDER

Though the "Big Week" bomber offensive (Feb. 20-25, 1944) had not destroyed the German aircraft industry, it had nevertheless been a turning point in the air war over Europe.

This was because of the damage being done to the Luftwaffe in the air rather than in the factories. During "Big Week" the Germans lost 282 fighters to all causes. Though this was a smaller number of aircraft than the Allies lost, the Allies were better able to replace losses in both equipment and pilots. When "Big Week" was launched, the United States had more bombers and twice as many fighters sitting in supply depots than they had in combat units.

The key factor, however, would be the replacement of pilots. The large U.S. training establishment was able to match well-trained airmen with the fighters and bombers pouring off the assembly lines. The German training establishment was unable to make up for the 100 veteran fighter pilots who were killed during "Big Week." They were forced to speed up training, thus putting less and less experienced pilots into their front-line units which degraded their combat performance.

During the month of February the U.S. VIII Fighter Command shot down 286 enemy fighters a the loss of only 85 American fighters. Gen. Josef Schmid, commander of I Fighter Corps which controlled all fighters based inside Germany believed "Big Week" marked the beginning of the end.

The American air commander also understood what was happening. In January Maj. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle, commander of the 8th Air Force, had "unleashed" American fighters to take aggressive action against their German counterpart rather than be tied to the bomb streams. On a visit to the VIII Fighter Command's headquarters, Doolittle spotted a sign in Maj. Gen. William Kepner's office which read "The first duty of the Eighth Air Force fighters is to bring the bombers back alive." Doolittle ordered the sign changed to read "The first duty of the Eighth Air Force fighter is to destroy German fighters." Said Doolittle to Kepner "We'll still provide a reasonable fighter escort for the bombers, but the bulk of your fighters will go hunting for Jerries. Flush them out in the air and beat them up on the ground as you go home. Your first priority is to take the offensive."

The fighters were now free to range ahead of the bombers to break up the mass fighter formations the Germans used against the bombers' box formations.

These fine articles are from the Knight Ridder Tribune News Wire. The author is Prof. William R. Hawkins, who is a distinguished scholar and analyst of national security policy. He has been on the faculties of: UNC-Asheville, Appalachian State College and Radford College.

The series came to my attention in January while visiting at North Myrtle Beach, S. C. The feature above on Anzio Beach took place fifty years ago. As the months have gone by I have saved the most interesting for publication in THE ITEM for your reading. What a splendid service this is. I welcome your comments. G.

VERBAL CLEARANCE TO USE THE NEXT FEW PAGES HAS BEEN GRANTED
Time 4:00 pm March 31, 1994 by Ms Mary Beth Pacer of Knight Ridder Media Service by telephone and a written note confirming it will follow.

Many thanks, Mary!

Herb Garris

In tough missions, U.S. bombers strike German capital

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By William R. Hawkins
KNIGHT-RIDDER

For weeks rumors had been spreading through the 8th Air Force that it would soon be sent to bomb the Nazi capital, Berlin. But hitting "Big B" in winter would prove difficult. The first raid was sent on March 3, 1944, but it was recalled because of bad weather. Still, the bombers were attacked by German fighters as they withdrew over Holland. The 336th Fighter Squadron,



newly equipped with P-51 "Mustangs," fought a wild action with about 60 enemy fighters.

Another raid was dispatched the next day, but bad weather again intervened. Only 30 B-17s of the 13th Bomb Wing made it to Berlin, bombing through the clouds at in-

dustrial targets in the southwest suburbs. On March 5, missions shifted to targets in France, but on March 6 a major effort was made on Berlin as 504 B-17s and 226 B-24s took off from their bases in England. More than 800 fighters from both the VIII and IX Fighter Commands relayed shifts on escort duty.

It was a tough mission. Weather was bad, and the Luftwaffe came up in large numbers to intercept. None of the primary targets were hit.

Though the United States had more fighters, the Germans were able to better concentrate their effort because of the long range and the large area to cover. Thus American fighter pilots were usually outnumbered in combat. The Germans

were using a new tactic, sending large "gaggles" of fighters in mass attacks against the bomber boxes. They would roar in from head-on — "12 o'clock high" — and weave through the bomber formation, then go after targets of opportunity before diving to the deck to regroup and come up again.

Lt. Robert S. Johnson was leading the 61st Fighter Squadron when he spotted two gaggles of 40 to 50 enemy planes each at his level and another gaggle higher up. With only eight P-47 "Thunderbolts" in his squadron, Johnson led a charge into the closest enemy formation. Though they shot down several of the enemy, they were too few to stop such a mass from getting to the bombers.

Over Berlin, the P-51s of the crack 4th Fighter Group joined the escort and broke up an attack by rocket-firing Me-110s. Twelve of these twin-engine destroyers were shot down by the 4th FG, as were three single-engine fighters, for the loss of 4 P-51s. Overall for the day, the Luftwaffe lost 66 fighters and the United States lost 11.

A sign of how badly the Luftwaffe had been hurt in these air battles was that when the bombers again hit Berlin on March 8 and March 9, opposition had markedly lessened, though there were still several hot air battles. Bomber losses were reduced to a total of 26 for the two raids. And on March 11 not a single enemy fighter was encountered on the raid against Munster.

'Thunderbolts' sent to attack U-boat pens

Flying solo, risk, casualties high

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By William R. Hawkins
KNIGHT-RIDDER

Bomber escort was the most common mission flown by American fighters in March 1944, but it was not the only mission. As U.S. air strength continued to grow, fighters were sent on their own against enemy ground targets in France.

On March 11, the P-47 "Thunderbolts" of the 352nd Fighter Group were sent on a strike against the German U-boat pens at St. Nazaire. The Germans had used this base 150 miles south of Brest since 1940 and had built underground submarine docks protected by massive blast doors, which were proof against conventional bombing.

St. Nazaire had been attacked by British commandos almost exactly two years earlier. In that celebrated attack, the port's large drydock had been rammed by the old destroyer Campbeltown, which had been packed with 3 tons of explosives. However, the attack on the U-boat pens had failed that night, and the commando force had taken heavy casualties.

The 352nd would try a different tactic. Their fighters would come in low, and each would "skip" a 500-pound bomb like a rock across a pond through the open doors of the pens. The timing had to be perfect since the doors were expected to be open only between high and low tides. At low tide, the U-boats could not get out of the pens, and at high tides the doors had to be closed to prevent flooding. The window of opportunity would last only an hour.

The fighters would fly from a base on the British coast and around Brittany, staying over water and on the deck to avoid detection.



Fuel was a critical consideration, so navigation across the Bay of Biscay had to be accurate. It was. The group's three squadrons (the 328th, 486th and 487th) each had 12 planes, which made their runs in three flights of four abreast.

The doors were open. Each flight dropped its bombs in unison on the command of the flight leader. Then the fighters had to pull up fast to clear the 300-foot cliffs toward which they were racing. At the top of the cliffs were German 37mm and 88mm anti-aircraft guns, which peppered the "Thunderbolts" as they roared past at close range. Eight P-47s were shot down by the flak, with four pilots killed and the other four taken prisoner.

The fighters then strafed targets of opportunity as they continued across Normandy to Pas de Calais, where they turned for home. Another P-47 was lost during these strafing runs.

Though the fighter pilots had long begged to be turned loose for offensive action, hitting ground targets at low altitude was costly. On March 21, the P-51 "Mustangs" of the 4th Fighter Group were sent south of Bordeaux on a long-range strafing mission. Airfields were the prime target. Nine enemy aircraft were destroyed on the ground, and 12 more were caught in the air and downed. Base facilities and other military targets were strafed. However, seven "Mustangs" were lost to ground fire.

One of the pilots managed to avoid capture and make it back to England, something every pilot hoped to do if forced down but that few managed. Earlier in the month, Chuck Yeager, who would become an ace and a renowned test pilot, managed the same trick.



Carriers strike Palau islands

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By William R. Hawkins
KNIGHT-RIDDER

As a prelude to the Hollandia invasion, set for mid-April, the fast carriers of Task Force 58 were sent on a raid against the Japanese-held Palau islands in the Carolines group north of the intended invasion area. Enemy air strength had to be reduced or the U.S. amphibious fleet might be sandwiched between attacks from both Hollandia and Palau.

For this raid, TF 58 operated in three Task Groups: TG 58.1 had heavy carrier Enterprise and light carriers Belleau Wood and Cowpens; TG 58.2 had heavy carriers Bunker Hill and the newly arrived Hornet with light carriers Cabot and Monterey; TG 58.3 had heavy carriers Lexington and Yorktown with light carriers Princeton and Langley. The carriers were under the operational command of Marc Mitscher, who had just been promoted to vice admiral. In overall command of the Central Pacific

Force was Raymond Spruance. Spruance flew his flag from the heavy cruiser Indianapolis. The battleship commander, Vice Adm. Willis "Ching" Lee had tactical command should there be a surface battle with the fleet units the Japanese reportedly had based in the Carolines.

At dawn on March 30, 1944, Mitscher launched a fighter sweep 90 miles out from Palau. The F6F "Hellcats" quickly cleared the skies of the 30 defending fighters that came up to challenge them. Then the attack planes came in. Two squadrons of the new SB2C "Helldivers" made their appearance and outperformed the SBD "Dauntless" dive-bombers, which had been the fleet's mainstay since the start of the war. The TBF "Avengers" showed their versatility. They not only dropped bombs and torpedoes, but they also laid mines for the first time.

The next day, TGs 58.2 and 58.3 hit Palau again, while TG 58.1 hit Yap island to the northeast. On April 1, the three groups rejoined to blast Woleai. The real damage had been done at Palau, where more than 130,000 tons of enemy shipping had been sunk.

The Japanese fleet units had withdrawn before the attack. The enemy was concentrating what was left of its fleet in the Sulu Archipelago far out of American reach. Five U.S. submarines had been stationed around Palau to intercept any escaping enemy ships. Unfortunately, four days before the strike, the submarine Tullibee was sunk while attacking a convoy. This left a gap in coverage through which the Japanese fleet units passed. However, the submarine Tunny managed to damage the super-battleship Musashi.

The Tunny was one of four subs stationed on "lifeguard" duty to help rescue downed airmen. Forty-four American airmen were shot down during these attacks, but 26 were rescued.