

KERRVILLE, TX: Nina and Bob, you have no idea how pleased we are for the chance to see, meet, and visit with you in October at our Reunion! While you may have been before, I hope this will be a special one for you. The opportunity for us to really see what makes the Stalag Luft III Group such a large and successful one will be worth it. Your initial packet for the Fort Worth meeting is to be mailed shortly. It should be a fine program and with no equal for its venue in the hometown of Amon Carter. Welcome aboard and we look forward to being your most cordial hosts. BOB & NINA WEINBERG.

BRANDON, MS: Tom, thank you for your rapid response and correction note on the enclosure regarding the invitation to several dinners across the land honoring the Veterans who either landed on D-Day or followed later in the Liberation of Avranches by General Patton. You read a little longer and found out that there is no Scarsdale in MS, but it is still in NY. Whether it was the 101st Airborne Eagle or Mr. John Lehodey, the President of Sofitel Hotel of North America, who made the error, I am glad you caught it, and thank you.

Thank you for the note about your expected arrival at Fort Worth with Forrestine for the Reunion. We all look forward to that and please think in terms of a "Sing a Long" led by you on one or two occasions while the session meets. Francis Stevens, whom you may or may not recall, except for the fact that he is also from Brandon, will be pleased to read this. He came late and was hospitalized most all the time there and enroute to Odessa. Warm regards and so good hearing from you, Tom. TOM & FORRESTINE HOLT.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.: Hyman, thank you for your nice letter and the close similarity of our Army Discharge Numbers, with only 400 between the two of us out of 31 million names. Take it real easy on those legs, they do sometimes wear pretty bad. You have a great spirit. Best wishes. HYMAN GOODMAN.

SANFORD, NC: Bill, I appreciate your note indicating a change of address. Spoke shortly afterwards to your grandmother (Bill's wife). She said that you were on the West Coast with your Reserve Unit training. I hope that you can locate John Mart who lives there in Sanford and let him know that I have an article from a recent TROA Magazine in which he is shown as a part of the Anzio Assault. When it is convenient to the two of you, I would like to drive up there and have lunch and get better acquainted for Bill's sake. BILL MAKEPEACE, III.

RALEIGH, NC: Ray, I am sad to hear from your recent note that your mother, Mary, has passed away. (This is the wife of Woodley W. Warrick whom many of our members knew and have asked me about over the past few years. He passed away in November, 1992).

Thank you for the remarks about the ITEM, and with this issue your name will replace your mother's on the mailing list. Our many condolences and prayers at this recent time of loss. The obit is included in this issue. RAY WARLICK.

FALLS CHURCH, VA: Al, thank you for the thoughtful letter. Glad you liked the photos of the luncheon at the Army-Navy Club, but wait a little until I get you some of Pinehurst in

one of the prettiest springs that I can recall in many years. On the garden side, about a dozen tomatoes are in and growing like mad.

Thank you for your nice words about the April ITEM and you will notice that the one suggestion has been taken on the name at the end of each entry in capital letters for easier reading. On the reviews, I am a constant and avid reader of many books over a months time and the least I can do is share some impressions I gain for you and the rest of our members. AL & LUANA CASNER.

NORTHWOOD, IA: Charlie, since you were so kind to put me in touch with your old outfit, the 1st F.A. Obsn. BN, and specifically with Lawrence Presnell, I want to report this to you especially. Last summer I was invited and attended one of their Brunch meetings at the NCO Club at Bragg and sat with Gertrude and Larry. The entire group made my acquaintance and made me feel so welcome, and now they have asked me to come back in July again.

But going to the sad note, I had heard indirectly from another source of Larry's sudden death on March the 1st. Then I called her and she confirmed it and the details for me. In a day or so the obit from her arrived and a fine appreciation by one of the Fayetteville writers and both are enclosed in this issue. We both have lost a good friend and loyal supporter of the 1st Field. By the way, do you happen to recall anyone else out of Oflag 64 who may have belonged to that unit?

For those who knew Larry and would like to send a note to his wife, it follows: Mrs. Gertrude N. Presnell, 484 Lennox Drive, Fayetteville, NC, 28303. Our prayers go out to you. MRS. LAWRENCE PRESNELL.

ALEXANDRIA, VA: Nat, thank you for your generous check for the Postage Fund and your kind references to our erstwhile leader of "THE ALL AMERICANS". It appeared in this week's Pilot and they used his handsome photo on the cover with it, a copy will reach you shortly.

Know there is not a chance of our crossing paths in Normandy, but we can try! My thanks and best wishes. NAT HOSKOT.

LONDON, ENGLAND: Ken, your card with your telephone number arrived and I will surely try to reach you for a short visit. Will get the itinerary off shortly. The great interest in Normandy and England at this particular time has bloomed away all out of any expectations.

Thank you for the appreciation that you indicated in the great job which John Slack has done over the past three decades in holding us together. He has been a quiet inspiration and a fine example for all of

us. My warm regards and soon after I arrive at Gatwick on the 3rd of June, I will try to reach you. KEN FINLAYSON.

MINNEAPOLIS, MN: Lisa and Brit, thank you for your generous check for the Postage Fund. Glad you got and are enjoying The Welcome Swede. Reading the book is just your debut and a real pleasure is in store for the both of you in Fort Worth when he returns to our Annual Reunions again. The April issue of the ITEM had a brief remark or two, but by now, you should have received a larger and more informative packet and please plan on coming. Got a note off to Ray Holmquist and have not heard from him since but I hope that you can persuade him to come along too.

A warm welcome to our group and a treat is in store for you with one member who will bring along an enlarged photo of the camp and another who promised me that he would bring a small model prepared to scale. Our best wishes. BRIT & LISA JOB.

TULSA, OK: Bob, getting some help on the correct addresses for you has led to another couple of events. So glad that you are going to make Fort Worth, which is about a four hour drive for you. We will look forward to seeing you again.

As you have noted, a number of recent accounts have been written about the Anzio Beach head and the race north to Rome around Mont Cassino. Since you are planning to make a trip there pretty soon, I hope that you will enjoy it.

On rereading Abe Baum's book RAID, he devoted some attention to you at Hammelburg and your effort to ride out. What a story it was!

Best wishes to you and your brother as you return to Fort Sill and visit the Artillery School's OCS and climb up on Medicine Bluffs and visit the Museum. Martin Keiser is looking forward to seeing you and will be in contact. My best wishes. BOB THOMPSON.

NEW HAVEN, KY: Errol, I am the one who kept at it until I found out that the ITEM was never going to reach you with a CT abbreviation. Glad you enjoyed Louisville and so did most everyone. Only recently did I hear from Chaplain David Bates with a kind letter of appreciation for the letter of commendation that was sent to his Commanding General at Fort Knox. Which, incidentally, was forwarded on down to every single member of the Knox Team who came to assist us on that memorable day.

Perhaps, if I hadn't spent so much time reminiscing with Sam Carlick from Paducah, we might have met and visited. I promise to do better by you in Fort Worth. Many thanks. ERROL JOHNSON.

FORT KNOX, KY: Dave, many thanks for your nice and informative letter regarding our members and their deep appreciation of the way you and your group performed at Louisville during the Memorial service. You surely sized us up correctly in a very perceptive way and the fine impression that you and the group gave was a joy to behold. Thanks again and our very best wishes.
CHAPLAIN (MAJ) DAVID BATES.

ROSELLE PARK, N.J.: Charles, many thanks for your call to John Slack and your subsequent note to me regarding the loss of Eddie Berlinski. I recently sent a letter to Dorothy. The cross patch with the telephone with Bob Plummer was very interesting. Thank you again and my best. CHARLES EBERLE.

SEVEN LAKES, N.C.: Bob, thank you for the recent visit as you were returning home from your community service work with the Coalition. It is an organization which does provide many citizens of our three main communities with an assist to the less fortunate who are in need. Thank you for the check to the Postage Fund. BOB LEVIN.

MEMPHIS, TN: Ray, this note is to you in respect to a letter found in a package from John Slack and which included your 1992 Christmas card to him. I am so pleased to find it and to discover that at that time you were making some tentative plans to return to Normandy in June 1994 for the D-Day Anniversary after 50 years. Further, you indicated that you had jumped in with the 508th Prcht. Inf. Regt., part of the 82d Airborne Div. At the same time, I was on the same operation just north of your with the 377th Prcht. F.A. Bn., of the 101st. I hope we can make contact while we are there even for a few minutes. I'll be on board the MS Stattendam moored at Honfleur. Best wishes to you and your wife. RAYMOND HUGHES.

COLUMBUS, GA: George, this is related to a letter in the same shipment (above) to John Slack on your plan which brought you to Louisville. There we met and saw a bit of each other. But, the card showed a pen sketch of Omaha Beach in Normandy which makes me wonder if you are not making plans to return on 6 June and I hope so. With my best wishes. GEORGE BRITTO.

CHARLES CITY, IA: Horace, thank you for your recent letter and the details of the many problems that you and Mary have faced since Christmas. (They were heading down to Arlington, TX and he was hospitalized with what appeared to be a serious heart problem and for three weeks remained in I.C.. After five more weeks in a Re-hab Center, he flew back home). Glad that you are back at about 75% efficiency and will play some golf soon. You are well

advised to stay close to Mayo not far from you and the next planned operation on schedule.

Bickers and Cory will be pleased at your remarks about the Anniversary Book.

Please tell me again the exact address on West Illinois Street here in Southern Pines where you and Mary lived while you were with the 9th Inf. Div., over at Bragg. Still think of you each time I drive north and south along U.S. 1 and see Gary Thomas' home, the Old Hyland Lodge, another place you stayed. My warm regards to Mary, your son, David, and you. HORACE SPAULDING.

CENTREVILLE, VA: George, I saw the new Life Member Hayes notice in the Amer-EXPOW April issue and have written him about making contact with us but have had no reply so far. When he does answer, I will get him on the mailing list.

The proper addresses of other service magazines to have them make a note of an announcement of our reunions has been sent to Al and Roy and I am sure they will move on it.

Your packet on Andersonville reached me but I will take a little time to think about a proper way to handle it based on some ideas which Al Casner gave me. My best. GEORGE JUSKALIAN.

RALEIGH, NC: Joe, thanks for your recent phone call which was very enlightening. As you said, you never put a foot in Oflag 64 but made quite a substantial impression on some of our members with your actions at Hammelburg during the RAID under Abe Baum. (This is a cross reference from Ormond Roberts in a letter to me a short time ago. Joe was an officer and part of the decimated 106th Inf. Div. in The Bulge).

Your reference to the baseball scholarship you enjoyed at NC State and The Class of 1928 and your Coach Doak was tied to Bob Levin, one of our own and a graduate of 1945 at NC State who had a classmate Pee Wee Doak, the coach's son.

My best wishes and hope for a trip to Raleigh where we might have lunch together and visit. JOE MATTHEWS.

LAKE GENEVA, WI: Tom, thank you for the recent phone call and to report the change of address. Appreciate it so much. Also appreciate the list of four names that have passed away that are not shown in The Memoriam. They, along with four that came from Al Cecil and Roy Chappell, will be noted. Thanks and my best wishes. TOM JOHNSON.

ARLINGTON, TX: Al, thank you for the corrections to the list that you kindly furnished me as now having been shown on The Memoriam. Keep up the good preliminary work on the Reunion. Best wishes. AL CECIL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CA: Clarence, thank you for your nice letter of April 6th. Think I may have persuaded Tony Liberatore to come and join us in Forth Worth. Had quite a nice lunch with Bob Cheatham, Tony and Frank Habig at High Point recently. Very pleasant memories from all directions.

I share the same emotions that you did in your preparations for Anzio Return this year earlier. I know Normandy will be crowded but with a good understanding of that, I will "go with the flow".

Your fine article in April '94 Amer-Ex POW was quite good on the subject of the Japanese POW's, an area with which I have very little knowledge. Good work! Warm regards. CLARENCE MELTESEN.

ATLANTA, GA: Barbara, thank you for your nice note to me and the thanks for the 36th Inf. Div. patch for your Dad's collection. It took a little while but a friend whom we met at Louisville, Eugene Sharrick, who is an accomplished photographer and a collector of memorabilia, assisted me. Henry Soderberg had met him and gave him a hand in Europe on a book Eugene is preparing in a narrative picture format.

Am still planning to see you on the trip to Norcross, a suburb of Atlanta.

Thanks, also for the kind donation to the Postage Fund. Since you have purchased a copy of the 50th Anniversary Book of Oflag 64, you may think of buying a copy or so for some of your relatives which might be a treasure for them. Best wishes. BARBARA MEDLEN DODDS.

SAVANNAH, GA: Bill, thanks for your brief note and the generous check for the Postage Fund. It was my first contact with you and is deeply appreciated.

Bill, I am puzzled and yet glad that you gave me your address in Savannah for THE ITEM. Since you showed up at Szubin in early 1943, p. 4 of the Camp Roster, I simply wonder how you have been so far out of touch with us.

Your telephone call recently after you received the letter and data about Pinehurst was even more revealing since I found that you were in the 16th Inf. Regt. of the Big Red One and was captured at El Guettar, Tunisia. Enjoyed our visit very much and while I cannot predict the

next visit to Savannah, I am very interested in going back again. Warm regards. BILL GUEST.

LEXINGTON, VA: Morris, thank you very much for your nice check for the Postage Fund and your newsy letter, the first I ever received from you as well. I suspect that in an article later on in this issue about Jim Young from Staunton, Va, you will find that he may be an acquaintance of yours. He left Virginia years ago, then to Murphy, NC and now in Blairsville, GA, up in the red clay country near Toccoa. Hope to see him soon as I visit south of there at Norcross.

Back to Virginia, a group of my inlaws live just above and to the east a bit north in Orange County at Somerset, Bill and Trudy Roberts. Each year they sponsor a huge Farm Fair on their dairy property. Attended one a few years back and really does take you back to the earliest farm gear and methods employed.

Morris, the profile and story that you sent is very nicely done and is enclosed in this issue. Many thanks and warm regards. MORRIS JONES.

HAMILTON, GA: Jane, it's time for a short story from the archives of Graff. (For the readers, this is a group of stories that cover, in this case, the departure from Oflag 64 on January 21, 1945 as the march column proceeded on toward Berlin and Luckenwalde, ultimately. There he did some of his most dedicated military medical service with many who surrounded him were no longer able to march any longer).

Read the story and try to imagine the horrible conditions under which it was written. My best wishes, Jane, and I look forward to seeing you in Forth Worth. JANE GRAFFAGNINO.

NEWTON GROVE, NC: Joe B., so good seeing you recently in a visit in your home town. You look good and appear strong and healthy as you did last summer in Louisville. Somewhat surprised that Joe, Jr., had to leave you as the manager of the Circle Appliance Company which you founded and have run for so long, but understand his interest in finding a way to avoid the commute to D.C. each weekend to see his family. To tell the truth, I think you like it, seeing all the farm people who have bought from you for years--a truly great service!

We are a bit sad that you, at the moment, feel that you cannot plan to go to Fort Worth, and hope that you can later on. We would love to see you and Thelma Johnson from up at Dunn come, if you can.

My best wishes to your three children and let's stay in touch. JOE B. WARREN.

BLAIRSVILLE, GA: Jim, thanks for your nice phone call recently. I am sorry that you had to take the initiative with me after such a nice and prompt letter which you sent earlier. Still have not firmed up the Norcross trip, but will maybe now up in June after I return from the trip from France, but will let you know in advance.

Jim, I hope that you get that couple of problems all lined up and you can come up here to see us. The Hotel Pinehurst is not the same as The Grove Park in Asheville, but it is close. Besides the Members Club is the place where the Seniors will be played this summer so please tune in on some of it. Warm regards to Jean and you. JIM YOUNG.

KAUFFMAN, TX: Roy, thank you for your prompt dispatch to John Slack and me of the copy of the loss of our mutual friend and fellow member, John T. Jones. Soon after your note came in, a phone call from Denver and Jack Rathbone followed. In a day or so, Thurston Garrett from down in Texas was sent another copy of the obit. They have all been incorporated into the page dedicated to him and his fine family in this issue. Even yesterday, a last letter from Ed Batte told the same news. And, I am grateful that such attention to the loss of one of the finest is shown even though it is a sad time. Warm regards to Helen and you. ROY CHAPPELL.

WICHITA, KS: Carl, thank you for your nice long typewritten letter. I am so proud of the recovery that you are making, while you think it is slow, at this distance it seems fast if not miraculous to Ethelene and me. A great deal of credit in your therapy and recovery programs goes to Mary (Arnold) and we, as you, do appreciate the guidance and overall effort she has done over the past year to have you well real soon. While you can dance the light fantastic, I know you want to play tennis and it will take some more time.

Thank you for the Christmas news and the children back in Kansas with you. Also, know how much you always enjoy the sun down in Texas, while it is quite a contrast on the plains of Kansas in the winter.

Final note, on the trip to Normandy in about a month, Ethelene would simply not let me ask you to go with me, which I respect. Even at the slow pace which I aim to adopt, it would still, with all the walking, be 'way to much for you'. Will try to record some of it in photos and share them with you on my return. All the very best. CARL BEDIENT.

PULLMAN, WA: Leo, I am so proud of my being mindful enough to get that note off to you a little while ago and more still with the pleasant letter and the enclosure that came about ten days ago from you.

It is your first word to me since THE ITEM over a year and a half ago when we ran the story of the building of the Veterinary School there on campus at WSU being dedicated in your name.

Glad you liked the 50th Anniversary book because it is a real fine piece of work. The sales of the book have not been all that great and you will find an additional review in this issue to spur sales and let Bill Cory move some of the 300 copies he still has on hand. Seems a pity that so many members did not bother to find out more about it and to at least buy one copy. It is a great tribute to Cory, Bickers and Diggs for their efforts, for which we should be very grateful.

I am pleased to share with our members the most productive program that you are still into as a part-time member of the Veterinary School Faculty. The new venture, to me at least, that you dreamed up and proudly named PEOPLE-PET PARTNERSHIP sounds super. As an owner of a biscuit colored German Shepherd Collie, I have the deepest respect and full appreciation of how you and your staff might be enjoying its success as well as the many accolades it has brought to you and WSU. I don't know of an approach by any other Vet which is similar in the care, treatment and mutual joy that can come with a pet: cat, dog, or horse. They have so much to teach us!

I have enclosed the dedication speech that you delivered there in Pullman on Veterans' Day of last year honoring those who had fallen. your selection of words and thoughts are particularly well chosen and it was a job well done!

Hope you got as much fun out of SINGING ON THE THRONE as all of the many friends of Dr. Cliff McLean did, another close friend and retired Vet from this area. In it he covers the many bizarre stories of happenings in his over twenty-five years of practice here in the Sandhills. He would not sell me the book but gave it to me to mail to you.

Fully realize the travel restriction that may keep you from flying, but maybe the Amtrak system would be a way that you could come to see us at Fort Worth. I surely hope so. Best wishes, Leo, and keep in touch, please. LEO BUSTAD, DVM.

BEAVERCREEK, OR: Hilda, I am so proud and humbled by your kind and really undeserving remarks made to me over the reviews of two of your recent books. I simply told the truth, not only about the quality of the book, but your profound understanding of the two less than perfect people about whom they concern. Captain Ahab and his hang-up over the Great White Whale who did him a great disservice with taking away one of his legs. The revenge was immeasurable and he spent a lifetime on it. Adolf Hitler was the other, surely on a self-destruct course from the start with his near crazed mind as he attempted to overhaul Germany with his dreadful 3d Reich. His wanton destruction of innocent citizens, their property and even libraries is hardly imaginable.

Perhaps the basic thought running through both books would be our similar experience and course work in Political Theory, as we studied the changes of the mid 1800's and the mid 1900's. What a fine work you did with The Magic Glass and Blitzkrieg of Libraries.

Looking forward to the new and interesting one before long entitled, Women in Retrospect. Best wishes and many thanks to you.
DR. HILDA U. STUBBINGS.

VALLINGBY, SWEDEN: Henry, please forgive my remiss in not getting out for print the fine work that you sent to me last year. I am most pleased to include the Douglas Tanguay story in this issue, which any reader and fan of yours will readily detect at what you are your best--helping people.

In a letter to you airmail this past week, I have explained the reluctance in using, at this time, some of the other parts of your letter. I have no hesitation in my congratulations in the undertaking to which I am referring, which is noble and truly a dedicated mission. More on that later.

I hope that your plans to come to Fort Worth are still on track and we look forward very much to seeing Claire and you. Roy Chappell has indicated it is on 'go' at this time. Surely hope so. Warm regards to both of you. HENRY SODERBERG.

HITCHCOCK, TX: Thurston, many thanks for the check for the Postage Fund and the prompt notification you mailed on our loss of John T. Jones. Looking forward to seeing you in Fort Worth.
THURSTON GARRETT.

LAKELAND, FL: Arthur, just a note, in case I slipped up earlier, on the recent check to the Postage Fund. Hope that all is going well with you and our best wishes. Try for Fort Worth, please.
ARTHUR W. BRYANT.

SEAFORD, DE: Kay, it seems that I have been in touch with you earlier but I do appreciate a letter from John Slack that was forwarded to me concerning Fred D. Lodge, one of our own. He was a late comer to Oflag 64 (12-31-44) after his capture in Thionville, France on November 15th. We did not learn of his death until now that was in 1978. He was a Captain of the 358th Inf. Regt., of the 90th Inf. Div. Herewith is a hopeful solution to return the files to his family members who may be interested in them. Please write and ask for the details from: Mrs. Kay Chaffinch, 313 Bradford Street, Seaford, DE, 19973, Tel. (after 3:00pm) 302-629-9973. Please let me know what success you have from time to time, and many thanks. KAY CHAFFINCH.

NORWELL, MA: Ralph, many thanks for the "Escape Poster Warning" which went up on the walls of Oflag 64. I will surely take it to Fort Worth and show it off in The Hospitality Room. It is a clear and distinct message with a ring of authority to it and I am told that it was the result of Hitler's chagrin and anger over the sizable and successful "Great Escape" at Stalag Luft III only a few miles west of us at Sagan. Most of our readers must be aware, it was not all that successful and in the end where Hitler ordered the shooting of 30 of the survivors to teach escapees real or imagined a lesson. Glad you had a good winter down in Florida and all the very best. RALPH TEGESCHI.

MOREHEAD CITY, NC: Ed, thank you for the short note and the notice of the loss of John T. Jones in Houston. Hope that your trip out there will be a good one. But save some energy for the Big One at Cow Town in October. Our best to Elizabeth and you and thanks. ED BATTE, DVM.

BETHESDA, MD: Vince, thank you for your nice note which came today as I went to final copy on this issue. Our prayers and best wishes on your appointment for surgery on May 9, 1994 for a triple bypass surgery procedure.

As usual, your kindness is extended to another member in a serious illness whom we might want to write and encourage. It is Mays W. Anderson out in Utah. He shows a change of address: Mays W. Anderson, 111 West 400 North, Springville, UT, 84663. A short recap of Mays given by Vince shows the following: He was an officer with the 750th Tank Bn. and was taken prisoner at Eschweiler, Germany on November 20, 1944 and reached Szubin on December 12, 1944. He is rare in that he served in a civilian role in the C.C.C. before entering the service where he graduated from the OCS at Fort Knox. He has five children and his wife has departed. The seriously ill Mays has had a stroke which left him in paralysis. Our best wishes to Vince and Mays. Vince's address is shown if you would like to send him a card: Dr. Vincent J. Di Francesco, 5121 Manning Drive, Bethesda, MD, 20814. DR. VINCENT J. DI FRANCESCO.

HAWTHORNE AT LEESBURG, FL: Jack, thank you for the correction on the address label, as you explained with the growth at Hawthorne and Leesburg you were annexed in. Over and above all that, as you said, there is another Hawthorne up north of you and east of Gainesville. Please send me a card to make sure you receive this issue. Many thanks for the generous check which is on the way from you for the Postage Fund. Now the real good news is that our members may not know that you had a triple bypass surgery of the heart and are doing well. Our congratulations on a speedy and nice recovery--good enough to get you and Lynne to Fort Worth. Always a joy visiting with you and I look forward to October. COL JACK VAN VLIET.

LATE ITEM ARTICLES ADDED ON

KANNAPOLIS, N. C.: Tom, many thanks for your nice article and the check for the P. F. The newsy story of an accolade that you very recently received in your home town by the History Associates is very impressive. Your approach is much like mine and with whom I find real joy to get a rave now and then over something like an event or people involved in public service by a small note of recognition toward them. Hope you will keep up your fine work with your weekly articles and from time to time please share with me and our members any of the highlights that you may choose. Congratulations, and our best regards to you and your family. (Tom was captured in a fight near Rome on June 5, 1944 and reached Oflag 64 on August 27th).
TOM WINGATE.

HONOLULU, HI.: Bill, thank you for your nice letter which came today 5/21 and the enclosures. Your super selection to be a Civilian Aide to The Secretary of the Army is outstanding! Mr. Togo D. West, Jr., it seems to me showed extremely good and sound judgement in his choice. Our congratulations for sharing the news and the enclosure which is in this issue. My best wishes to Peggy and you. Sorry you can't make Normandy! BILL PATY.

HOUSTON, TX.: Mrs John T. Jones, Jr., this is a note of condolence over the recent loss of John, your husband. He was well known to many of our members of Oflag 64 and equally as highly esteemed. It is great loss to you and to us. We had been on touch and I thought I almost had him set to come and to join us in Fort Worth in October

We would real honored if you could come and let many of us get acquainted and to visit with you. You would be so welcome! Our prayers go out to you and your children and we wish you the very best in the days ahead.
Very sincerely. MRS JOHN T. JONES, JR.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.: John, your nice note dated 5/1 was clearly understocd with the busy lecture schedule you face. The crowning honor is to be in Japan in July for a presentation.

So don't worry at all about the photo identifications until late in the summer of fall.

Meanwhile our best wishes for Elaine and you on the lecture tour.
JOHN CREECH.

GRAND JUNCTION, CO.: Tom, always good to hear from you from that beautiful state in which you live. Thank you for the card and for our members who stay in touch it is:

440 West Scenic
Grand Junction, CO 81503

Would be nice if you could get with Jack Rathbone and Bill Korber and try to make the Fort Worth "do" in October. Be glad to see you there.

(Tom came to us from Treflisco a small town near Salerno where he^{was} caught on Nov. 13, 1943 and reached Szubin on Jan. 1, 1944). Sincerely.
TOM E. LAWSON.

BETHESDA, MD.: Vince, the call tonight 5/21 was so wonderful. You made a great and very successful bit of surgery with a quadruple by pass at the Washington Hospital Center. In another 30 days you can begin exercise and your appetite will soon return. A sad note-

WE THOUGHT THAT MANY OF YOU WOULD HAVE AN INTEREST IN THE POSSIBILITY OF RETURNING NEXT YEAR TO GERMANY AND POLAND AS OUTLINED IN THE LAST PAGE OF THIS MAILING.

MAIL THE POSTCARD TO SHOW YOUR INTEREST.

the loss of Mays Anderson, your good friend whom you mentioned earlier in this issue, has passed away in such a short time. We do not have any details yet, so it will be covered in the next issue along with an obit, hopefully.

In short, Vince, we are so pleased with the progress that you are making. Keep it up and do what Mary says!
DR. VINCE DI FRANCESCO.

CLEVELAND, GA.: Jim, thank you for your call 5/20 and the new address for the mail. The nice part of being Your Editor is your friendly and first call to me. As you explained that career pattern of yours I was amazed. Fresh out of the Army with an AB degree and off to Athens at the University of Georgia's School of Law, where you came away with a J.D. A few years of practice in Atlanta and a move to the small town of Jefferson with about 3000 population, and your rise from a role as a prosecutor to the robes of a judge. Then an accident in a car wreck which left you with a broken neck and which has plagued you since with an arthritis condition which is painful and takes so much medicine to relieve. Now this week you are on the move north to the red clay country of Cleveland, GA. Thank you in advance for the book you promised to send to me. (His book is a group of stories as he recalls them about some of the interesting cases that he has defended over the years. Thank you again and my best wishes. JUDGE JIM HORACE WOOD. (Jim came across Omaha Beach head with the Big Red One and its 1st Inf Regt. and reached Oflag 64 in December 1944).

LEXINGTON, VA.: Morris, a small add on follows. The terrific book that I wrote to you about from Myrtle Beach, S. C., was entitled:

OTHER CLAY

Charles R. Cawthorn
University Press of Colorado
1945.

The author entered the Army with the 29th Inf. Div. from Virginia. He was associated with the 116th Inf. Regt., and after OCS returned to it.

Nothing I ever read tells it more vividly than the way he does with a no holds barred of the 29th and its baptism to fire on Omaha, in a close support to the 1st Inf. Div. As a newspaper man he wrote the story well and fairly.

Part two is the recent phone call I made to your cousin, Mae Jones, here in nearby Southern Pines. She sounded delighted that we were friends. She was real happy about the family reunion which is scheduled for June 10th in the Boston area, and which will be your birthday - your 80th!. Our best wishes to you and I want to hear from you again when it is convenient. Sincerely. MORRIS MOORE.

THIS BOOK REVIEW WAS COVERED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF THE ITEM.

We are now advised that 300 copies remain unsold in Louisville, KY.

So please give us a hand to get the book sold and to close off the inventory and its heavy indebtedness involved. What it means is that many of our members may be in store for a, high priced book, it is true, but one that I treasure and hope that you will too.

It isn't perfect and perhaps will not please some readers with the credit and the shortage of some specific interests that you may have hoped for. However the one real winner in the book is the complete file of old copies of THE ITEM, from its inception. The associated chapters are very well written.

In short we need some help to clean this situation up as soon as we can!

OFLAF 64 , 1943-1945, 50th ANNIVERSARY BOOK, Evanston Publ., Inc., Evanston, IL., 1993, 240 pp., \$ 50.00.
Reviewed by: LTC Herbert L. Garris, USA RET.

From Tunisia, Anzio, Sicily, Cassino, Normandy and the Battle of the Bulge American Ground Forces Officers who were captured by the Germans in World War II. Over the three years described these officers filtered eventually into Oflag 64 in Szubin located in southwest Poland. There they remained until an order came to evacuate the camp and to march eastward just ahead of the Russian drive on January 21, 1945. This camp with over 1200 personnel at the end was exemplary for its discipline and high standards of conduct.

The contributors to this story are to be commended for their excellent descriptions of an existence and a survival so long ago where resorting to many self created activities provided an unparalleled morale. The library, foreign language and many other classes musical and dramatic groups, and a broad athletic program made life a lot more bearable. On the other hand the very meager diet supplied by the Germans was strongly supported by the Red Cross parcels.

A simple questionnaire was mailed out to all of our members, and many responded, revealing some of the many things that they recalled some fifty years ago. Many photos even though in black and white were very good reminders. The section entitled "In Memoriam" is a one page dedication to honor the fellow comrades who have passed on. Surely the most interesting single part of the work is the old copies of the camp newsletter which was composed by our own talented writers and artists and published by a German printer in the adjacent town of Szubin. Each copy was well received and read with great interest - a great service deeply appreciated. The mast head of the paper was titled OFLAG 64 ITEM, the almost similar name that the one being issued today carries POST OFLAG 64 ITEM. Its style and format are very close to the one in Germany. The mailing list of the organization today is about 450 members and it includes many widows and they assemble once each year in early October, this year it will be in Fort Worth, TX.

This is book highly recommended for reading and reminiscing, and as a gift for the family members of these survivors in an unusual place and among many exceptional people.

The agent, to whom you may send a check , for the book at \$50.00 a copy is : Bill Cory, Attn. The Oflag 64 Ex POW Fund, 2843 Brownsboro Road, Louisville, KY. 40496. Congratulations on a great piece of work! TEL. 502-892-88

FAY 502-893-2542



Wingate '34

Alumni Gazette

News of you and your classmates

'34

Thomas Herron Wingate of Kannapolis, N.C., retired newspaper editor/publisher of *The Daily Independent*, was honored by the Kannapolis History Associates for his many contributions to the community and especially for the work he has done in preserving the history of Kannapolis. He continues to write a weekly article for the paper about the history of the community and includes details on memorable events and personalities. Attending the event were many colleagues, friends, city officials, and family members, including his three daughters, Alice, Daphne, and Anne, and his sister, Dot. A widower, Herron lives at 1207 Rogers Lake Road.

Presbyterian College Magazine, Clinton, S. C.
Spring 1994

Thursday, May 19, 1994

THE PILOT-Southern Pines, North Carolina



SANDHILLS COALITION--Kathi McDermott, director of Sandhills Coalition, addressed the Seven Lakes Kiwanis Club on May 10. She is shown with Kiwanian Bob Levin.

Kathi McDermott, director of the Sandhills Coalition, spoke to the Kiwanis Club on May 10, describing the function of the coalition. Simply stated, its purpose is "to meet the needs of Moore County residents in an emergency," with emphasis on emergency. The coalition is not county-funded and operating funds come solely from public contributions. These monies, along with contributions of food and clothing, support activities throughout the year. Growth has been substantial, increasing from 683 families helped in 1985, to 2562 to 1993. In addition to a small paid staff, there are 230 volunteers, many of whom are from Seven Lakes.

We'll meet again . . .

Jersey Evening Post
30/7 1993

. . . in Jersey in 1993. Music brought internee Douglas Tanguy and YMCA worker Henry Söderberg together during the war. They renewed their friendship this summer



Douglas Tanguy holds the clarinet for which Swedish YMCA worker Henry Söderberg supplied reeds in Kreuzberg internment camp nearly half a century ago

BY GORDON YOUNG

A REUNION of two men who had met almost half a century before in an internment camp took place this month following an out-of-the-blue phone call.

Douglas Tanguy, well-known for many years for his musical prowess and who still today entertains the public with his piano-playing wizardry, was sitting at home when the phone rang. The caller asked him a series of questions concerning his internment at Kreuzberg camp and whether he was Doug Tanguy, the musician.

When Mr Tanguy had answered all the questions in the affirmative he asked what this was all about and the caller, Geoffrey Palmer, told him that he was writing the story of the YMCA and he was checking on internees who had been helped by and knew a Henry Söderberg.

Result

Indeed Mr Tanguy had known Henry and had been able to carry on playing when in Kreuzberg internment camp because of the Swedish YMCA worker. On learning that Henry was still alive, and fit and well in Sweden, he phoned him the next day. The result was that this month Mr Söderberg and his wife, Claire, have made their first visit to Jersey as guests of the Tanguys.

The story of Henry Söderberg's war is an amazing one. He was one of only seven people who, working for the YMCA, were allowed to travel at will throughout occupied Europe during the Second World War and could enter any prisoner of war or internment

camp, with the exception of Russian camps and concentration camps.

The reason for the ban on visiting and helping Russian prisoners was that Russia had never signed the Geneva Convention and therefore the Germans, who also knew that their prisoners were being badly treated by the Russians, gave no rights, human or otherwise, to their Russian prisoners.

Material

Mr Söderberg explained that the YMCA were not expected to look after the material needs of prisoners and internees such as shelter, food and clothes, for those were the responsibility of the International Red Cross. The 'Y' saw to everything else which the prisoners might need, from ping-pong balls to toilet paper which, incidentally, were the two most demanded items from Mr Söderberg's supplies.

But there were many other requests including sports equipment, board games, books and anything and everything to do with amateur dramatics, from lighting to costumes. The theatrical lighting requests were to be severely curtailed near the end of the war by the Germans when after the Great Escape from Stalag Luft III they discovered that the 'stage lighting and wiring' had been used to light the famous tunnel which allowed around 80 prisoners to escape in one go. The famous escape became notorious when, against all human rights and the Geneva Convention, 50 of those escapees were shot by the Germans.

But one of the most common requests to the YMCA visitor was for musical instru-



Doug Tanguy tuning up his clarinet with the new reeds supplied by Henry in Kreuzberg



Henry Söderberg as a young YMCA worker in 1945. The picture is signed with best wishes to Doug Tanguy

ments for these were not only of great benefit to imprisoned musicians but also were very important in keeping up morale generally.

Mr Tanguy had taken his saxophone and his clarinet when he was deported but he needed new reeds for them, and he also asked for 78 rpm records so that he and his trio could play 'current' jazz numbers for the internees. Both items were indeed supplied by Mr Söderberg and the friendship was born.

Instruments

Other musicians in other camps also got instruments. A saxophonist who had been playing his sax for concerts, parades, marches and church services at one camp for four years was supported in his request for a new instrument by all the camp internees, who pointed out that the original instrument had 'died' through valiant but excessive use.

Another musician was a US Army priest who asked for a trombone which, it turned out, he could play very well. Mr Söderberg learned after the war from American ex-PoWs that not only did his playing brighten up church services and concerts but also when not being played the 'bone was ideal for producing illicit camp booze!

However, Mr Söderberg saw many dreadful things during those years and he himself was bullied, interrogated and even struck on one occasion by Nazi brownshirts and the SS. He explained that in those tense wartime days the element of fear became a way of life with him.

'I determined never to do anything which would endanger the life of anyone,' he says.

But it was not easy, particularly when three of his colleagues were falsely accused of harbouring a Jewish girl and after prison and cruel treatment were sent out of the country

back to Sweden.

As the war in Europe neared its end Mr Söderberg found that his camps were disappearing ahead of the advance of Russian troops. Prisoners were moved into Germany and some camps were left to be liberated by the Russians.

And Mr Söderberg had very personal and private worries about the retreat in front of the Russian advance. His colleague and very close friend Claire Zbinden was still at a camp where she and her colleague were trying to help prisoners who had been left behind. Fearing for her safety when the Russians arrived and over-ran the camp, Henry urged her to get away, then the phone connection was broken but when re-connected briefly, Claire promised to return to Meissen.

Russian

'But it was some time, and a long worrying time, before they were reunited, and he discovered that she had got away as

Russian machine guns were firing only a few blocks away.

As with all the best stories this one had a happy ending for Henry and Claire continued to work together after Victory in Europe and on 27 May 1948, they were married.

And 45 years later, they have both thoroughly enjoyed their holiday in Jersey with the musician whom Henry first met because he needed some saxophone reeds and jazz 78s.

Mr Söderberg has had a broad and successful career in aviation since those wartime days but he has never forgotten the words of a senior YMCA man spoken when he was appointed to the work.

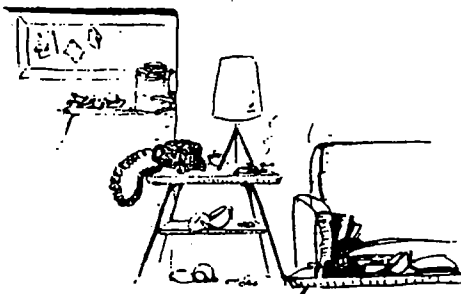
'This is a job which will never make you rich nor will it bring fame and awards, but you can be certain that the memory of you will remain in the hearts of each and every one of those men whom you help. There can be few jobs with a recommendation to match that.

the

Issue 3.

DOCTORS' LOUNGE

by: Peter C. Graffagnino



WINTER SCENE, continued

As we marched out of the prisoner-of-war camp in Poland in the sub-zero cold of late January 1945, we knew little of our destination nor what the Germans planned for us. The march had been organized hurriedly by our German captors in an attempt to evacuate the camp before the rapidly advancing Russians could overrun it. Oberst Schneider, the portly, officious commandant of the German garrison, and his executive officer, Hauptman Menner, a kindly and apologetic Viennese, bustled impatiently around the camp's barbed-wire gates until the last of the departing prisoners had cleared and then sped off in their small, battered car, scooting and skidding past the marchers to reach the head of the column. The

only other transportation available, a decrepit wood-burning truck that followed the column, carried on its open back platform, supplies and mess equipment, along with a dozen or so grumbling guards to serve as relief relays for those who marched beside us. 3

The countryside through which we moved was blanketed under deep snow, and above a steely hoar-frost haze, the skies were bright and the air was quiet and still. We were bundled in clothing with our heads and faces swathed in makeshift hoods of blankets, scarves and sweaters, but the cold was still penetrating and bone-chilling. The condensing vapor of our breathing crusted in fine, icy crystals on our lashes and eyebrows and along the edges of the woolen coverings over our mouths and noses. There was

no way to crowd more than a few layers of socks into a pair of GI shoes, and was our feet that suffered most.

-In contrast to the unhappy arm guards who slogged along beside us, we were in high spirits. Most of us were burdened under packs and blanket rolls loaded with an accumulated hoard of canned and packaged food that we had squirreled away over the months from Red Cross parcels for just such an emergency. On that first day of marching however, the discomforts of our staggering loads and chilled bodies were counteracted by the excitement of being out from behind barbed wire and on the open road again. The terrain was new, and our interest in the changing scenery was keyed to a fever pitch of alertness by constant speculation about opportunities to take off on our own and escape.

We headed south initially in the general direction of Posnan, a rail-center about 65 miles away, but after covering about six miles our direction was abruptly changed to west and then again

in a short time, to north. Oberst Schneider, scouting on ahead in his car, had learned that the Russians had cut across below us.

For the next seven days we marched, covering ten to eighteen miles a day. There was no let up in the cold, but the weather remained favorable with only an occasional light snowfall. We travelled mainly on the secondary rural roads, over a zigging and zagging route, northward and westerly, our direction changing from day to day according to the whim of Oberst Schneider, and the reports he received on his scouting excursions ahead of the column. It was evident that the whole area was in a state of confusion. At times, and particularly on the larger highways, we encountered streams of civilian refugees moving in the same direction as we, at other times they passed us in the opposite direction.

Znin, Wyrzysk, Kcnia, Szamocin, Schneidemuhl, Krojanke, Zlotow — we moved through towns, villages, farm settlements, many of them almost deserted,

and nearly all of them with strange, tongue-twisting Polish names. We slept outdoors in straw piled on the snow, in barns, abandoned farm homes, warehouses, meeting-halls, cattle pens, deserted barracks, whatever shelter was available in the vicinity when night came. We ate up our hoarded supplies of personal food, the daily ration of sour, black bread (Goon bread, to the POW's), and the occasional tinned beef issued to us by the Germans. At the end of a day's march there was sometimes a dipperful of watery stew, compounded from vegetables, barley and horsemeat, doled out by the Germans into whatever containers we had.

As the days passed we marched more grimly and determinedly. The enthusiasm and expectation of the first days on the road had dulled and disappeared in our fight against constant cold, fatigue and hunger. Each morning as we were reassembled and moved on, a group of fifty to one hundred prisoners was left behind. Old infirmities and war wounds, sickness and plain exhaustion took its toll on men

already undernourished and unaccustomed to prolonged exertion after the months or years of prison inactivity. By far the greatest incapacitating ailment was the recurrence of old trenchfoot and frostbite. The Germans allowed one or two of the doctors (more than two dozen of us had started with the column) to remain with each group left behind.

All during the march we walked with Arthur Mallory, our double-decker bunkmate for the last five months at Sczubin. Mallory, a Citadel graduate, had been a company commander in another regiment of our own 45th Division, and had been captured in the same convulsive battle on the Anzio beachhead almost a year before. Every night, whether huddled together in the straw piles, burrowed into a haystack, or sheltered in some barn, we argued the merits of leaving the column, joining a sick group, or hiding out. But by day we were always marching again. There was safety in numbers. There was compulsion too. Even though our hands were blue and numb, our feet froz-

en, our limbs exhausted, we were determined to walk as long as others were walking. There was also a medical conscience that would not let us abandon the men and the two or three remaining doctors who still marched with the column. Although there was nothing we could do medically for the sick ones, we were conscious that the continued presence of even one sorry, unmilitary, pill-roller somehow boosted the morale of the others.

Once at nightfall we were herded into the barns and outbuildings of a large estate at Charlottenberg. The manor house, a spired and turreted mansion with gingerbreaded gables and piazzas, set in an icy wonderland of snow and crystallized trees, shimmering in cold, blue moonlight, looked like a fantasy from an Andersen fairy tale. With Mallory we lined up for chow, the inevitable thick barleyed soup that was being measured out from a makeshift kitchen under a porte cochere of the main house. Somehow the two of us slipped unnoticed into

bare, earthen floor in front of the fire and slept. The blizzard raged on outside and finally subsided during the night, but none of us knew it. We slept a sleep of the dead. It was the most comfortable night we had passed since starting the march.

When we awakened in the morning, there was none of the usual noise and bustle of previous mornings; no clatter of hob-nailed boots, no prodding with gun-butts, no shouts of "Raus!" or "Schnell!" The snow had stopped, and as we poked about, cautiously at first and then with more boldness, we discovered that our German guards were gone. During the night, Oberst Schneider and his weary, dispirited men had pulled out and deserted us. We were free.

We spent the day organizing and planning. Food parties discovered and rounded up some pigs and chickens, and kitchen details went into action and prepared a feast. With a day of welcome rest, food,

the house itself. We ate our porridge in an elegant music room, lavishly furnished in Victorian style, and after eating set out to explore some of the ground floor rooms. In the library we came unexpectedly upon a group of unfamiliar German officers busy over maps. We identified ourselves and, on a pretext of some official nature, requested permission to look through the house for drugs and medicines. Whether it was our boldness or the Germans' preoccupation with their own worsening predicament, we were allowed to go on.

We slept that night on the thick rug of a drawing room floor, and no feather bed could have felt better. In our exploration, we had discovered three more levels above us with enough rooms, closets, and passages to hide a hundred men. We debated long and hard that night whether to conceal ourselves and hide out, and in the end had fallen asleep, undecided. In the morning, we rejoined the others and marched on.

By the ninth day we had covered over

and warmth, our fatigue disappeared and our enthusiasm returned. Unfortunately, there was no place to go. We were isolated in a vast expanse of winter wasteland in the middle of nowhere. The weather was colder than ever before with the temperature almost 30 below zero. We reasoned that since the Germans had deserted us the Russians must be close by, and therefore our best bet was to remain where we were and wait to be found. So we stayed.

With nighttime came the sound of motors, and we hurried out of the houses. Our Russian vocabulary was limited to two words, *Tovarich* and *Vodka*, and we were eager to use them. Our jubilation was short-lived, however; the Germans had come back. Oberst Schneider had run afoul of a motorized SS Latvian unit, and had been made to return to take us back into custody. He was frightened and almost apologetic; with him this time were fresh troops and an SS Major who did not smile. We remained in the houses again that night, but once again as prisoners.

100 miles, and less than 800 of us were still marching. The skies were leaden, the winds biting, and as we marched the snow flurries increased. In mid-afternoon we were struggling forward against a howling blizzard, and the cold was almost paralyzing. The country was flat and open and there was no protection from the blowing, driving snow. For miles there was nothing behind to which we might return and, as far as we knew, no hope of shelter ahead. We kept moving slowly and just as our endurance was at its end, we came upon an unnamed hamlet, a group of four or five deserted farm cottages lined along each side of the road. We stumbled into the unexpected haven, overcome with exhaustion and relief.

We were divided into groups and billeted in the houses. In a short time we had a fire going in the open hearth and had foraged and found enough stored vegetables and potatoes to concoct a hot mush. After eating we stretched out on the

The brief taste of freedom, however, had stirred the prisoners. Some were rebellious and unruly, and a few skirmishes broke out between the men and guards. Although there were enough of us in each house to overpower the few armed troops who guarded us, again caution prevailed. The end seemed too near. We had come too far, and had survived too long to risk it. There were some impulsive ones and there were some bitter ones, half-crazed with disappointment, who resisted. From this house or that one, an occasional pistol shot or the rattle of an automatic weapon kept us awake most of the night. We left a handful of wounded and three or four dead when we marched away in the morning.

When the marching group, with some aid from a shuttling truck, reached Stettin some days later, we were quartered in marine barracks on the shore of the Damacher See. We were given a day or two of rest, but even so when it was time to resume the march, there were almost 150 men who could not continue. Along

with Lt. Col. David Gold, we were the last two doctors with the group. He assigned us to remain with the 150 whom the Germans had agreed to move by rail. The rest marched on, and Col. Gold marched with them.

The next day we were taken by truck to the rail yards and loaded into two cars, a slatted box-car for cattle, and an open coal car for which a tarpaulin covering had been provided. The accommodations were crowded and not very luxurious, but it was better than walking. We were headed for Berlin, and although Stettin is less than 100 miles north of the capitol, we were four days reaching the rail yards there—the German rail system was having its problems at that time. We marvelled then, and have since, at the obstinacy and unreasoning discipline of the German mentality that was concerning itself with moving two carloads of prisoners while its homeland

was disintegrating around it.

In the Berlin rail yards, our two rail cars sat out three days and nights, back in the almost forgotten sounds of war. There were day bombings and night bombings, and some of the nighttime fireworks were spectacular displays. Miraculously there were no hits or near-misses in the vicinity of our sidetrack. And then one day we were moving again.

Our final destination was Stalag VIII C, the large central collecting camp at Luckenwalde, about 40 miles southeast of Berlin. It was there that the Germans were funnelling all of the prisoners evacuated from the many camps in East Germany. It was there, almost four weeks later, that Col. Gold and the battered remnants of the original walking column arrived, still on foot. And it was there where we sat and waited for the war in Europe to end.

Bustad remembers fallen heroes

(From HILL TOPICS - March '94.

Distinguished WSU Alumnus Leo Bustad, dean emeritus of the College of Veterinary Medicine, delivered the following address at the dedication of the WSU Veterans Memorial on Veterans Day, Nov. 11, 1993.

We are assembled here today to recall the sacrifices of countless people who made it possible for us to appreciate and celebrate our freedom.

Forty-nine years, four months and seven days ago, I stood at attention on a dirt field inside a heavily guarded,

barbed wire enclosure. It was a German prison camp in the Polish corridor. I was standing at attention because our prisoner of war camp band was playing the "Star Spangled

Banner." For some strange reason the Germans had given us permission to do this. As a song of victory, of home, of freedom—yes, most especially freedom—it brought chills to my whole being, tears to my eyes.

For the past 49 years, I have never listened to our National Anthem but that a chill goes through me. The reasons for this are complex. It involved learning about freedom the hard way—by losing it. It involved, too, recalling the many sacrifices that make each day for us what it should be, a day to celebrate our freedom.

~~In recalling, as it does, our comrades~~ who fought and fell in combat, we go back 200 years when some courageous,

God-fearing men subscribed to a document, a declaration that we don't, I fear, appreciate enough. Let me recall for you the last lines of this declaration, "And for the support of this Declaration with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

The signatories were so serious about it, they pledged everything they had, including their lives; and that's what it had cost many down through the years. But the many who gave their lives

didn't just die so that we might live, for just to live is not enough. It makes little sense to me that we ask young people to give their lives so that old people like me might grow rich. Many a father, mother and wid-

...that none of you will have to find out what freedom really means—the way I did, by losing it.

ow or widower will choke back bitter tears if that is all that the loss of a loved one meant when they hoped it meant more righteousness and freedom for all of us. And they have a right to that hope. They have a right to see our nation use its freedom of speech to raise its voice against all injustice and greed, to expect us to use our freedom of assembly for the purpose of a united defense of all—of all that is true and honorable—and also to expect that we use our freedom of the press to publish in accordance with the highest ethical standards for the proper welfare of mankind, and not just on the basis that terror sells and people have a penchant for bad news.

It is with shame that we must confess that for millions of Americans, freedom means simply the opportunity to do what they jolly well please. That sort of freedom is not worth one life at Casablanca, Sicily, Salerno, Anzio, Normandy, Southern France, in Korea, Vietnam, the Persian Gulf or any other field of battle...

I believe the heart of freedom is basically ethical and spiritual and it involves self-discipline, devotion to duty, truth, honor and respect. Ethically, we must realize that a people and a nation do not do freely and voluntarily that which is right. The sacrifice and death of millions on the field of battle or enacting a million laws in the halls of Congress will not save freedom. Our heroic dead died that we might live and freely do what is our high duty—what we ought to do, for true freedom is not the freedom to do as we please, it is the power to do as we ought. We don't emphasize self-denial and self-discipline enough. We must heed what Edmund Burke said, "Men are qualified for freedom in exact proportion to their disposition to put chains on their appetites and discipline themselves."



C. James Quinn, kneeling, led the veterans memorial project.

The signatories of the Declaration of Independence signed their death warrant. They pledged their life, their fortune and their sacred honor. By this I interpret that they equated their sacred honor with life. You and I can do no less. We must—as a nation and as a people—strive to maintain freedom here in our country and promote it for all people everywhere. For freedom gives meaning to the life of each individual and nation. My prayer for you and your children is that none of you will have to find out what freedom really means the way I did, by losing it. I wish you well in this endeavor.

It's not too late to make this a better world honoring thereby our fallen comrades. ♦

—Leo Bustad

WSU dedicates Veterans Memorial

*Next thought you'd be interested in this + share it w/ John S + George J + Frank D.
Cheers,
An*

Ex-media executive John T. Jones dies

Associated Press

HOUSTON — John T. Jones Jr., former chief executive of the *Houston Chronicle* and a respected business and civic leader, died Thursday of cancer. He was 76.

After serving as the *Chronicle's* chief executive for 16 years, Mr. Jones resigned in 1966 to head the Rusk Corp., which operates radio stations in Austin, San Antonio and Midland-Odessa and formerly operated KTRH Radio and KLOL-FM in Houston.

At the time of his death, he was semiretired.

"John Jones inspired his colleagues at the *Chronicle* with a quiet but firm motivational leadership," said Richard J.V. Johnson, the newspaper's chairman and publisher.

A memorial service will be held at 3 p.m. Saturday at First Presbyterian Church. Arrangements are under the direction of Geo. H. Lewis & Sons. Burial will be private.

Born in Dallas on Dec. 2, 1917, Mr. Jones was president of Houston Consolidated Television Co. — KTRK-TV — from its inception in 1954 until its sale in 1967.

He also had been a trustee and president of Houston Endowment Inc. and founder and first president of the Society for the Performing Arts, a nonprofit organization that brings musical artists and other attractions to Houston. He also had been a director of the Houston Symphony Society.

In addition, Mr. Jones served as chairman of the board of Texas Commerce Bank, board member of

American General Corp., director and chairman of the Fischbach Corp. of New York and director of the Houston-based engineering firm CRS.

He also had served as a regent of the University of Houston, a director and executive committee member of the Texas Medical Center and of the United Negro College Fund and president of the local chapter of the University of Texas Ex-Students Association.

During World War II, Mr. Jones joined the 1st Armored Division in 1941. He was captured by the Germans in North Africa in 1943 and sent to the Szubin prison camp in Poland. He was liberated in May 1945 along with Amon Carter Jr., son of the publisher of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*.

4/23/94

JONES

JOHN T. JONES, JR., 76, former Publisher of the *Houston Chronicle* and one of the City's best-known and influential leaders, died April 21, of cancer. Born in Dallas, Texas, December 2, 1917, the fourth child and only son of John Tilford and Margaret Wilson Jones. The family moved to Houston when he was a child, later to reside at 3815 Montrose Boulevard. He attended Montrose Elementary and Lanier Junior High schools and graduated from San Jacinto High School in the class of 1935. After graduation, he attended New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, NM. After receiving his commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Cavalry Reserves, he attended The University of Texas at Austin. When the United States entered World War II in 1941, Jones was called to active military duty, joining the First Armored Division. After serving in Northern Ireland and England, Jones was captured by the Germans in North Africa on February 14, 1943, at the initiation of the Battle of Kasserine Pass. He was sent to the Szubin Prison Camp in Poland. He often commented this his life has been a gift since that Valentine's Day. Jones later helped organize and headed the Texas Prisoners of War Association. As a prisoner of war, he said in an interview last year (1993), "I made some of the best friends of my life. There is a common

bond that holds us together". In October, 1945, he married Winifred Ann Small, daughter of the late State Senator Clint Small. After the war, Jones returned to the *Chronicle*, where he had held summer jobs during his high school and college days. Starting as a route man in the circulation department, he worked in the paper's major departments with emphasis on editorial and retail advertising. In 1948, he became assistant to the President and two years later became President. After serving as President of the *Chronicle* for 16 years, he resigned in 1966 to head the Rusk Corp., which operates radio stations KSMG-FM, KISS-FM and KLUP-AM in San Antonio and formerly operated radio stations in Austin, Midland-Odessa as well as KTRH and KLOL in Houston. He was semi-retired at the time of his death. In other business ventures, Jones was President of Houston Consolidated Television Co., the company which put KTRK-TV (Channel 13) on the air. In addition, he was a former Chairman of the Board of Texas Commerce Bank. He was also a member of the Board of American General Corporation until his retirement in 1990. He served as Director and later as Chairman of Fischbach Corporation, New York, until it was taken over by Victor Posner of Miami. Jones was also a Director of CRS (now known as CRSS). John T. Jones served as a Trustee and President of Houston Endowment, Inc., the philanthropic foundation established by his uncle, the late Jesse H. Jones, publisher of the *Houston Chronicle* and his wife, Mary Gibbs Jones. Mr. Jones was Trustee, Vice President and Secretary of Baylor Medical Foundation. He was a Director and member of the Executive Commit-

tee of the Texas Medical Center and of the United Negro College Fund and a past President of the local chapter of the University of Texas Ex-Students Association. He also served as a Regent of the University of Houston. Jones was founder and first President of the Society for the Performing Arts, a nonprofit organization that brings musical artists and other attractions to Houston. SPA was organized in the mid-1960's after the Jesse H. Jones Hall for the Performing Arts, a gift to the City from Houston Endowment, Inc., opened its doors. Jones also had been a Director of the Houston Symphony Society and of the Alley Theater. John Jones also owned and operated farm and ranch properties in Waller County. He was a member of First Presbyterian Church, the Tejas-Ramada Club, the Houston Club, the Bayou Club, the Paul Jones Dancing Club and the Allegro. He was a past member of the Executive Committee of the Greater Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo and of the Sam Houston Area Council of the Boy Scouts. Besides his wife, Jones leaves a daughter, Melissa Ann Stevens of Austin; two sons, Jesse Holman Jones, II of Houston and John Clinton Jones of Austin; a sister, Alice Garrett of Houston; 5 grandchildren and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins. Services will be at 3:00 P.M., on Saturday, April 23, at the First Presbyterian Church. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that contributions be directed to M.D. Anderson Hospital, the Society for Performing Arts or the charity of your choice.

Geo. H. Lewis & Sons
1010 Bering Dr., 789-3005

WEDNESDAY
MARCH 9, 1994

Lawrence Presnell remembers a war

For so many, the defining moment in their lives was World War II. It didn't last quite four years. But the biggest war we ever had exposed American young people to countries, cultures and adventures they had never even imagined in their growing up years in the 1930s.

The war killed vast numbers, but this is not about those who died overseas. It is about those who came home to live many more decades. It is about their memory of a war.

Larry Cheek



Lawrence Presnell of Lennox Drive, in Fayetteville, was 80 when he died last week. For

years, he called me faithfully, seeking publicity for the group he founded — the First Field Artillery Observation Battalion Association.

Because of Lawrence Presnell, the association often held its reunions in this city. Each time they met here, Lawrence Presnell would ring my phone, always identifying himself by his last name only.

By his quick, almost gruff tone, I could tell who it was, but he would take pains to remind me, just in case I'd forgotten our conversation of the year before, and the column I'd written about a particular prisoner of war, a much decorated veteran or an Italian child who had been befriended by the battalion.

Lawrence Presnell was always good for a story about somebody else. Now he has provided me with a final one, sent last fall. The story is his memory of World War II, and after years of Lawrence Presnell's friends appearing in this space, I think it is about time the man got to tell his own story.

Diving for coins in England

They are vignettes, cameos, snapshots. Together, they make up Lawrence Presnell's war:

"Loaded on a troop train at Fort Bragg in late July, 1942. Traveled 90 miles per hour. Loaded on troop ship Orcades in New York Harbor, Aug. 6, 1942. Remember kids diving for coins in the harbor at Liverpool."

(His unit fought in seven major battles during World War II and spent 704 days in combat.)

"Got lost in London fog one block from my bunk. Entered Mediterranean Sea at Gibraltar. Saw sunshine once again after being seasick for weeks. Mistook a porpoise for a torpedo in the harbor at Oran in North Africa.

"Traded cigarettes and soap to the Arabs for chickens and eggs. Had my first encounter with cognac. Couple of quick ones. I was out like a light. Marched 700 miles to the front in Tunisia.

"Went into combat for first time. Strated by German planes. Felt awful when learned that 44 men of B Battery had been captured at Kasserine Pass."

(The war in Africa ended. There was talk of going home among the troops. But the next stop was Sicily.)

"The dust in Sicily was one foot deep and suffocating. We lived on C-rations for days, and rose with the sun to eat grapes while they were still cool.

"Italy was next. Near Benevento, a five-man wire crew from B Battery was wiped out by a German bomb. One of our guys (Herrell) shot down a German plane.

"We moved at night, no lights, in a pouring rain. Someone gave a gas alarm. It was false but saved our mess sergeant's life when a shell made a direct hit on his foxhole while he was at the kitchen truck looking for his gas mask."

(As he was typing his memoirs, Lawrence Presnell received word that the mess sergeant, Vader Shelton, had just died.)

A boy named Bambino

"I got mad when I learned that rear echelon troops in Naples and Caserta were walking the sidewalks in galoshes and jackets intended for front line troops — us.

"Bambino, the 3-year-old Italian boy, became our mascot. He spent every day at our mess truck."

(In May, the troops at Anzio broke out and Lawrence Presnell was reunited with his nephew. In June, the Allies captured Rome.)

"We chased the Germans north in Italy, and then we were relieved. We eventually invaded southern France near San Tropez. The French civilians were so glad to see us we could not get any work done. They gave us food, though we had more than they did.

"Sam Byrd and I took a jeep and decided to see the French Riviera. We financed this trip by selling off cigarettes for \$21 per carton.

"Near Belfort Gap an artillery duel left a battlefield covered with dead German horses. French civilians appeared with pans and knives. Soon only skeletons of horses left."

(The First Field wintered just across the river from Basel, in Switzerland. It snowed and snowed and while it was snowing, Lawrence Presnell was awarded a battlefield commission.)

"Our next mission was to clear the Germans off an island near Bordeaux so the Allies could use the port of Bordeaux. Here we are in contact with cognac again. Now we know how to handle it.

"We camped outside Nancy on V.E. Day. A couple of days later we took up occupation duty in Donauworth, Germany, a town on the Danube. It's full of fish and me with no tackle."

(Lawrence Presnell left Germany on July 6, 1945. He traveled from France to Casablanca to South Africa to Brazil and north to Miami, then went by train and bus to Fort Bragg. He was separated from the Army the day we won the war with Japan.)

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER-TIMES
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1994

Lawrence Presnell

Lawrence Presnell, 80, of 484 Lennox Drive, Fayetteville, died today in Cape Fear Valley Medical Center.

He was a veteran of World War II and was the former owner of Par Three golf course. He was the founder and past president of First Field Artillery Observation Battalion Association.

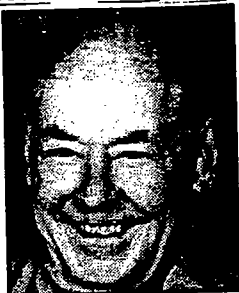
A memorial service will be conductad at 11 a.m. Thursday in the Jernigan-Warren Funeral Home chapel by the Rev. Leighton McKeithen.

Mr. Presnell is survived by his wife, Gertrude N. Presnell of the home; a son, Larry T. Presnell of Raleigh; a daughter, Phyllis A. Petersen of Raleigh; and three grandchildren.

The family will receive friends from Thursday from 10 to 11 a.m. at the funeral home, and other times at the home.

Memorials may be made to the American Heart Association.

NOB #204



SHIRK

John Francis, Glendora, Ca., born 24 June 1917, died 8 November 1993. He was the son of the late John H. and Carrier Hinderer Shirk and was preceded in death by his wife, Maxine Moody Shirk of Cushing and two brothers, George H. and Paul R. He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. James Buchholz, Auwahnee, Ca.; grandson, Justin; sister, Lucyl of Oklahoma City; and his very special and longtime friend, Mrs. Laura Jordan, Hemet, Ca. He was raised in the First Lutheran Church of Oklahoma City and his absolute faith in God sustained him throughout his life. He graduated from Central High School, where he starred in football as an end on the All State Championship teams and in track, where he held the all time high school record for the discus throw. John matriculated to the University of Oklahoma, where he pledged Phi Delta Theta. There he continued in the sports that he loved, playing on the Big Six Championship team in the Orange Bowl and again setting an all time record in the discus throw. In 1940, he was drafted by the Chicago Cardinals and played with that pro football team until his induction into the Army as a captain in the Field Artillery. At the invasion of Salerno, he was captured and sent to a German prison camp in Poland. Following the war, John moved to California to establish JOSCO Plastics which grew into a multi-million dollar industry before his retirement and take over by American Hospital. Interment will be at Rose Hill Cemetery with a private graveside service.

April 11, 1994

*To Whom it may concern
Please take Frank A
Bennett off your mailing
list. He passed away
August 29, 1993.*

Thank you.

*Reba Bennett
(widow)*

If you would like to get a short
not to Reba, the address is shown:
8743 East Palm Lane
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

A Real And Serious War Tragedy

BY HERBERT L. GARRIS
LEFT TO DIE: THE TRAGEDY OF THE USS JUNEAU, Dan Kurtzman, Pocket Books, New York, 1994, \$23, 335 pages.

This book is one of those you simply can not turn loose, you have to finish it once you start. It is a story of two families: one from rural Waterloo, Iowa, and the other from urban New York City. There are many close similarities between the two families portrayed with their work ethics, character and patriotism in a 1941-42 milieu on the eve of Pearl Harbor.

One basic concept of the armed forces generally has been to attempt to not to take, if possible, more than one son of a family into the same combat unit in air, sea and land troops. Intentions and reality soon part company in this story. We find that close brothers request, volunteer and find persuasive support to find cases in which the recruiters and the commanders conveniently overlook the rule as stated. Notwithstanding, the five brothers in one family and four in another, some how shipped out and were to be found in the fall of 1942 off the coast of Guadalcanal on the USS Juneau.

The author cleverly sets the stage of the story into some complementing themes. First, there is a glimpse of the skipper of the Juneau, Captain Swenson. He was a proud and fine leader of his fast and well armed cruiser. Next is the profile of Captain Hoover, a classmate of Swenson at the Naval Academy, and in the role of the next senior commander of a depleted task force aboard the USS Helena. Hoover later was to bear the brunt of the charges of incompetence and management by his failure in good judgment in leaving the destroyed Juneau and some 700 crewmen without sending any rescue parties to try to save the near 140 survivors stranded. Of that total 10 were finally picked up and survived the debacle.

Radio silence was the order of the day and with it the meaning of "not to report the losses by any commander sustained to anyone." This not only applied to ships in the battle, but the B-17's aloft, all other naval aircraft and surface vessels. Herein lies a mysterious fluke which combat can usually produce. There was a B-17 above the scene which witnessed it in detail and flew back to its base at Henderson



How nearly 700 men—including the five Sullivan brothers—died in torpedo and shark attacks in one of WWII's most secret scandals

Airfield, a newly constructed base. Here a full days' delay in the normal paper shuffling gave little or no attention to the report and the specific locations and provided no comfort or hope to the dwindling crew at the mercy of wild seas, tropical heat and merciless sharks.

Another ancillary diversion of the book is the descriptive narrative of the capable Japanese submarine commander of the I-26, Yokota. It had just before the main battle been seriously damaged losing four of its

six launching tubes in a collision in shallow waters nearby on an undetected reef of coral. Even so, the U.S. fleet appeared and offered five large ships as targets. His prime choice was the USS San Francisco, a cruiser. When fired upon by Yokota his torpedo went errant and fixed upon the Juneau. Why the skipper on the destroyer failed, to warn the Juneau of the easily seen missile is unknown. The Juneau was already crippled in its controls

and was in no condition to execute any evasive actions. For the next 20 critical minutes Yokota went to considerable depths to avoid the fatal depth charges, and when he came to surface shortly he found the entire task force had disappeared from the scene and obviously had not performed any search for the survivors or rescue attempts.

One other touching thread of the story which any reader will appreciate and is full of the human and caring side as shown in various conversations and letters that the lost men had shared with each other of the crew and mail hastily written to their loved ones back home.

It is always difficult to outguess the military actions which sometime transpire, many of which are very deliberate and may become costly, as this one did. Yet the overriding obligation to any commander is the accomplishment of the mission in the most satisfactory manner possible. Such an error of failing to return and rescue or reporting properly soon made its way to the Commander in Chief Admiral Halsey, who belatedly and regretfully learned of the disaster. His anger at the failure to have out of mercy to assist in the rescue seemed to have somewhat been one in which the silence may have been broken momentarily, but the armed submarine on the loose ruled the day. There were ample rescue vehicles close by and would have made quite a difference, such as the B-17's above, other Naval planes, and some surface smaller craft which complement the task force. All were unused due to a botched lack of decision.

It is a fascinating story as only writers like this one and Tom Clancy seem to have and employ the style so well. Further, the author has demonstrated a deep understanding and an appreciation of what men in combat face and how they manage under extremely demanding conditions.

This is a tribute to the Sullivan and Rogers families and the loss of their sons, and also to the rescuers in the B-17 crew who nearly a week later pulled out the 10 survivors. A lesson to be learned is well shown in the epilogue which turn stateside to the events and personalities of the relatives and the living participants both American and Japanese as the years go by. Further there is a recommendation proposed to make an enactment into law to forever forbid such a tragedy to families such as these by dispersing the men into other branches of duty.

(Dr. Herbert L. Garris is a frequent reviewer for The Pilot on books of military history. He is a resident of Pinehurst).

THE PILOT S. Pines, N. C.

4/25/94

Mediterranean Sea remained perilous

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.

By William R. Hawkins
KNIGHT-RIDDER

With Italy no longer an Axis partner and its fleet and southern air bases now in Allied hands, the Mediterranean Sea was much safer than it had been when the British were taking heavy ship losses trying to keep Malta from being strangled.

Indeed, the British were now sending warships from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean to confront the Japanese. Yet the Germans still were active in the area, able to make convoy duty hazardous despite the overall strength of the American and British navies.

An example of the dangers that remained is provided by the story of convoy UGS-38, which was sailing from the United States to Bizerte, Libya. It consisted of 85 merchant ships, two Navy oil tankers and the Coast Guard cutter Duane. Its escort was Task Force 66 under the command of Cmdr. H.J. Wuensch, USCG, consisting of Coast Guard cutter Taney, the destroyer Lansdale, the Dutch anti-aircraft cruiser Heemskerck, 11 destroyer escorts, two minesweepers and a tugboat. TF 66 was stronger against submarine attack than air attack. No air cover was available.

The convoy was sailing in 10 columns. Three DEs provided a forward screen; the rest of the DEs formed an inner screen at the front and flanks of the convoy. The DD Lansdale and the minesweeper Speed carried special jamming equipment designed to block the radio-guidance signals German aircraft used to steer Hs-293 glide bombs into targets. Outfitted with a rocket motor and a delayed-fused 600-pound warhead, these early guided missiles had proven extremely potent against warships since they were first used in August 1943. Fortunately, the Germans never had enough of these weapons

THIS WEEK IN 1944



WORLD WAR II

to swing the balance before electronic countermeasures were developed.

As UGS-38 approached Cape Bengut, Algeria the evening of April 20, 1944, Lansdale detected glide-bomb guidance transmissions from an enemy attack on another convoy 100 miles away. Alerting Speed, both ships turned on their jammers, disrupting the distant attack.

About a half-hour later, UGS-38 itself came under attack by 21 Ju-88 and He-111 twin-engined bombers carrying conventional torpedoes.

The attackers came in low, angling toward the convoy from the shore to hide from both eyes and radar in the twilight. They came in three waves, the first arriving so fast and unexpectedly that none of the escorts got a shot off until the torpedoes were in the water. The first two waves of Ju-88s scored four hits on merchant ships, sinking two.

The five He-111s of the third wave concentrated on Lansdale, coming at it from both port and starboard. Lansdale's guns knocked down one bomber, but it was not possible to drive off the attack or dodge the multiple torpedoes launched. One slammed into the forward fireroom and broke the destroyer's back.

The crew threw themselves into damage control, but it was clear that the ship was finished. Its machinery was swamped, its hull was breached, and it was clouded by smoke and steam. Two hundred thirty-five of Lansdale's crew of 283 were rescued, though two of these men later died of their wounds.

The attack had lasted less than three minutes. The Germans lost six bombers.

WORLD

Allies strangle supply routes

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 nonpartisan 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

As the Allies prepared for their spring offensive in Italy, they were privy to exceptionally good intelligence regarding the deployment and plans of the Germans.

Unknown to the enemy, the Allies were able to decipher every intercepted radio message sent between the Armed Forces High Command (OKW) and the Army High Command (OKH) in Germany and Field Marshal Albert Kesselring's headquarters in Italy; and between Kesselring and his two field armies (the 10th and 14th) on the front lines. This was because the British had broken the Enigma Code in 1940 and had been using the information gained ever since without the Germans suspecting they had been compromised.

However, knowing the enemy's deployments was only the first step. He must still be beaten. As the Allies regrouped their own forces and brought up reinforcements and supplies, an all-out effort was launched to prevent the Germans from doing



the same.

The Mediterranean Allied Tactical Air Force launched Operation Strangle on March 19, 1944, to interdict all movement south of the line Pisa-Rimini across northern Italy. The operation continued until the day the Allies launched their ground offensive (Operation Diadem) on May 11.

The air campaign focused on the area north of Rome. In its first week, it cut every railroad in at least two places. Thereafter, it averaged 25 cuts per day. Rail capacity fell from 80,000 tons per day to 4,000. This was well below what the Germans would need to sustain them-

selves in battle.

However, as long as the front was quiet, the Germans were able to survive on this flow of supplies. Indeed, the Germans were even able to increase their available manpower (from 330,000 to 365,000) on the front with replacements and the return of recovered wounded.

Airpower alone cannot force an entrenched and unbroken army to withdraw. The ground must be taken from them by a stronger opposing army and then held against any counterattack. But airpower can make it very difficult for an army to defend itself against a ground attack. German records and the testimony of officers indicates that the Germans had been able to stockpile sufficient supplies to meet the initial Allied assault.

However, Operation Strangle had taken such a toll of trucks and trains, and done such damage to railroad tracks, bridges and roads that the Germans had been reduced to foot and animal transport. This slowed their reaction times for the movement of supplies and the shifting of reserves to threatened areas.

REMEMBERING D-DAY

■ June 6, 1944. A day remembered simply as D-Day.

It was the day that 130,000 Allied troops landed on the coast of Normandy to reclaim Europe from the Nazis. Another 22,500 troops parachuted from the sky.

On that day the Allies gained the upper hand in their war with Nazi Germany. A year later, the Germans would be defeated and World War II would be over.

Were you there? We'd like to know.

The Sun News plans to publish a package marking the 50th anniversary of the invasion, and we'd like to hear about your experiences. Even if you weren't there, maybe you have some special memories to share.

Please call Gwen Fowler, managing editor/days, at 626-0293 between 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. weekdays. Or mail a note, including your telephone number, to D-Day, The Sun News, P.O. Box 406, Myrtle Beach 29578.

NATION/WORLD

Allies' coordinated strikes help breach the Nazi's Gustav Line

To mark the 50th anniversary of U.S. participation in World War II, Knight-Ridder 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 nonpartisan 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

After the bloody failures to break into the Liri Valley during the winter of 1944, British Gen. Harold Alexander, commanding the Allied 15th Army Group, planned a coordinated offensive by both the British 8th Army and the U.S. 5th Army to break the Gustav Line in May 1944.

Alexander believed a 3-1 superiority in infantry would be needed to breach the front, and the Allied divisions were thus concentrated on the western half of the Italian peninsula between the German strongpoint at Monte Cassino and the sea. Only this area of the front had enough open terrain to make full use of Allied superiority in tanks and artillery.

When the offensive opened on May 11, the Allies could muster 1,660 artillery pieces against less than 450 German guns.

The British 8th Army was on the right. Its XIII Corps pushed up the Liri Valley against stubborn German resistance. The British 4th Infantry and the Indian 8th Infantry divisions made the break while the British 78th Infantry and the South African 6th Armoured divisions and the Canadian I Corps moved to exploit the hole. On the XIII Corps' right flank, the two infantry divisions of the II Polish Corps were repulsed with heavy losses at Monte Cassino. They would only gain this infamous terrain when the Germans

REMEMBERING D-DAY

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started their retreat along the entire Gustav Line.

The U.S. 5th Army was on the left. Its U.S. II Corps — 85th and 88th Infantry divisions — was to push along the coast. Its opposition was the 94th Infantry division of the XIV Panzer Korps.

The plans of generals from Army Group on down through armies, corps, divisions and regiments eventually depend on individual soldiers on the firing line. If they do not exert themselves, the most carefully crafted plan will fail. As the 2nd Battalion, 350th Regiment of the 88th Division moved against Hill 316 shortly after midnight, machine-gun fire halted the lead platoons.

Sgt. Charles W. Shea continued forward on his own. Crawling up to one machine-gun, he threw grenades into the position, forcing the

crew to surrender. He then attacked a second machine-gun nest and forced its crew to surrender. When a third MG fired at Shea, he rushed it and killed its crew. The battalion was then able to resume its attack. Shea won the Medal of Honor and promotion to lieutenant.

The American advance was slowed by German resistance at the village of Santa Maria Infante. The 88th Division had not been in combat before. In time, the division became one of the highest rated U.S. units of the war. At this point, its green troops still had much to learn.

However, by May 14, the 351st Regiment had cleared the village. The Germans were falling back. It had been a fierce battle. The German 94th division lost 90 percent of its fighting strength against the 2,000 casualties suffered by the 88th Division. When German propaganda called the 88th "those blue devils" the division dropped its old nickname of "Cloverleaf" to become the "Blue Devil" Division.

Meanwhile, the French Expeditionary Corps, on the II Corps' right, had infiltrated the lightly held mountains to the northeast, rendering the entire Gustav Line untenable. The Germans fell back leaving only rearguards to slow the Allied advance.

D-Day And World War II Are Recalled By County Resident

By CLAUDIA SCHWAB

When he walks into the Country Kitchen for his morning coffee, everyone knows H.J. Morris Jones II by his Red Sox cap, his Dartmouth jacket, sneakers and any one of about 25 different sweatshirts. The quiet, but witty, Rockbridge County resident always has a twinkle in his eye and something appropriate to say to anyone he encounters. Rarely, however, does this modest 79-year old indulge in old war stories even though he happens to have enough to fill a book. In fact, Jones has compiled some of them in a printout he gave his family and close friends entitled "Some Family Lore."

In light of the 50th anniversary of D-Day, it is particularly appropriate to record some of Jones' observations since he was a platoon leader in the 746th Tank Battalion on that infamous day.

"For the landing in Normandy, France (at 11 a.m. on D-Day, June 6, 1944), the 746th was attached to the 4th Infantry Division," said Jones. "The armada of vessels of all kinds was truly awesome. I remember particularly the rocket firing ships — what a display of firepower."

Actually, the Normandy landing was not nearly as traumatic for Jones as what went before and after D-Day. By the time his platoon landed, the beach (Utah Beach, as denoted in military terms) had been won and was relatively quiet, he said. They moved inland several miles after lanes were cleared through the mine fields.

"I crept up and peeked out of the turret to see Germans dug in on both sides.—Morris Jones

During the crossing from England to France, however, Jones remembers several thoughts which kept haunting him. One was that they had left from Dartmouth Harbor in England, which he considered a good omen because he had gone to Dartmouth College. The other, which he considered a bad omen, was that another Lt. Hugh Jones (his great-grandfather's name as well as his own since the initials stand for



MORRIS JONES holds a copy of his battalion history. He was a platoon leader in the 746th Tank Battalion in World War II. (staff photo by Claudia Schwab)

first battles of the Civil War in which he fought. Jones wondered if history was going to repeat itself, he said.

After D-Day, Jones faced many trials both as a soldier and a prisoner of war for the remainder of the war.

One day which Jones will never forget won him a Purple Heart, but in Jones' own modest style he claims it as "a close call."

"We were with Company F, which was held up at a moderately high hill with a hedgerow running across the top," said Jones. "The Germans were dug in behind this hedgerow. I was in the tank

up this hill. I was leery as our tanks were sputtering from lack of maintenance and the hill was steep enough to make me wonder if we could make it. I finally agreed to try with just my tank.

"We made the top all right and drove over the hedgerow. However, as we hit the other side, our tank stalled. Within seconds, I heard a buzzing in my radio earphones followed by a blinding flash. I don't know how much time elapsed before I came to, lying on my back at the bottom of my tank. My crew had gone. I crept up and peeked out of the turret to see Germans dug in on both sides. What to do?

gave myself a 1, 2, 3 GO! jump out of the turret, rolled down the slope plate and ran zig-zag down the hill where I found my men with the infantry. Fortunately, shots were fired and I had only tured ear drums and a few pieces of steel in my face. A kind of round had hit our tank very close to my head. I have had many close calls: I have no bug being here."

Even though Jones counts one of the most vivid memories of the war, it was not his "worst." That was Black Monday.

On July 10, 1944, his platoon assigned to be with the 83rd Infantry Division in jungle-like terrain of Carentan just after the Cherbourg.

"An infantry captain ordered to attack across this field and his men would be with us," Jones. "I didn't like the looks of left flank and asked the captain was over there. The captains said to worry as they had men over there."

"We set out across the field the infantry failing to come very quickly, we found the 'men over there' were German tanks and/or anti-tank guns. I was hit first and, within two minutes, the rest had been hit. We never could tell where rounds were coming from somewhere on that left flank had bothered me."

Jones lost six men and were wounded, many quite badly. It was the worst day of for casualties, as far as Jones concerned.

Jones led his platoon France, Belgium and Germany. He was captured on Nov. 27, near a castle between Cologne and Aachen, Germany. In all, he about six months in captivity about six months as a POW. He was liberated.

Despite the fact he was in the Germans in a variety of Germany and Poland, he harbor ill feelings. In fact complimentary. He said never badly treated and he the fighting skill of the Germans.

Jones recounted the details of his capture. It was dark and Jones was

continued from page 1

position his platoon before dawn. He told the others that he would go forward on foot to contact the infantry before taking the other tanks further, he said.

All of a sudden, 8-10 Germans jumped up all around and, for me, the was over.

The Germans had heard us moving around and, when I had gone forward 100-200 yards, they sent in a bunch of artillery rounds," he said. "I hit the ground with everything jumping around me, and I thought I had 'had it' for sure. However, the firing did cease and, after catching my breath, I got to my feet and went on forward.

"I could see woods on the left but it seemed that I had gone quite a distance without coming to any woods on the right where Company F was supposed to be. I decided to circle back around a burning haystack and entered the woods whispering for 'George Company.'

"All of a sudden, 8-10 Germans jumped up all around and, for me, the was over. I was not carrying any sidearm but I have always wondered why I wasn't shot on the spot.

Jones also made some interesting remarks concerning how the Germans acted in the aftermath of his capture.

"As it was getting light, the Germans escorted me back to a secondary road where two of their tanks were hopelessly mired in the ditch," he said. "One soldier handed me an ax and made me understand I was expected to cut branches to camouflage their tanks. I said, 'Nix ar-rite — officer!' ('No work — officer'). The guy yanked down my combat jacket, saw the silver bar and took the ax back.

"Most of the day, I laid under one of the tanks with the German crew. It was surprisingly congenial. They shared some chocolate with me and I shared some cigarettes with them. We did get some pot shots from my American friends and a P-47 came over and dropped a bomb too close for comfort."

He spent time in a ground officer's camp in Poland (Oflag 64) where he lost 30-40 pounds because he didn't get enough to eat, but his memories are not all bad ones.

"Life was not all that bad at Oflag 64 except that it was cold and there was very little food. A radio was stashed somewhere in the camp. It was referred to as 'the bird' and we received periodic reports of some of the things going on in the world. There were a number of talented people in the group and they were able to ease somewhat the sadness of being away from home at Christmas. During this season, there was a real

chestra. A group sang the Messiah and the Germans let down the bars a bit so that we had a fairly decent Christmas dinner."

After a big Russian offensive in January, 1945, the Germans were forced to evacuate the Polish camp and marched their prisoners back to Germany. This coincided with one of the worst winters in years in northern Europe but, fortunately, his Vermont upbringing had prepared him, Jones said.

In March, he and the others were put in boxcars and sent to Oflag XII-D at Hammelburg, Germany — a name which would become familiar to postwar America from the television series *Hogan's Heroes*. Years later, while on a business trip to Germany, Jones revisited Hammelburg and stayed at an inn where he got to talking to the German innkeeper who had also been a POW. After spending the night, eating a large dinner, drinking beer and eating breakfast, Jones' bill was only \$2 which may have had something to do with the fact he and the innkeeper were brother POWs although on different sides. On this same trip, Jones also revisited the camp and found his former barracks, he said.

Jones also spent time at a camp near Nuremberg where he remembers marching past the well known Nuremberg stadium where Hitler had held his Nazi rallies.

Jones had one of his best laughs as a POW during one of the marches he and his fellow prisoners made during the spring of 1945. A big German guard came up to him and his companion and said 'Heh, leave us go out to Ebbets Field and root for dem bums.' This was slang for 'Heh, let's go out to Ebbets Field and root for the Brooklyn Dodgers,' because, at that time, the team was called 'the bums' and, of course, the Dodgers are now in Los Angeles, said Jones, who can't help grinning at the guard's humor even after almost 50 years.

The last camp he went to was in Bavaria just northeast of Munich. He remembers several things about this camp (Stalag VII-A) after they were liberated on April 29, 1945. One was the arrival of General George Patton who jumped up on the hood of his jeep and gave a speech filled with spicy, unprintable language promising to get the men home as soon as possible. The other is the GI white bread which he said tasted "like angel cake." He also remembers the first song he heard over a radio was "Don't Fence Me In." Jones finally arrived back in New York June 12, just a little over a year since he'd first landed at Normandy.

Readjustment did not seem to be a problem for Jones. He was very glad to see his wife, Kay, and their 1-year old son whom he had never seen. Jones went into his family's granite business, Jones Brothers Company,

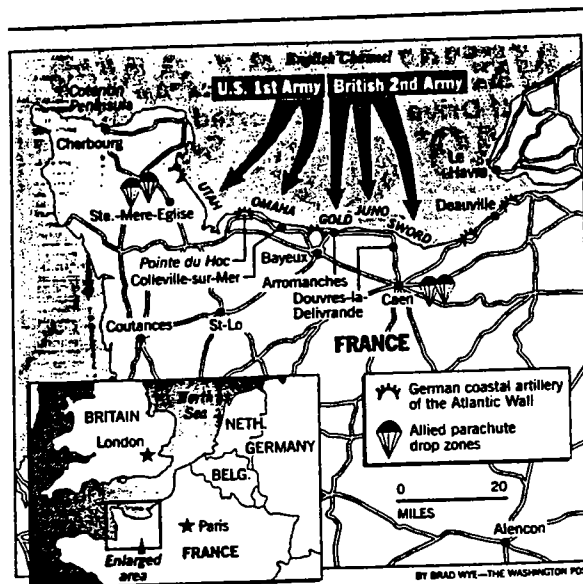
representative for Georgia Marble. The latter job brought him to Lexington in 1967. At the time, one of his four children was attending Washington and Lee University Law School. (At present, his daughter, Marcy, is a second-year student there.) He served in the Active Reserve until April 1963 and retired from Georgia Marble in 1976.

During his 27 years in the Rockbridge area, Jones has been a busy, civic minded resident. He was a member and director of the Lexington Kiwanis Club, on the Rockbridge Republican Committee representing the Kerrs Creek precinct, was director of the Rockbridge Area Presbyterian Home and Meals for Shut-Ins.

Currently, he is walking a mile every morning at VMI, drinking coffee with his friends at the bakery, reading, doing crossword puzzles and trying to keep up with his four children and eight grandchildren. When speaking of his war experiences, he remembers many interesting details but is also philosophical.

"I don't boil over easily," he said when asked how he could face such traumatic situations so easily. "I have always been thankful to come through the war with only minor scars — I guess my time just hadn't come."

And, a final reflection. "I don't feel this country has been together since World War II," said Jones.



Secret no longer, disaster recalled

Charlotte man was caught in deadly attack on D-Day rehearsal

By **JACK HORAN**
Staff Writer

In the dark of night in April 1944, a convoy of eight ships cruised the English coast on a secret wartime mission.

The ships were LSTs, ocean-going transports. They brimmed with tanks, ammunition, gasoline and 3,000 soldiers in combat gear.

But calamity stalked the convoy in the English Channel. As gunner's mate Edward Wahrab, 18, squinted through the darkness from the bow of LST 496, he saw one of the LSTs unexpectedly explode.

"This big ball of fire came up," recounted Wahrab, now a Charlotte chiropractor. "There was fire in the water. The crews were abandoning ship."



Edward Wahrab: As a World War II gunner's mate and now.

The young sailor didn't know it at the time, but he became an eyewitness to one of the worst American military disasters of World War II — and one that was hidden for 40 years.

That night, 50 years ago today, nine German torpedo boats

crossed the English Channel from their base in Cherbourg, France, sank two LSTs and damaged a third. The attack took the lives of 749 Americans.

The boats inadvertently intercepted a practice landing planned for the English beach of Slapton Sands. It was to be a dry run for D-Day, the invasion of France.

A series of blunders compounded the disaster. The LSTs were sailing blind because they had been given incorrect radio frequencies. An escorting British destroyer didn't show up, and the convoy was accompanied only by a smaller British ship. Men who jumped from the burning ships drowned needlessly because of

Please see **Attack**/page 11A

Attack

Continued from page 1A

improperly worn life jackets.

As darkness lifted, the carnage from Exercise Tiger became clear.

"We arrived at the area at day-break," an officer on a rescue ship told American Heritage magazine in 1985, "and the sight was appalling. There were hundreds of bodies of American servicemen, in full battle gear, floating in the sea."

Allied leaders feared the debacle could tip off the Germans to plans for the June 6, 1944, invasion. They hushed it up.

Military officials told civilians to keep their mouths shut. The military buried hundreds of soldiers and sailors in a mass grave in the Devon countryside. The bodies were later moved to official cemeteries.

Exercise Tiger remained a secret

long after the war's end. Army publications in 1951 contained information on the episode but attracted little public attention.

It wasn't until 1984 that the public — and Wahrab — became aware of the full dimensions of the disaster.

As the Pentagon declassified documents, the news media began to reveal the 40-year-old secret. Wahrab watched with astonishment one night as the TV show "20/20" detailed the tragedy.

"He said, 'I was involved in that!'" said Marlene Wahrab, his wife.

Wahrab came through unscathed, though a torpedo nearly hit his LST. Six weeks later, after D-Day, two mines blasted LST 496 off the French coast.

"All I felt was myself going up in the air," he said. A sub chaser rescued Wahrab, who suffered a broken leg and back. Back pain still plagues him today at age 68.

The U.S. government officially acknowledged the loss of life from

Exercise Tiger in 1987. A monument to those who died now stands in Slapton Sands. The publicity led to Wahrab's shipmates on LST 496 organizing annual reunions.

Fifty years later, the sounds and sights remain vivid in Wahrab's mind.

The roar of the engines of the torpedo boats. The gunfire from the LSTs. Men bobbing in the water. The LSTs zig-zagging to avoid torpedoes, under orders not to stop to pick up anyone.

"The survivors yelling out, the (red) lights going on in the life jackets," he recalled. "I'll think of the fellows whose lives were lost. Young, 19, 20 years old. The average age was 21."

Disaster was kept quiet to protect D-Day secret

Death before D-Day

■ Fifty years ago today, 749 U.S. soldiers and sailors died during a mock invasion that remained largely secret for 40 years.

Exercise Tiger: April 28, 1944

1 The convoy

Convoy T-4 of eight U.S. LSTs escorted by one British ship prepares for mock invasion at Slapton Sands.

2 Nazi patrol

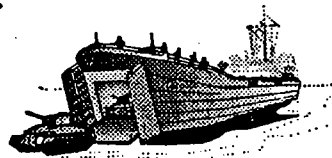
Nine E-boats leave the harbor at Cherbourg on regular patrol. They head for Slapton Sands, attracted by radio traffic.

3 Nazis attack

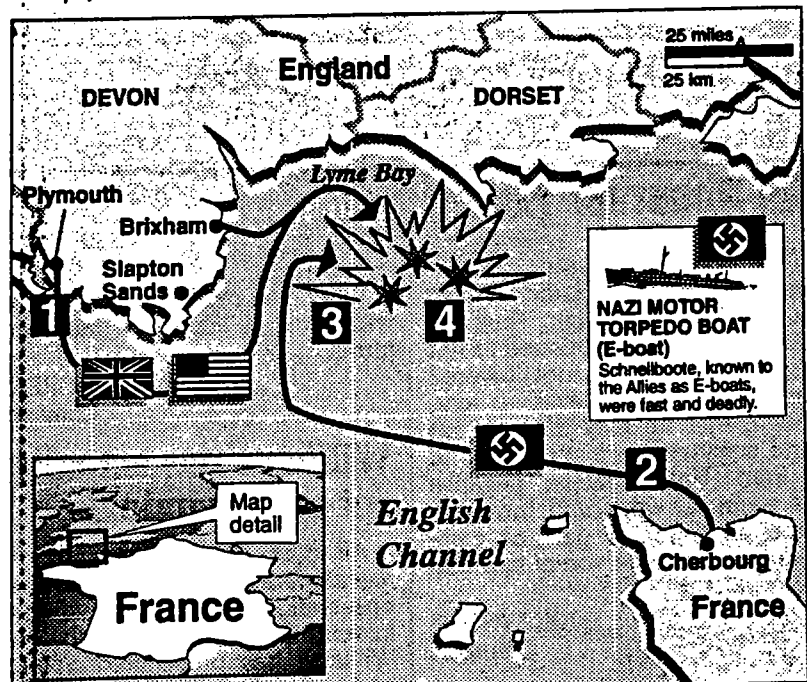
E-boats spot convoy and torpedo LST 507 at 2:03 a.m. Next, they hit and sink LST 531. Finally, LST 289 is hit and towed back to port. The ships were on the wrong radio wavelength because of a typographical error in their orders.

4 Aftermath

British destroyers arrive. However, the Germans have already sped back to Cherbourg. A destroyer begins to search for survivors. At 4:30 a.m., dawn breaks to reveal the magnitude of the disaster. The final toll: 551 soldiers and 198 sailors dead and 89 participants wounded.



The Landing Ship, Tank (LST), capable of carrying up to 40 tanks or hundreds of troops, was instrumental in the success of D-Day landings.



NATION/WORLD

Allies' coordinated strikes help breach the Nazi's Gustav Line

To mark the 50th anniversary of U.S. participation in World War II, Knight-Ridder 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 nonpartisan 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

After the bloody failures to break into the Liri Valley during the winter of 1944, British Gen. Harold Alexander, commanding the Allied 15th Army Group, planned a coordinated offensive by both the British 8th Army and the U.S. 5th Army to break the Gustav Line in May 1944.

Alexander believed a 3-1 superiority in infantry would be needed to breach the front, and the Allied divisions were thus concentrated on the western half of the Italian peninsula between the German strongpoint at Monte Cassino and the sea. Only this area of the front had enough open terrain to make full use of Allied superiority in tanks and artillery.

When the offensive opened on May 11, the Allies could muster 1,660 artillery pieces against less than 450 German guns.

The British 8th Army was on the right. Its XIII Corps pushed up the Liri Valley against stubborn German resistance. The British 4th Infantry and the Indian 8th Infantry divisions made the break while the British 78th Infantry and the South African 6th Armoured divisions and the Canadian I Corps moved to exploit the hole. On the XIII Corps' right flank, the two infantry divisions of the II Polish Corps were repulsed with heavy losses at Monte Cassino. They would only gain this infamous terrain when the Germans

REMEMBERING D-DAY

■ June 6, 1944. A day remembered simply as D-Day.

It was the day that 130,000 Allied troops landed on the coast of Normandy to reclaim Europe from the Nazis. Another 22,500 troops parachuted from the sky.

On that day the Allies gained the upper hand in their war with Nazi Germany. A year later, the Germans would be defeated and World War II would be over.

Were you there? We'd like to know.

The Sun News plans to publish a package marking the 50th anniversary of the invasion, and we'd like to hear about your experiences. Even if you weren't there, maybe you have some special memories to share.

Please call Gwen Fowler, managing editor/days, at 626-0293 between 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. weekdays. Or mail a note, including your telephone number, to D-Day, The Sun News, P.O. Box 406, Myrtle Beach 29578.

THIS WEEK IN 1944



WORLD WAR II

started their retreat along the entire Gustav Line.

The U.S. 5th Army was on the left. Its U.S. II Corps — 85th and 88th Infantry divisions — was to push along the coast. Its opposition was the 94th Infantry division of the XIV Panzer Korps.

The plans of generals from Army Group on down through armies, corps, divisions and regiments eventually depend on individual soldiers on the firing line. If they do not exert themselves, the most carefully crafted plan will fail. As the 2nd Battalion, 350th Regiment of the 88th Division moved against Hill 316 shortly after midnight, machine-gun fire halted the lead platoons.

Sgt. Charles W. Shea continued forward on his own. Crawling up to one machine-gun, he threw grenades into the position, forcing the

crew to surrender. He then attacked a second machine-gun nest and forced its crew to surrender. When a third MG fired at Shea, he rushed it and killed its crew. The battalion was then able to resume its attack. Shea won the Medal of Honor and promotion to lieutenant.

The American advance was slowed by German resistance at the village of Santa Maria Infante. The 88th Division had not been in combat before. In time, the division became one of the highest rated U.S. units of the war. At this point, its green troops still had much to learn.

However, by May 14, the 351st Regiment had cleared the village. The Germans were falling back. It had been a fierce battle. The German 94th division lost 90 percent of its fighting strength against the 2,000 casualties suffered by the 88th Division. When German propaganda called the 88th "those blue devils" the division dropped its old nickname of "Cloverleaf" to become the "Blue Devil" Division.

Meanwhile, the French Expeditionary Corps, on the II Corps' right, had infiltrated the lightly held mountains to the northeast, rendering the entire Gustav Line untenable. The Germans fell back leaving only rearguards to slow the Allied advance.

AN ESSAY OF MY RECOLLECTIONS OF D-Day June 6, 1944
IN NORMANDY, FRANCE.

It is not an easy task to try to put down in prose some distinct impression of fifty years ago. Whatever notes I made were taken from me or lost over the years, but some vivid memories do remain and they now follow.

Some days earlier, possibly the Sunday or Monday before the famous D-Day we were called back into our camp near Newbury, Berks, in England, where we had trained intensively for nine months since our arrival there from Fort Bragg, N. C. My assignment was that of a 1st Lt of Artillery and a platoon leader in "D" Battery of the 377th Parachute Field Artillery Bn., of the 101st Airborne Division. Our weapons were the 50 caliber machine guns and the personal weapon was the 30 cal carbine. Our anti-aircraft training had taken us into various parts of England to become more skilled at shooting the target sleeves drawn by aircraft. At least one exercise was an amphibious one down on the south coast near Torquay on the Slapton Sands along with one of the Infantry Divisions which was scheduled to enter on D-Day. We had several day and night equipment jumps and the heavy weapons, which were handled in separate bundles and the communications equipment as well.

We were ready and stood tall as we marched out of our encampment and were trucked a short distance to a nearby RAF Airdrome called Membury. There hundreds of C-47's of the 316th Troop Carrier Wing were lined up in long neat rows. The familiar 3 stripes of white were on each wing and around the body of the planes to give easy recognition to our fighter and bomber pilots and crews. What a morale boost came to us on the afternoon as we gathered around our planes where the Commander in Chief of the entire Operation "Overlord", Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, came to see us and shake our hands and to wish us godspeed. He wore a countenance of confidence, seriousness, and yet, friendliness, and who seemed fully aware of his heavy responsibility ahead and "A Rendezvous with Destiny", the same title as a book I have here beside me, and done by the 101st Airborne Division Association. We enjoyed some coffee and dough nuts from the Red Cross Girls. Then a short, but inspiring, service conducted by one of our Chaplains took place.

We then began our detailed and final equipment checks, and that was followed by a briefing for the officers and senior non-commissioned officers. It was thoughtfully presented with mock ups of the area from air photo reconnaissance flights recently flown, other training aids and maps of the specific areas in France including the Drop Zones and our targets. It was about that time that we were told that Rome had just fallen into the Allied hands, which was good news from Italy. With the little time left many of us wrote a couple of V-Mail letters home and the officers soon censored all of that mail to get on its way shortly for home. The next was the march forward to the assigned planes for a few last minutes instruction and to board for the historic and most significant flight we would probably ever make into Europe to launch to massive front on the beaches of France.

We were soon airborne near midnight and with no real idea of the logistics required to mount such an invasion and for such a task force, in a few minutes from my position near the door very normal for the jump-master of the C-47, it soon came to my attention. Our planes soon assembled into a long echelon in a very orderly flight. This first group flew with the parachutists while the glider towed troops would follow a bit later. As the long sixteen hour a day light still prevailed some familiar landmarks we were told about began to appear and were easily visible and identifiable. Our flight was south from England around the Cherbourg peninsula and then east to the D.Z's. Our pattern took us closely enough to see the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, and though both were under a black out and in the control of the Germans, a few lights were showing. Even at the distance from the landing beaches many became clear as the Normandy coastline soon appeared. The open white sand with its broad frontages and so serene was only a short duration. For in a matter minutes the clouds rolled in and visibility became poor and along with it the first ~~of~~ bursts of anti-aircraft ^{fire} from the batteries below firing the dreaded 88 mm flak guns with many tracers in full view. Our plane was not fired into, while many were, even so our pilots went into a "no-no" by taking an inexcusable evasion action so we never reached our designated Drop Zone. Instead we were dropped in a field near Valognes and Montebourg some 30 miles away. We found some joy in that he had not dropped us in the English Channel or into the swamps and estuaries leading inland. On the jump itself with about 16 men in each plane, none were injured and our equipment was soon collected. Our recognition signal was a small hand cricket, with a challenge one, and the reply two sounds. As to the frequent question asked by many "Were you afraid?" I concede that some few were but the intense training jumps in training left us with a serious mood, but one conditioned to do what we did best.

Our fighting for the next few days was sporadic and mainly devoted to trying to make radio contact with our main units and to get acquainted with the environment of the 6-to 8 foot tall hedgerows or bocages, many centuries old which surrounded the fields, very difficult to attack and easier to defend. The story turns to some relief from the Free French or Resistance of the Norman country side who came to lead us south to our units. Each mile or so we picked up others who had been given an errant drop. About the tenth day from landing we became engaged in a small but painful fire fight and were soon outgunned by the deadly and very effective German Schmeisser machine gun, MG 42. It led to a small holding position by a few of us while the remainder were led around the flanks to freedom. The rest were captured and marched away northward along a route shown on the French maps as Route 904 along the southern coast of the Peninsula toward Cherbourg. Near the approach to the city of Cherbourg our guards were directed to reverse the march order south along the same route toward la Haye du Puits and on to Coutanches. Never have I seen such devastation along that route: dead horses, cattle and German soldiers, along with vehicles tanks and weapons destroyed by the continual fighter bomber attacks on anything moving, including us, until some recognition was made. Another impression that was easily heard for miles was the naval gunfire from across the peninsula from the assaults on the beachheads of Omaha and Utah.

Within a week our prisoner group grew quite large in size and our march was broken with stops at churches, schools and fields and farms where were fed out of a German field kitchen - usually soup and black bread. It was a chance to rest and for the wounded to be examined more thoroughly and possibly moved by carts and trucks southward. Our destination was Rennes along the entry to the Brittany Peninsula, and an old French Cavalry Camp for a closer interrogation than we had at any time before.

Sometime just after the 4th of July we were assembled with Canadian, British officers to embark on a train made up of the famous French rail cars- the 40 and 8's for our movement eastward thru Tours on to Limburg, Germany and Stalag XII A. After a short stay there we were moved across the German heartland to Szubin, Poland and the home of Oflag 64, where we remained until the march order to move us to the west and to avoid being taken by the Russians, only a few miles away. The weather was at its worst with below freezing temperatures and heavy snow covered road to march upon. Of the 1200 who began the march on January 21, 1945, many including the author of this story, escaped on the second day and proceeded thru Poland to Russia and Odessa on the Black Sea. There the American Merchant Marine Fleet took us via Istanbul, Port Said and on to Naples. There the bulk of the group were placed on other ships and sailed to New York and Boston and freedom. The remainder of the march column marched nearly a 1000 miles along the Baltic Sea and on to Parchim near Hannover, and south by train to Hammelburg, and on to Moosburg, where they were liberated by the 14th Armored Division at Stalag VII-A. Their evacuation to La Havre was followed by shipment to America on other transport ship.

EPILOGUE

The author is one of the few who in Naples, and contrary to the Geneva Convention, was permitted to rejoin his old outfit, the 101st Airborne Division, by now along the Rhine River near Dusseldorf. He remained with the division until it returned to France in the fall of 1945 and later was assimilated into the 82d Airborne Division. It paraded down the Fifth Avenue in New York and then entrained for Fort Bragg which has been its home since. In the spring an appointment into the Regular Army was awarded and a career in the military followed. He had a F.A. Bn. in Korea and served on worldwide assignments until retirement in January 1967. He finally returned home to Pinehurst in 1981 where he enjoys doing book reviews, his church work with the homebound members, reading constantly and a lot of time for gardening and pretty flowers.

He is married to Ethelene Moore Garris and has two daughters in the D. C. area.

I approached this memoir in much same way as I do my return to Normandy in about two weeks to be on hand for the D-Day Ceremonies with a deep sense of respect for those who fell in that campaign. And yet then as now it was a united, solemn and costly effort which led in a short few months to the liberation of Europe

Respectfully submitted.

Dr. Herbert L. Garris
Box 1993
Pinehurst, N. C. 28374 TEL: 910-295-6290

Army's front man for Hawaii

William W. Paty received the Boy Scout's highest award — the Eagle rank — at age 14 while an eighth-grader at Punahou School. He was a member of Troop 8 at St. Andrews Cathedral.



Name: William W. Paty
Age: 73
Education: Cornell University
Latest occupation: Civilian aide to the secretary of the Army
Accomplishments: World War II paratrooper.

"I joined the scouting program when I was 12 and there wasn't too many other things to do way back then," Paty recalled. "There wasn't television and the scouting program was good."

Since then, Paty has continued a life of public service, including serving as a World War II paratrooper, president of the 1978 Constitutional Convention, state Land Board chairman from 1986-93, and a member and director of numerous community organizations.

He even served as president of the Boy Scout's Aloha Council, which has jurisdiction extending into the Pacific. He has received its highest civilian award — Silver Beaver — and was the recipient of its Distinguished Eagle Scout award.

Now Paty has been asked by Army Secretary Togo West to be part of a civilian liaison system designed to give the Pentagon grass-roots input from Hawaii. "It will be my job to be up front in telling the Army story and the Army's position," Paty said.

And part of that job, he added, is trying to get people in the islands to understand why the military needs training areas such as Makua Valley in Waianae, Kahuku on the North Shore and Pohakuloa on the Big Island. "Those areas are vital for the Marines and the 25th Division. Take them away and the Marines and the Army will be gone."

With the Army under orders to cut its number of divisions from 12 to 10 and with pressures to justify bases nationwide, Paty believes the community is sending the military planners and congressional leaders "the wrong signals" with calls for the shutdown of Pohakuloa and Makua.

"All of these training sites are critically important to the military," Paty said. "Closing them down is a signal that the community is not interested in keeping the Marines at Kaneohe or the 25th (Infantry) Division."

The pullout of the military will deal a major blow to the state's economy, which is heavily dependent on the military for jobs and other benefits.

Paty retired from the Army as a major and with a combat disability from the Normandy invasion 50 years ago. He parachuted into France with the 101st Airborne Division and was captured at Carentan. Taken prisoner and wounded, Paty tried to escape several times and succeeded on his third try in 1944.

He served as a president of Castle & Cooke from 1967-69, president and manager of Waialua Sugar Co. from 1969-84, and chairman of Castle & Cooke's diversified agriculture division until he joined the state as land board chairman in 1987.

After retiring from the state in 1993, Paty became a trustee for the Mark Robinson estate.

Gregg K. Kakesako, Star-Bulletin

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

- 1830 - 1930 Receiving Line/Cocktail Hour
- 1930 Call to Dinner
- 1935 - 1945 Introduction of Distinguished Visitors - Mr. Ken Bailey, President, Hawaii Chapter AUSA, Master of Ceremonies
- 1945 - 2045 Dinner (Background music by the 25th ID (L) Combo Band)
- 2045 - 2100 Entertainment
25th ID (L) & USAG-HI Chorus
- 2100 - 2115 Hale Koa Hawaiian Review
with Mr. Danny Couch
- 2115 - 2120 Introduction of Guest Speaker by Lieutenant General Robert L. Ord, III, Commanding General, U.S. Army, Pacific
- 2120 - 2135 Remarks by Guest Speaker
Honorable Togo D. West, Jr.
Secretary of the Army
- 2135-2145 Presentation of Memento by MG George A. Fisher, Commanding General, 25th Infantry Division (Light) and U.S. Army Garrison, Hawaii
- 2145 MC concludes festivities

No gave me my certificate of A.P.P.T.