

VOL. XXXIII

POST OFLAG 64 ITEM

OCTOBER, 1994

PINEHURST, NC: This is a note to all of our members and surely not an easy one to write. This Issue of The Item is my last one as your Editor. There are many old and new friends among you in my brief two years of tenure and what a pleasure it was to receive your many cards and letters as well as your generous support for the Postage Fund.

The production of The Item will still be handled by John Slack up in Gladwyne, PA. after the final copy is made for him. His many calls, notes and letters in his overall support with many timely and thoughtful ideas have made my assigned task easier and more enjoyable.

The reasons for my abrupt departure as Editor are a number of close, personal and private ones. Ethelene has, in the past few months, experienced a serious medical problem which will require some very close and individual attention from me. The mini-strokes are always a warning and they have certainly gotten our attention.

My best wishes to each of you and our address has not changed. The Guest Editors have agreed to accept my book reviews and articles of interest. **ETHELENE AND HERBERT L. GARRIS.**

PINEHURST, NC: The Reunion this year in Fort Worth, 6-9th October, was a very enjoyable one and especially well organized. Our many thanks to the Chairmen, Al and Dorothy Cecil, Roger and Ruby Cannon, and Helen and Roy Chappell. The overall program was an attractive tribute theme to the Carter family. We had about 120 present this year, a bit smaller than previous ones. Thank you all for a job well done!
HERBERT L. GARRIS

LOUISVILLE, KY: An area which I regret to report is the lack of great success in the sales of the 50th Anniversary Book. Some 300 copies still are in the

warehouse in Louisville unsold. At our business meeting, some very good ideas were floated by some members present in pressing along for potential markets for them. Worse yet, at least two of our own members have sunk \$10,000 of their money into this venture and the sooner we sell these copies they may be reimbursed. My only recommendation is that if you do not have a copy, or even if you do, please think of buying others for friends, your schools, and libraries in your own towns.

The order blank is shown below. Please help us clear up this seemingly stymied program. **HERBERT L. GARRIS**

Yes I would like to order the book about **OFLAG 64**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Phone _____ Zip _____

Please send me _____ copies at \$50.00 per book. UPS delivery included.

A check is enclosed for \$ _____

Return this order form along with your check in the enclosed envelope. Make check payable to OFLAG 64 Ex-POW 50th Anniversary Committee.

SALISBURY, NC: Eugene, your kind letter, enclosed, is deeply appreciated. It surely was a ceremony with a lot of dignity and devotion. Thank you so much for asking me to participate. You will note that the program is enclosed along beside your letter. My very best to Nancy Perry, Rhonda Presson, Father Tom Clement, Pat Ansbro and your Volunteer each Thursday,

Bob Cheatham. Particularly impressive were the some twenty veterans who stood and told of their personal memories from the European and Pacific Theaters of Operation. What also was unique was the photo made of the four from Oflag 64 present, with Tom Wingate, from Kannapolis who is not shown. **EUGENE KONIK, V.A. MEDICAL CENTER DIRECTOR**

DAYTONA BEACH, FL: Richard, thanks for your letter and the generous check for the Postage Fund. The one most pleasant aspect of being your Editor, reading where many, like you, were stationed at Fort Bragg close by, and became acquainted with The Sandhills and Pinehurst. Your kind remarks were well stated and I am so glad you liked it that well. Each week or so a local paper called the Gazette is published most of the copy devoted to the Village years ago. They are so homespun and fascinating with much history of the 100 years from a pine forest scratch start. As noted in the previous paragraphs, a book does exist about our place of domicile for awhile in Szubin, Poland at Oflag 64. It is a handsome book and copies are available so please get an order off for one. After you receive it and have had time to make some impressions, please be kind enough to write me about it.

On the Gazette above, if you would like a copy of it, please let me know later. Many thanks, and my best wishes to you for your kind thoughts. **RICHARD T. MESKELL**

WAIALUA, HI: Bill, you have not yet responded to my request for the remainder of the copy of the articles you placed in your local paper. The first, and only one I saw, was very good. It is never too late, so do what you feel best.

Your reunion in Seattle with the 501st P.I.R. and "A" Company sounded great. We missed you at Fort Worth, but with your busy travel and work load with Robinson Trust and as Hawaii's Army Liaison, it is even a wonder we saw you show up at the Louisville event. Some good news - Roy and Karin Smith from Alabama, Carl Bedient and Mary Arnold from Wichita and I did some embroidering on the Odessa trip from the haystack at Baron Von Rosen's huge cattle farm near Exin. Best wishes to Peggy and you. **BILL PATY**

BERMUDA VILLAGE, ADVANCE, NC: Jack, (General that is), thank you for coming to the V.A. Program and visiting with us. Your frequent calls and your notes are always welcome and so up beat. (Jack was my host for a lovely luncheon at his most attractive place in The Village back in the spring and it was a joy).

The photo taken of the four of us from Oflag 64 was great.

Shortly, I will be with General Yarborough and return some half dozen of his book on Anzio, plus the stirring

VCR on Anzio, and show him our pictures. Our love and prayers to your lady and you. **BRIG.. GEN. JOHN W. DODSON, USA, RET**

CHARLOTTE, NC: Gene, thanks for your clarification of Chaplain (Father) Emil J. Kapaun. Glad that you enjoyed the article which is enclosed in this Issue. An interesting happen-stance took place recently at the Salisbury V.A. Program mentioned above, where I met and had a few minutes with Charles Poteat, one of the State Officers with the Ameri-POW/MIA Group. He holds you and Rose in very high esteem as many others of us do.

A bit later in this Issue, you will note that Nina and Bob Weinberg from Kerrville, TX and heads of Stalag Luft III came to Fort Worth and we were delighted to have them along. He gave us a real insight on their huge organization.

As I part the responsibilities of The Item, I thank you for all the many things you have done to assist me. Sincerely. **CHAPLAIN (DOCTOR) EUGENE L. DANIEL, JR.**

BRANDON, MS: Tom and Forrestine, what a pleasant surprise for me to see you and visit at Fort Worth after so many years. The arrival of you two made my trip! It appears on an early count that you all and Joe Ainsworth upped the Mississippi attendee count to 100%, congratulations -- to Brandon and Jackson.

So glad I could act as your proxy on the door prize, Forrestine, having just seen the two of you on the elevator at the Saturday night dinner.

You will still stand tall for us for many years to come with your devoted and talented service with your fine baritone voice at Szubin. And, likewise for Kermit Hansen from up in Omaha, NE.

Will see or call Francis Stevens next week in Washington, as I usually do on those trips. They are such kind and very generous people in their home. He has retired from the old Antioch School of Law after a successful career on their faculty. He is now deeply involved in researching the history of their small church near Dumbarton Oaks in Georgetown.

Thank you for coming and our best. **TOM AND FORRESTINE HOLT**

COLUMBIA, SC: Don, it is always good to be one of Col. Millett's troopers from the 507th P.I.R. That crazy exhibit that we pulled on the curb in front of the Radisson Plaza needs some fine tuning and some additional voices to help us along as we cut loose with "We're All Americans and Proud to Be" and "He Ain't Gonna Jump No More". I expect the program committee will no doubt

find a place for the encore in Atlanta in 1995. Welcome your recommendations!

So glad you got to see your son in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia and the beauty that you described of the Persian Gulf.

Second note, hope the hip is on the mend and especially since it is your fourth one. Also, thank you for the check for the Postage Fund.

Our best to your son on that Gulf assignment and to you.
DON G. RAUL

NIMES, FRANCE: Aimee, your letter was so thoughtful and it is therefore enclosed in this Issue. Deeply regret our not being able to get to see each other in Normandy in June, but please stay in touch. (Aimee wrote a poignant and touching book on his trials as a conscripted French laborer for the Germans shortly after the overrun by the Germans in 1940. He later became a minister and has traveled widely, even to America, and devotes his life to the service of his church. His book came to me in an unusual way via John Slack, who found it at a used book store in Philadelphia. He asked me to review it and a friendship sprang from it. Our very best wishes to you, and for those who have not had the good fortune to see and read the book, it is titled PRISONER 20-801: A FRENCH NATIONAL IN THE NAZI LABOR CAMPS. Southern Illinois University, \$12.00, 1987.
PASTOR AIMEE BONIFAS

ATHENS, GA: Clementine and Boomer, thanks for the nice note about the courage required to run THE POST OFLAG 64 ITEM and it is included in this Issue.

Our trip to Warm Springs, the Callaway Gardens and finally to Lake Eufaula and fort Gaines was a great success. Though the Gulf low produced a lot of rain enroute home, we made good progress. Ethelene was so impressed with the Georgia White House - so neat and attractive.

Glad you were able to locate and narrow down the "Old Tom" you were searching for and can place it correctly. Am looking forward to your new book in the next few months. It, too, is a glimpse of Life in Oflag 64, which will be some good reading for all of us.

(Boomer has two radio stations in Athens and is a staunch supporter of the Georgia Bull Dogs.)

Boomer, thank you also for the generous subscription you sent to me of Athens, one really attractive monthly magazine which tells the Athen story in some elegance.

Your generous check to the Postage Fund, as you do annually, was appreciated too.

Sorry that the Rotary official duty called and you could therefore not come to Fort Worth, and we understand.

Warm and best wishes. **H. RANDOLPH (BOOMER) HOLDER**

PINELLAS PARK, FL: Kathryn, (this is John Slack's sister to whom I loaned a copy of Abe Baum's RAID) thanks for your note and the prompt return of the book to me. For anyone who knows military history, it was a tragic story of a "mission unfulfilled" and with great losses attendant.

Your report and reaction to John's of the treatment on the march back to the homeland, to us and many others, is understandable and perceptive. My path was not severe going through Russia and a copy of that is in the mail to you. With warm respect and best wishes. **MRS. KATHRYN JOLLEY**

SALEM, OR: Lloyd, what an accolade you so well deserve in your constant trace of others your friends may have lost contact with.

Your own kind feeling for your step-son reminds me of a great trip I made with David, my son-in-law to Normandy this past June. He too, was as appreciative and understanding as anyone I saw with this apparent empathy for those lost there and those present at Colleville Cemetery ceremonies.

Please get me off a copy of THE BLUE CHIPS. I want to review it for your work, especially as the mentor of the two authors. It looks like a winner to me. Also, please send me a profile piece on Sir Michael Davis. I would like to try to run it before long. Best wishes and keep up the good work. **LLOYD R. SHOEMAKER**

PHOENIX, AZ: Charles, thank you for your remarks to me recently. Glad you and your wife are doing well. Best wishes. **CHARLES W. MOORE**

NORTHWOOD, IA: Charles, thank you for your warm letter in August. You will be real pleased that for three years now the most looked at and enjoyed single item brought in by our members is your Official Oflag 64 Roster. Your work was truly yeoman in the compiling and doing most of it by hand. It is perhaps the one most used reference at your reunions. Your generous check for the Postage fund came; we appreciate it.

O. L. Bradford, another 1st F.A. Onsn, Bn. member and I spent quite a few minutes together this year. Among others, we spoke and referred to where the Presnell's and the meetings which still are conducted quarterly at the NCO Club at Fort Bragg.

Understand your reluctance in traveling as far as Fort Worth. Just stay strong and keep in tough. Sincerely.
CHARLES JONES

CLEMSON, SC: Ellen, our congratulations to you, a dear lady just now 90 years young. Your nice note is so

typical of the well earned title of "Steel Magnolia". It seems to fit perfectly in your case.

Our love and best wishes and we hope to see you in Atlanta, your home, in 1995.

Thanks for the Postage Fund check very much. **MRS. ELLEN (WRIGHT) BRYAN**

BLOOMINGTON, IN: Hilda, received your check and the note with it. Am glad you will stay in Indiana for awhile and your correct address is shown with this issue. With your many contacts, hopefully we might be able to put some of the copies into the U. of IN. libraries across the state. It surely is a mix of history and social studies with such good examples.

Our prayers are with you for your husband and a speedy recovery for him. See you could not make it to Fort Worth. **HILDA U. STUBBINGS, PH.D.**

KERRVILLE, TX: Nina and Bob, what a great treat you provided us with your coming to our reunion this year. It was a great honor and a pleasure for us to have you there and to visit and sit down with you a number of times.

Thank you for the sales tip that you gave me on the entry to the Park and Monument Associates. Good news, for I have spoken to George Manucci in Conshohocken, PA, and he has moved me in the right direction at the individual parks showing them the book and encouraging them to stock them for sale. Wow!

Am still interested in the 1995 reunion of your Group and will keep you posted. Thanks again for your presence. **NINA AND BOB WEINBERG**

HAMILTON, GA: Jane, we missed you this year in Fort Worth. Hope you are well and that is not the reason. You really missed a good one. Had so many unsolicited remarks given to me about the coverage we have made in using Peter's stories called "The Doctor's Lounge". Two reasons appear up front: His stories were of his human interest and are easily read, and it portrays an Army doctor with wide experience and a rare understanding of the combat soldier!

Was in your part of the lovely State of Georgia in late September. First, Callaway Gardens, then Warm Springs and finally down on the Eufaula Lake at Fort Gaines. It was a hurried trip so I didn't dare call you. Confess that Pine Mountain reminds me of the Blue Ridge in North Carolina. All the best. **MRS. JANE GRAFFAGNINO**

FAR HILLS, NJ: Joe, thank you so much for your generous check for the Postage Fund. Appreciate your remarks on the Schunemann story in the August Issue entitled "Safe Harbor". It was similar, in part, to yours of

memories seen only in the winter in the cold Apennines of Italy.

I apologize for the confusion of your book Passage to Freedom and Eric Morris' Circles of Hell. The common theme is so close with The Italian Campaigns of 1943-45. Again, many thanks and we hope to keep hearing from you, and one day soon I hope to join with John Slack and Joe Barrett and you and have lunch someplace in Northern NJ. **JOSEPH S. FRELINGHYSEN**

MILWAUKEE, WI: Richard, thank you for the quick and well worded replay to my query for you. It is a pleasure to assist a researcher and veteran like you, especially on a quest that many of our readers experienced first hand. You will find it later in this Issue. My best wishes and some time later, I hope you will share how you came out. **RICHARD FORREGER, M.D.**

LAS VEGAS, NV: Allen, so sorry that you could not come this year. I know about the same snag that you describe and would have acted accordingly. You did indeed miss a good one. Al, Roger and Roy with their wives did a great job overall.

Thanks for your note on the 1996 meeting place, but it is clear to me and others that you have served us well twice. Thank you also for the check to the Postage Fund.

Still have not been able to pin down a date for lunch with Joe Matthews, Raleigh, NC, but will try again soon. **LILLO AND ALLEN DUNBAR**

GROVE CITY, OH: Brad, am so glad that you saw and read the story of Red Weigand. Your gesture was noteworthy to write to Elizabeth, his wife, and I will do the same. All the best. **O. L. BRADFORD**

LAWTON, OK: Martin, thank you again so much for the freight run that you made from Lawton for me and those seven boxes of memorabilia from my mentor while I was stationed out there in the mid-fifties. They arrived here safely by UPS and are still unattended but will get them before long.

Also, appreciate your article and photo of the airport hangar being remodeled at Sill. Surely is a landmark for many Red Legs who have served there. What a nice reunion and so good to see you. **MARTIN KEISER**

WAUSAU, WI: John, thank you so much for your nice letter. Sorry that you could not come to the reunion but understand. Your check for the Postage Fund came and we appreciate that too.

What a nice blast that CBS on "Sixty Minutes" gave your home town on the Sunday night of 16th October. I am so proud of it and the city will deserve the honor. Congratulations. **JOYCE AND JOHN FEHL**

SPOKANE, WA: Ed, thanks for the check for the Postage Fund. Also, picked up on the slight change in the mailing address. Send me some news when you get a chance. All the best. **EDWARD E. ROONEY**

OKLAHOMA CITY, OK: Lucy, I looked for you at the nearby reunion at Forth Worth and you did not show. I regret that because for it was a good one.

Thank you for helping me untie the query of the Bennett family. May very best to them and you. Let's try for Atlanta in 1995. **MRS. LUCY SHIRK**

LONDON, ENGLAND: Ken, your nice air mail enclosed and thank you for the way you told about the harsh treatment you received on the labor forces. I see quite a parallel in your story and that of Aimee Bonifas.

David and I are still in close touch and we constantly reflect back on the day with you in London in June. Thanks and the best. **KEN FINLAYSON**

COLUMBUS, OH: Henry, so sorry that you could not come to Fort Worth. It went very well and we missed you. Appreciate the check for the Postage Fund. Best wishes. **HENRY D. DESMOND**

GRAND JUNCTION, CO: Tom, is your part of Colorado as pretty so the card that you sent to me on 1/25? So good seeing you and Sue at Fort Worth. Also, I deeply appreciate the interest and suggestions that you both made regarding future copies of The Item. Did you have any luck at all on the situation or facts on Alton A. Lentz? Please advise when you hear. Warm regards. **SUE AND TOM LAWSON**

HIGH POINT, NC: Tony, a note to you from all of us wishing you a speedy and fine recovery from the recent heart problem. Bob Cheatham has kept me posted on you. Can really understand you were not able to come to Fort Worth. As soon as you feel up to it let's try for another luncheon again at the Furniture Show Place and invite Habig, of course. Best wishes. **TONY LIBERATORE**

ORCUTT, CA: Robert, thank you for the recent letter and the check for the Postage Fund. Appreciate you sharing the long ago memories with me. All the questions that I asked in the August ITEM are answered. Welcome back into the fold. **ROBERT W. RIVERS**

PUEBLO, CO: John, appreciate the nice letter and with the change of the mistaken identity. Let's stay in touch. **JOHN W. MILLER**

FAYETTEVILLE, GA: Dick, what a nice compliment on the August ITEM. Got your letter and the check for the Postage Fund. Thank you very much.

Sad to hear about the heart problem that you are faced with, and our prayers go out to you for a speedy recovery.

The 101st Airborne Newsletter reported someone say you in Normandy in June. I am a little suspect on that one, in view of your August 27th letter. It was a great trip and the ceremony at The Colleville Cemetery was only about 20 miles from our landing place in June 6, 1944. The hedgerows have not changed at all. Still formidable.

Dick, I appreciate the invitation to see you soon in Atlanta and will still try to coordinate it with my next visit to Norcross where my aunt still lives. Keep me posted. Airborne. **RICHARD SOLIDAY**

TYLER, TX: Carlton, your check for the Postage Fund came and many thanks for it. When you get a chance, send me some news about you and what you are doing. You really missed a real treat out at Fort Worth at our reunion this year. If there is a first on the market for good genuine hospitality, I feel that Texas has a corner on it. Looking ahead, why not try Atlanta next year, we hope you will.

Glad you liked THE WELCOME SWEDE. Here too is, however, a touch of disappointment. The author, Henry Soderberg from Vallingby, Sweden, a former executive officer with SAS was not able to find a seat on the space available category to which he belongs. And, after waiting for days at the Stockholm airport, he had to give up with full bookings ahead of him. We usually see him on an annual basis and this was an unexpected glitch for him and for us. **CHARLES H. LONG, JR.**

WOOSTER, OH: Joe, this is an expression for the entire membership to you for the handling of The Treasurer's Report this year with your annual audit. The main point of this, for the benefit of those of you not present, was that you did the audit, as a Certified CPA, with no charge to our organization. That is in sharp contrast to the 1993 report which ran \$200 done here in Pinehurst. And, the quality of work is equally as good.

Second, I thank you for the check that you sent for the Postage Fund.

In addition to the fine way you, without saying a word, supported the Business Meeting of Saturday morning, good camæof it. I suspect that it was a combination of things. Soon after we adjourned and through the departure after the Memorial Brunch and Service on Sunday, the amazing positive response resulted in the generosity was nearly unparalleled in my short experience as a member.

The amount provided to me as the Treasurer of the Post Oflag 54 Item Postage Fund here in Pinehurst, NC with the Nations Bank came to almost \$800.00.

Those who shared in this with their checks and currency were:

Joe Ainsworth	Royal Lee
Jim Ball	Herman Littman
Bob Bonomi	Al Moss
O.L. Bradford	Ted Pawloski
Art Bryant	Ed Seringer
Bob Eckman	Jim Sherman
Les Edsall	Horace Spaulding
Errol Johnson	John Stansell
Ray Klingenberg	Irving Yarock
Tom Lawson	Curtis Jones

In summary, as your Custodian of the Postage Fund, thank you very much for such a generous and thoughtful reaction to the very monies which keep The Item alive and free from any indebtedness at all. I am very proud of the way it went. JOE SERINGER.

WHISPERING PINES, NC: Carl, I surely appreciate the task that you will shortly assume in control of the Mailing List and Locator File for us, as well as the central point to report deaths to our members. (I stressed this point and the difficulty in keeping abreast with the members' changes of addresses at the Business Meeting. Carl has an IBM 387 computer and has the capability of handling it fast and accurately. In a few days, he will meet and receive what other guidance he will require, and has been stored on the computer of Bob and Pat Shenkle, whom we thank very much for their services.

The address to use for any of the two type messages is:

Carl and Barbara Christensen
267-B Pine Ridge Drive
Whispering Pines, NC 28327
TEL: 910-949-3311

HERBERT L. GARRIS.

HITCHCOCK, TX.: Thurston, so good seeing you at Fort Worth and on the way to the airport for your flight to Houston. Thank you very much for the collection of British newspapers that your friends gave you on your recent trip. Ken Finlayson did the same for me with two prominent London papers. Regret that we did not have enough room for them, so it is shelved for another time. The Brits were much more observant of us as Yanks, and respectful than I seem to note in 1943-44. My best wishes.
THURSTON GARRETT.

SANFORD, NC: Bill, thank you for coming to the reunion. There were so many nice things said about you and your attention and deep interest in our procedures, particularly with your good listening trait. (Bill's grandfather, Bill also, was one of us and many of you will recall him, especially Tom Rush, from down in Houston. They were close friends. Bill, let's try to make Atlanta and hopefully bring along the same ones we had at the Kiwanis Club in your hometown for me.)
BILL MAKEPEACE.

TEQUESTA, FL: Delores, the most touching letter that you sent on 9/22/94 was so impressive that you find it enclosed in this issue. Otto's many friends will, I'm sure, appreciate the story as you so tenderly describe it for us. Your ten points of his main interest will easily be recalled by those who knew him well. Thank you for your personal note.
MRS. DELORE SAMERELL.

BALTIMORE, MD: Gottfried, thank you for your prompt help in making this profile available to our members. Your unique position at Oflag 64 gave you, as an interpreter and a mail censor, a keen insight of many American Army Officers. You came to us, obviously, well versed in written and spoken English to enable you to serve on Colonel Schneider's staff and Capt. Zimmerman, as the Commandant and Security Officer respectively.

The vita, which is enclosed, from a recent WHO'S WHO, plus some references from the letter which came with it makes my assignment easier, indeed.

It is a story of your remarkable success, which became soon after our departure from Szubin, and led to the award of the Ph.D. from the University of Heidelberg. Fate kindly intervened in your behalf through the acquaintance with Tony Lumpkin. He saw a great potential in you. This led to your migration to the United States soon thereafter.

Your professional road led to another doctorate from Princeton University and the S.J.D. from the University of Virginia. Then your role as an instructor began at Dickinson College and was followed by the full Professorship at Johns Hopkins University. There is he today on his 40th year. It speaks well of you and the high standards you have adhered to on the way.

Not shown here is a recent honor bestowed as a Trustee of The Foundation for Economics and Education at Irvington on the Hudson, N.W.

It was no one less than John Slack who submitted the main idea for this piece, and is surely is a fine accolade for you.

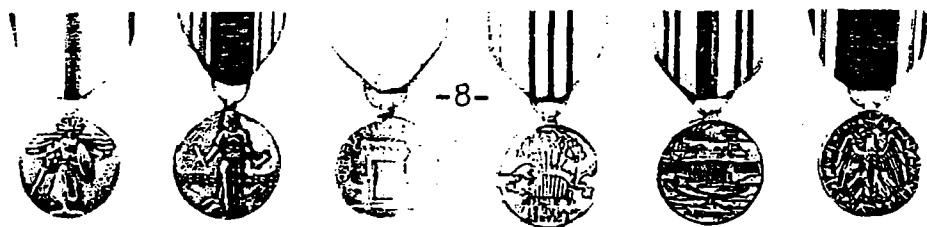
With warm regards.

JOHN SLACK AND HERB GARRIS.

The Vita follows:

DIETZE, GOTTFRIED, political science educator, b. Kemberg, Germany, Nov. 11, 1922; came to U.S., 1949; s. Paul and Susanne (Pechstein) D. Dr.Jur., U. Heidelberg, Germany, 1949; Ph.D., Princeton U., 1952; S.J.D., U. Va., 1961. Instr. polit. sci. Dickinson Coll., 1952-54; mem. faculty Johns Hopkins, 1954--; prof. polit. sci., 1962--; vis. prof. U. Heidelberg, 1956, 58-60, Brookings Instn., 1960-61, 67. Author: Ueber Formulierung der Menschenrechte, 1956. Kandidaten, 1982, The Federalist, 1960, In Defense of Property, 1963 (Monks award), Magna Carta and Property, 1965, America's Political Dilemma, 1968, Youth, University and Democracy, 1970, Bedeutungswandel der Menschenrechte, 1971, Academic Truths and Frauds, 1972, Two Concepts of the Rule of Law, 1973, Deutschland—Wo bist Du?, 1980, Kant und der Rechtsstaat, 1981; Editor: Essays on the American Constitution, 1964, Mem. Am. Polit. Sci. Assn., Am. Soc. Polit. and Legal Philosophy, Deutsche Gesellschaft für Amerikastudien, Acad. Human Rights, Mont Pelerin Society, Lutheran. Office: Johns Hopkins Univ Baltimore MD 21218

Dolmetscher (Interpreter), Oflag 64,
August 1944 to January 1945
(rank: Private first Class, Gefrierer)



They Still Serve!

National **H**onor Society





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DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS
Medical Center
1601 Brenner Avenue
Salisbury NC 28144

In Reply Refer To: 659/135

OCT 13 1994

Dr. Herbert Garris
American Ex-POW's
PO Box 1693
Pinehurst, NC 28374

Dear Dr. Garris:

I would like to express my thanks to you for delivering the address at our recent POW-MIA Recognition Program. Your participation contributed a large portion to the program's success.

I am confident that the men and women who heard your speech were touched by your remarks, as well as, appreciative of your willingness to serve.

Again, thank you for joining us for this special tribute.

Sincerely yours,

R. EUGENE KONIK
Medical Center Director

BY HERBERT L. GARRIS

This is a story about a soldier who went away from his home in Raleigh shortly after Pearl Harbor in early 1942. After about a year he received his Parachute Wings at The Jump School at Fort Benning and joined the 101st Airborne Division at Fort Bragg. A year later the division was alerted and shipped out to a small town in southern England called Newbury, Berks, where they trained intensively for a role in nine months--the Invasion. To have jumped into combat on the early morning hours of June 6, 1944 left this soldier, and many others perhaps, with a proud feeling of having had a part in a most significant event which ultimately led to the Liberation of Europe in May 1945.

Which brings me to the question of why would one want to return to the scene of so much suffering, loss of lives and near total devastation again? As the plans began to unfold for the 50th D-Day Anniversary Plans it became all the more interesting and intriguing. While the 82nd Airborne and the 101st Airborne Associations had many attractive offers and a chance to be closer to the airborne soldiers, it appeared to have too much movement about it. Then a brochure from the Holland-America Line on the MS Statendam would be a way to see the ceremonies and to also go on a cruise at the same time, with the advantage of having the comfort of a stateroom on the ship each night. The managers of the Small World Travel, Gisela and Gus Danielson, spoke of a recent cruise that they had made on the same ship, and they began to put the package together for me.

It seemed to me that to have someone to travel with would be a nice idea and for some time my first choice was one of my best friends, even today, who not only had jumped with me, but had the same misfortune as to be caught and to spend six months as a prisoner of war, and to have escaped with me on January 22, 1945. Unfortunately he had a slight stroke about two years ago and I simply didn't feel comfortable about asking him to go, realizing the long walks that would be involved. So my wife, Ethelene, said "Why don't we invite David?" He is my son-in-law and he agreed almost instantly to accept it.

If my excitement was at a high pitch you can't imagine his in the next six months of preparations. He is an accomplished percussionist, as an instructor and an active member of a small group called The Decoys. His groups are young teenagers, boys and girls, and he has led them to form small gigs among themselves. His only foreign travel was at the age of 12 when he and his father went to Europe and to Switzerland, where his forebears came from. That is very young to really appreciate such a trip and this one meant so much to a more mature person.

The trip began at Raleigh-Durham Airport and we flew to London at Gatwick and then by tour bus down south through Canterbury to Dover and the white cliffs where the ship was waiting on the English Channel. Our next stop was in southern England for the day at Weymouth, a vital port city like Southampton and Portsmouth--all Ports of Embarkation for the invasion sea craft. As we left for L'Honfleur near La Havre on the Seine River the realization soon began to show itself.

On the following day, Sunday June 5 we took a tour bus along the Channel on the new Expressway called A-17 which paralleled the beaches of the invasion on the Cotentin Peninsular passing familiar names of towns which include Caen, Bayeux and on to St. Mer Eglise. The latter town was the 82nd Airborne's Division objective to support the landings of the Utah beach a short distance to the east. At about noon we reached a small country inn on a farm in which an attractive lunch was waiting for us. It was a chance to relax and to meet some of the others in our group. Shortly we loaded on the bus and moved to a large field, with the familiar bocages or hedgerows so easy to recall. Just as they were or perhaps 100 years ago to mark the boundaries of the property to keep the stock confined for grazing. From this position we were able to clearly watch the airborne drops beyond us some little distance.

The initial wave was a group trained and recruited at San Diego, Calif., and composed of WW

veterans who had jumped Normandy some 50 years ago. These veterans were from 73 to 80 years old, but had kept in good condition with many hundreds of fall jumps to their credit. It was truly spectacular and with only slight injury to a trooper who, with the severe ground wind had been buffeted into a vehicle adjacent to the Drop Zone. It was most fortunate. These men used the latest and most efficient parachute like the Golden Knights use at Fort Bragg, famous for their ease of control. The second element came in two waves and was a composite of troops from the 82nd Airborne jumping at an altitude of 800-1000 feet, a normal altitude for para and equipment jumps.



L → R

BOB CREATHAM

HERB GARRIS

BOB LEVIN

GEN JOHN DODSON

The next speaker was General John Shalikashvili, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who then introduced a 1st Lt. of Infantry who won the D.S.C. for his bravery in his successful leadership of his unit through one of the gaps on the Utah Beach.

Then in his quiet manner the next speaker approaches the rostrum and who was it but Walter Cronkite, the famed WWI Columbia Broadcast System Announcer from London. He introduced the President of the United States, Bill Clinton.

Before he spoke he was accompanied by two soldiers who had served on the beaches: A Congressional Medal of Honor Winner and an Officer of the 29th Infantry Division Association, and its Editor of their newsletter. They placed a wreath at the foot of the statue. President Clinton's remarks were only seven minutes in length, but an expression of genuine respect for those who had fallen and for those who had come so far to pay their respects. His remarks were well thought out and well delivered. A real surprise was in store for all of us, as he entered into his speech following a period of overcast and rain in the offing, the sun came out and remained during the entire rest of the ceremony. He had his work cut out to appear in the first place, and yet he did, and was received in accordance with

those honors due our Commander in Chief. I was a very proud person for him and the audience before him.

Then followed the National Anthems of the two nations: France, our host, and the United States of America, the guest. If ever heard any such spirit exhibited by an audience in their singing of our National Anthem, I can't recall it. What touched me was David, at my side, as he heard the rolls and flourishes of the introductions of each, like any drummer would truly felt it inside and it showed. Then came the fly-over of a long single

column of most all of the types of air transport in our inventory of bombers, fighters and troop carriers. It was done at about 100 feet and was simply awesome. What a credit to the fine pilots and crews who flew it.

The Military Chaplain, as at the beginning dismissed us with a fitting benediction, whereupon the President and his party were able to make a tour of the Omaha Beach and then returned to the Carrier the USS George Washington off the Channel Coast.

We had time then to make a final trip into the cemetery and to meet and shake hands with those whose patches we recognized and had some acquaintance with. The slow walk was one that had filled the hearts of perhaps everyone there as we trod on back to our bus.

Upon our return to the ship we discovered that our passenger list contained a large contingent of Canadians who had come for their respective ceremonies honoring the British and Canadian Forces who had been given the assault mission of the 21st Army Group under General Montgomery across the Gold, Juno and Sword avenues. As the evening passed, the initial coverage by CNN done by cameras in front of us and satellites we were able to view the highlights quite clearly at

the 10 p.m. news.

In a day or later the Canadians held a short seminar conducted by Navy Admiral and a Major General of the RCAF which was most enjoyable. It was designed to speak at will of some of their experiences on D-Day and they were remarkable, and one speaker would trigger another one who recalled another event which was coupled. As the cruise extended they became some of the nicest friends we ever met. Another suggestion made by someone which I surely admire was the sign-in list in the Library of the ship of names, ranks, unit assignment and addresses of all who

wished to sign the booklet. I suspect that the Holland-America Line may make it available to us later on.

In short it was a most remarkable and enjoyable experience, though not without some sad moments which each of us shared in our own personal ways.

At the outset I promised to stay with the Normandy Section of the cruise mainly, and that has been done. For the satisfaction of the curiosity of some readers it did proceed on the Ireland and Waterford, Scotland with The Orkneys and Edinburgh, Holland with Amsterdam, Den Haag, and the Flower Mart and the Delft plant, and to Brugge with a shore trip to Brussels, and back to The White Cliffs of Dover, and finally a three day stay added in London. My deep thanks to the fine people at Small World Travel from David and me for a fine trip overall.



L → R
DAVID GOISER
HERA GARRIS

NATIONAL POW/MIA RECOGNITION PROGRAM

10:00 a.m.

September 16, 1994

Social Room

Presiding	Mrs. Nancy Perry Chief, Voluntary Service
Presentation of Colors	North Rowan High School J.R.O.T.C.
Pledge of Allegiance	Mr. Robert Cheatham Am. Ex-POW, VSO American Legion
National Anthem	Mrs. Rhonda Presson VAMC Imaging Service
Invocation	Father Tom Clement

*****BRUNCH*****

Catered by Design Master
30 Minute Break

Welcome Address	R. Eugene Konik Medical Center Director
Introduction of Special Guests	Mrs. Nancy Perry Chief, Voluntary Service
Introduction of Speaker	Mrs. Nancy Perry Chief, Voluntary Service
Guest Speaker " A Soldier Returns to Normandy"	Dr. Herb Garris American Ex-POW
Special Comments	Patricia Ansbro, Ph.D. VAMC, POW/MIA Coordinator
Benediction	Chaplain Jack R. Marrow Chaplain Service

Proceed outdoors to Tree Planting Ceremony,
Field Adjacent to Building 42.

Ex-POW Representatives
R. Eugene Konik, Medical Center Director
Nancy Perry, Chief, Voluntary Service
Guests

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

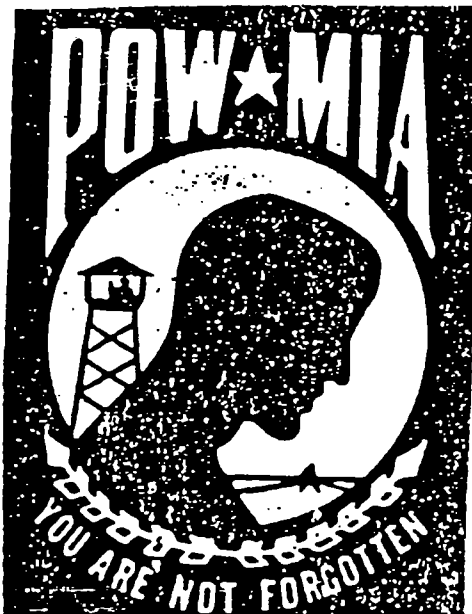
Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

They didn't volunteer to become POW'S
or MIA'S. They volunteered to Defend
Values in which American Patriots Have
Always Been Willing To Defend and
Protect: The Values which make up
what we call

"Civilization."

And For That We Salute Them.





DESTINATION IMAGES

Video Travel Innovations

THIS VIDEO WAS BROUGHT ALONG
TO Fort Worth, BUT WAS NOT
SEEN. Wanted you to know more
about it!

Greetings!

If you didn't get to Normandy this year, you probably watched a lot of television coverage about D-Day. Some of it was very good. But you didn't get a good look at Normandy today. You didn't see what the people on the tours got to see. We will show you those places in the comfort of your home--revisit Normandy with our VIDEO TOUR!

If you did go to Normandy, do you have a great record of the places you saw? Do you have a professional video tour of Normandy D-Day sites to show your family and friends? We have one for you! It's the most comprehensive record of the D-Day sites that you can buy.

D-DAY + 50...NORMANDY is a feature-length video tour. Don't mistake it for just another black-and-white documentary. **D-DAY + 50...NORMANDY** is a TRAVELOGUE. It takes you to the beaches, into museums and to the stunning American Cemetery, all at a deliberate pace so you have time to absorb the color images. The footage for this videotape was shot last fall--before the crowds of this year--so the images are clear and unobstructed. Check the back of this page for a list of the sites included in our video tour.

The cost for this 106-minute videotape is \$35.00 + \$4.00 shipping and handling. Call or write us today.

Cordially,

Joe Sobol



DESTINATION IMAGES

Video Travel Innovations

Joe Sobol

318/868-1170
Fax: 318/868-2498

4203 Maryland Avenue
Shreveport, LA 71106-1439

REVIEWS

This morning while I was seeing the D-DAY + 50...NORMANDY again, I came to the conclusion it is the finest single recorded memory in all that I have of Normandy. Further I am so appreciative of the fine artistry and work that went into its detailed preparation...I am very impressed with the professional workmanship...Congratulations on a job well done.

— Dr. Herbert L. Garris, Pinehurst, North Carolina, who jumped into Normandy in the early hours of D-Day with the 101st Airborne

Differing from other chronologically presented war-event programs, this commemorative video visits 11 sites of Operation Overlord, the Allied invasion of France, beginning on June 5, 1944. Sites are shown as they are today, some complete with museums, monuments, and memorials. Softened by age, the empty artillery turrets, rolled barbed wire, and giant concrete "mulberries" stand as silent witness to soldiers, heroic efforts, monumental achievements, and tremendous loss of life. Excellent archival footage and voice-over narration provide historical context. The museum footage showcases various exhibits and memorials with smooth fades and edits. From Utah and Omaha beaches to Pegasus Bridge and Longues Battery, this video puts the horrors of D-Day in personal perspective like no other program.

— American Library Association BOOKLIST

Author Gets Salute For Book On POW-MIA Dilemma For U.S.

-16-

BY HERBERT L. GARRIS
MOSCOW BOUND: Policy, Politics and the POW-MIA Dilemma, John M.G. Brown, Veteran Press, Eureka, Calif., 1993, 1055 pp., \$38.25.

In war a battlefield is center stage and the truth is that it never claims to be, or is, a tidy thing.

The worse case which exists there is that inexorably many die there, but this book is a profound search into others for reasons unknown who are left and unaccounted for—they are known as Prisoners of War and Missing in Action. This reviewer is familiar with only one other book which undertakes this particularly sensitive subject. It has been until fairly recently that the simplest of inquiries into these less fortunate individuals has been shielded from the public, and worse yet, from the families of the lost ones. Upon recent declassification measures which were adopted very little hope was given to anyone with the search as nearly fruitless from the start.

The author's trace of the retention of opposing personnel, is not new at all, but begins here with the USA intervention in Russia near the end of World War I and was to provide protection to the Trans-Siberian railroad. These were the critical days of the Revolution and the origin of the Communist Party take-over under Lenin. Some 13 years later many of the Americans were still being held in Russian custody. Thus the stage is set of the same heinous treatment to follow in three more wars to come.

The tragic chapter which explains the deadly purges that Stalin directed with cruel vengeance left little doubt of the sadistic and paranoid make-up of this leader. His wily skills and devious methods in the '30s and the '40s became well known to the leadership of the British, French and the Americans.

Part II is the most fascinating part of the book, in my opinion, mainly because it took place in a time in which the reviewer served and fought, and in fact, provided an opportunity to cross Poland and Russia in January 1945 to Odessa for repatriation and return to American Control. No description can adequately be made of the rapid retreat of the Germans with vast columns of POW's toward the heartland to save their overrun by the Soviets. With the Soviet Armies close in behind on their drive to Berlin and the Elbe River.



John M.G. Brown

Surely a part of the intransigence of the Soviets to give little more than lip service to the millions of POW's and Displaced Persons who were truly a nuisance and an unwanted responsibility, for their mission was of top priority. By the time our group reached Brest Litovsk it went along very well with few interruptions on to the Black Sea port of Odessa.

In total fairness to the author and his very thorough research with many documents by now unclassified which led to countless live sightings made for some very interesting, though unusually slow running, for it is a difficult narrative, and full of emotion on every page. Not a book that you can plan to master in one weekend of sustained reading at all.

Here though we come to another side of the coin which apparently aggrieved the Soviets intensely: which was the reluctance that the Allies showed in failing to speedily return many Russian civilians and soldiers to their homeland. The reasons were quite clear, for in some cases many had under duress been forced to wear the German Army uniform and bear arms against their own countrymen, as well as on the many other fronts, including the landings the Allies made in Normandy.

The KGB seemed to have tracked these unfortunate individuals and were well set to execute them upon their entry into Russia. They were classed as traitors and the task was widely achieved. The Allies had great reluctance to send them home to death. Consequently when the first knowledge was revealed, that indeed, many Americans were left behind in Soviet custody, their often and evasive responses were "that no Americans are in our hands." The difficulty that soon arose was with the likes of Stalin, and Molotov to not allow any inspection trips by the Allies, even into Poland, and specifically not into Russia to trace down legitimate live sightings of our personnel.

Returning to the author, whose career took him to VietNam, where he observed a similar pattern in the making there. It was here that the term evolved: M.B.--Moscow Bound, in which a fairly easily identifiable track was found over which the pilots, crewmen, weapons system specialist and skilled maintenance men were, along with shot down aircraft, sent to Moscow for intense interrogation and any information that could be secured on performance and design especially. Without getting into numbers, which are astoundingly large, the group did in fact not return many of these from the Viet-Nam War at all.

Some geo-political aspects emerge immediately as to why the U.S. Government would not get involved in an active role in the deeper and more tenacious search that many citizens would expect. Even to President Roosevelt who had attended Yalta as a very sick man and made some unusual agreements which came back to haunt us later, he wanted a rapid end to WW II, and saw no need to aggravate Stalin over such a matter such as this.

Later under President Truman as the Soviets gained their first nuclear breakthrough, then our leaders feared a first strike threat against our cities, so any move to displease Stalin was discarded quickly. The same reluctance to touch this problem has continued to even today, with the fear that it will open a can of worms. In addition it is not a very attractive subject to enter into since there is not, at this stage, any hope of much relief.

The author's dedication and devotion to many hours of research and official appearances at the highest levels of government have given him a great accolade to even get the book published in the first place. It is a splendid contribution to the American public and especially to the families who have been involved and have suffered so much.

In closing this review it is very fortunate that on September 16, Americans were encouraged to pause to observe National Prisoner of War-Missing in Action Recognition Day. Some 78,750 of our nation's sons and daughters remain unaccounted for from WW II, Korea and Southeast Asia. Not only is it a "Day of Remembrance," but a day in which we should demand that our country's leadership accelerate, in every possible way, the fullest possible accounting for those still missing and the repatriation of the remains of those who died serving our nation.

To this reader, while no one is known by me personally whom we lost in the transfer of Oflag 64, there are stories which still linger at each of the reunions of some who may have been caught in this trap. It is a book which will be on display in Fort Worth this year as we gather at our annual muster. My congratulations to the author for a fine and daring work.

Monday, August 8, 1974

THE PILOT-Southern Pines, North Carolina

Book Tells Progress Of Air Power

BY HERBERT L. GARRIS
CLASH OF WINGS, Walter J. Boyne, Simon and Schuster Pub. Co., New York, 391 pp., 1974, \$25.

The author at the outset identifies the wide range of research that he employed. It was more profound than only the pilots in the category of ace who flew the craft, but delved far deeper into the whole gamut of other participants in their many vital support roles often working under adverse conditions and pressing deadlines. Those all became part of well deserved title of "the great air campaigns of WWII"

The years of 1918-1939 were spent mainly making grave errors of realistic judgment. The Allies in each case were hoping to see a crumbled and workable peace and consequently their respective defense programs reflect that in review.

Defeated Germany, weakened by a blockade and the Versailles ban on new arms development somehow, overtly slipped around over all the obstacles to in a relatively short time, and fielded an awesome Army and a matching Luftwaffe on the move by the summer of 1939.

The most crippling case of hindsight with the Allies centered upon the poor compromises and failures of political and military leaders to face up and focus on the needed responses to advancing air power race in the Axis circles. It included costly investments in: research and development, training, equipment and logistical support. Certainly,

the equation is not true in the behavior of the countering and diametrically oriented societies—dictatorships and democracies. The former had available and used propaganda and psychological tools and pressure, which would never work in the latter societies, and that is even with the loud isolationist fringe groups which were heard all the way to the vote in congress on national conscription.

Thus, there is no wonder that in Germany in 1939 and Japan in 1941 they were well prepared. Further they dealt such devastating initial blows to the Allies and were widely acclaimed by their respective leaders and the population at large.



Going to the book, the single most fascinating segment of it is found in the four chapters 4 through 11, where under the steady hands of Roosevelt, Marshall and Churchill saw clearly the imperative of a well coordinated close air support effort. One in which Britain was bearing alone for nearly a year in The Battle of Britain, and strangely found some partial relief as the continually vacillating Hitler pulled away to undertake a lesser front the word go—his assault on the Soviet Union in June 1941. That fortunately ended any hope that he had held for an invasion of England, which came perilously close, providing more lead time with an arriving USAAF in strength and formidable.

There followed the most remarkable new family of planes, weapons, weapons systems and bombing and navigational aids totally foreign to WWI. The USAAF assisted by the aircraft industry and thousands of dedicated workers made some phenomenal strides with its two oncoming and highly effective heavy bombers—the B-17's and the B-24's.

Their losses over Europe were painful in the early stages of long range unescorted raids on targets deep in Germany. That was eased greatly with the advent and arrival of the P-51's and the P-47's with their added fuel capacity and fire power, plus maneuverability to escort the bombers effectively over

high level and in unfavorable weather with the initiation of the Norden bombsight.

Even so, the United States never attained the success reached by the Germans in the debut of the Messerschmitt (ME) 262, the first jet fighter. Had Hitler and Goering been in closer sync, and they were generally miles apart, on its production and better tactical employment, as with the V-1 and V-2 rocket programs, the liberation of Europe may have required an additional year.

The Pacific campaigns are a legend unto themselves with many cases of unmistakable incompetence and lack of response in its leadership initially. In time this was not only remedied but improved along with its air and sea strategies, remarkably supported logistically over many long miles from the sources. At a time about

mid 1942 with the Battle and success of Midway the Japanese initiative was broken. It parallels the seizure, a bit later, of air superiority of the Allies over Germany and began to spell its death knell. Carriers, so vulnerable virtually dependent upon long range early radar detection and rapid fighter response teams with engagement skills in time brought the Japanese retreat closer to the homeland. There, the incendiary raids from high level were never as productive as expected, so General LeMay launched his daring low level and deadly attacks with the newest USAAF craft the B-29's.

These raids were followed shortly by the first employment of the two nuclear weapons on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, with a final and speedy surrender. A strange contrast was demonstrated earlier by Hitler who having personally seen some of the devastation wrought upon Hamburg, Berlin, Schweinfurt and Dresden, never once conceded to relieve his people or to allow any peace negotiations.

The Soviet Air Force was deeper behind the power curve with the inhuman purges by Stalin of his real and imagined enemies he found in engineers, pilots and manufacturers, who were in many cases innocent victims. Once Germany in-

(Continued On Page 4-B)

(Continued From Page 3-B)

vaded, the Air Force soon made rapid strides, coupled fortunately with an endless flow—and seemingly unappreciated—yet wrenching lend-lease program of support, which made a considerable difference in the joint success of the Allies.

In this a strange story was told that was new to this reader. This took place in what is called the shuttle bombing runs from England across Germany and into at least three Soviet air fields to refuel and return. On one raid the Luftwaffe followed and decimated 43 parked B-17's and damaged many more along with 15 Mustangs and half million gallons of high octane aircraft fuel. Not one German plane was lost on the raid. The Soviets failed to detect the intrusion with their early warning systems and further, would not allow their own planes or American planes to take off and engage. What strange allies can be forged in war time!

The specific engineering designs, tests and detection of weaknesses and prompt modifications required to improve the already complex fighter and bombers are awesome and great credit must go to the manufacturers led by skilled program directors with the near unlimited resources. Severe limitations were faced and all sorts of substitutes were conceived and employed by the Germans especially and with severe restriction on their civilian population.

In conclusion, this is truly a fascinating and well written book. "Clash of Wings" is a fine reference book and an invaluable tool in the study of the progress of air power over a short 30-year period of time. The photography is excellent as well as two neatly prepared appendices on aircraft types and related statistics on the major aircraft. The author himself has had an enviable record as a pilot with extraordinary experiences. A job well done.

Amerell, Otto Carl

At Jupiter, FL, formerly of Glendale, April 26, 1994. Age 86 years. Beloved husband of Dolores (nee Mittelstadt). Dear father of Jac Amerell, Glendale and Jane (James) Vriesacker, Reedsberg, WI. A sister Kathleen Lawrence, Milwaukee, 6 grandchildren, 1 great-granddaughter and other relatives also survive. In state at the funeral home from 4 to 8PM Fri. with services at 8PM. Entombment Wisconsin Memorial Park. Memorials to Badger Association of the Blind, in lieu of flowers appreciated. Otto was a Veteran U.S. Army and member of POW Oslag 64 Survivors Group International. He was retired U.S. Army Officer and retired a Judication Officer for the Milwaukee Regional Veterans Administration Office.
FASS FUNERAL HOME
3601 N. Oakland Ave., Shorewood. 964-1291

8 Garden Street, #208R
Tequesta, FL 33469

September 22, 1994

-18-

Mr. Herb Garris
P.O. Box 1693
Pinehurst, N.C. 28374

Dear Herb,

Thank you for your letter of June 29th and the inclusion of your personal note in the recent edition of Post OFLAG 64 ITEM. Thank you too for your concern and good wishes.

I'm sorry to have been remiss in getting in touch with you earlier, but I was kept busy at our cabin in northern Wisconsin for almost three months this summer. I did vow, however, to write to you when I returned to Florida, where I've been now for a week.

As you asked, I'm enclosing one of Otto's obits. His son, Jac, gave a eulogy, but I'm not certain whether or not there was a written copy. Otto directed that upon his death, his son, Jac, should make all the funeral arrangements and manage the affairs of his estate. Thus, I had no hand whatsoever in any of it, except to greet friends and relatives paying tribute to Otto when his body was in state.

Ours was the second marriage for Otto, which may explain some of this. Also, I think reality is never what one envisions in one's own mind before one's death. There is always so much room for interpretation. I found this to be true upon my mother's death while assisting in the handling of her affairs.

Your records of Otto's time spent in service sound very accurate to me. Otto wrote his memoirs of WWII, but turned over all this material to Jac before we were married. I do, however, have an old Atlas of Otto's and on the map of Poland Otto made some notes. He indicated he was a POW from 1943 to 1945 at Szubin, Poland, and escaped, traveling east to Odessa. He went to Warsaw and tried to reach Moscow, but was stopped by the Russians and sent back to Lublin, Poland. From Lublin he traveled to Chelm, to Kiev and thence to Odessa, where he probably followed the route you indicate. At least I recall his mentioning he was in Italy before shipping home.

Otto's first wife, Florence, died of cancer, I believe in 1983. Her bout with this disease was long and debilitating, and it was difficult for Otto too. I knew Otto casually for many years as a fellow employee of the Veterans Administration, and lost touch completely after transferring to the VA Hospital and later retiring. However, after Florence died, we met at a duplicate bridge game in Milwaukee, where we both lived at the time. Shortly afterwards, we became duplicate bridge partners and "kept company" for over three years before marrying in October 1987.

Otto developed macular degeneration and was declared legally blind shortly after our marriage and subsequent move to Florida in 1987. This, I'm sure accounts for your not hearing from Otto or our attending any of the conventions. Several times he considered going, but each time I think he was discouraged by the realization that his eye condition would prevent him

from recognizing anyone. In addition, Otto was never a social butterfly. He was, rather, a private and taciturn person.

Otto's interests were quite diverse and on the outside chance that you may be interested I'll list a few:

- (1) He was a Civil War buff and could easily recall battles, events, dates and participants.
- (2) Before the war, and while he was a POW he played chess and from what I understand became an accomplished player in his own right.
- (3) He enjoyed good music, ranging from country, to jazz, to operas.
- (4) In the midst of the depression years when jobs were impossible to find, and before his marriage to Florence, Otto bummed around the country, hitching rides on trains. He traveled south and west, working on farms, washing dishes and doing all sorts of menial tasks to earn money for food. Once he wound up in the pokey as a vagrant for an overnight stay in New Orleans. After hearing of these experiences, I could more readily understand why Otto was such a soft touch when approached by tramps.
- (5) Before macular degeneration dimmed his sight, he was an excellent duplicate bridge player
- (6) He played baseball as a young lad and loved the game. I could always count on him to provide the name of an old time player for one of my crossword puzzles. And I cannot help but wish Otto could have lived to see Ken Burn's BASEBALL, currently running on our PBS station.
- (7) While married to Florence, he grew roses, entering them at the Wisconsin State Fair. He won countless ribbons, including the Governor's Blue Ribbon
- (8) He also was an avid reader of non-fiction. Through the Library of Congress and the cooperation of local libraries, Otto was able to continue his literary pursuit by listening to tapes of books. This was a daily pastime.
- (9) He liked watching TV, and if the screen was large and he sat close, he could see enough to enjoy it. This too, would while away many evening hours.
- (10) As a marriage partner, Otto was true blue. He maintained a strong allegiance to his family, an unusual trait it seems in these troublesome times.

We had a good life for almost seven years, and I do miss Otto and being able to share with him thoughts and activities.

Well, Herb, I'm sure you received far more than that for which you bargained, but once started, it proved to be a sort of catharsis.

It is doubtful whether I shall attend any of the conventions. In addition to being a laryngectomee, or perhaps because of it, traveling is difficult. If you and Ethelene should get to Florida, I would be pleased to see you.

Sincerely,

Delores Amnell

This is from Bob Levin
whom you met in Louisville
and who was so kind to
to Stanley Peters,
one of his officers in
in the 36th Inf. Div.

Oct 3, 1994

Dear Herb

I want to thank you very
much for inviting me to the National
POW/MIA Recognition Program at the
V.A. Hospital in Salisbury, N.C.

Of course the high light for me
was to renew my friendship with Brigadier
Gen John Dobson of the 1st Rangers.

I was with John as you know 50
years ago this coming Christmas
when we celebrated a Christmas dinner
together at Oblog 64.

It was also great to see Bob
Cheatham again who I met at our
last 64 Reunion in Louisville Ky.

Looking to those two previous
who told about the Death March in
the Pacific was something we had
an easy time of it compared to
what they went thru.

Again thank for driving to Salisbury
it was great. I hope they will send
those pictures in the near future
(over)

PETERS, Stanley H. - Of Livonia,
formerly of Clio, age 72,
died Friday, July 8, 1994
at his vacation home in
Lake Station, Michigan. Funeral
services will be held at 1pm Tues-
day, July 12, 1994 at the Clio Cha-
pel of Whipple Funeral Homes.
Elder Robert Pagels officiating.
Burial in Woodlawn Cemetery.
Friends may call at the funeral
home today from 10am to 9pm and
Tuesday 10am until time of service.
A Memorial Service will be held at
7pm this evening under the auspices
of the American Legion Clio Post
#158. Memorial contributions may
be made to the American Heart
Association. Mr. Peters was born in
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, November
1, 1921, the son of John and Anna
(Dieterman) Peters. He had resided
in Livonia the past 28 years coming
from Clio. Mr. Peters was a U.S.
Army veteran having served in
WWII and was a P.O.W. He was a
member of the National Guard for
over 24 years and belonged to the
American Legion. He was em-
ployed by Michigan Bell for 42
years retiring in 1982. Stanley was
also a member of the Telephone
Pioneers Association. He was an
avid outdoorsman who enjoyed
golf, fishing, hunting and birds.
Surviving are wife, Dorothea (Dot-
tie); 3 daughters, Kathy and hus-
band Gary Domerese of Clio,
Susan and husband Tom Rollo of
Livonia and Patricia of Livonia;
sister, Leona Brown of Clio; 3
grandchildren, Michael, Tami and
Courtney; several nieces, nephews,
aunts, uncles, cousins and numer-
ous friends. He was preceded in
death by his parents and sister
Naomi Hart.

 Whipple Funeral Homes
Clio Chapel
686-5070
Trust 100

I just received the obit on the death of Stanley P. For I am very happy that we were able to get together at the reunion last year. His wife said she would be very happy for you to include it in the Itm.

As you know Carlin and I are leaving for California and the Hawaiian Islands the end of this week. I will be in touch with you when we return

Sincerely
Bob
Robert Levin

Edgar Paul Moschel, 82, of Cedar Falls died of Parkinson's disease Sunday at Western Home. The body was cremated and graveside memorial services will be at 11 a.m. Thursday in West Union Cemetery.

Mr. Moschel, a retired supervisor for US West Communications, lived in Des Moines for 45 years until moving to Cedar Falls five years ago.

A brother, Albert of Cedar Falls, survives.

Dahl-Van Hove-Schoof Funeral Home is handling arrangements.

Des Moines, Iowa
24 August 1994

Dear Herb:

It is with a heavy heart I send this notice of the passing of Ed Moschel.

Ed put up a good fight. The past five years he suffered quite a lot. There were times he felt fairly good and other times he would not know who you were.

If I forget every thing else about WWII, I will never forget Ed when the Germans put us on the train to take us to Hammelburg. We were loaded in the box car and squeezed up shoulder to shoulder around the car. We had four german guards in our car. This one old kraut thought the Lt. next to him was taking up too much space and started fussing with him, finally punching the Lt. with his rifle butt. We moved the Lt. down to the far corner of the car. That didn't help much because every one on that side had to move over one so the kraut had no more room than before. The old german kept screaming at the Lt. and was going down to beat up on him when the Lt. sitting next to me called Ed to come over and tell the Guards to behave. Ed called the one in charge in from the platform and I don't believe I have ever heard anyone get such chewing out as Ed gave that Corporal. It ended up with the other two guards getting the old man down on the floor and hammering his on the floor to make him behave.

I have sent in my reservation to the Hotel and to the Kommittee.. God willing we will see you in Fort Worth in October

Sincerely,
Bob Eckman

Northwood, IA
Aug. 27, 1994

Dear John:
With the Reunion coming up before long at
Ft. Worth, which you probably are planning to attend,
I've been meaning to get a short note off to you asking
you to apologize for me for not attending and say a
"Hello" to those who might remember. Sorry I am going
to miss the turnout again this year, but I guess we
just do the best we can. I am not BAD, but not
good enough to travel and take on the demands which go
with changes in living conditions. Percentage wise I'd
say my body is about 66% normal, my mind about
95% (I think!) But it is just harder to do the routine
things of life.

John, I have always thought of you as being the
strong tie that has kept us bound together as a
single package, each of us becoming a necessary
part of a whole. I thank you for this vital part
you have played all so many years.

Best wishes always to you and yours.

Charlie Jones

Royal Lee is about 60 miles from me. We get
together for a dinner when he reports - the
reunions for me.

The family of

Lawrence Presnell

acknowledges with grateful appreciation

your kind expression of sympathy

August 8, 1994

Thanks for the copy of Post-Flag 64
also for publishing the article by Terry Creek.
I have shared it with Vernon Beavers, which
will be shared with the 1st F.A. Ober Sr. at
the reunion in October.

What a wonderful trip you had to

Europe June 2-17th

Thanks Again
Mildred Presnell

Not any battlefield heroics, but sustained bravery of another sort. . . .

By Roy Bird



An artist by U. S. Army artist William A. Smith shows a special chaplain in Korea. After falling into Chinese hands under similar circumstances, Chaplain Emil Kapaun "kept the faith" under a captivity marked by cruelty and neglect.

In the winter of 1950 and 1951, an American chaplain shambled through the Pyoktong prisoner-of-war camp along the Yalu River. He wore a black patch over one eye and a dirty stocking pulled over his head for warmth. His face was gaunt, hollowed by gradual starvation. He never had enough to eat, and as often as not he gave away his meager rations. He suffered from a severe case of dysentery, and he limped painfully because of a blood clot in his leg. Still, he carried on his ministry in primitive barracks and huts, where the bare necessities of life not to mention badly needed medicines were lacking.

The emaciated priest talked, comforted and cheered his fellow prisoners. He nursed men who had lost the desire to

live. He was counselor, leader, provider and defender for his fellow prisoners of war (POWs). He even became their thief—nicknamed Father Dismas after the good thief who died at Christ's side—for he "stole" food to keep his buddies alive. And at the end he even gave his life for the many other POWs.

The story behind the exceptional soldier begins on the prairie of Marion County in central Kansas, in the town of Pilsen. Emil Joseph Kapaun was born there on Holy Thursday, April 20, 1916. His parents had been married 13 months earlier in the church at Pilsen by Father John Sklenar. Kapaun's grandparents had come to America from Europe to find a new life. His father, Emos, of German and Bohemian ancestry, was born in what is

now the Czech Republic. His mother, whose parents were Bohemian Catholics, was born in western Kansas.

As a youth, Emil Kapaun worked on the family farm and attended parochial school in Pilsen. He developed an appreciation for learning and an ardent desire to become a priest.

While completing high school and earning a college degree at Conception, Mo., Emil returned home to the Kansas prairie each summer to help with the farm work, especially the wheat harvest. He always pitched in where the work was hardest and dirtiest. Once a neighbor noticed that the young Kapaun wore no gloves and his hands were blistered and raw. When asked why he worked bare-handed, Kapaun replied, "I want to feel

some of the pain our Lord felt when He was nailed to the cross."

His friends at Pilsen and Conception remembered Kapaun as an exceptionally good student, consistently on the honor roll, active in Dramatics, a competitive handball player, the student who fished in the small pond on the college grounds and gave the catch to the nuns in the kitchen. He confided to a schoolmate that he wanted to be a martyr.

Emil Kapaun was ordained on June 9, 1940. He served as a parish priest through the troubled early days of World War II, among Kansas Catholics of the same Bohemian or German stock as his own. Patriotic ardor swelled following Pearl Harbor, but Kapaun did not get caught up in it immediately. Assigned to his home church, he was content to serve as a parish priest for the time being.

That attitude began to change when he became chaplain at the Army air base at Herington, about 15 miles north of his home church. Only four months later he wrote his bishop that, in addition to celebrating Mass, he took some Catholic magazines to the men at the base. Obviously enchanted by his first taste of military service, he added, "In short, dear Bishop, I love that work."

He loved it so much that he left his home parish for Chaplain's Training School. His stay at Fort Devens, Mass., was only for about six weeks, because as soon as he had finished basic training at chaplain's school he was assigned to Camp Wheeler, Ga. V-E Day was fast approaching when he was finally flown out of Miami on March 4, 1945, en route to Burma.

Chaplain Kapaun had been at the front only about a month when his fellow Americans liberated two Italian missionary nuns who had been hiding from the Japanese invaders for more than 15 months. The missionary priests who had been with the sisters had been interned—many of them bore the scars of their prison camp life, and one of them had been killed while celebrating Mass.

The military units that the U.S. chaplains in Burma served were scattered over vast areas of jungle and mountain. Chaplain Kapaun traveled mostly by airplane and jeep, making a round trip of about 500 miles each week. "Once," he wrote to his bishop back in Wichita, "my pilot and I escaped a very serious accident by about 30 seconds. I am sure we both would have been killed. After that, my Guardian Angel received a heavy thanks."

He was promoted to captain while still overseas, and about that same time the bishop of the Wichita diocese asked if he was interested in a position as a chaplain in the Regular Army now that the war had ended. Kapaun was reluctant to commit himself as a professional soldier, even

This touching and interesting
story is dedicated to one of
our own Chaplain Robert S.
Scott in Scottsdale, AZ.

though it would be as a soldier for God, and he separated from active service.

The veteran returned to little acclaim, despite the two promotions and one battle star he had been awarded. By the fall of 1946 he was substituting in parishes for vacationing pastors. He spent 1947 attending Catholic University in Washington, D.C. He thought more about going back into the Army, but after earning a master's degree he accepted an assignment as a parish priest at Timkin, in southwest Kansas. Even so, growing in his heart and mind was the conviction that there was much greater need for his services in the military than on the home front.

Kapaun finally made a decision. The reason he was willing to go back to active duty, he wrote, "was the same as when he joined the reserves—namely that we would have priests who are trained to go into duty immediately when the need came." On November 15, 1948, he was assigned to Fort Bliss, Texas, where he served with the anti-aircraft artillery units until January 1, 1950. He then was reassigned to the 8th Cavalry Regiment of the 1st Cavalry Division. He soon found himself at Fort Lawton, Wash., and then Seattle, the port of embarkation. By January 22 the regiment was on its way to Japan as part of the postwar occupation forces, one of four understrength divisions of the Eighth Army. During a six-month visit, Chaplain Kapaun became acquainted with the people of the home islands of America's late enemy, including Japan's 100,000-plus Roman Catholics.

But this all came to an abrupt end when on June 25, 1950, North Korean forces crossed the 38th parallel and plunged into South Korea.

On June 27 the Security Council asked United Nations members to give military support to South Korea. A few hours earlier, President Harry S. Truman had ordered U.S. warships and aircraft to assist the Republic of Korea (ROK).

The 8th Cavalry Regiment landed in Korea in July 1950 and was sent immediately to the front, which at that time was changing daily. Chaplain Kapaun kept up his correspondence—writing home during the trip across the Korean Strait on an LST (landing ship, tank) and often that August in Korea, where he searched abandoned houses for paper and ink. He could be recognized on the battle lines by the white cross on his steel helmet and his ever-present pipe, the sole pleasure he allowed himself during those trying days.

"The Reds are too strong for us," he wrote in a letter dated August 7, 1950. "I have been on the front lines for eight days. We were machine-gunned, hit by mortars and tanks. Three times we escaped with our lives. The night before last was the first I slept under a roof. The hard floor felt good. I hope that by the

time you get this letter the fighting will be over."

The 8th Cavalry was thrown into the early delaying action at the tip of South Korea, in what became known as the Pusan Perimeter, a defensive line protecting the only Korean seaport still in U.N. hands. General Douglas MacArthur then gambled by using replacements intended for the Pusan Perimeter in his now famous amphibious strike at Inchon, the port on the west coast near Seoul.

The Inchon landing was so successful that Seoul was retaken on September 26. North Korea's troops retreated rapidly north from that area and from Pusan. The American-led U.N. and ROK forces then drove north to occupy North Korea and forged ahead toward the Yalu River at the Manchurian border.

In November 1950, four Chinese armies totaling at least 200,000 "volunteers" struck the U.N. forces unexpectedly. Faced with what MacArthur dubbed "an entirely new war," the U.N. and ROK armies fell back. As the Eighth Army retreated toward the 38th parallel, the 8th Cavalry Regiment executed a heroic withdrawal in intense cold and under constant Chinese attack.

Chaplain Kapaun was among those surrounded by the constant, overwhelming human-wave attacks. Early in the Red offensive, on All Saints Day, November 1, 1950, the priest had celebrated four Masses. He and his jeep driver retired early, but at 11 p.m., they were alerted that the regiment was "bugging out." The two men loaded a jeep in a hurry and moved out to join the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 8th Cav.

The two battalions were trying to escape south but ran into a Chinese roadblock and were forced to turn back until they reached virtually the same place from which they had set out. On the way back, the chaplain and his driver picked up wounded men, carrying them in the jeep and in an attached trailer. The priest was by then used to being under fire—he had twice seen his pipe slip out of his mouth in four months of nighting. At the 3rd Battalion headquarters, he told his driver: "Stay with the jeep and say your prayers. I'll be back." He then dashed to the nearby aid station, where he helped with the wounded and the dying until about 2 a.m. Sometime after 3 a.m. a Chinese human wave struck the remainder of the 3rd Battalion. The perimeter was only about 50 yards wide and more than half the battalion personnel were wounded. Father Kapaun and his aid station physician, Dr. Clarence Anderson, dug small holes in which they tended the wounded.

The Chinese outnumbered the defenders about 45 to 1. It was hand-to-hand fighting at times. At one point the Reds

Continued on page 86

PERSPECTIVES

(continued from page 32)

threw two hand grenades into a medic's dugout, killing some of the wounded. Chaplain Kapaun sent out a captured Chinese officer who had been wounded (and treated) with a plea to stop the grenade-throwing. The next day the battalion received orders to withdraw, with any "walking wounded." Father Kapaun and Dr. Anderson were headed out of the trap, too, but then a soldier said he had seen one of his buddies hit. When Kapaun and Anderson went back, they were captured.

Father Kapaun, reportedly the only remaining unwounded American in the perimeter, negotiated with the Chinese for the surrender of the wounded. For his heroism during the fighting and later, while he was a prisoner of war, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Bronze Star. Although he was not wounded during battle, his health rapidly deteriorated as he attempted to care for the wounded and sick POWs.

The chaplain coerced his weary body through each hour of his imprisonment to give his help to the overworked and undersupplied U.S. Army doctors. He accepted any work details, regardless of how distasteful, especially those that gave him the chance to visit Americans held in nearby camps. He visited with the POWs and prayed with them daily—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish.

During the winter of 1950 and spring of 1951, he washed the clothes and bodies of Americans sick with dysentery in the camps along the frozen Yalu. He boiled water to make it fit to drink, and when there was no water he melted ice and snow. He anguished because he was not allowed to visit all of the prisoners freely, and he was upset when their Communist captors separated officers and enlisted men in different camps. He risked his life to make secret visits to the enlisted personnel. He struggled along without his pipe, but when the North Korean guards took away the rosary he had carried all the way from Kansas, he made another from barbed wire broken off the fencing around his POW camp and used it daily.

Chaplain Kapaun foraged for food for all the men. Before going out to pilfer from the guarded Communist stores for the malnourished POWs, he prayed to St. Dismas. It was not a prayer for forgiveness, he explained to his comrades, because taking food from their captors to feed starving men was not truly stealing. No, instead the chaplain asked the Good Thief to lend an understanding, experienced hand in the dangerous task.

The shambling priest proved an apt pupil of the sainted thief. He would re-

turned and he tattered overcoat or dragging on the ground beside his game leg would fill his pockets with salt, which the men badly needed," said one fellow prisoner in the officers' camp at Pyoktong. "Once he came back with a whole sack of spuds," another recalled.

Throughout the terrible winter of 1950-51, Father Kapaun's health declined. His face was gaunt from malnutrition; his leg came useless because of the blood clot; he lost sight in one eye and the other constantly streamed fluid; his dysentery eventually led to pneumonia. Shortly after Easter, late in April 1951, he was taken to the POW "hospital" by the Communist guards. The other prisoners bid him a tearful farewell because they knew no one ever returned from there. Indeed, Kapaun's body had taken all it could bear. Denied medical attention, he died on May 6, 1951, at 35.

Before he was taken away to die, Chaplain Kapaun entrusted his mission to Lieutenant Ralph Nardella. One prisoner who saw him off to the death house said that the padre asked the Chinese to forgive him, "undoubtedly because of the harsh thoughts he had toward them, which he had not expressed."

Nardella later told the story of the chaplain's martyrdom, but so did others. One was a Jewish Marine captain, Jerry Fink. Fink painstakingly carved a 3-foot crucifix in wood as a fitting tribute "for the man who did more than any other man for the POWs." The cross and its image of Christ was hung from the ceiling of the prisoners' quarters in spite of ridicule from their captors. When the Korean armistice was agreed to in 1953, Nardella, Fink and others carried the crucifix back to the safety of "Freedom Village" despite objections by the Communist Chinese and North Koreans. It was more than two years after Chaplain Kapaun's death before his sacrifice was related by the emancipated but freed Americans.

The surviving comrades of the courageous priest later took the crucifix and about \$1,500 collected from among those helped by the chaplain to St. John Nepomucene Church in Pilsen, Kan., to commemorate him in his home parish. When his parents learned that their son would not return and had earned the Bronze Star and the DSC for heroism,

they requested that the decorations be presented to their son's religious superior, Bishop Mark Carroll of the Wichita Diocese. The decorations—along with other artifacts retrieved after his death, and including the crucifix carved by Captain Fink in the prison camp—were installed in a parochial school renamed Kapaun-Lount Carmel in Wichita. Like the men who survived their shared POW life, generations of school children would never forget him.

DOCTORS' LOUNGE



25-

THE RAIL YARDS OF BERLIN

In February thirty-five years ago we were walking, some 1000 American prisoners of war, across the frozen plains of northern Poland. Our German hosts had evacuated Oflag 64, the American ground-force officers' camp near Bromberg, a scant twenty-four hours before the rapidly advancing Russians overran it. Presumably the idea was to "save" us from the barbaric Russian army, but probably there was also some imagined bargaining value in retaining us as prisoner-hostages under German control as the war's end approached. All of us would have preferred being left in the camp to await liberation by our then Russian allies, but the Germans had the guns and we were in no position to argue.

Actually, we did leave about a hundred or so prisoners in the camp -- infirm patients, some doctors, men who couldn't walk or who feigned illness, and a group of others who hid out in the half-dug, escape tunnel projects or somehow managed to get lost in the confusion of the hurried departure.

As we walked, day after day, the marching column grew smaller and smaller. We were not properly clad to withstand continuous daily exposure to such unremitting cold -- temperatures that ranged from 40 below zero during two days of blizzard winds up to a warmer 10 below on milder days. We wore regular government-issue woolens and overcoats, supplemented by odds and ends of sweaters, combat zoot-suits, knitted caps and gloves, and makeshift head and face coverings of blankets and whatever else we could salvage from our meager prison possessions. Unfortunately, our feet gave the most trouble; there was no way to keep them warm in regular GI shoes which could not accommodate more than one or two extra pairs of socks. Consequently, each morning as the march progressed, after sleeping out in ditches, haystacks, or in deserted, unheated barns and sheds, there were always thirty to forty men with frozen feet who could walk no longer and who had to be left behind to whatever fate awaited them.

After fourteen days of marching, about half the column made it to Stettin, some 160 miles away toward the west. We left the column there to look after another hundred men who had an accumulation of ailments and infirmities. Later we were moved with them in two small rail cars (one a slatted cattle car, the other an open coal car) to the Berlin rail yards and, after a few stationary days there, moved again to Stalag III A, the large collecting camp at Luckenwalde some 30 miles south of the capital. What was left of the walking column, which continued on from Stettin, eventually turned up, still on foot, at Luckenwalde three weeks later.

Eleven

Northwood,
Aug. 27, 1968

Dear Herb:

As I write I am watching Little League World Series and finding it, as usual, as exciting as the Big League games.

Enjoyed many of the letters and and articles in your August mailing. Am enclosing a check for the Postage Fund and a personal thanks to you for keeping the item going.

Each of the past 3 years I've thought that "Next year I'll make the reunion. But as time approaches, find Mr. Dickinson is not relinquishing his hold on his controls over my capabilities and I take some plain check. Things are not real bad with me, but not good enough for me to take on the travel and time that encompasses reunion. Please say a "Hello" for me to all who may recall and have a good reunion.

Bobbie Jones

PS - Two names for the Secretarial list:-

Bernard V Bolton (died around '58's)

Bob Levy (date unknown)

There were about fifty of us packed into each of the rail cars which sat for three days and nights on a siding in the Berlin rail yards. Routinely, every night allied planes came over and plastered the rail yards with bombs. Most of us confined in the cars except for two short relief-function periods morning evening under the watchful eyes of armed guards, were resigned to hopelessness of our predicament. It became a matter of enduring another terrible night huddled together, hoping the bombs would miss our siding, and praying sometime soon the cars would get moving again toward a safer location. Immobilized by self-concern, we were too cold and numb and intimidated to more than suffer silently and hope to stay alive.

It was an experience in cold and hunger and misery that few of us forgotten. However, all of this rather long introductory description (most of it was recorded in a couple of Bulletin articles back in 1968) serves only as background for an amusing story to illustrate that one man's memory of and reaction to same experience do not always coincide with those of another.

Last year, talking to and comparing notes with another former POW who marched in that same column out of Oflag 64, we were surprised to discover the two, remembered the two cars and the nights in the rail yards of Berlin. He was the coal car with us, but in the other open cattle car. Sure, he remembered it cold and miserable too -- but wasn't it a wild and hilarious time? Wild? Hilarious?

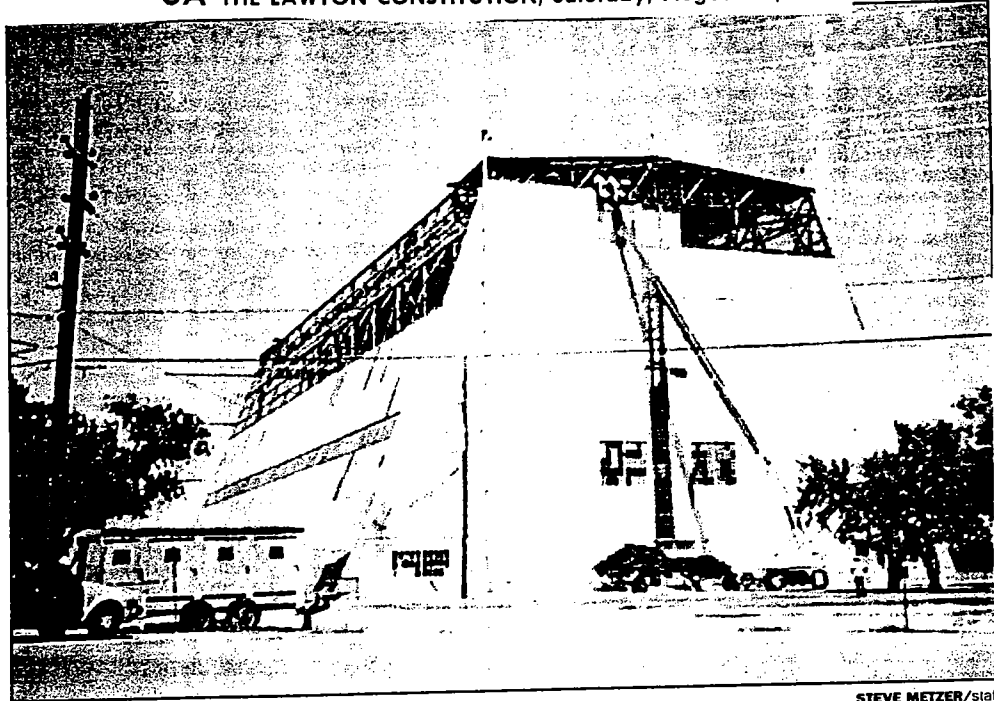
John, who might easily have stepped out of the television cast of Heroes,

was a happy, extrovertish first lieutenant then; a manic, wheeler-dealer type who had spent most of his time back in the prison camp horse-trading cigarettes for food and whatever else caught his fancy. He was one of the rare ones who stayed busy constantly during his year of captivity, never seeming to have a depressed moment. Before leaving the camp, and in preparation for the march, he traded everything he possessed back into tobacco, filling his back-pack and pockets with cigarette packages and stuffing many more into the space between his combat coveralls and his woolens beneath to the point where he could barely waddle. He still had a good supply left by the time we reached Berlin.

When darkness came and while the rest of us were hunkering down in fear and wishing the night would end, John had bribed his guards with cigarettes and was out the loose wandering all over the rail yards. He looked for German troop trains and when he found one would boldly climb aboard and parade up and down the aisles, a vendor hawking his wares in atrocious German, trading cigarettes to the German GIs for bread and cheese and jam and schnapps. No one seemed to mind his audacity, not even the one indignant German officer he ran into who wanted to know what the hell was going on and booted him off his troop train. (But not before an exchange of liverwurst for two packs of cigarettes.

So you see, even a bleak experience has its lighter moments. It may all go to prove that misery is what you make of it, and that it helps to be born with a little self-confidence and a sense of the ridiculous.

P.C.C



STEVE METZER/staf

Workers remove panels from an exterior wall of the balloon hangar at Fort Sill.

Grand old balloon hangar gets facelift by Fort Sill work crews

By **STEVE METZER**/Staff writer

Fort Sill's grand old balloon hangar is getting a face lift.

The cavernous building, built in 1935 and listed as a historic structure because of its important role in Oklahoma's aviation history, is being stripped of its original "skin" because of its asbestos and metal composition.

Fort Sill's chief environmental officer, Ron Barnett, said work on the structure's interior was started last spring. Now, workers are removing exterior roof and wall panels, which are to be replaced by corrugated metal. When the project is complete, probably by January, he said the hangar will be the same familiar

gray and will look as it has for the past six decades.

Barnett described the hangar as having low levels of asbestos concentration which posed little threat to the environment. Still, the material, which was used for years in construction because of its fire resistant nature, has been deemed a health threat if it becomes flaky with age.

The director of environmental quality said the abatement project, because of the sheer size of the balloon hangar, is perhaps the largest that has ever been undertaken at Fort Sill. The project also has presented unique challenges because of the importance of maintaining the hangar's historic integrity. Additionally, because the hangar was once used for maintenance of

Pershing missiles and has been subject to inspection under terms of the Intermediate Range Nuclear Forces Treaty, plans had to be made for the possibility of future inspections. And, Barnett said, a unique mixture of asbestos waste and lead-based paint removed from the hangar resulted in a first-of-its-kind search by post officials for an appropriate disposal site. With help from the Oklahoma Department of Environmental Quality and the Environmental Protection Agency, he said, a site was located in Louisiana.

When the hangar was new, it was used for storage and maintenance of balloons used for aerial observation of field artillery training.

Richard Foregger
6780 W. Appleton Ave. -27-
Milwaukee WI 53216

July 27, 1994

Reply to: →
John Slack, Editor
Oflag 64 Item
PO Box 170
Gladwyne PA 19035

RE: 1. Letters to the Editor
2. Railroad route from Lublin, Poland to Lvov, Ukraine

Dear Editor Slack:

For those ex-POWs liberated from prison camps in Poland and Eastern Germany who entrained at Lublin for the trip to Odessa, the train route passed through Lvov.

There are two rail routes from Lublin to Lvov as follows:

I	II
Lublin	Lublin
Krasnik	Krasnystaw
Stalowa Wola	Zawada
Nisko	Zwierzyniec Wies
Jaroslaw	Lubaczow
Munina	Munina
Przemysl	Przemysl
Lvov 195 miles	Lvov 218 miles

Could your readers kindly tell me which route the trains took ?
Sincerely,

Richard Foregger

File: slack

Teaching Experience: Director, Department of Anesthesiology,
Marquette University School of Medicine, 1947-59.

When he was ordered to a general hospital in Waco, Texas, for the duration of the war, Foregger requested an overseas assignment, and was transferred to and served in the Third Auxiliary Surgical Group, First US Army, in the Normandy invasion and in the campaigns in Northwest Europe, 1944-45. He retired from very active medical practice June 1, 1984 in time to return to Normandy for the 40th anniversary of the D-Day landings. He was a practicing anesthesiologist for 47 years as well as an author of scholarly articles on medical science and history. While carrying on a medical practice, Foregger was also a student at Marquette University School of Engineering, 1952-53, where he studied mathematics and at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee during 1954, 1968-71 and after retirement 1984-89, where he studied economics, statistics, political science, and history. He now does independent study and research several days a week at the UWM, Milwaukee Public, and the Marquette University Libraries.

Dear Herb,
 Sorry not to have written to you sooner
 as I wanted to read the Oflag 64 the lovely
 gift you and David sent me, it was a great
 pleasure to meet you both and really enjoyed
 our day together although our time was so
 short. The photos came out very well indeed
 which will remind me of visit and a happy
 memory of meeting the the editor of Oflag 64.
 you and John look very good in the photo, you
 have a lovely home and I notice you fly
 the flag.

The article about the German nations in your
 early days were terrible, but can you imagine
 how it was in 1940 and having to go out on
 work parties in a terrible winter with very little
 clothes and wooden slaps. if you remember I told
 you how we had to walk five miles starting
 at 5-30 P.M. to work in stone quarry getting back
 to camp 5 P.M. also worked in sand pits, forestry
 and work even painted a school later taken
 by the Germans. No I have always missed my year
 at 64 was a wonderful rest for me and my
 great friend Father Stanley who kept in touch
 with me over all the years till he passed.
 well, we had some good time as he lived in
 the opposite room to me in the hospital, he
 used to eat with us quite a lot as we had a
 good trading business going with the guards.
 Its strange how at the end of the long
 march we finished up at Moorsburg where lots
 of you ended up as well.

I must say your programme at Wroth is a very
 good one and am sure you will all enjoy
 yourselves, I expect Roy Cluffell will be wearing
 his Stetson which when I met him asked if he
 wore it in bed as he always had it on. May I
 wish you all a very happy occasion. God Bless you all.
 Wishing you and your family the best of health and
 kindest regards to David and his family. Thank
 you for the happy day it is always great to meet a
 fellow F.F.O.W.

Give my regards to John Black and trust his
 wife Mary is improving.
 Do you gentlemen of the American forces I thank
 you for having had the pleasure of seeing you
 during my year in Oflag 64.
 I am a homey soldier a Dunkirk Veteran and
 fellow F.F.O.W. STALAG 8B LAMSOORE No. 12299.
 Good luck to you all.

Ken Stanleyson

Name and address of sender

K. FINLAYSON

6, FOUNDLING COURT

MARCHMONT STREET

WIMBORNE, W. I. ENGLAND

Postcode N.1 1RN

Montgomery's plan shows daring nature

-29-

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

On Sept. 10, 1944, British Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery presented to U.S. Gen. Dwight Eisenhower an audacious plan for breaking through the German defenses in Holland. Montgomery has often been criticized by historians for being overly cautious. This stems from his desire to always muster maximum force against objectives and to plan every operation down to the last detail. But these were operational matters.

When it came to strategy, Montgomery was an advocate of the bold stroke. He constantly vied with the more flamboyant Gen. George Patton for the resources to make the decisive thrust towards Berlin. Eisenhower had to pull in the reins on both Montgomery and Patton in order to follow his own concept of a broad advance across Europe — a strategy that would minimize the risk that any substantial part of the Allied armies could be cut off from the rest and mauled by a sudden German counter-attack.

But this time, Eisenhower agreed to Montgomery's plan. Two days before, the first V-2 ballistic missile had hit England. The V-2 carried a one-ton warhead that could level an entire block. Its high-speed arc gave no warning and it was beyond the capability of fighters or anti-aircraft guns to intercept. The only way to stop them was to capture their launching pads, which were on the Dutch coast. Thus Montgomery desired to drive forward quickly in Holland to halt the bombardment of England. An advance through Holland also had the advantage of turning the right flank of the Sieg-



fried Line, a belt of fortifications along the German border.

Holland, however, had its own natural defenses to overcome. A series of rivers and canals, culminating in the mighty Rhine river itself, crossed the land. The Germans had opened the dikes to flood large parts of the country and hamper movement. It was Montgomery's plan of how to overcome these water obstacles that made his operation so audacious. Paratroopers would be dropped behind the German lines to capture key bridges across which the tanks could then roll forward.

Three of the four Allied airborne divisions then available in Northwest Europe would be used: The U.S. 82nd "All Americans," the 101st "Screaming Eagles" and the British 6th "Red Devils." The Polish 1st Parachute Brigade would also go in to reinforce the British "paras" who were given the honor of taking the farthest bridge — the one over the Rhine at Arnhem. The 52nd Lowland division would be flown in as soon as airfields were ready.

The U.S. 82nd would land near Nijmegen, 11 miles from Arnhem, and grab the bridges over the Mass river at Grave and over the Waal river in Nijmegen; and at least one of the four bridges over the Mass-Waal Canal. The 101st Airborne would land near Eindhoven and hold open the 16 miles of road between the German lines and the 82nd Airborne division. Down that road would roar the British XXX Corps, spearheaded by the Guards Armoured division with support from the 43rd and 50th Infantry divisions. These were the best troops the British had. They were to charge forward like the cavalry of old to rescue the airborne "settlers" who would be fighting for their survival, surrounded by rampaging war parties.

THE STATE, COLUMBIA, S.C.

At D-Day, news was a casualty

Chicago Tribune

WASHINGTON — The Army knew D-Day would be one for the history books.

And to make certain that history got it right, the Army devised a public relations plan for that fateful day in 1944 when 132,500 U.S. and Allied troops waded ashore under German fire on French beaches.

But it didn't go quite as planned, judging from a top-secret memorandum declassified last week in connection with the 50th anniversary of D-Day. In fact, like Operation Desert Storm almost a half-century later, news reporting on D-Day became an early casualty in the chaos and confusion of the battlefield.

Actually, "it was a complete shambles," recalls John H. Thompson, a retired Chicago Tribune correspondent who waded ashore on D-Day with assault troops on what became known as Bloody Omaha Beach, where he spent most of his time trying to avoid dying.

Thompson, 85, of Evanston, Ill., is the last surviving D-Day correspondent.

The declassified Army memorandum reveals detailed arrangements by Col. David Page, then chief of the Army's Publicity and Psychological Warfare Section, for news coverage of the invasion on June 6, 1944.

Page's four-page plan, completed four days before the invasion, called for a group of 30 experienced war correspondents and photographers to go ashore accompanied by six Army public relations officers and 12 military censors.

The strategy reflected the Army's intention to bolster morale at home with first-hand accounts of battlefield successes and heroism — but not casualties.

The plan was, in the military manner, detailed and orderly. It also woefully misjudged what D-Day would be like on the beaches at Normandy.

Page expressed his belief that journalists landing with the assault troops would quickly be able to use military radio equipment to transmit their reports.

Military censors would be on hand to examine their copy before transmission, and reporters would take turns filing 125 words at a time to ensure that everyone got a chance. As a backup, fast Navy dispatch boats would stand by offshore to carry copy to England to be telexed to U.S. news organizations.

"Nothing like that ever happened," said Thompson, then a 35-year-old reporter.

He recalls spending most of the first day hunkered down in a foxhole on Omaha Beach, fortunate to survive a landing in which 2,000 Americans were killed by intense German fire.

The next day, Thompson encountered his first military censor, who enforced the rules barring correspondents from saying where they were, how the battle was going, or anything about casualties. And when he took his copy to an Army Signal Corps post, "they said they didn't know anything" about transmitting reporters' stories. "They said, 'Come back tomorrow or the next day.'"

On Day 3, Thompson and several other correspondents finally met up with a public relations officer "who maintained that he had been there on the beach the day before, but nobody ever saw him.

"It was impossible to do anything except survive, and they had this ridiculous idea that they were going to send these public relations officers to go up and down the beach like a copy boy, saying, 'Have you got any copy ready?'"

Famed Life magazine photographer Robert Capa, who landed along with Thompson, carried his D-Day film back to London on a fast boat.

By Day 4, the Army had a teletype at the command post for correspondents to use. But, Thompson said, "nobody really knows if anybody ever got anything out at any time" during the early days until a Press Wireless service transmitter capable of reaching America arrived on the beach at the end of the week, three days behind the Army schedule.

The note here is from
Bob and Nina Weinberg
Their address is:

Former Prisoner of War
at

Stalag Luft III

2229 Rock Creek Drive
Kerrville, TX 78028

Oct 12, 1994

This nice and so very thoughtful
note is from Mrs Ellen (Wright)
Ryan. Perhaps many of you knew
her and might want to send her a
note and best wishes.

Address is: Box 470
Clemson, South Carolina
29633

Oct. 11, 1994

Sorry I could not
join you in Texas
last week. I turned
90 September 5 and my
family celebrated it
with a gala party
at my daughter Newell
Tozzer's house here in
Atlanta. Enclosed is
a check to help cover
postage

Love
Ellen

Dear Herb,

It really was great meeting you in
person during the Oflag 64 reunion in
St. Worth.

You have a great group and everyone
was very friendly and pleasant to talk
of us -

I checked where we sold the books
that went to Andersonville. I find the last
time was 1991, so hope the address is the
same!

Eastern National Park & Monument Assn.
446 North Lane
Conshohocken, Pa - 19428

They do the purchasing for several National
Parks - Hope they might buy some of the books

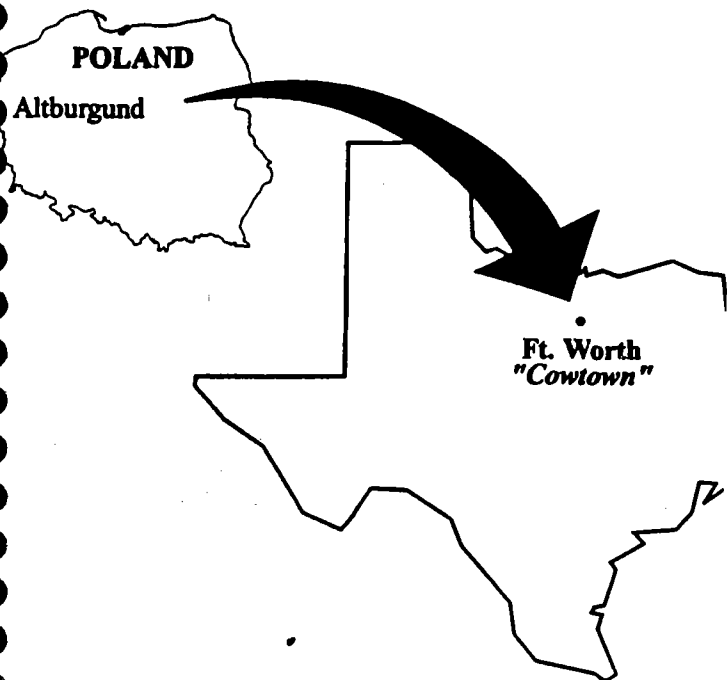
Thanks again for your hospitality in
St. Worth -
Nina sends her regards -
Cordially,
Bob

A BIG **TEXAS**

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Welcome

TO "Y'ALL"



The

OFlag 64 Item

Honoring The Carter Family

Radisson Plaza
October 6-9, 1994 • Ft. Worth, Texas

ACHTUNG!

ACHTUNG!

ACHTUN

Das Oberkommando der Konvention gibt bekannt:

WILKOMMEN NACH FT. WORTH

WELCOME TO FT. WORTH

A registration fee of \$99.50 per person will take care of all Activities, Banquet, Breakfasts and tips. Individual tickets are available at the Registration Desk for guests of P.O.W.'s.

Pick up individually labeled packets from the Registration Desk
It will be open:

9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Thursday, October 6

Arrivals after Thursday, October 6, may get their packets at the Front Desk.

Registration Packets contain:

Name tags • Tourist information • Carter Biographies • Separate tickets for each function • a Special Memo from Roger and Ruby Cannon - one per couple.

The weather should be delightful this time of year (mild).

TEXAS COMMITTEE

Albert N. Cecil, Chairman
Roy J. Chappell, Jr.
Roger Cannon

PROGRAM

Thursday, October 6

- 9:00 a.m. Hospitality Room - Pick up packets
- 1:15 p.m. Bus to 8th St. Station, Tarantula Steam Train to Stockyards (&return)
- 5:45 p.m. Bus returns from Station to Hotel
- 8:00 p.m. Reception - Hospitality Room Texas D

Friday, October 7th

- 9:30 a.m. Bus to Amon Carter Square - 5 museums
- 12:00 noon Bus continues to Joe T. Garcia's Restaurant
- 3:30 p.m. Visit to Stockyard area, Shops, and Museum, Billy Bob's
- 5:00 p.m. Bus returns to Hotel (those not going to Billy Bob's)
- 10:00 p.m. Bus returns to Hotel (those who "stayed" at Billy Bob's)

Saturday, October 8th

- 9:30 a.m. Business Meeting - Texas A-B
 - 10:00 a.m. Herbs: Growing, Uses, Recipes by Pat Baine
 - 5:30 p.m. Group Photos
 - 6:00 p.m. Cash Bar
 - 6:30 p.m. Banquet, Speeches & Entertainment - Crystal C
- DINNER**
HONORING THE CARTER FAMILY

Master of Ceremonies
Albert N. Cecil

Concert by The Travis Seniors

Tributes to:
Amon Carter, Sr.
Amon Carter, Jr.

OTHER SHORT REMARKS BY:

Roy J. Chappell
Henry Soderberg

Sunday, October 9th

- 9:00 a.m. Memorial Service & Breakfast - Crystal A
Jeni Cook (Chief Chaplain with Veteran's Administration)

16413 Alpine Drive
Livonia, MI 48154
October 21, 1994

Herb Garris

Dear Herb,

It was so good to see you and everyone again at the Annual Oflag 64 Reunion in Fort Worth. We had a great time and were happy that we had the chance to see the home town of Amon Carter and meet his family.

Don and I arrived on Thursday afternoon to beautiful warm and sunny weather. We checked into a pleasant large room in the East Wing of the Radisson Hotel, which was so comfortable.

At the reception that evening in the Texas Room we met many of our friends for refreshments and conversation. There was such a wonderful turnout--standing room only! It hardly seemed possible that a whole year had passed since the Reunion in Louisville.

On Friday morning three busses took our large group to the Amon Carter Museum. At the museum we saw two short videos about Frederic Remington and Charles Russell, well-known artists of the Old West. Afterward we enjoyed a brief tour on our own of their works, as well as the exhibit of American Impressionism and Realism. Next we visited the Museum of Science and History, where we enjoyed the hands-on exhibits of holographs, calculators and computers.

By this time we were all ready for lunch, so the busses took us to Joe T. Garcia's famous restaurant for a delicious meal. The food was tasty and the service was excellent. After lunch, part of our group went on to the Stockyards for more fun, while others went back to the hotel for a nap or shopping.

Later that evening, groups of Kriegies and their guests filled the tables in the Cactus Bar & Grille for dinner. Don and I joined "Brad" Bradbury, Jack Rathbone and Nan and Jim McArevey at a table. Brad bought a round of drinks for all of the Kriegies and their guests in the Grille with the cash gift he had received from his daughter to help him belatedly celebrate his September 9 birthday. The final hours of the evening found the Hospitality Room filled with Kriegies sharing stories, passing around photos from former Oflag 64 Reunions and looking over memorabilia from the Camp.

We really missed Henry Soderberg, who was unable to join this year's Reunion for the first time ever. Roy (Tex) Chappel announced that Henry had waited for hours, and even days, at the Stockholm Airport, but was not able to get a seat on a

plane headed toward Fort Worth. We'll look for him next year in Atlanta!

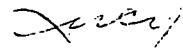
It was delightful to meet a newcomer this year--the namesake grandson of Bill Makepace. Young Bill came to this Reunion hoping to find someone who could identify the other Kriegies in a photograph with his grandfather which had been taken in the Camp. If Bill wasn't successful in finding someone at the Reunion who recognized the men in the photo, maybe a copy of it could be run in the "Item," where more Kriegies would see it. It was so nice to see a member of the younger generation taking an interest in the Camp and the history of World War II.

Saturday night's banquet was especially memorable because it was a tribute to both Amon Carter, Sr. and Amon Carter, Jr. After remarks by Albert Cecil and Roy Chappel, several Kriegies shared with us special memories of their experiences with either Amon, Sr. or Amon, Jr. Mrs. Carter was presented with a letter which had been written by Amon to his family while he was a Kriegie, but which had been misplaced for all these years. It was the most touching moment of a very lovely evening.

Don and I were unable to stay for the Memorial Service on Sunday morning, but we did enjoy a fine breakfast with the group. After saying our good-byes to everyone, we were off to the airport and home. We left with fond memories of friends, old and new, and look forward to meeting them and you again next October in Atlanta.

Stay healthy and keep in touch.

Sincerely,



Lucy Lussenden

RADISSON FORT WORTH - 1994
 GUEST LIST + ATTENDEES

BERLE, CHARLES
 AINSWORTH, JOSEPH - RUTH
 ASCHIM, ROBERT L - Gladys
 BALL, JAMES - WINFRED
 BARKOVIC, MARY JANE
 BATTE, EDWARD - ELIZABETH
 BEDIENT, CARL - wife
 BONOMI, ROBERT
 BRADFORD, O.L.
 BRITTO, GEORGE
 BRYANT, A.W.
 CANNON, ROGER - RUBY
 CECIL, ALBERT N. JR. - DOROTHY
 CHAPPELL, ROY J., JR. - HELEN
 CHEATHAM, ROBERT
 CIPRIANI, ANTHONY - ROSE
 CLINGAN, LEE - wife
 DIGGS, J. FRANK - wife Elizabeth
 DURGIN, GEORGE - wife Virginia
 ECKMAN, ROBERT - wife
 EDSALL, LESTER - EDITH
 FAIRCHILD, EDWARD - wife
 FITTON, GARVIN
 FRIEDMAN, JOSEPH - wife Sylvia
 GARRETT, THURSTON -
 GARRIS, HERBERT
 GRAUL, DONALD O
 GREENE, GEORGE - Margot
 HARRELL, WILLIAM - Dana
 HATCH, JEROME
 HERR, GEORGE - Mary Betty
 HOLT, THOMAS - Teddy
 HUBBELL, V.C. - wife
 JOHNSON, ERROL - Cecilia
 JONES, CURTIS - wife Norma
 KEISER, MARTIN
 KLINKENBORG, RAY
 KORBER, WILLIAM - wife Evelyn
 LAWSON, THOMAS - wife Sue
 LITTMAN, HERMAN - Lucille
 LUSSENDEN, DONALD - wife Lucy
 MACAREVEY, JAMES - Nan
 MAKEPEACE, WILLIAM
 MARABLE, PAUL - Betty
 MELTESEN, CLARENCE
 MILLER, THOMAS - wife Eleanor
 MOSS, ALFRED
 OCONNER, JOHN - wife
 PAWLOSKI, THEODORE - Adele
 PIDDINGTON, THOMAS - wife

RADDISSON FORT WORTH - 1994
GUEST LIST - cont'd 47731.7753

RATHBONE, JOHN H	
RINEHART, EDMON	- Barbara
ROBINSON, HERVEY	- Dot
ROYAL, LEE	- wife
SERINGER, JOSEPH	- Joanne
SHERMAN, JAMES	- wife Doris
SLACK, JOHN F	
SMITH, MATTHEW	- wife Bel
SMITH, ROY J.	- wife
SPALDING, HORACE	
STANSELL, JOHN	- wife
THOMPSON, ROBERT	- Gladys
THOMSON, VINTON	- Donna
VANVLIET, JACK	- Lynne
WAFUL, DONALD	- Cassie
WARTHEN, WILLIAM	
WEINBERG, ROBERT	- Nina
WILKINSON, CHARLES	
YAROCK, IRVING	