

VOL. XXXVI

POST OFLAG 64 ITEM

MAY 1995

**OFLAG 64
Annual National Reunion
Atlanta, Georgia
October 5th - 8th, 1995**

ATLANTA, GA: Your attention is directed to the above announcement! Now is the time to assist our Arrangement Committee in determining the parameters of our Reunion and establishing your own place at the banquet. NOTE: THESE ARE NEW NUMBERS.

First, get out the registration forms and send them to Bill Warthen.

Second, call The Terrace Garden room reservation number 1-800-241-8260 and inform them that you are with the OFLAG 64 REUNION so you can be accommodated in our block of rooms. If The Terrace Garden is full, call The Lenox 1-800-241-0200.

Third, send in your Tour Reservation form to firm up your choice and to ensure that the 35 minimum number is met.

Fourth, make out your 3x5 sets of notes for your presentation in the event the Andersonville team selects you for interview.

If you are coming by air, be certain to check with Kimberly R. Grant, 1-800-533-7981 to determine if the "Oflag 64 Delta" discount will be to your advantage. If you have questions regarding the Reunion, call Bill

Warthen at (912) 537-4430 or (912) 537-4383. We look forward to seeing all of you in Atlanta!
BILL WARTHEN AND COMMITTEE

LIVONIA, MI: KRIEGIES, as this issue of the Item is being prepared for press, the Fiftieth Anniversary of V-E Day is being celebrated by the victors and the vanquished. We who were there in the final days have each our own special memories. We often were sweating out attacks on our marching columns by Allied planes, as well as Hitler's orders that Allied prisoners be used as pawns or shot by the fanatic SS Corps. Remember the frustration of the long wait without knowledge of what the hold-up was in the repatriation process. Now, fifty years later as we have the privilege to slow down and look back, we can take pride in the accomplishments of our generation in health and medicine, electronics, automation, communication and especially a drive in all fields to discover and learn more. Above all, we should be proud that what each of us contributed has provided future generations with momentum to reach the stars!
DON LUSSENDEN

ALEXANDRIA, VA: NATHANIAL, thank you for your recent letter and especially for the Smithsonian article on the Enola Gay exhibit, which we are including in this issue for all to read.
NATHANIAL R. HOSKOT

MODEL, CO: CHARLIE, thank you for your check to the P.F. We looked through our correspondence file and could not find your letter. If you included a letter, we are sorry we cannot answer it, and if you did not, please do send us a note telling us what goes on with you in Modell
CHARLES (CHARLIE) WILKINSON

GROVE CITY, OH: BRAD, thank you for the copies of the Oflag 64 Little Theater Program (11 shows), Track and Field Meet Program, and the 1944 Christmas Menu and Program. What few mementos this editor had were left in the barracks at Stalag XIII B on that event-filled day, and that included a much needed overcoat. For those Kriegies who would like to have a set of these memory joggers, write or call Brad, and he will send them for only his cost, \$2.00 postage and photo duplicating. The Programs for each event are neatly arranged to fit on an 8-1/2"x11" sheet.
Brad's address is:

3196 Big Run S. Road
Grove City, Ohio 43123-1009
(614) 875-3106

O.L. "BRAD" BRADFORD

BLACK EAGLE, MT: VIRGINIA, your nice letters of February 24 and March 8 and the P.F. check came. Thanks very much. What an unusual story you have to tell! The experiences of Dale and Bill Shular's escape the first night of the march and the subsequent account of their frustrating trip through Poland to Odessa is enough for a book in itself. However, you have material for a second volume in Dale's trip from Odessa to Naples and how he found you on the Isle of Capri. For our readers, Dale knew that Virginia, an Army Nurse, had been stationed in Italy since September 1943, prior to Dale's orders to an overseas assignment. Therefore, he knew to look for Virginia, but we would be interested to know how he maneuvered through Army channels to locate her. To top it all off, they managed to fend off orders that would have reassigned Virginia to the Pacific Theatre of operations, and both got on the same orders to return to the States. If you would like Bill Shular's address, we carry it as:

Wm. A. Shular, Jr.
4601 Cedar Spring Rd.
Salem, OR 77309.

VIRGINIA (MRS. DALE) BARTON

LOUISVILLE, KY: BILL, what a great story! Jim Bickers sent off a copy of the Oflag 64 Fiftieth Anniversary book to his friend Andy Rooney, who gave the book publicity on "60 Minutes." You got responses from five "lost Kriegies" or their families: James J. Monaghan, John P. Sanford, Delbert Dorman and the families of Edmond F. Koll and James F. Callahan. Bill Warthen is inviting them to Atlanta, and we welcome them with this copy of the Item. Great job, Jim Bickers! **BILL CORY**

For your information and use: P.F. checks should be sent to one of the Secretary-Treasurers and letters with news or general information to the Guest Editors.

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Pinehurst, NC 28374

Bob Levin (910) 673-1590
558 Seven Lakes North
West End, NC 27376

OCEAN SHORES, WA: HUGH, thank you for your interesting letter and the copy of the September 1, 1944, issue of the Oflag 64 Item. We are asking our readers if they remember you with or without your head bandages. Hugh was a B-24 pilot who was shot down June 10, 1944, and who was eventually sent to Oflag 64. Hugh was later sent to Luft III. He would like to correspond with any who remember his visit with us.

Hugh J. Harries
1291 Channel Ave., S.W.
Ocean Shores, WA 98569

HUGH HARRIES

ATLANTA, GA: JIM, thank you for the generous Postage Fund check. We are pleased that you are recovering from your recent illness and that you plan to join us at the Atlanta Reunion.

JIM BANCKER

ELKHORN, NE: HANK, we are happy that you enjoy the Item and we thank you for your check to the Postage Fund. In your next letter, give us a little information on what is going on in your life and community. Will we see you in Atlanta?

KERMIT (HANK) R. HANSEN

HILO, HI: FRED, be assured that all is well! Your Postage Fund contribution via Joe Barrett arrived in the right place! Some of the arrangements planned at our FL Worth Reunion had to be changed due to some banking rules. We believe all is in order now, but we old Kriegies can and will respond to change and difficulties in the best tradition of Survivors!

FRED LIVINGSTON

BELLEROSE VILLAGE, NY: LORRAINE, thank you so much for your Postage Fund contribution. We are very pleased to hear that your copies of the Fiftieth Anniversary Book and Welcome Swede have arrived. We look forward to seeing you in October in Atlanta.

LORRAINE GLENDINNING

KNOXVILLE, TN: KATY, your letter of December 28 informing us of Bill's death was sadly received. We

understand Bill's affection for the members of Oflag 64, as it is a special feeling we all share. We quote from your letter in regard to Bill's appreciation of the Post Oflag 64 Item--"To my husband, it was like getting a letter from home and has been a marvelous way to keep in touch." We thank you for the generous contribution to the Postage Fund.

KATY (MRS. WILLIAM K.) JONES

MYSTIC, CT: MARY, thank you for the check to the P.F. It is very much appreciated.

We look forward to seeing you in Atlanta.

MARY (JAMES K.) CUPIT

ALAMO, TX: CARL AND MARY. We were so pleased to get the March 2 letter, and wondered what may have happened. Your sad note told us the details and the distress of Mary's mother and brother-in-law. Our love and care go to you,

Mary. All the best.

CARL BEDIENT AND MARY

ATLANTA, GA: ELLEN, thank you for the Christmas Card and address you received from Charles and Mary Gibson up in Lawton, Michigan. You are so good in keeping us informed about yourselves and your friends. See you in Atlanta.

MRS. ELLEN BRYAN

LAWTON, MI: CHARLES, so glad to hear second-hand from you and Polly by way of your card to Ellen. Glad your Parkinson's is abated, Rx is the solution! Best wishes and try for Atlanta. Polly, it was good of you to stay in touch with Ellen. She is so special.

CHARLES GIBSON

SYRACUSE, NY: DON, thank you for the nice card and the recent check for the P.F. We heartily agree with you on the D-Day+50 video. It is truly one we look at every now and then. We suppose the real key parts to its success are the fine narrative, photography and the very selective music in the background. Look forward to seeing Cassie and you in Atlanta. Best wishes.

DON WAFUL

COLWYN, PA: HARRY, thank you for the check to the P.F. We are happy to hear that you find the Item interesting and informative. We believe that it could be more interesting to the rest of us if you would give us the news from Colwyn! We all like to learn what the other guys are doing. Can we talk about this in Atlanta?

HARRY ALBERTSON

LEESBURG (HAWTHORNE), FL: JACK AND LYNNE, thank you very much for the generous check for the P.F. Surprised that you didn't enclose a little newsy note, as you always do. We hope all is well with both of you. Since the trip to Atlanta is considerably closer this year, we sure look forward to seeing you there. **JACK VAN VLIET**

MECOSTA, MI: DON, thank you very much for the check for the P.F. This editor spent many a happy summer in a log cabin in Rodney as a young boy, and Mecosta was where we shopped. Big Rapids was for Saturday! Up at 5:00 AM and take the cows to pasture and on the way back break off pieces of stump fences for fire in the kitchen wood stove. We hope you can get together with us in Atlanta.
DON WERNETTE

SPOKANE, WA: HERM, thank you for the check for the P.F. We all wish you a speedy recovery from the recent cataract procedure, and on the left eye as soon as it is done. Suspect that the surgeons are wise, indeed, to hold off on the knee surgery for a while longer. They know and easily recognize overload, much better than we can. Still enjoy the photo assembly from the Ft. Worth trip. We will have them mounted on an easel to show in Atlanta. What a nice visit and chance to get to know you and Lucille better. Our best to you.
HERMAN LITTMAN

CIRCLEVILLE, OH: ERNEST, many thanks for the check you sent for the P.F. Would love to have heard from you directly, since no note came with the check which John Slack forwarded on to us. When you get a chance, write and let us hear about you and your activities. Please try for the Atlanta reunion in October. **ERNEST ANKROM**

OWINGS MILL, MD: LOUIS, many thanks for the check for the P.F., and also the nice note from you. We were so happy to hear of your close interest in Vince DiFrancesco. Herb was in their home a short time ago for an enjoyable visit with him and Mary. Enjoyed it very much. Able to report that they are both fine after a few difficult days over the past year. She fell on the ice and he had a slight stroke and an aorta bypass. He tried to reach Wilbur Sharpe, a close neighbor in Bethesda, to join them, but he has a voluntary service job which caught him on duty, so he had to decline.

Your story about John Creech and your exploits to Odessa are so similar to Herb's, but more exciting perhaps. It is Herb's knowledge of Major Kramer who was from General Deane's staff in Moscow and who assisted in the operations there with you and Vince in the medical handling. Herb is in fairly close touch with Major Hall, who was the one most responsible for the repatriation and our early departure by ship to Naples. Had a very interesting letter from Al Fratzke from out in Sun City West, AZ, with a neat article on his same trip to Odessa.

On Herb's next trip to the D.C. area, he promises to get in touch with you and Vince and Wilbur and have lunch some place convenient to you all. Warm regards to Ruth and you.
LOUIS TANKIN

COLUMBUS, GA: GRANGE, thanks for the discovery of one of our own who was missing on the mailing list. We welcome:

Warren Walters
2820 Woodmont Dr.
Columbus, GA 31907

If any of you know or hear of someone else, please let Carl Christiansen and Barbara hear from you. Thanks. **GEORGE BRITTO**

COLUMBUS, GA: WARREN, what a nice surprise and welcome letter in response to our short welcome back letter. For the benefit of many readers who may recall Warren in Szubin or later, this short profile he mailed to us will assist and serve us nicely:

- Graduate of the University of Arkansas - 1940.
- Appointed a Regular Army Officer under the Thomason Act - 1941.
- Served with the 2d Armored Division - 1940-41.
- Transferred to the 39th Infantry of the 9th Infantry Division - 1941.
- Captured in North Africa at El Guetar by the German 10th Panzer Division - March 1943.
- Hospitalized for 2 months in Sicily.
- Arrived in Oflag 64 in October 1943.
- Returned to U.S. Control-Moosburg with Jack Van Vliet and Al Casner - 5 May 1945.
- Served as a Career Army Officer until 1962 retiring with the rank of Colonel.

Family: Wife of 53 years, Elizabeth, daughter Sara Ann, married to a retired Ranger Officer and son, Bucky, a USN Helicopter Pilot.

We are especially grateful to George Britto, there in your hometown, who found you and sent us the information, and to you, Warren, for sharing the above interesting and proud story. We sincerely welcome you back.

WARREN WALTERS

LAWTON, OK: MARTIN, thank you for the two recent articles that you sent to us from your local Lawton Constitution. (Please, in your own hometowns, as events develop, that you deem of interest to us, do the same and let us hear from you!) Of main interest is a story which Red Legs or Artillerymen will read and understand, with some regret, the loss of the eight-inch Howitzers from the Army Inventory.

The Mattie Beal story, which is included in this Item is fascinating and is so descriptive of the elegance and grace of a family and their mansion at the turn of the century in true frontier milieu. Best wishes and thanks.

MARTIN KEISER

SALEM, OR: LLOYD, thank you for your considerate note. So pleased that you are recovering from the January heart attack. A good thing comes from it—you needed to slow down anyway. The walking therapy is really going to put you in good shape soon for the trip you have on the docket for London. Have fun in one of our favorite places, especially at The Grosvenor House.

Had hoped to see you in Cincinnati in May, but understand why you can't come. John Slack and Herb will be there and "shown off" by Nina and Bob Weinberg, who head that organization.

Your kind words about John Slack were well received and so correct. He is so well regarded and so deserving for all that he has done over the years to bond us together. Warm regards and a speedy full recovery.

LLOYD SHOEMAKER

CINCINNATI, OH: MARY, thank you for the report you gave to us on 3-18-95 on your husband's loss in 1982. We deeply regret not being able to handle it better than that. However, it will be dutifully shown in this review, and again in the "In Memoriam" we always issue to attendees to our Reunion in Atlanta, GA. in October. Our best wishes and belated condolences.

MRS. MARY (ROBERT) OKER

HAMILTON, GA: JANE, what a nice long letter—many thanks. The final story of "The Doctor's Lounge" is enclosed and we appreciate your sharing them with us. Please mail Herb a small package of Graf's works that you would approve of our printing in the Item. Graf was so talented! Atlanta is on the program this year, and we look forward to some long talks in the hospitality room with you.

**MRS. JANE ("GRAF")
GRAFFAGNINO**

KERRVILLE, TX: NINA and BOB, your letters are always so welcome and filled with news about Luft III. We are looking forward to viewing the video "Behind the Wire." Will the video be shown at the Luft III Reunion? John Slack and Herb Garris have been invited by you to attend this Reunion and banquet in Cincinnati in May, and we look forward to their report on this very special 50th Anniversary celebration.

NINA AND BOB WEINBERG

PITTSBURGH, PA: JERRY, thanks so much for your check to the P.F. Your enumeration of the D-Day events in which you participated and conducting worship services every Sunday in a different place must be exhausting! One would think after 50-plus years of service you could retire. We hope to include your excellent article on "Remembering is Important" in the Item in October or November.

E. JEROME ALEXIS

ALEXANDRIA, VA: LAURETTA, thank you for sending us Leslie's obituary from November 1993 and the beautiful eulogy by Dr. F. C. Stukenbroeker. A copy of Les' obituary and excerpts from the eulogy are included in this Item. We do hope you will try to come to Atlanta and meet some of us who may recall Les and also meet some others who attend regularly and have lost their spouses, too. Our best wishes.

LAURETTA (MRS. LESLIE) CROSS

BROOKINGS, SD: HAZEL, your note arrived 4-28-95 and we thank you for it. (The sad news for our members is that Manley Dotson, her husband, passed away in January - a copy of the service is enclosed in this issue.) Our deep condolences go to you, Hazel, and the family. He had a very successful and full life, and we know how proud you are of him. This is a note of appreciation for your check to the Postage Fund. Per your request, this copy, carrying this sad notice, will be the last. You are so thoughtful to report it to us. Our prayers to you and the family.

HAZEL (MRS. MANLEY) DOTSON

VILLA PARK, IL: JAMES, we welcome you as a new member of the Oflag 64. Also appreciate the check to the P.F. As soon as a short biography arrives it will be shown in the next issue. Appreciate your interest in us, enough to buy a copy of the Fiftieth Anniversary book. Thanks so much for the article on "Guarding The Nazi Generals" from May/June 1995 Michigan History Magazine. Your library holdings on POW life is awesome. Our congratulations.

JAMES JENS IVERSON

BANGOR, ME: MILTON, thanks for your two recent letters. The check for the P.F. is most welcome. Congratulations on the poem you enclosed. (He made a late entry into a contest with the enclosed poem, which was accepted.) It will appear shortly in a book of poems titled A Break in the Clouds, by the National Library of Poetry in Owings Mills, MD. Best wishes and we look to see you in Atlanta. We have taken the liberty of including your poem here.

MILTON JELLISON

T'is Fall

The sun is bright, the sky is blue,
and the air is cool
Children are hurrying home from school
The leaves come quietly, sacheting down,
without a sound
From high in the trees to the ground.
Now they are dry, brown, curled and free to go
Just waiting for a breeze or the wind to blow,
And send them rustling, dancing,
swirling down the street
The oak, the maple, the elm,
and others mix and meet.
They all dance around together without a care
Across my lawn and high in the air.
Some stop behind my steps and pile in a row
Hoping to hide from the coming winter snow,
Other leaves continue, racing, prancing around
Until the rain flattens them onto the ground
Here they must stay under the winter snows
Until they can dry and the spring wind blows
From here we know not where they go
To someplace we will never know.

—Milton S. Jellison

The Torch

A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER FOR THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

NO. 95-3 MARCH 1995



Secretary Heyman addresses the news media on the Air and Space exhibition "The Last Act." Shown with him are, from left, Regents Frank A. Shrontz (partly hidden), Hanna H. Gray and Manuel L. Ibáñez; Smithsonian National Board Chairman Wilber Ross; and Regents Sen. Alan K. Simpson, Barber B. Conable Jr., Wesley S. Williams Jr., Sen. Thad Cochran, Rep. Norman Y. Mineta, Homer Neal, Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan, Jeannine Smith Clark, Samuel C. Johnson and Rep. Samuel Johnson. Simpson, Cochran and Rep. Johnson are new regents. (Jeff Tinsley photo)

Enola Gay exhibit scaled down

It was fitting that the biggest controversy ever at the Smithsonian should end with the biggest news conference. At noon on Monday, Jan. 30, Secretary Heyman faced a horde of journalists (26 TV crews, 10 radio correspondents and nearly 60 reporters) in Room 3111 of the Ripley Center to announce the news about the proposed Enola Gay exhibition at Air and Space.

Secretary Heyman had met that morning with the Board of Regents to discuss the conclusion he had reached about this exhibition. The board stood behind him, literally and figuratively, as he told the assembled journalists that the exhibit known as "The Last Act" would be replaced by a simple display focusing on the restored forward fuselage of the Enola Gay, an explanatory label or labels and a video about the plane's crew.

Excerpts from the statement follow.

"This morning, I shared with the Board of Regents my decision to replace 'The Last Act: The Atomic Bomb and the End of World War II' (the Enola Gay exhibition) scheduled to open in May at the National Air and Space Museum. I have taken this action for one overriding reason: I have concluded that we made a basic error in attempting to couple an historical treatment of the use of atomic weapons with the 50th anniversary commemoration of the end of the war.

"In this important anniversary year, veterans and their families were expecting, and rightly so, that the nation would honor and commemorate their valor and sacrifice. They were not looking for analysis, and, frankly, we did not give enough thought to

(See 'Enola Gay,' Page 8.)

'Enola Gay'

(Continued from Page 1)

the intense feelings such an analysis would evoke.

"Once the controversy was upon us, our staff made a sincere effort to create a more balanced exhibition. Within a month of my becoming secretary of the Smithsonian last fall, plans for the exhibition were substantially revamped. They included a new 4,000-square-foot section on the "War in the Pacific" and extensive revisions to the script throughout. In all, I believe we eventually succeeded in creating plans for a more balanced presentation.

"However, the problem was more than one of balance. There was, in fact, a fundamental flaw in the concept of the exhibition. In retrospect, I now feel strongly that despite our sincere efforts to address everyone's concerns, we were bound to fail. No amount of re-balancing could change the confusing nature of the exhibition.

"Therefore, I intend to take several actions. Let me just say that it is rare for the secretary of the institution to step in and take direct charge of an exhibition, but I have concluded that given the complexity of the circumstances, it is the best course of action.

"I think the new exhibition should be a much simpler one, essentially a display, permitting the Enola Gay and its crew to speak for themselves. The focal point of the display would be the Enola Gay. Along with the plane would be a video about its crew. It is particularly important in this commemorative year that veterans and other Americans have the opportunity to see the restored portion of the fuselage of the Enola Gay.

"The institution has much to learn from this experience. To that end, the University of Michigan has agreed to co-sponsor a forum with the Smithsonian this spring on the subject of the appropriate ways for museums to handle controversial subjects. In particular, we will discuss the Smithsonian's role and responsibilities as a national museum.

"Also, I believe that the issue of atomic weapons is one which the institution, in its

role as a public forum on important issues, can address well in the future, but not necessarily in an exhibition. Therefore, I am considering a series of public symposia to be held at a later date.

"Finally, sometime in the future, the Enola Gay will be displayed at the Air and Space Museum's extension at Dulles International Airport in Virginia.

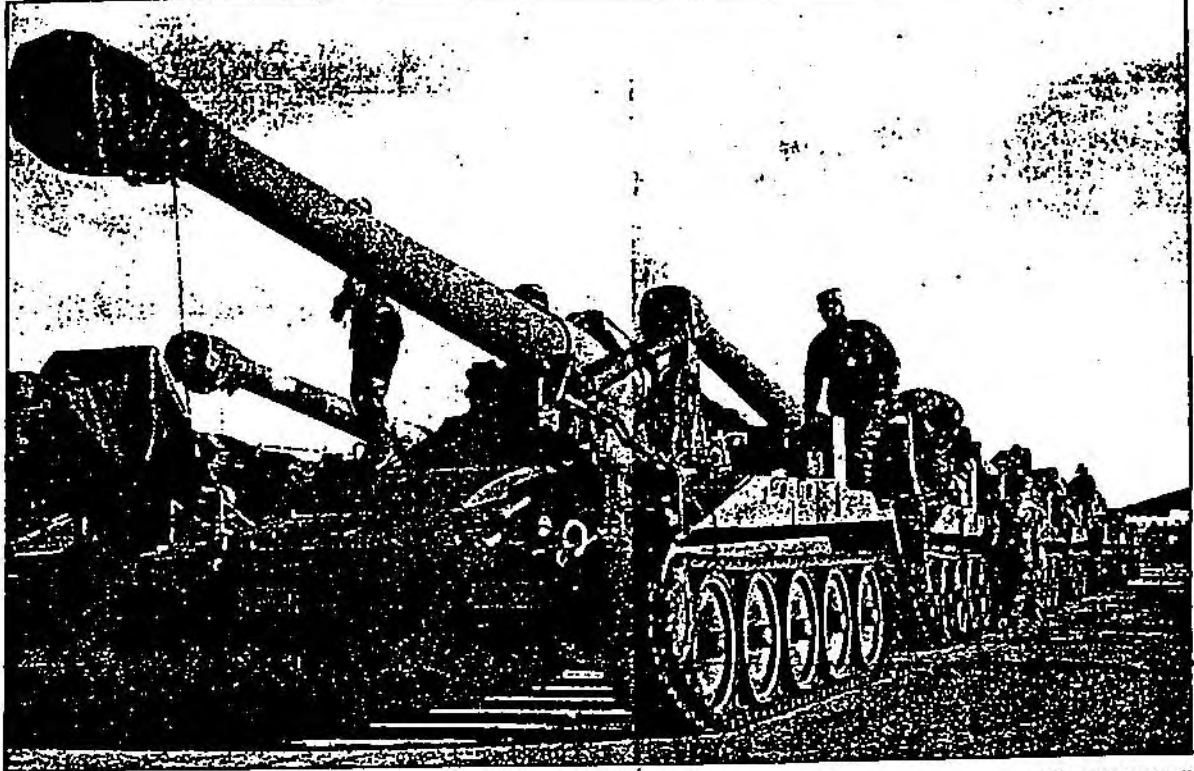
"I have a number of regrets about this sad situation. One is that it has gotten in the way of the commemoration of our nation's victory over aggression 50 years ago. We at the Smithsonian do not want to have this controversy overshadow the recognition that our veterans so richly deserve.

"I also regret that the Enola Gay controversy has led some to doubt the value of historical inquiry by museums. I believe that important artifacts of American history ought to be exhibited in an historical context.

"And finally, I regret that this action will be seen by some as a criticism of those responsible for this exhibition. The central problem was not their lack of skill or hard work, but rather our collective inability to anticipate the difficulty of presenting this complex subject in conflicting contexts. However, I do intend to conduct an extensive management review of the National Air and Space Museum.

"Just over four months ago, I came to the Smithsonian Institution imbued with great hopes I still feel. This institution is a splendid array of museums and research centers with an extraordinary staff. But I also came in the midst of a controversy that is now consuming me and the institution and is interfering with the important work our nation asks us to do. It is time to move forward.

"On this, the eve of our 150th anniversary in 1996, we can work to achieve our fundamental goal of making the Smithsonian, the nation's museum, representative of and accessible to greater and greater numbers of Americans. The public's trust is sacred, and we intend to do all in our power to be worthy of that trust."



JEFF DIXON/staff

Soldiers in the 5th Battalion, 18th Field Artillery secure the last eight-inch howitzers to leave active duty service at Fort Sill Tuesday.

Last eight-inch howitzer leaves active duty service

By STEVE METZER/Staff writer

It seems ironic there was no bang.

If anything ever deserved to "go out with a bang" it was the eight-inch howitzer.

After eight decades of service, which included countless skirmishes and major battles in five wars, the last eight-inch howitzer left active duty service Tuesday.

But in the end there was no bang, only the rumblings of vehicle engines and shouted directions of soldiers in a Fort Sill motor pool.

The morning ended an era not only for the 5th Battalion, 18th Field Artillery, which is in the process of converting from the eight-inch howitzer to the Multiple Launch Rocket System: it ended an era for field artillerymen around the world.

The 5th-18th FA fired 2,760 rounds in action against the enemy during the Persian Gulf War, according to Maj. Frank Wheeler, the battalion's executive officer. There's no telling how many millions of rounds were fired "in anger" over the years, in places with names like Cassino, Intramuros, Kunuri and Khe Sanh.

"We always look forward to new things, but the eight-inch howitzer has a great history," Wheeler said.

Most soldiers in the 5th-18th FA are deployed to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. When they return, cannon crew members will leave the battalion for 155mm howitzer units assigned to Fort Sill or other posts. No doubt many will feel a bit nostalgic for the old eight-inchers.

"I think most of the guys will miss it because they realize it's a piece of history and they had a chance to work with it," said Capt. Randy Gunter, of the battalion's B Battery.

Army veterans who worked with the eight-inch howitzer also will miss the weapon, which helped to define field artillery as the "king of battle."

Retired Maj. Gen. Charles Brown, former commanding general of Fort Sill, remembers the eight-inch howitzer as a "powerful weapon that did a helluva fine job" in increasing the level of firepower that could be brought to bear against an enemy force.

A devastating effect could be produced by placing eight-inch howitzers behind smaller guns, he said. Armed with shorter range 105mm guns in New Guinea and the Philippines during World War II, he said he would like to have had another 6,000 to 7,000 meters of range provided by eight-inch guns.

"I'm not saying they don't have weapons that will take over that role. They've come well along with new systems," Brown said. "But (the eight-inch howitzer) was a great weapon that was vital in its time."

Retired Col. George Moses, former commander of the 2nd Battalion, 83rd Field Artillery, which fielded eight-inch howitzers, agreed that the eight-inch was unique in its accuracy and lethality.

"The eight-inch cannon was, and probably still is, the most accurate cannon in the world," Moses said. "Many artillerymen who served that piece have fond memories of it."

Moses said the cannon provided a bigger punch than smaller counterparts, the 105mm and 155mm howitzers.

"It had a distinguished history in World War II, Korea and Vietnam and deserves a fine salute as it goes out of service," the retired-colonel said.

Retired Col. Butch Nobles, former commander of the 6th Battalion, 37th Field Artillery, which also fielded eight-inch howitzers, said the guns were the most accurate in the Army's arsenal in Korea and Vietnam.

"You'd fire repetitive rounds and they'd all land in the same hole. That's how accurate it was," Nobles said.

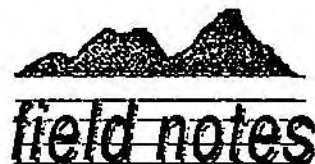
Nobles said the eight-inch gun's 200-pound shell could be especially devastating to enemy targets. After the introduction of a shell capable of delivering many explosive submunitions downrange, he remembers comparing the firing effects of a battery of six 105mm guns to a battery of six 155mm guns to two eight-inch howitzers.

"There was absolutely no comparison," he said. "They not only gave you more for your money, but their range was a little longer, too."

It's probable that the last eight-inch howitzers to leave active service will continue to serve in one way or another, Wheeler said. Some likely will be fielded by Army National Guard units. Some may be disarmed and placed in Fort Sill impact areas to serve as targets — receiving rounds rather than delivering them downrange.

WICHITA MOUNTAINS

By Edward Charles Ellenbrook



field notes

Sitting on high ground on the south edge of town in Lawton's first subdivision, known as Beal Heights Addition, stands one of the most elegant and resplendent homes built during the early, frontier years of Lawton. The Mattie Beal Home, a mansion when it was built, was constructed in 1908.

When the Kiowa-Comanche territory was opened to settlement in 1901, an energetic young woman named Mattie Beal, from Wichita, Kan., was awarded the second draw in the great land lottery that included parcels of land throughout the Wichita Mountains. Her name was the second drawn from more than 160,000 registered entries. Her picture appeared in all major newspapers in the country, and she received marriage proposals from all over the nation.

The No. 2 draw in the lottery enabled this young woman, who brought with her the zeal and vigor of the pioneer spirit, to choose her land adjacent to the Lawton townsite. She platted her 160 acres and six years later built the mansion at the corner of Southwest 5th Street and Summit Avenue.

Palatial in appearance, the four-story, 14-room house was the inspiration of Mattie Beal. The Corinthian columns were reminiscent of her grandparents' plantation home in Ash Grove, Mo., and some aspects were taken from a house she and her husband, Charles Payne, saw while attending the World's Fair in San Francisco.



Photo courtesy of Audrey Routh

A certain elegance and splendor can be seen in the arched, rounded forms of its neoclassical Greek revival styling and the decorative Baroque ornamentation. The builders used some of the most beautiful woods, including oak, cherry and pine. There are three fireplaces with solid marble mantles. Above the fireplace in the living room is a colorful and eye-catching stained glass window that depicts a scene of the Wichita Mountains.

Often, when entering the living room (through the oak-framed doorway), with its high ceiling, marble mantle fireplace and dark-stained wallboard entryway into the dining room, I would try to envision what Christmas must have been like at the Payne home in the early years of our town. I could

easily visualize the excitement of the Payne children — Lahoma Beal (the eldest), Louisa, and the youngest daughter, Martha Helen — as they gathered around the Christmas tree in the living room on a Christmas eve to examine and shake all the packages under the tree before Charles and Mattie corralled them and sent them upstairs to bed.

In endeavoring to obtain a clearer picture of the Payne family's Christmas celebration, I talked with Audrey Routh, who was a childhood friend of Lahoma Payne.

James A. Adams, Audrey's father, was a Texas Ranger and rode with the Frontier Battalion (the last company to meet the few remaining stragglers from several southwestern Indian tribes) during the 1881-82 campaign. Later he became a cattleman who rented various Indian lease lands. That caused the family to sporadically move from place to place until it moved to Lawton, just a few blocks away from the Payne residence, from a farm outside Chattanooga. The Adams family moved to 312 Summit, where they lived for a couple of years before moving into a two-story, wood-frame house at 805 SW F. Audrey and Lahoma became close friends while attending Lincoln School together, and Audrey often visited in the Payne home.

Audrey, who was a correspondent for the Oklahoma City Times and a feature writer for the Orbit magazine of the Daily Oklahoman, is a historian and author of a booklet entitled "The Mattie Beal Story." Through her reflections, she gives us a glimpse into Christmas as it was at the Mattie Beal home in those early years.

"The Christmas tree was placed beside the west corner of the fireplace in the family room (living room) with ornaments and lights like any other Christmas tree," she recalls. One particular decoration she remembers was the "paper rings" that Lahoma made from colored paper joined together to form a chain and strung around the tree.



Sketch of the living room of the Mattie Beal Home — by Charles Ellenbrook

As for Christmas lights, "It seems to me that they had some color in these early lights. Mattie Beal mainly used candles inside the house for decorating on tables."

On Christmas eve 1908, the Paynes attended the Christmas program at the First Presbyterian Church, where their daughter Lahoma had a part in the program.

The Lawton Constitution-Democrat had a story about the program held at 7:30 p.m. in the original building of the First Presbyterian Church (which was restored in 1982 and is now known as the Little Chapel of Lawton) at the corner of Fourth Street and D Avenue.

According to the news story, "An elaborate program was given at the First Presbyterian Church on Christmas eve at the time of the Christmas tree and a special offering was made for foreign missionary work. This collection was liberally responded to by members of the Church and the children of the Sunday School." Lahoma was named as giving a recitation along with other children of the church who had a part in the Christmas program.

All in all, Christmas must have been a joyous occasion for the Payne children, as with all children during this season.

A fascinating historical account of the life and times of Martha Helen "Mattie" Beal can be found in Audrey Routh's booklet. Copies can be purchased at the open house at the Mattie Beal Home held the second Sunday of each month. Tours are from 1:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

Milestones of the Mattie Beal Home



1901 — Mattie Beal wins 160 acres in the land lottery.

1902 — The Beal Addition is surveyed and platted on July 26 by John S. Lozier. Mattie Beal obtains the deed to the 160 acres on Oct. 20.

1907 — Construction begins on the home in November.

1908 — The house is completed, and the Payne family will occupy it until 1937.

1931 — On July 24, Mattie Beal dies unexpectedly from a ruptured appendix after surgery.

1939 — James A. McCarty buys the house.

1941 — Beulah and Walter G. Foster, a local grocer, purchase the home.

1947 — Charles Payne dies of pneumonia on Nov. 29.

1965 — Ila Mae Allsman, a local real estate broker, buys the house on July 27 and converts the house into individual apartments.

1974 — The house is purchased by Southwestern Hospital. On March 19, the Lawton Heritage Association buys the property.

1975 — The house is listed on the national Register of Historic Places.

1977 — The home is reopened for tours.

Singing Strings at Sagan

Twenty years ago this month we were walking along a cobblestoned road toward the small rail station in Sagan, a village in Silesia. Accompanying us was a bored and silent German soldier who intermittently pulled a bit of cheese and some sour, black bread from his metal cannister and munched away in dispirited fashion. We were headed back to the groundforce officer's Prisoner of War camp, Oflag 64, in Poland, about a two and a half day journey under the conditions of rail travel at the time.

Since being captured on the Anzio beachhead almost nine months earlier, our supervised travel had taken us by supply truck to Rome, by motor lorry to a camp near Siena, by rail to Bolzano and northern Italy through the Brenner Pass into Munich and a larger POW camp in nearby Moosburg. After a few weeks there we had travelled by rail again to the camp at Sczubin, a small Polish town near Bromberg.

For the first few weeks in Poland our spirits had remained good, but gradually over the next months the bare subsistence diet and steady preoccupation with thoughts of food along with the monotony of prison-camp routine had dulled our consciousness to a low level of gray uniformity. When a request came for a medical officer to be sent to the large Air Force camp, Stalag Luft III, in Silesia, we had volunteered willingly. The change of scenery had only a temporary effect on brightening our outlook, and within a short time an overpowering depression aggravated by the inactivity of close confinement and the frustration of holding daily sick-call with nothing to offer the ailing (most of whom were malingerers fighting the same boredom as we) settled in for good. In November when the opportunity came to

leave Luft III and return to the camp in Poland, we had seized it, but with little hope other than that change of any kind would be welcome.

At Sagan we had lived in a low, one-story wooden-frame barracks within the main barbed-wire enclosure, but separated by more barbed-wire from the three main compounds of the camp. Our medical *lazarette* housed a medical and a dental treatment room, living quarters for three medical officers, one dental officer, several enlisted medical orderlies, and about a dozen two and four bed rooms for the hospitalization of non-surgical patients. Any cases of serious illness or those requiring major surgical treatment that we picked up at our routine sick calls had to be sent to a larger prison camp hospital about 30 kilometers away, which served several camps in the general area.

One of the factors contributing to our discomfort at Luft III was the other American medical officer there (the senior medical man and the dentist were both British). He was a young 1st Lieutenant, loud, brash, and typical of a personality later to be described as "the Ugly American." Although he had been in the Army only two months and in combat for less than a week before being captured in the *wadis* of North Africa, he was an authority on military tactics and a severe critic of the way the Allies were conducting their campaign against the Germans. In *kriegie* terminology he was also an "operator" who utilized the meager added privileges of his position as a doctor, (protected personnel along with dentists, chaplains and war correspondents under the Geneva Convention) to his best advantage. Using a hoard of rations, clothing, and medicines culled from the extras in the medical parcels supplied by the Red Cross for hospitalized patients, he lived in relative comfort through barter and bargaining with the Germans. He enjoyed such seldom seen items as cigars, loaves of white bread, wine, and special cheeses, and had amassed a large souvenir collection of rings, watches, cameras, laces, linens, china and other odds and ends that turned up sporadically in black market transactions. There was little compassion in his nature and his dedication to medicine was predicated only on its usefulness as an occupation of status adaptable to personal advancement. He had welcomed us enthusiastically when we arrived at Sagan, but with a slight reservation since our rank as Captain was a step higher than his own as Lieutenant.

It was logical that the two Americans should room together, and for several weeks we shared quarters pleasantly in spite of our differences in outlook. The aggravation that finally broke up our close association as roommates arrived one day in the form of a violin. It had been bargained for through one of his several civilian

the

DOCTORS' LOUNGE



contacts and represented an outlay of some long woolen underwear, a pair of GI shoes, two packs of American cigarettes, and a can of powdered milk.

Before long we discovered that our roommate was a far better businessman than he was a musician. He could sing only in a monotone, had little conception of rhythm or harmonics, and in fact was almost completely atonal. As a boy of eight, however, the violin had been inflicted on him unsuccessfully for six months, and in maturity he had often regretted "not keeping on with his music." He regarded the violin as a great prize and attacked it with a ruthless determination, picking up where he had left off in his practice some twenty years before. Apparently he had never gotten much beyond the finger exercises and a halting rendition of *Humoresque*, but he was methodical and persistent and devoted two hours each afternoon and one hour each night to the instrument. Being tone deaf must have helped, since the noises and scrapings he produced were indescribable; they were also intolerable to normal ears.

After a week of tortured listening, and getting no reaction to our hints that perhaps the violin was a faulty one, the rest of us agreed that some action was imperative. At the insistence of the British dentist who lived in the adjacent room and who was an accomplished accordion player, we prevailed finally through persuasion and military rank and moved the offending instrumentalist into a small patient room at the far end of the barracks. There he continued to saw away daily. This turned out to be an effective means of shortening the hospital stays of patients, for only the hardiest of our malingerers were willing to remain on the sick list for more than a couple of days thereafter.

As we walked away from Stalag Luft III that day in November, the violin noises at the start of another afternoon practice session filled the air and followed us down the road. Our German guard stopped eating his bread and cheese momentarily, shook his head in helpless dejection, and muttered to no one in particular, "Ach, Gott! Krieg ist besser."

Excerpts of the Leslie Cross Eulogy
by Dr. F. C. Stukenbroeker

THE WASHINGTON POST

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1993

LESLIE H. CROSS

Army Colonel

Leslie H. Cross, 76, an Army colonel who retired in 1969 as executive officer to the inspector general of the Army, died of cancer Nov. 1 at the Hospice of Northern Virginia.

Col. Cross, who lived in Alexandria, was born in Black Lake, Quebec, and grew up in Lancaster, N.H. He graduated from Norwich University in Vermont and began his Army career in 1938.

During World War II, he was assigned to a White House security unit, then served as commander of a reconnaissance squadron in Europe. He was captured by enemy units and was a prisoner of war.

After the war, Col. Cross returned to the United States and served at

the Pentagon and later in Tokyo. Subsequent assignments included service with the Command and General Staff College in Kansas, duty in Germany and Vietnam and as an adviser to the Tennessee National Guard. His decorations included a Bronze Star and three battle stars.

On retiring from the Army, Col. Cross worked for the National Guard Association of the United States as curator of its museum. He retired from that job in 1981.

He had been a permanent resident of the Washington area since 1963.

Survivors include his wife of 52 years, Loretta Hausted Cross of Alexandria; two daughters, Sheree Lanier of Bristol, Tenn., and Dianne Thompson of Cincinnati; and four grandchildren.

"We gather today to celebrate the life of
LESLIE CROSS....

We knew him as a husband, father, grandfather, distinguished military officer, patriot, citizen, devoted Christian, humanitarian and member who contributed much to this congregation.

....As you know, Les suffered through a long, painful and agonizing illness. I know that he, along with his family, have thought deeply about the mysteries, perplexities, contradictions and unpredictabilities of life.

However, even in these final days of illness, he never lost his chipper, up-beat, positive attitude, his full and eager acceptance of life.....

Just a few weeks ago I visited Les in his home. He seemed eager to talk.... He wanted to reminisce, to recall his early years, and some of his experiences.

Then suddenly, his eyes twinkling, he jumped up, almost ran into the adjoining room and returned with a picture, with the comment, "Here's one of the highlights of my military career."

The picture showed Les, as a young officer in 1945 in Luxembourg, with General George Patton. Early that morning Les had received a call that General Patton would be visiting Les' command. The General came, asked quick questions about the military situation, then departed - but not before, in excellent mood, he consented to have his picture taken with Les. "I've framed that picture," Les said, "and written up an account of the incident."

....I feel that over the years I have become with Les Cross not only a friend, gregarious, full of fun and good cheer, but as a man searching for spiritual depth in life. He was a man of integrity, courage and faith. He was a man of love, compassion, and willingness to help others....."



MANLEY EARL DOTSON was born January 22, 1922, at Milbank, South Dakota, to Clarence and Anna (Iverson) Dotson. He died Thursday, January 26, 1995, at the Valley Lutheran Hospital in Mesa, Arizona, at the age of 73.

Manley graduated from Milbank High School. He served in the United States Army 135th Infantry during World War II. He was taken as a prisoner of war in Tunisia and liberated 22 months later in Poland. Following the war he worked in Milbank for Dakota Granite, the Milwaukee Railroad, Ken's Transfer and Wilson Trucking. He moved to Brookings, South Dakota, in 1962 and was the cartage agent for Wilson Trucking which later became All American Freight and then American Freight System. He retired in 1976.

In June 1945, Manley married Geneva Lone at Nunda, South Dakota. She died October 5, 1972. He married Hazel Rieger April 26, 1973, in Brookings.

While in Milbank Manley served as a deputy sheriff, justice of the peace, city commissioner, and on the volunteer fire department. In Brookings he served on the city commission for two terms. He was a member of Brookings Lodge No. 24, A.F.&A.M.; Brookings Chapter No. 18, R.A.M.; Brookings Commandery No. 14, K.T.; El Riad Shrine Temple in Sioux Falls; The American Legion; Veterans of Foreign Wars; Disabled American Veterans; the Brookings Area Chamber of Commerce, and was a Past Exalted Ruler of Brookings Elks Lodge No. 1490. He was a charter member of Ascension Lutheran Church in Brookings.

Survivors include his wife, Hazel of Brookings; two sons: Michael (Diane) and David Dotson of Brookings; three step-children: Stephen Rieger of Pierre, South Dakota, Penny Rieger and Michael (Paula) Rieger, all of Mesa; three grandchildren: Heather and Emily Dotson, and Megan Rieger; a brother, Gerald (Grace) Dotson of Maple Shade, New Jersey; two sisters: June Flathers of Milbank and Frances (Ralph) Bracht of Howard, South Dakota; a step-brother, Clarence Kiern of Hurricane, Utah, and a step-sister, Eunice Carr of San Leandro, California. He was preceded in death by his parents; his wife, Geneva; two sisters, Fern and Bernice, and a step-brother, Cypheron Kiern.

In Loving Memory

In Loving Memory

MANLEY E. DOTSON
January 22, 1922 - January 26, 1995

Funeral Services

2:00 P.M., Tuesday, January 31, 1995
Ascension Lutheran Church
Brookings, South Dakota

Clergy

Pastor Paula Geister-Jones

Music

Philip Wyse, Organist
Cheryl Freyberg, Vocalist
"Hymn Of Promise"
"Precious Lord, Take My Hand"
Congregational Hymns
No. 448 "Amazing Grace"
No. 532 "How Great Thou Art"

Pallbearers

Glen Anderegg
Ronald Bjerke
Edwin Fuller

Lyle Osmond
Richard Potter
Rueben Steen

Interment and Military Graveside Rites
First Lutheran Cemetery
Brookings, South Dakota

Book Review

By Herbert L. Garris

ESCAPE TO RUSSIA by Howard Randolph (Boomer) Holder (Iberian Publishing Co., Athens, GA 282 pp., \$35.00, 1994).

This unusual book is one of many about a soldier and his vivid memories of the days spent in captivity in the hands of the German Army from early 1943 until mid-January 1945.

The author had the prescience to keep meticulous notes throughout this period and made them into a rough draft in 1946. About a year ago, he was encouraged by many members of Oflag 64, including this reviewer, to publish it in book form.

His unit was baptized under fire from Marshall Rommel's Afrika Korps in Tunisia, where he was a tank platoon commander with the 1st Armored Division.

No amount of pre-combat training could ever prepare a soldier for being captured. Initially, there is a period of shock which finally wears off with two resolutions: to survive and to find a way to escape as soon as a window appears. The author held to this resolve and it took two years to finally succeed. It is a great tribute to him and his self-discipline, patience and endurance that he was able to withstand many of the conditions which were present while he was a guest of the Germans. Throughout his ordeal, he was in the hands of The Wehrmacht, or the Army, thankfully not under the aegis of the S.S. or the Gestapo.

The initial movement of import was from Tunis to Italy by a JU52 German Air Force plane, the type that was used in their parachute assaults. The camp was near Naples and was called Capua.

The next move was by train northward through the Brenner Pass to Moosburg, Stalag VII A, located near Munich. Interrogations took place all along, even to the next stage at Rothernburg, Oflag IX; with the final step by train to Oflag 64, at Szubin in Poland, the designated main camp for American Ground Forces officers.

His good sense of humor and flexible disposition enabled him to handle many of the inconveniences for the two years.

Holder's presentation of his experience is done in a scholarly manner, yet with a good understanding of those with whom he was confined and developing at the same time a bonding unlike any generally seen under such conditions.

The sketches and photos are clear and well defined, providing an insight into the many talented and skilled personnel assembled there.

The wide coverage of most all of the camp programs we were engaged in are interesting and include many names of those who are involved in the story.

The most vital goal within the camp, surely sponsored by the Senior American officers, was to combine the many talents and provide programs of

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interest and productivity to pass the time by doing something worthwhile. The book gives a very fine picture of the many activities that were made possible by the International Y.M.C.A., and the assists that were provided with books, athletic equipment and other items to make our life more meaningful and productive.

The latter part of the book is an experience which so closely parallels that of this reviewer was the movement scheduled for the entire camp early on the morning of January 21, 1945. It was to place the some 1,500 members of the camp into the heart of Germany in order to keep the Russian troops from reaching us.

As soon as a window appeared, many left the column, at great danger, until finally the senior officers discouraged such action for fear of retaliation and possible harm to those remaining behind.

The column proceeded some 1,200 miles on the way through Hammelburg and Nuremburg to Moosburg, where they were freed by American troops. Those, like the author, were constantly amazed at the courtesy and warmth shown by the Polish with their meager food supplies, and the standoffishness and intransigence of the Russian troop leaders. We simply were never fully accepted, and even in Odessa were kept in custody not unlike a prison camp.

We may never know why they held such suspicion of us, but it was surely not the way an ally should have behaved.

As we sailed out of Odessa harbor on through Istanbul via Port Said into Naples, a happy and most grateful air prevailed. From Naples, a transport was waiting which took the officers home to ports along the Atlantic Seaboard.

This is truly a well-written and easy to read book, very interesting in the steps the author took as he made his way, finally, to freedom and repatriation.

Considerable credit is given to Larry Allen, one of the war correspondents in our camp, Col. Thomas Drake, the first Senior American officer, the men of the 1st Platoon of the 1st Armored Division, and Clementi, Holder's wife, who all made the book possible.

I recommend this book with absolutely no reservations and am proud to have it in my library. A job well done, Boomer!

Review: Rich Relations: The American Occupation of Britain, 1942-1945

by David Reynolds, Random House, 1995, 555 pp., \$35.00

Reviewer: Herbert L. Garris

The author is from Cambridge and a Fellow of Christ's College. He is a leading British historian, a skilled and dedicated researcher, and a prolific and successful writer, both as an author and co-author of some five works.

Your reviewer was in residence for nine months in England (1943-1944) and was able to travel all across the country from Lands End and Penzance, to Whitby for firing in the English Channel to Scotland and Loch Lomond, where his close personal observations are in total accord with the author's presentation. The book is in six parts broken into three to six sub-chapters each by topic discussions. It portrays a fascinating description of the lives of many American troops amongst the British hosts. It, in short, amounted to, in my view, an unparalleled orientation of both parties, filled with many mixed emotions. Some of joy, sorrow, disappointment and yet a deep appreciation for our part in the war effort. It closed with a welcome relief for the days which followed V-E Day and the return of our troops home and a return to normal life in the months which followed. On the other hand there was a great amount of joy, happiness and reward of those historic days, especially those who made a determined effort to go forward and meet the hosts at least half way, and even today are still vivid reminders of my correspondence with some of those friends made. Clearer to me is my deep admiration of the many warm and generous friends, who struck me as so pleasant and hospitable on most all occasions.

To give the readers some concept of the magnitude of the arrivals of the huge troop influx that peaked by the time of D-Day, it reached nearly one quarter of a million troops including the Allies. Another point rarely noticed by those not familiar with the way in which England is divided into counties like our states and the location and reason for their selective placement of heavy troop needs. The most heavily populated was Wiltshire, adjacent to Berks, in which the 101st Airborne Division was located, which lies west of London extending through the Salisbury Plain on to Cornwall. The second next populous was East Anglia along The Wash facing the Channel along the northern area above London.

Review: *Rich Relations*
H. L. Garris

The first was wide open farms and small towns mainly which was the home of the combat corps, divisional, and their close support units, while the Anglia area became the home of the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces. Wiltshire won the large title handily with around 136,000 billeted within its area.

Certainly the above figures are mind-boggling and the related needs which included: troop space for lodging, firing, and maneuvers, ammo and equipment storage. The Army Air Force needs were: new and old air bases retrofitted, administration buildings, work and hangar space with fuel and ammo dumps and equipment hard stands. Aside from this very large and trying requirement came along another clearly annoying test of patience and life in many cases. It was the discomforting and disrupting increase in traffic with the enormous advent in military vehicles of all types from jeeps to heavy tankers and other armored and amphibious vehicles. It made an inordinate strain on the local communities and the ancient and narrow roadways.

A closer and more noticeable shock was the acute thrust of Yanks into many parts of England. Their reception was varied, but generally they were accepted with a great deal of understanding and a willingness to try to be civil on most all occasions. With this another factor entered the equation as unit commanders tried hard to provide a better understanding for the troops of the conservative British people and their culture. Yet, it was faced with a fact that thousands of British men were no longer there at home and were posted at many corners far away in the British Empire. This led to many ancillary problems as time went on. In their absence the American troops soon found entry as "The Rich Relatives" into local clubs, pubs, churches and other public and private places. Their generosity, friendliness, often as not with a touch of brashness, were welcomed overall, with inevitably a few "ugly Americans" present or just enough to spoil the desired demeanor. In time the vulnerable young ladies and their respectful families provided most hospitable homes away from home for so many of us. Such a relief it was to the repetitive and boring training, long marches and the endless flow of Brussels sprouts served with great regularity. We soon learned to share: chewing gum, candy, cigarettes and

**Review: *Rich Relations*
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some food items, as we visited, to supplant their already depleted supplies.

The chapter entitled "Real Life" with its five sections profoundly portrays a complex profile of the Yanks, Gals, Fly Boys, Negroes and the Allies. It covers the gamut of contacts made by the above with young teenage girls, clever prostitutes, a glimpse at Piccadilly Circus in full blackout, and the obvious marriages to Americans. In the latter case many examples followed of callous misconduct of some Americans who left many lovers and their families with many sad and broken hearts and promises unfulfilled.

It is indeed an illustration of a blending of two national cultures, quite close in many ways but with some severe differences, with many pleasures shared mutually, along with some tense moments, yet it provided those Americans a respite for the preparations just ahead on D-Day in France across the Channel. As mentioned earlier and more especially on my return in 1994 to Normandy and England their deep appreciation of us was constantly voiced with great sincerity.

I commend this fine work to those who served there in those times, and the many war brides who have since become creditable and exemplary Americans, and to those thoughtful British families who received us so graciously.

Congratulations and my best wishes for a splendid historical work which touched, repeatedly, and in several ways the heart of this reviewer!

1031 words