

POST OFLAG 64 ITEM

FALL 2000

LAUGHLIN, NV 2000

The dates are all set and everything is GO.

This reunion will have a very special guest. An intense search was started to locate a relative of Col Goode and invite them to the reunion. Jim Sherman discovered that he had a daughter that was in school at Oregon State while we were all in prison. Bill Warthen sent out several letters to organizations that might be able to find her and find her they did. She now lives in Lynchburg, VA and is coming to the reunion.

Robert Galloway is in the last stages of his video documentary. He will present it at the end of the business meeting on Monday morning. It should be very interesting.

SPOKANE, WA 2001

Herm is working on arrangements for the 2001 reunion in Spokane. He has contacted hotels, but has made no definite commitment yet. He will keep us

posted from time to time.

COLUMBUS, GA 2002

No word yet on arrangements for 2002

PUBLICATIONS

POSTAGE FUND DONORS
Spring 2000 to Winter 2000 issue

The Waters Story \$19.50
My Tour of Russia \$ 5.00
The Men of Oflag 64 \$ 20.00
The Oflag 64 Directory \$ 3.00
Oflag 64 Audio Tape \$ 5.00
Original Roster-Oflag 64 \$10.00
Tribute to TF Baum (Paperback) \$15.00
Hammelburg Roster \$ 7.50
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In the Presence of Mine Enemies \$10.00
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 Charlotte, NC 28210-4720

Escape to Russia \$35.00
 Make check payable and send to:
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 383 Westview Drive
 Athens, GA 30606-4635
 Pho. (706)549-3337

Americans Behind the Barbed Wire
 By Frank Diggs \$24.95
 Plus shipping 3.75
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 Contact: Vandamere Press
 P.O.Box 5243
 Arlington, VA 22205

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**OFLAG 64
REUNION
2000
Ramada Express Casino
Laughlin, Nevada**

October 1, 2000

1200 hrs(12:00noon) Arrival/ Registration First Class Passenger Area

1400 hrs(2:00pm) Hospitality Room opens ????

1800 hrs(6:00pm) Reception/Social Hour - Hors-d'oeuvres - No Host Bar
Town Square or Band Stand

1900 hrs Dinner on your own

October 2, 2000

900 hrs (9:00am) Buffet Breakfast

1000hrs(10:00am) Opening ceremony with Posting of the Colors, Invocation and Welcoming
Remarks. Pavilion Area
Business Meeting to follow
Robert Galloway-Report on Oflag64 Videotape
Lunch on your own

1200 hrs(12:00 noon) Lunch on your own

1300 hrs(1:00pm) Activity - to be announced later

All Day Hospitality Room will remain open.

October 3, 2000

Breakfast on your own

1000hrs(10:00am) Activity - to be announced later.

Lunch on your own

1600 hrs - 1800 hrs Banquet in Pavilion Area - Filet Mignon or Chicken

2000 hrs Show in Pavilion Area (to be announce later)

All Day Hospitality Room will remain open.

October 4, 2000

0900 hrs (9:00 am) Sit down breakfast (Pavilion Area)

1000 hrs (10:00am) Memorial Service followed by the Retirement of the Colors.

Have a safe trip home. Hope to see you all at our next Reunion.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

YOU MUST MAKE YOUR OWN ARRANGEMENTS ABOUT CATCHING A SHUTTLE BUS FROM LAS VEGAS TO LAUGHLIN-- CALL THIS NUMBER TO MAKE THESE ARRANGEMENTS: 800-801-8687 AN ALTERNATE WOULD BE A RENT CAR. THIS IS ALSO YOUR DECISION.

**REGISTRATION FORM
Oflag 64 Reunion 2000
Ramada Express Casino
Laughlin, Nevada
October 1 - 5, 2000**

Name _____ Lady's Name _____

Guest's Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Home Phone _____ Business Phone _____

Smoking _____ Non Smoking _____ King _____ 2 Beds _____ Handicapped _____

Other _____

Registration and Hotel fees: \$175.00 per person

This includes rooms and meals as indicated on agenda. Gambling and other activities are on your own.

Activity fees for trips etc. will be announced later as availability permits

Cut-off date for registration is September 1, 2000

Mail all registration forms and checks to: Oflag 64 Reunion 2000

Duane S. Kennedy
12073 N. Pebble Bench Ave.
Sun City, AZ 85351-3757
Phone (623) 977-0966
duane2581@aol.com

MAIL CALL

Jimmie Kanaya, Gig Harbor, WA - doesn't say what he does other than keep moving, but claims this is the last one as he plans to retire. Shares his bewilderment on arrival at Of lag 64 as a 2d Lt with 3 months longevity. Spreads Kudas in two directions, our Postal Service, which keeps up with his constant moving except for the Of lag 64 Item, but Bob Thompson sent him the back copies, and the German Administrative System which within 3 months of his return to the states sent him the contents of his wallet that they confiscated from him on his capture. Imagine keeping records like that in the midst of accelerated retrograde movement. Jimmie doesn't say anything about Laughlin, but next year we'll be in the state of Washington.

We ran out of time again and I (Bob T) will answer the rest of the letters.

Agnes McDonough, Hempstead, NY called the day before D-DAY and discussed the opening of the D-Day museum in New Orleans. We had a long talk and we both enjoyed it very much. She has been ill but seems to be OK now.

H.Randolph "BOOMER" Holder, Albany GA, called with the news that he has 8 copies of his book "My Escape to Russia" left for sale.Boomer and Clementi returned a few weeks ago from a trip around the world on the QE-2. Thanks for the donation to the Postage fund

Don Waful, Syracuse NY.- Don and Cassie were on vacation at Cape Cod and ran into a woman that was a playwright. She listened to the story of Don and Cassie's romance while both were in the Army in Europe during WWII. She was so fascinated by the story that she has written a play about them and is looking for a backer to finance to play in NY. If you know anybody that would fit that bill, please call Don. Don also mentioned his friend David Westheimer that was the author of the book 'Von Ryan's Express'. There were several of our men that were at the PG 21 POW camp in Chieti,Italy at the same time as D. Westheimer in addition to Dan Waful. Irving Yarock and Lew Lowe were also there. Evidently the book was fiction, but was based on what happened at Chieti while these men were there.

Tony DeSanto, Wakefield, RI, is back in the USA. Tony is making plans to be in Laughlin in October. We are really hoping that Renate will there. Thanks for the contribution to the Postage fund.

Bob O'Neill, Santa Maria, CA wrote that he thinks the man getting a haircut in the last issue of the Item @ IStalag III-B was Cpl Eddie Capitani, 1~ Regt, 1st AD. Eddie was caught in Feb 15,'43 after escaping from his damaged tank. The men in the photo are at the Orcutt Country Kitchen in Orcutt, CA. They are: left to right: **Bob Rivers, (Of lag 64), Eddie Capitani (III-B), & Bob O'Neill (Of lag 64)**



John Culler, Lexington, SC has written of his experiences and has placed it on the internet as a website. If you would like to read it, you can get it at: <http://members.aol.com/W4ZAP/w4zap/page.htm> There are no spaces and only one segment is capitalized. John did a nice job on this and has expressed his appreciation to all the Of lag 64 men that helped him

Abe Baum, San Diego, CA wrote and said that a paperback edition of the book "RAID" was in the bookstores now. There will be some available for purchase at Laughlin. Abe and Eileen are planning on being at Laughlin. That's great, we'll see you there.

MAIL CALL

Irv Yarock has read all your mail and says-

Ken Hyatt, Shakopee, MN - says someone a few issues back said "wonder what happened to Ken"? Well, he got back, joined the Reserves, was talked into Joining the Minnesota National Guard by Eddie Sager. Was called to active duty with the 47th Division, MNG, then Fort Rucker, Camp Drake, Tokyo, Inchon, Korea and CO of the 24th Division Quartermaster Company, then Sendai, Japan. After 19 months of a scheduled 24 month tour managed to get off active duty. Finally retired in 1964 with rank of Major and 22 years service of which 6 years were active. Didn't mind the service except that it kept him away from his family. His wife passed away in '98 after 56 years of marriage. Now lives with his daughter and grandson. Would be happy to hear from old friends at 1077 Swift St. zip 55379.

Jack Stevart, Lincoln, NE - was on a boat trip and ran into a late-corner to 64 (as was Jack). Anyone remember Dr. Julius Parker, 735 Kappock St. Riverdale, NY 10463?

Ted Roggen, Houston, TX - ran into Bill Paty of Hawaii' and passed along his new address, 56 Robinson Lane, Honolulu, HI 96817.

Paul Hall, NY - no note but sent along a contribution for the Postage Fund.

Martha Miles, 104 Hiljon Aye, Redlands CA 92373 - would like to hear from anyone who remembers her husband, Richard. Thanks for the P.F.boost.

Mrs. Seymour Bolton 3932 Livingston St NW, Washington DC 20015 writes to let us know her new address. Thanks for the P.F. donation.

Alan Dunbar, Las Vegas, NV - says he'll see us in Laughlin. Thanks for the contribution to the Postage Fund.

John Heuer of Pittsboro, NC - is the nephew of Charles VabGorder who was with us in the winter of '45. John has ordered all our written material as well as sending along a donation to our Postage Fund. He'd be happy to hear any stories about his uncle. John can be reached at 219 Silverberry, zip code 27312.

Vinton Thomson of Jackson, MS - plans to be in Laughlin. Thanks for the donation to the Postage Fund.

Newton Lantrom, Mesa, AZ -haven't heard from him in a long time.Newt didn't commit himself, but Laughlin is in his back yard. Thanks for the Postage Fund check.

Robert O'Neill, Santa Maria, CA - Thanks for the contribution to the Postage Fund. Yes, Frank Diggs has signed up for Laughlin. Be there.

William Dohoney, Mechanicsburg, PA - no note, but thanks for the Postage~ Fund donation.

Agnes McDonogh, Hemstead, NY - Thanks for the donation to the Postage Fund.

Don Wenette, Mecosta, MI - can't make Laughlin but sent a donation to the Postage Fund.

Joe Seringer, Wooster, OH - plans to be in Laughlin.

Rocco Pravidica, Rockford, IL - can't make Laughlin but sent donation to the Postage Fund.

Boyce Nunally, Prospect, NY - he and Catherine along with Ray & Betty Holmquist will be at Laughlin. Thanks for the Postage Fund donation. Bret Job and Lisa will be in this party.

George Juskalian, Centerville, VA - can't make it this year but sends his best wishes.

For Herb Garris, Memorial Day is a time of reflection about the days he spent as a POW and about those friends who didn't make it home

Surviving the War

BY JUNE A. VETTER
Special to The Pilot

The tape is scratchy, the voices stilted, but the on-site sounds recorded in July, 1944 at Oflag, Poland remind Dr. Herbert Garris of Thistle-down Cottage in Pinchurst of his days as a prisoner of war.

Oflag was the second camp where Garris was confined during his six months as a POW during World War II. Compared to his stay in Limburg, the first camp, "Oflag was like manna from heaven," he said. "It had a library with 4000-5000 volumes, athletic equipment, castles and paints for artists, and seeds to grow flowers and vegetables."

A faculty taught Polish, Russian, German, French and Spanish. With an eye on his current situation, Garris opted to study German, a decision that proved to be of help to him later.

"It meant a great deal to me to be as close to the general as that kitchen door."

Herb Garris

Then there was the music. The camp's "swing orchestra" under the direction of Bob Rankin had the same ring as Tommy Dorsey or Benny Goodman.

This is a POW camp? How did he get here? Where would he be next?

Herbert Garris, son of an Atlantic Coastline Railroad worker, joined the Army on Jan. 13, 1942.

"I didn't want to come in as an enlistee man," he explained, and joined the service as a 2nd Lieutenant after completing five years in the National Guard.

He was 26 years old and left behind a widowed mother and a younger sister who was enrolled in the School of Nursing at Duke University. Upon graduation, she enlisted as an army nurse and in unusual circumstances, both were assigned to Fort Bragg, then both were sent to England.

The War Begins

It was 20 months after enlisting that Garris found himself in a small room across the table from General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The young soldier had earned his wings as a parachutist and undergone months of extensive training. Now it was D-Day - June 5, 1944 - and he was headed for Normandy, France with the rest of the 101st Airborne Division.

"It meant a great deal to me to be as close to the General as that kitchen door," Garris said thoughtfully as we sat at his dining room table. "These were critical days and the invasion had already been called off one day because of weather. He [Eisenhower] was 'homey' with us. He just listened as the soldiers talked."

Stretched on a table before the men of



Herb Garris flies the American flag at his home, a symbol of the country for which he fought during World War II.

his unit was a display of the strike zone. The dunes, drop areas, and other details were molded to scale in graphic detail. "It was... ominous..." he recalls. After their briefing, final checks were made, men and equipment were loaded into the C-47's, and the planes took off for Normandy, arriving at approximately 0100 on June 6, 1944.

"It was a real strange flight. It was just 35 or 40 miles by air but the pilots were unacquainted with the flak [ground fire aimed at them] and they began evasive action and dropped us about 20-30 miles from the designated zone."



Garris (seated to the rear in the right) with a group of RCAF visitors in 1952.

Garris

From Page D1

The 18 airmen were now on the ground in Vologness, separated from their unit, surrounded by hedgerows as high as six to eight feet tall (normally used by farmers in peace time), and isolated from fellow American soldiers.

For the next 10 days the men tried in vain to communicate by radio with their division. No response. Then dashed hopes were encouraged when members of the Free French (Resistance) came by and offered to lead them to their parent unit. Other soldiers separated from their companies joined them en route. When gunfire suddenly broke out, however, the Resistance members fled and left the growing column of men on their own. On June 17, Garris and the others were taken prisoner.



A formal portrait of Garris in uniform.

POW Camps

"We marched all night northward toward Cherbourg, which had been taken, so we then headed south for four or five days until we arrived in Rennes where we found an old French Cavalry Camp."

The experience was not harsh. Weather was pleasant as they traveled and the interrogation was relatively mild once they were in the camp. One by one the men faced their inquisitors, surprised by the respect they were shown and the coffee and cigarettes offered to them. In true military style, Garris answered only with his name, rank and serial number. As he recounted the incident, he still seemed shocked by the amount of information in the hands of the enemy who revealed the names of his unit leaders and their designations.

Just before July 4, the prisoners were assembled and led to a locomotive pulling 40 x 8 box cars, each of which held 40 men. Their destination was to cross France to Limburg, (Stalag XII) just north of Frankfurt, Germany.

Limburg was a large, dirty camp with about 10,000 POW's of many nationalities, some of whom had been captured at Dunquerque in 1940. The new arrivals were deloused and soon the interrogations began again. Name. Rank. Serial Number. These were the only answers given for the month spent in the camp. Then he was transferred to Oflag.

The "happy days" of Oflag with its music, library, theatrical productions, available spiritual counseling from captured chaplains, the home-rigged crystal radio set (successfully kept hidden from their captors) which gave them the daily news from the BBC, and friendships was a welcome relief. So was the order and cleanliness. All ended abruptly, however, on a sub-zero day in January 1945 when he and the other prisoners were ordered to begin a 1000 mile trek into the heartland of Germany.

Garris later learned that many believed with the Yalta conference just completed, the fate of thousands of POW's and displaced persons was of great concern and the Germans who wanted to use them as bargaining chips as the war quickly wound to a close. He later wrote in an account of some of his experiences:

Before reaching Odessa where he was finally repatriated, Garris' journey proved to be a sweeping pendulum of emotions and experiences.

He stayed with families and helped peel potatoes and played with babies. He struggled to communicate with those of different nationalities but eventually found a bond. He shivered in the frigid, days as snow fell and felt the constant ache of wet feet in socks that never dried.

He caused a smile to cross the face of a Russian soldier when he handed him three American cigarettes. He rode in a boxcar with 14 young Russian soldiers who, as prisoners of war, each had their legs amputated below the knee because gangrene was eating away at their frozen feet.

He walked 40 kilometers and was given milk, cabbage, potato soup and dark bread by a family at their farm house who invited him to rest. He rode in a three horse-drawn sleigh. He listened to stories of how family members had been massacred. He saw little children sleep on the large area of a stove to keep warm. He saw cities completely destroyed and roads littered with demolished military vehicles.

And in Brest, he felt the push of desperate people trying to go home. "There were thousands of refugees from Germany and wounded soldiers of every conceivable nationality heading for Lublin, Minsk, Smolensk, Moscow and Leningrad. The station was so crowded that mothers held their babies in their arms to avoid being trampled upon or crushed in the unruly horde..."

Lessons Learned

Herbert Garris received a Purple Heart and Bronze Star. He remained in the Army of Occupation and returned to Ft. Bragg in 1946 where he was awarded a Regular Army Commission. That same year he married his wife, Ethelene.

His remaining years in the military included two stints as a General's Aid, a tour of duty in Korea, a role as instructor at Ft. Sill Artillery School, assignments as Chief of Protocol, European tours of duty, and finally his role with the Pentagon where his responsibilities centered on the location and storage of nuclear weapons during the Vietnam era.

During his career he earned his college degree, then M.A. from the University of Maryland. After retiring in 1967 he was awarded a PhD in Political Science from Maryland and taught for 10 years at Central Michigan University and at military bases both at home and overseas at Lajes, Azores.

Did his POW experiences leave him bitter? Garris is thoughtful before he answers.

"There are those who have shut up and clammed up and won't tell about their experiences. It ties you up in knots. I felt somewhat like that until the late 80s or early 90s when I first went to some reunions that are held on an annual basis. About that time, I felt maybe I would be of service to help someone later."

This opportunity is now a regular part of Garris' life as he participates in Survival, Escape, Resistance, Evacuation (SERE) Training at Camp Mackall. The in-depth program helps prepare soldiers for the possibility of

"I didn't have any training to be a Prisoner of War," Garris says. "I had a strong physical body, was a Christian, lost my daddy when I was 14 and felt I grew up fast going from 14 to 21 right away, but I was not trained well. It [getting captured] never entered my mind. There was shame that I wasn't prepared. I was mad at getting caught. There was some bitterness about having to go through it all ...[especially]...being in a freight car locked on the outside when planes could strike and you could get killed. You just have no control. But it left me no scars. I am grateful I patched myself up and reorganized my life. At this age, I've determined to help others."

Part of Dr. Garris' involvement in SERE is to serve on a panel that answers questions from those who have completed their survival training. At the most recent graduation, he was asked to give the commencement address.

Garris' wife of 52 years died in 1998 from a series of strokes. Today he lives alone at Thistle-down Cottage and enjoys gardening, woodwork, caring for neighbors who are ill or in need, visiting with friends, keeping in touch with his two daughters who live in Virginia, participating in SERE, and corresponding with Army buddies of long ago.

It's a good life, he contends. A good, and inspiring one, indeed.

June Velters is a Whispering Pines freelance writer.

Jock Sutherland sent in this photo of some of our men in Odessa, Russia in 1945. Jock's wife swears that the man in the 3rd row, 2nd in from left is him. That makes it official.

MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1945

DAILY INTELLIGENCER, DOYLESTOWN PA.,

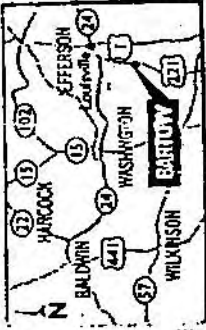
FREED BY REDS, YANKS ON WAY HOME



NOW HOMEWARD BOUND after being freed from German hands by Russian troops during recent Red Army advances, Yank troops and other former Allied prisoners of war are shown heading for the port of Odessa and, according to latest news dispatches, some 1200 Americans already have arrived in Middle East ports. The officers, it will be noted, wear their bars on hats provided by the Reds. (International Soundphoto)

Main Street

Hundreds of auto enthusiasts will drive their vintage cars to east Georgia next week to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Roy S. Evans, the man who invented the Jeep, a small, tough car that became a military legend in World War II.



Auto fans honor Georgian known as 'father of the Jeep'

He was a country boy who lived out big dreams with little cars.
Roy S. Evans started out selling peanuts and barbecue on the streets of Bartow in Jefferson County. He moved up to selling cars and was so good at it he earned himself yacht clubs, planes and polo ponies.

He also built a car that made history. Evans took over a bankrupt Butler, Pa., automobile manufacturing company in 1935.



MAIN STREET

Five years later, that factory turned out the winner in a competition to build a general purpose vehicle for the U.S. Army. That's why they call him "the father of the Jeep."

The cars Evans built were small, tough and nimble, and they still have the power to fascinate. Next week, hundreds of members of a national club devoted to collecting and preserving cars of that type will gather in Evans' hometown for their annual swap meet and rally.

The cars will be available for public viewing June 20. Then, on June 21, they will tour from Bartow to nearby Louisville, be on display from about noon to 2 p.m. in downtown Louisville, and return to Bartow. The event coincides with the 100th anniversary of Evans' birth. He died in Miami in 1976.

Evans was an entrepreneur before he, or many

other Americans, knew what the word meant. When he was 12 or so, he expanded his peanut-stand venture by adding barbecue.

By age 14, he started a taxi service for visiting drummers, using a Maxwell borrowed from the town blacksmith. After high school and business school, he went to Atlanta, where he financed his tuition at Georgia Tech by buying and selling used cars and by operating three sandwich shops.

Also in those years, Evans dabbled in motorcycle racing, but he determined that selling used cars was safer and more profitable. By the time he was 25, he had amassed a bankroll of about \$25,000, which he took to South Florida in hopes of getting rich in real estate.

He got there just in time for the boom to go bust, and soon he was down to \$20 and a diamond ring. He traded the ring for a 1923 Nash, fixed the car up and resold it. He built a bustling business, refurbishing and selling repossessed cars, but he was wiped out once again by the hurricane of 1926.

Evans then moved his base to Tampa, where he started what became a nationwide network of used-car dealerships. After the Wall Street crash of 1929, manufacturers had huge inventories of surplus cars. Evans was solvent enough to buy the cars in volume and market-savvy enough to be able to sell them.

In the early 1930s, Evans was the largest automobile dealer in the South. He saw a chance to get into



Roy S. Evans, a Bartow native and an automotive entrepreneur and innovator who died in 1976, was once the largest automobile dealer in the South.

the manufacturing end of the business in the early 1930s, when the Austin American factory in Butler went bankrupt.

The business, a venture of the Austin automotive firm of England, produced snappy little cars that nobody seemed to know how to market in the United States.

Evans paid approximately \$55,000 for a business that had been valued at \$10 million. He took the inventory of 1,500 cars and quickly sold them for \$295 apiece. He was 35, the youngest head of a car company in the nation.

The cars were rechristened American Bantams. New models were added and some designs were adapted, but the car was basically the same. It would reach about 60 mph and get about 60 mpg.

When someone saw Evans drive up in a Bantam, they joked it looked like a kiddy car. Evans shot back, "It's the best damned small car in the world!"

Unfortunately, the buying public wasn't ready for the little wonder. The American Bantam Car Co. was in dire straits in 1940, when the Army put out specifications for a new general-purpose vehicle that would be needed when America joined the war already embroiling the rest of the world.

The Army called for a vehicle that was absurdly light yet strong enough to maneuver through the toughest terrain — and it wanted a prototype delivered in 49 days.

Evans saw the competition as a possible salvation

for his firm. After all, durable little cars were its specialty. He used his own designers and engineer plus some others who worked knowing that if Bantam didn't win, they wouldn't get paid.

It was just hours before the deadline when the prototype Bantam Reconnaissance Car arrived at the Army's testing grounds in Maryland. But Bantam was the only company to produce a prototype on time. After the testing, the major in charge of the program said of the Bantam, "I believe this unit will make history."

It did, but it didn't make much money for American Bantam. As it turned out, the Army liked the vehicle so much, it wanted tens of thousands of them, for itself and for America's allies. American Bantam simply did not have enough factory capacity to produce those quantities, so its winning design was produced by larger companies, especially Willys and Ford.

America's entry into the war made production capacity even more important. So, after building just a few thousand Jeeps, American Bantam switched to making Jeep trailers. Strangely, Willys was one of the car companies that was reinvented by an infusion of cash from Evans during his high-volume sales days.

American Bantam was sold and closed in 1936. Evans had a comfortable retirement in South Florida, mostly traveling and operating various upscale leisure facilities.

But a year before he died, he went to a gathering of the people who collected his old cars, and he bought himself a 1940 Bantam Jeep.

Information: 912-344-4030.

10/2/00

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE JEEPERS

You think you had a tough time figuring out how to get to Laughlin, How about this?

IRVING J. YAROCK

Bob:

Still haven't gotten together with a travel agent, though I did send in a reservation for Laughlin.

Here are the things I have to juggle-

1. A holiday that I usually spend in Harrisburg, PA, and this is the only holiday when my whole family gets together.
2. My 90 year old sister would like to come, which means arranging for dialysis in Harrisburg.
3. Arrange for a driver to take us to Harrisburg and return.
4. Do I try to fly from Harrisburg and return to Harrisburg and accompany my sisters back in the limo, or, if both sisters come to PA and will travel back together, do I fly from Harrisburg to Laughlin to Worcester?
5. My thinking right now is to plan on Laughlin for Monday afternoon and spend Tuesday in Laughlin.

Nothing comes easy.

Irving

P.S. Vin Thomson is asking the running ^{time} from Laughlin to Las Vegas. Seems to me I heard someone say 1 hour, but I'm not sure.

51 BARCLAY STREET, WORCESTER, MA 01604

This article appeared in the April 2000 Issue of the Elks Magazine. Royal Lee sent in the article.

How a Supersecret Agency Aided POWS in World War II

On May 2, 1944, a U.S. housewife opened her mailbox and shrieked with joy. A letter from her husband! He was a prisoner of war incarcerated at Oflag 64, a camp located 150 miles northwest of Warsaw, Poland. She hugged the letter and rushed into the house to read it. It told of the mundane goings-on at the prison camp, of lice, cold weather, poor food, sleepless nights, and how he missed his dear wife.

Little did the woman know that she was not the first person to read her husband's words.

A few days earlier that letter, adorned with a garish German postmark emblazoned with a swastika, had been spotted and plucked from the U.S. mail, then routed on a shuttle to a small room in a building at Fort Hunt, across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. The soldier's name matched one on a list of captured code-using soldiers, so the letter was steamed open. The code experts at Fort Hunt deciphered the code, resealed the flap, and sent the letter on to the unsuspecting wife.

Decoded, the letter said to "send small-caliber guns for close sniping." The POWs at Oflag 64 wanted to break out en masse.

The Mystery of MIS-X

The letter was not happenstance. It was one part of the daily work of a supersecret U.S. agency called MIS-X, short for Military Intelligence Service-X (some say the X stood for "escape"). MIS-X was dedicated to one goal: helping U.S. POWs escape from their prison camps, evade the enemy, and, in the parlance of the day, hit a home run—make their way safely back to friendly land.

From 1942 until the end of World War II, some 7,500 U.S. POWs—Kriegies, they called themselves, after *Kriegsgefangen*, German for "prisoner of war"—out of some 98,000 escaped from German stalags and oflags in Europe. Most POWs would not have made it without the escape-and-evasion kits and other equipment that were stealthily placed inside packages and sent to prisoners.

But MIS-X almost died before it was born, says the late onetime MISX operative Lloyd Shoemaker in his book, *The Escape Factory: The Story of MIS-X*. By 1939 the British had already established their supersecret POW escape agency called MI-9, and in March 1942 the MI-9ers briefed U.S. Secretary of War Henry Stimson about it. "Stimson was not impressed," Shoemaker writes. "It was inconceivable, he thought, that such an agency could succeed. It was, by his reasoning, an idea more appropriate to the art of science fiction than of military strategy." Fortunately, three months later Stimson relented, and MIS-X was created to help U.S. soldiers escape from German prison camps (it was almost impossible to do so from Japanese POW camps).

P. R. Reid writes in his book *The Colditz Story* that "Allied escapes from prison camps were a kind of game at the beginning of the war when... German captors [were] somewhat lenient. Later, when the number of escapes increased enormously, the Germans changed to harsher treatment."

That harsher treatment eventually included executing escapees—despite the 1929 Geneva Convention agreement, which stated that escape was no crime and was punishable only by a short stint in solitary confinement—and helped trigger the need for MIS-X and its escape equipment and methods.

How MIS-X Worked

MIS-X prepared for the escape of POWs even before U.S. servicemen went overseas. Two soldiers from each squadron and battalion were secretly chosen and taught the codes used at the Creamery, as the correspondence section of MIS-X was called. Each code user was given a code name and instructed, if captured, to report his abilities to his prison camp's Allied commanding officer and then write a letter to a family member or friend, enclosing a coded message—just as the POW in Oflag 64 had done. At the Creamery, messages were decoded and actions were contemplated and taken.

Though corresponding in this fashion was drawn out and took from four to six weeks, nevertheless the coded letters were extremely valuable. They helped POWs organize escape groups, which kept the POWs occupied, raised their morale, and often even bettered conditions at the camps. Conditions at Stalag 17-B near Krems, Austria, improved after U.S. POWs were told in coded letters to organize, make escape plans, and stop fraternizing with German guards. "The sudden silence and cessation of bartering [for goods] seemed to frighten the Germans," Shoemaker writes, "and they were more cooperative with the prisoners. Delousing began and continued regularly as needed. The food, while poor, improved."

Then there was the matter of the escape itself. POWs used coded letters to order specific materials that were needed. Coded

letters from the Creamery informed POWs when the items they had requested would arrive and what the packages would look like (though, as Allied bombs took their toll on German railroads, letters didn't always get through, so POWs had to identify for themselves which packages might contain escape contraband).

Moreover, coded letters from escaped but recaptured POWs provided reconnaissance information from inside Germany. Hitler had decreed that all POW camps be located in eastern Europe, far from the English Channel, so that a long and difficult escape through hostile territory would be required—hiking across 50 miles of German Alps to Switzerland, fleeing across hundreds of miles of occupied France, traversing the breadth of Poland, paddling across the Baltic Sea.

"Our lads would get out and run loose around Germany sometimes for days at a time and see all kinds of sights before being recaptured and brought back to camp," POW Sgt. Kenneth Kurtenbach would later write. "We collected a great deal of hard-core intelligence in this manner." If not by coded letters, the newly discovered information would be relayed by radio.

Comfort from Home

The MIS-X process worked because POWs were allowed to receive comfort packages from home as well as food and clothing packages from such agencies as the Red Cross. However, MIS-X never used Red Cross parcels, reasoning that those lifesaving packages would be disallowed if contraband were discovered in them.

Instead, MIS-X created its own fictitious relief agencies, such as the War Prisoner's Benefit Foundation and Serviceman's Relief, which shipped packages crammed with games, toiletries, grooming tools, clothes, food, and other goods. Every 19th package contained escape-and-evasion items, as meticulous MIS-X craftsmen plastered maps beneath rubber mats on Ping-Pong paddles, hid tissue maps inside wooden shaving-brush handles, concealed counterfeit papers in chess and Monopoly boards, and much more.

MIS-X also sought the assistance of such companies as R. J. Reynolds, which placed maps and money in packages of cigarettes; Gillette Company, which manufactured thousands of "loaded" razor handles; Scoville Company, which hid tiny compasses in hollow uniform buttons that had screw-off tops (when the Germans caught on to this one, Scoville merely reversed the threads, and German inspectors spent the rest of the war tightening the covers); and the U.S. Playing Card Company, which inserted, piece by piece into card by card, an entire map inside a deck of playing cards.

Even baseballs contained escape aids, such as parts of radio transmitters. A telescope was placed inside a cigarette holder; civilian clothes were hidden in reversible uniforms; and many things were concealed within secret compartments in the heels of boots. It seems that every possible ingenious method was used or invented by craftsmen at MIS-X or at U.S. companies in order to ship escape-and-evasion aids to U.S. POWs.

So how did this contraband get past the suspicious German captors, who were on the lookout for escape materials? POWs took advantage of the package-delivery method, in which POWs would open packages at one end of a table and shove them down to Nazis at the other end.

When a loaded package was spotted—likely a coded letter had warned of the arrival of the package, which was identified by a particular return address, an address to a nonexistent prisoner, or a stamp at a certain angle—by vigilant POWs studying parcels not yet opened, it was put aside until break time. The POWs then engaged the Nazis in conversation, offering U.S. cigarettes and real coffee instead of the inferior cigarettes that ration-weary Germans had to smoke and the chicory they had to drink. When their backs were turned, a POW quietly slipped the loaded package from the uninspected pile to the inspected pile. (Other times, POWs made keys for the package room—or just broke in—to get expected MIS-X packages.)

It was not a perfect system, though, and the Germans did find some contraband during routine examinations. Capt. William Lawton tells of a close call. "A parcel had arrived unheralded, and I was standing by when the string was cut. As the paper opened, I saw in the parcel a vast amount of Reichsmarks and other nefarious objects. One's immediate reaction was to pick the parcel up and run... which I did—with the loss of a few hundred Reichsmarks on the way. Within a matter of seconds, the loot was divided and hidden—and despite the Germans chasing me, none of it was found."

The Urge—and Fortune—to Escape

Of all creatures, humans are "the most difficult to keep caged," writes Robert Edmond Alter in *Who Goes Next? True Stories of Exciting Escapes*. He adds, "There is no textbook on escape, yet every prison, no matter how 'escape proof' it is claimed to be, has lost some of its unwilling guests."

Even so, "No one can determine beforehand who will or who will not become an escaper," points out Robert Doyle in his book *A Prisoner's Duty: Great Escapes in U.S. Military History*. "Military escapers are often set apart from their peers by their individual survival skills. These include common sense, possibly a common cause, cunning, luck, personal determination, opportunistic pluck, and for many, a strong sense of loyalty to an organization."

Lady luck is as important to the successful escape as any other item on that list. Writes Paul Dowswell in *Tales of Real Escape*, "In every escape one thing counts more than anything else. No matter how carefully planned or ruthlessly pursued, without luck, an escape will fail. An escaper who is in the wrong place when a guard turns around, or who is picked out of a crowd by a wary policeman, is always worse off than one who passes through a checkpoint when the guards are tired, or who has a shortsighted policeman examine his forged pass."

No doubt good luck was on the side of two Allied soldiers who escaped from their camp using a bucket of white paint and two brushes, which were probably supplied by MIS-X. The POWs, relates Tony Lesce in his book *Escape from Controlled Custody*, "began by painting a white line down the center of the road that led through the main gate. When they arrived at the

camp exit, they lit cigarettes and appeared to be goofing off. A guard told them to keep on working and opened the inner gate so that they could get with the job. When they reached the outer gate, another guard opened it to allow them to continue painting the line. They continued to paint the line until they were out of sight, and then took off."

Bad luck was encountered by the code user in Oflag 64 who wanted guns for close sniping. The operatives at MIS-X decided to send in not only the guns, but also a strike force and airplanes to whisk out the POWs. Unfortunately, before the plan could be put into action a Nazi panzer division took up residence near the prison camp, making the mass escape attempt impractical, even suicidal.

Lost Forever

MIS-X workers seldom knew if they helped POWs escape, except in such instances as when they heard of a postcard written back to a prison camp by two escapees who had used MIS-X escape-and-evasion devices. "We are having a holiday here [in Switzerland] and are sorry you are not with us," the postcard read. "Give our dear love to your friend Dick. Love from Harriette and Phyllis Murgatroyd." "Harriette" and "Phyllis" were code names for escapees Hank Wardle and Pat Reid.

Similarly, much about MIS-X and its operations will never be known. As Shoemaker writes, "MIS-X was meant to be an ultrasecret agency, scrupulously concealed even from government and military inquiry." And that's how it was. Five days after World War II ended, all records regarding MIS-X were burned, its buildings bulldozed, and trees planted in their stead.

Nevertheless, thousands of POWs escaped from stalags and oflags during World War II, and "very few could have succeeded without some kind of outside help," as Doyle correctly observes. For U.S. POWs, that outside help was made available by MIS-X, the supersecret agency that not only saved lives through its coded letters and loaded parcels, but also provided what was needed most by imprisoned servicemen—hope.

Searching for Col Goode and Betsy

About a month ago, a search was started to find something about Col Goode. It seemed that nobody knew a lot about where he was captured and how. Several of our men decided it was time to find out something about Col Goode: Bill Warthen, Jim Sherman, Bret Job, Jerry Alexis, Brooks Kleber, Bob Thompson started the search. In the process Jim Sherman found out that he had a daughter at Oregon State at the time we were in prison. Bill Warthen contacted West Point and they were very cooperative. The Alum Association at Oregon State forwarded a letter to his daughter, Betsy, who now lives in Virginia. Betsy wrote an e-mail to us and then left town for a few days. We continued to try to contact her further and finally she came home and then the mail link was opened up and we invited her to come to Laughlin. She thought about it a few days and she has now decided that she will be at Laughlin.

A man named Joe Balkoski has written a book about the 29th Division and Col Goode's capture was an important part of the book. He was contacted and stated that he has walked the ground where Col Goode was captured.

This is Betsy's first letter:

> .So interested - and delighted - to receive your letter today. Dad, as you probably know, died in 1958 on the way to our fourth daughter's christening, and sadly before the birth of our only son, Paul Tracy Owen. My husband died just five years ago, but he and my father were the best of friends. Adored each other. Since I was an only child, and his two sisters never married, and are now deceased, we are the last of his line. However Earl and I did have five children, now scattered around the mid-Atlantic, and they have produced eight wonderful grandchildren, three girls and five boys, ranging in age from 22 down to the 3 yr. old twins



Paul Ryan Goode

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Appointed from Eleventh District

MASSACHUSETTE

"POP," "TURK"

Class Numerals, Cullum Hall (2), Boxing Squad (2), Wrestling (2), Indoor Meet (4,3,2).

TWENTY-FIVE and never been kissed! He parries all demands for explanation by saying "Look at my picture. That's the answer."

Pop has been a firm believer in area exercise. As an area bird he ranks with Cameron. As a crawloid he has out-sassed Sasse. He has been the inspiration of many a Kaydet grind—and no one could submit more smilingly. He is a man without peers at a boodle fight—he has a Charles & Co. catalogue thumb-indexed.

He proudly professes to having been, in remote years, a Coast Artillery Militiaman in the State of Massachusetts. And since he isn't geared for the quick-time of the Infantry he still leans towards the Coast where the cadence conforms to the periodicity of the rocking chair. Having entered this arm of the service we have hopes that, in spite of his social prejudices, he will uphold its traditions. To say that he will do it would be pure speculation.

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TEN YEARS WITH 1917

PAUL RYAN GOODE

(Born July 28, 1892)

5863 (Born Mass.)

(Appointed Mass.) 128

MILITARY HISTORY

Cadet at the Military Academy, June 15, 1914, to August 30, 1917, when he was graduated and promoted in the Army to

SECOND LIEUT., 24TH INFANTRY

FIRST LIEUT., 24TH INFANTRY, AUGUST 30, 1917

Served—At Columbus, N. M., October 10, 1917, to October 28, 1918;

(FIRST LIEUT., TANK CORPS, OCTOBER 28, 1918)

at Camp Polk, N. C., to February 22, 1919; at Camp Meade, Md., to July 16;

(FIRST LIEUT., 48TH INFANTRY, JULY 16, 1919)

at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., with 48th Infantry, to August 14, 1919; at Fort Snelling, Minn., commanding M. G. Co., 48th Inf., August 14, 1919 to

(CAPTAIN, INFANTRY, NOVEMBER 16, 1920)

June 11, 1921; at Chilkout Bks., Alaska, commanding Co. "E", 7th Inf., June 11, 1921 to

(discharged as CAPTAIN and appointed FIRST LIEUTENANT, November 18, 1922, Act of June 30, 1922 and September 14, 1922)

June 11, 1923; commanding Co. "G", 30th Inf., Presidio of San Francisco, Calif., June 11, 1923 to September 6, 1925; Student, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., September 6, 1925 to May 30, 1926; R-2, 29th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga., May 30, 1926 to date.

(CAPTAIN, INFANTRY, MAY 7, 1927)

FAMILY

Wife—Married Miss Helen Beckler of Chicago, Ill., at El Paso, Tex., on September 3, 1918.

Daughter—Betsy, born at San Francisco, Calif., on July 11, 1925.



Events leading to the Capture of Col Goode.

Col Goode was the Co of the 175th Inf, 29th Division. The 175th Inf was the "floating reserve" for the Normandy Invasion on June 6, 1944. The 175th Inf was scheduled to land at noon on June 7 or D +1. They landed too far east and marched the length of the beachhead under sniper fire to the Vierville Draw where they turned and went up the draw to the town of Grunchy

The objective of the 29th was the capture of the town of St. Lo. After several days of fierce fighting the 175th was on the banks of the Viere River. Maj Gen Gerhardt ordered Col Goode to send all stragglers with Co. G and cross the river. Col Goode said " they won't go back unless I lead them, General". The General replied " OK Use your own judgement. But Co E (stragglers) must go back. Col Goode walked among the men of Co G and E and said" I won't order anybody to go into a thing like this unless I went myself, so, I'm going along for the buggy ride".

On June 13, Co G marched into the tiny Hamlet of La Raye. After fierce fighting and after sustaining horrendous losses Col Goode told the Co Cmdr " Captain, they have killed enough of your men. I am going to surrender you". The Capt asked Col Goode to leave while he could, but Col Goode said " I am going to stay and see this thing through". Col Goode raised a white flag and the Germans came over the hedgerows and captured all the men.

The two companies were almost annihilated in this action. Col Goode's helmet was found full of bullet holes several days later and he was thought to have been killed for some time.

For more complete details of the 29th Division in the beachhead battles and more detailed information about Col Goode check the book : "Beyond the Beachhead" by Joseph Balkoski

in any Army Post Office overseas).

1. Name in full GOODE PAUL RYAN
(Last name) (First name) (Middle name)

2. Title Colonel

3. Residence address 67 Ingalls Road, Fort Monroe, Virginia

4. Business address Post Headquarters, Fort Monroe, Virginia

5. Permanent address 67 Ingalls Road, Fort Monroe, Virginia

6. Please furnish names and addresses of at least two people who will know your address at all times.
Mrs. Paul R. Goode, 67 Ingalls Road, Fort Monroe, Virginia
Mrs. E. T. Owen, 228 Roxbury Street, Clifton Forge, Virginia

7. Your birthplace Boston, County of Suffolk, State of Mass., Date 28 Jul 1892

8. Appointed to U. S. M. A. from State Mass., District 11 By Hon Andrew J. Peters

9. Parents: Names in full (give full maiden name of mother), when and where born and items of general interest regarding parents.

Father Joseph Goode, Present address Deceased
 Birthplace New Hampshire, Date of birth 1866
 Mother Elizabeth Ryan, Present address Deceased
 Birthplace New Brunswick, Canada, Date of birth 1866
 Items of interest concerning parents ---

10. Are you married or single? Married
 Maiden name in full of first wife Helen Beckler
 Place of marriage Fort Bliss, Texas, Date 3 September 1918
 Maiden name in full of second wife (if married twice) Not applicable
 Place of marriage ---, Date ---
 If wife is deceased, give date of death, (month, day, year, place) Not applicable

11. Children:

	FULL NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	ADDRESS	DATE OF DEATH
1.	<u>Betsy Goode Owen</u>	<u>11 June 1925</u>	<u>228 Roxbury St, Clifton Forge, Va.</u>	<u>Not Applicable</u>
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

12. Children and relatives who have attended U. S. M. A.

	FULL NAME	RELATIONSHIP	YEARS AT U. S. M. A.	REMARKS
1.	<u>H</u>			
2.	<u>O</u>			
3.	<u>R</u>			
	<u>E</u>			

13. Where did you attend Grammar School? Town Boston State Mass

14. Where did you attend High School? Town Boston State Mass

15. Where did you attend Preparatory School? Town Boston State Mass

16. Connections with other colleges or universities, inclusive years and degrees

None

17. Activities at U. S. M. A.

(a) Academic Honors: None

(b) Athletics Football, Track, Wrestling, and Boxing Teams

(c) Miscellaneous honors or activities: None

18. Positions you have occupied since resigning or retiring:

(a)	YEAR	OCCUPATION OR POSITION	NAME OF COMPANY
1.		Not Applicable	
2.			
3.			
4.			
5.			
6.			
7.			
8.			

(b) Present status. Give full details and information concerning the firm with which you are now connected; your position therein and the particulars of your job so far as possible.

Not Applicable

(c) Civil, social or business honors None

19. Have you written any books or articles? Give titles, publishers and dates of publication

None

20. Have you held any public offices? Enumerate with dates.

None

21. Any miscellaneous information concerning yourself that should be in our files:

None

22. Will you be able to forward your photograph for our files? Yes

23. Date of completing this questionnaire 9 October 1950

24. This information supplied by Colonel Paul R. Goode, Inf



Col. Paul R. Goode, USA-Ret.

Funeral services were held at the Post Chapel Ft. Myer, VA, 21 January for Col Paul R. (Pop) Goode, USA-Ret who died at Washington DC, 17 Jan at the age of 66. Burial was at Arlington National Cemetery. He died at the Union Station of a heart attack, prior to leaving for a visit with his daughter in Lynchburg, VA.

Colonel Goode, USMA '17 served before WWII as an instructor at the Academy. In WWII he was CofS of the XV Corps and served on the General Staff in Washington before assuming a 29th Division command for the Normandy Assault. Captured in the fierce fighting on the beaches, Colonel Goode spent the remainder of the war in a German prison camp, where he was the Senior American Officer.

He will long be remembered by fellow prisoners for his courage and skill in negotiating with the Germans and his efforts to maintain American morale. Following his retirement in 1952, Colonel Goode began his service at the US Soldiers home in Washington and two years later became it's Deputy Governor. In 1957, he published his first comprehensive history of the institution "The United States Soldiers Home"

In 1956, in a unique and significant ceremony, the Secretary of the Army, Wilbur M. Brucker, presented Colonel Goode with a plaque which read "In peace and war you have served your country as a distinguished member of the US Army and have earned the lasting respect and admiration of all members of the Army who have known you."

He is survived by his widow, Mrs Helen Goode of the US Soldiers Home, Washington, and his daughter, Mrs Elizabeth Owen of 1605 Belfield St. Lynchburg, VA



**MacArevey, James J.,
Lt. Col. U.S. Army**

MENANDS — James J. MacArevey, Lt. Col., U.S. Army, Ret., 85, of Park Lane Apts., died Tuesday, June 27, 2000 at Memorial Hospital. He was husband of Nan Emery MacArevey. Born in Troy, he was son of the late James J. and Mary McLoughlin MacArevey. He was a graduate of St. Joseph's School and



MacArevey

Troy High School and attended the University of Maryland. He served in the U.S. Army from 1941 to 1966, having served in World War II and the Korean War. He was captured at Faid Pass at the Battle of Kasserine in World War II and was a prisoner of war in Poland 1943 to 1945, escaping in 1945. He was the recipient of the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star, American Defense Medal and the Korean Unit Citation. He served as Senior Military Instructor at LaSalle Institute in Troy for nine years, retiring in 1978. He resided in East Greenbush for 26 years, then in Menands. He was a Communicant of St. Joan of Arc Church, Menands, a member of Melvin Roads Post American Legion in East Greenbush, V.F.W. Post in Castleton, the Retired Officers Association, the Ex P.O.W.'s of New York State and life member of the East Greenbush Knights of Columbus.

Survivors, in addition to his wife, include his sons, James J. MacArevey of East Greenbush, Robert W. MacArevey of Menands, Patrick J. MacArevey of Falls Church, Virginia and Michael E. MacArevey of Latham; a daughter, Susan M. MacArevey of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; four sisters, Betty Klein of Schenectady, Mary Mayer, Rita Larson and Florence Okosky all of Saratoga, 12 grandchildren and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral with Full Military Honors, Friday from the Thomas S. Connolly Funeral Home, 294 Whiteview Road, Wynantskill at 9:15 a.m. and from St. Joan of Arc Church, Menands at 10:00 a.m. Calling hours at the funeral home Thursday, 4:00 to 8:00 p.m. Interment in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Rensselaer.

Donations to Hospice of Rensselaer County, 295 Valley View Blvd., Rensselaer, NY 12144 would be appreciated.