# Honoring Veterans All Year Around

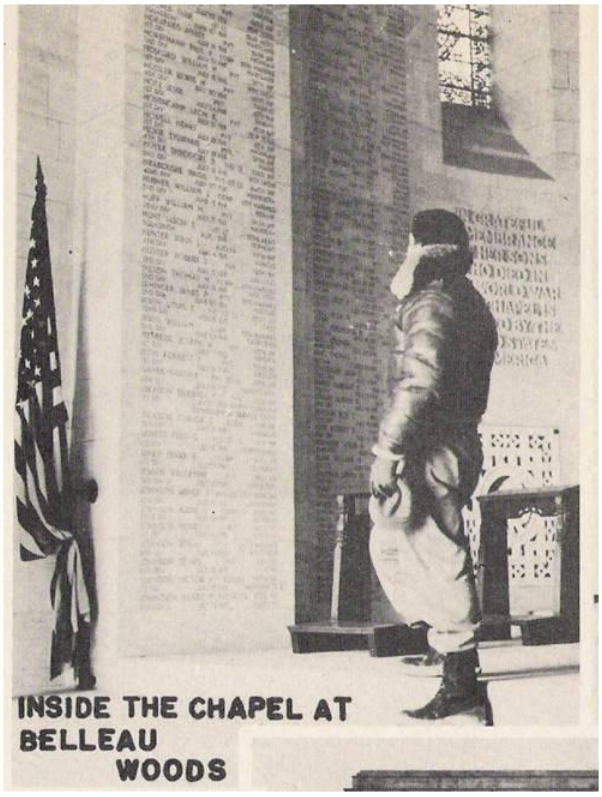


**Photo by Sandy Blakeman**

By Kathy Warnes

http://discoverfunhistory.webs.com

Photo by John Duguay

Veterans organizations in Ecorse, Michigan, honor soldiers on Veteran's Day and Memorial Day in the 1950s.

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Photo by John Duguay

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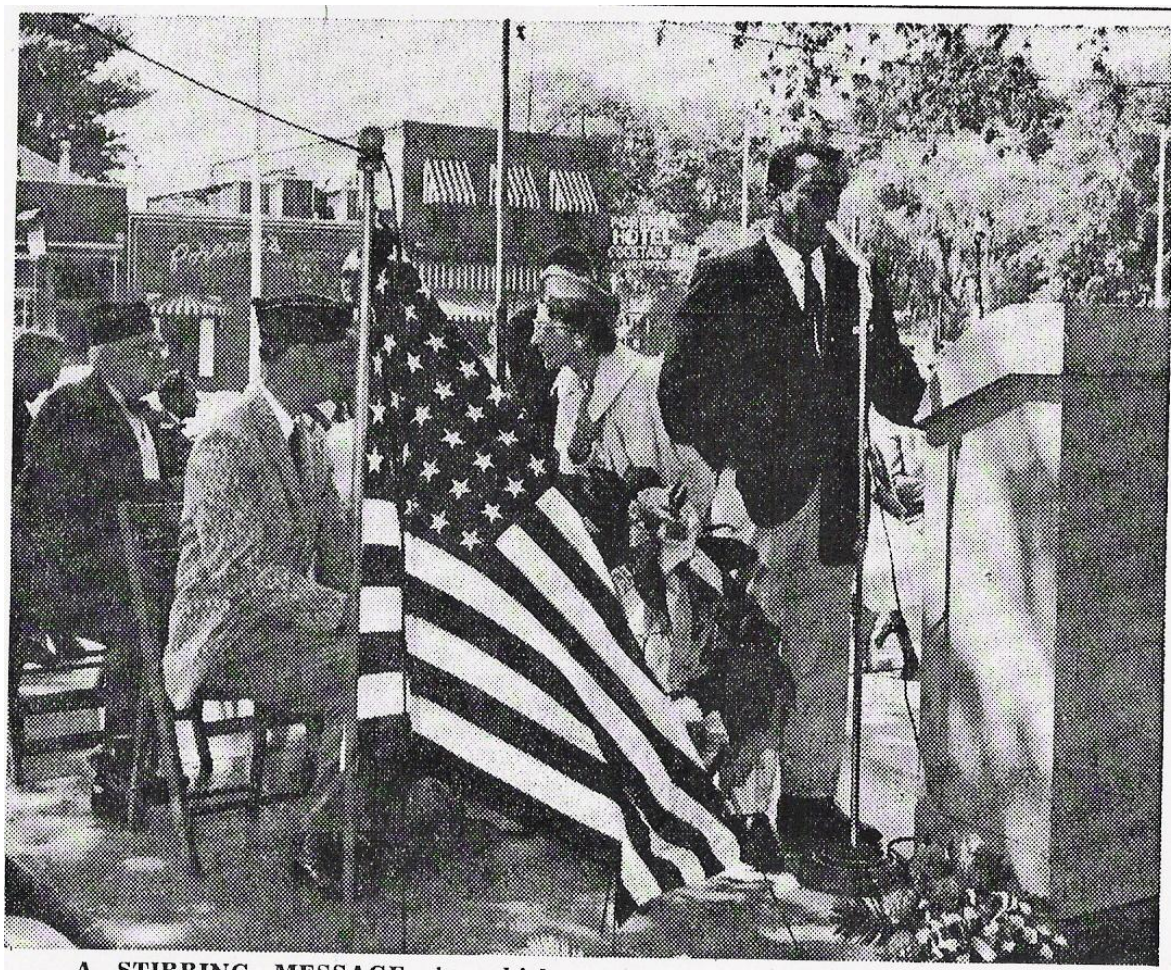

A STIRRING MESSAGE, in which he paid tribute to the war dead of Ecorse and the nation, added a solemn touch to Mayor Eli Ciungan's welcoming address during the city's Memorial Day program Sunday at the reviewing stand in Riverside Park. An Air Force lieutenant during World War II, the mayor served seven months, of four years he was in service, in the South Pacific. Some 2,000 Ecorse residents witnessed the six-division parade and attended the program.—Photo by Duguay


**Honoring Veterans All Year Around**

# Introduction: What They Did For Us

Interviewing World War II veterans, and watching "The World at War" once again makes me think about the enormity of the Second World War. The series is graphic, featuring footage from the German concentration camps, the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and many, many actual battle scenes. There are bodies and blood and gore and it is all real. You do not have the comfort of knowing this is just a movie. There is murder, death, suffering, enough flames and destruction for endless hells. It is difficult for me to comprehend that the men and women I interviewed went through scenes like these every day.

World War II was like that. All wars are like that.

Time, and the need to survive everyday life has softened the edges of the memories of the veterans. Time has obscured the names and lives of many who did not return from the War.

We need to remember the people and events of war. We need to remember that war was still fought conventionally then and does not begin to approach the total destruction of man and his universe that we are capable of today.

We need to remember that even in the heat of battle there were traces of kindness and humanity as well as cruelty and barbarism. The Reverend Ernest Norquist who was part of the Bataan Death March and spent years in a Japanese prison camp talks with good feeling about the kindly Japanese prison camp commandant who wished the Americans and English a safe trip home.

A scene from the battle for Okinawa shown in "The World at War" series sticks in my mind. Okinawa was one of the bloodiest battles of the Pacific campaign and thousands of Marines and Japanese soldiers were killed. Part of the film footage shows a furious skirmish, and then a lone Japanese soldier surrendering. The Marines who had been shooting back at him a few minutes earlier helped the Japanese soldier climb down the embankment to complete his surrender. One of the Marines put an arm around the Japanese soldier to support him. We need to remember our common humanity.

Most of all, we - with our comfortable lifestyles built on the sacrifices of veterans- need to remember what they did for us.

Kathy Warnes

# Chapter One: The Revolutionary War

## Michael Hare Fought in Two Wars and Survived Being Scalped

Statue of George Washington in Waterford, Pennsylvania- Wikimedia Commons

Michael Hare fought in the French and Indian War and the American Revolution. He survived being scalped and earned a living as a weaver and a teacher.

Michael Hare was born in Armaugh County, Ireland, on June 10, 1727. He attended St. Patrick's Seminary near his birthplace and planned to be a priest. Eventually, he changed career directions and learned to be a skilled weaver.

**Michael Hare Serves with George Washington**

When he immigrated to America he stopped first near Philadelphia and then moved northwest with the tide of migration to Northumberland county, Pennsylvania. He served in the French and Indian War under George Washington and in 1755, and although wounded, he was one of the soldiers who helped hold back the Indians who were bent on exterminating Braddock's English regulars to the last man.

**The Battle of Bushy Run**

In 1763, when Indian troubles broke out under Pontiac. Michael fought in the Battle of Bushy run on August 5-6, 1763, serving under Colonel Henry Bouquet who was pressing forward to relieve Captain Simeon Ecuyer who was besieged in Fort Pitt. Bouquet and Ecuyer were Swiss soldiers of fortune serving the English crown in America. At Bushy Run eight years after the humiliation of Braddock, the Indians tried to trick Bouquet's forces into a similar ambush, but Bouquet tricked them instead and disastrously defeated them.

**Michael Hare Fights in the Revolutionary War**

During the Revolutionary War, Michael Hare enlisted in Northumberland County when enlistments were for just a few months, but Michael kept reenlisting and served almost continuously through the war. He was in the battle of Long Island in August 1776, and was detached to serve under Anthony Wayne in the attack on Stony Point on July 15-16, 1779. He also served under Colonel Daniel Brodhead who directed several raids against the Seneca tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy and raids into northwestern Pennsylvania.

The archives of Pennsylvania reveal that Michael Hare was a Ranger from Westmoreland County in 1777, a private in 1780, and later a sergeant in the Pennsylvania volunteers. He was an Indian captive in 1782. Taken to Detroit as a prisoner and then to Quebec, he was exchanged in November 1782, and sent by sea to Philadelphia.

**Michael Is an Indian Interpreter**

Michael Hare served as an Indian interpreter and had a vast knowledge of their habits and customs. In 1781, he found himself in the hands of the Indians when Colonel William Crawford led an ill fated expedition against them. On June 11, 1782, the Indians burned Colonel Crawford at the stake near Sandusky, Ohio, but Simon Girty, the "renegade white," may have liked Michael Hare and influenced the Indians to spare him.

In 1782, Michael Hare served in Colonel Archibald Lochrey's company of 100 men that was trying to make its way west to join the forces of George Rogers Clark. Indian leader Brant and renegade Simon Girty ambushed Colonel Lochrey and his company at the mouth of the Great Miami River. Michael survived, but 42 of the soldiers were killed.

**Michael Hare is Scalped During the St. Clair Expedition**

In 1791 when he was 64 years old, Michael Hare joined General Arthur St. Clair's expedition against the Indians using his interpreting as well as soldiering skills. After scalping Michael on the field of battle in Parke County, Ohio, the Indians left him for dead. Instead of dying, an Indian woman rescued Michael. She guided him all the way across present day Ohio into Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania where he lived at the time. She hid him by day piling branches and leaves over him, while she kept a look out from a tree nearby. He was once hidden underneath a log, which Indians in their search, had mounted for a better vantage point.

**The Hares Settle in Erie County, Pennsylvania**

Michael Hare and his family came to Erie County about 1796 or 1797 and settled near a clump of apple trees a little stream known as Hare's Creek, north of Corry. David Wilson in his History of Union Township, says that Michael Hare "was a weaver by trade, and if any of the neighbors had a piece of fancy work that ordinary weaves could not do, such as double coverlets or bagging of double thicknesses twilled on one side and plain on the other, if they would send for Mr. Hare, he would go, be it far or near, and rig up their loom, and show them how to weave it and charge the moderate sum of two dollars.

After moving from Hare Creek, the Hare family settled at Oak Hill between Waterford and Union City. When he was 100 years old, Michael Hare taught school, first in his cabin, and afterward in a school house in the vicinity. Mrs. Cynthia Ensworth, historian of Waterford said, "Because of this frightful scalp wound, he wore a cap not only during school hours but at all times. He sat close to the fireplace because of poor circulation, keeping one side of his face turned toward the fire."

**Michael Marries Elizabeth and They Have Thirteen Children**

Mrs. Velma Alexander Mando, one of his descendants who researched his life, said that he was short, solidly built and may have weighed about 170 pounds in the prime of his life. She said he favored his scalp wound by leaning his head toward the fire for comfort.

Michael Hare married Elizabeth, twenty two years younger than he was, and they had thirteen children. He died on March 3, 1842 at the age of 115 years and 8 months and 22 days. Elizabeth died on April 10, 1840, at age 90 years.

**Michael and Elizabeth Rest in Evergreen Cemetery**

According to a story in the *Erie Times* of Sunday July 1, 1951, Michael and Elizabeth Hare and Captain Robert King and his family had earlier been buried in a cemetery located in the west section of Waterford Borough. "Then the remains of Michael Hare and his wife were moved to Evergreen cemetery, in Union City Pennsylvania, many years ago."

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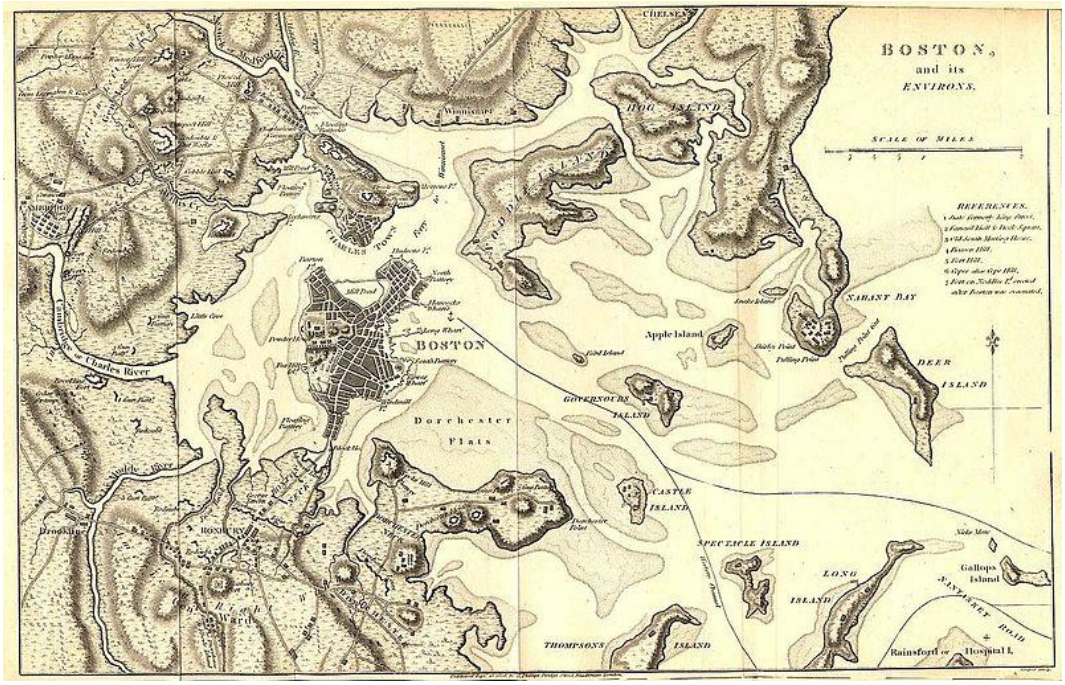
# Susa White Gives Her Pet Lamb Nebby to Boston




Boston Area Colonial Map- Wikimedia Commons

**A Connecticut girl's sacrifice for the American Revolution**

Girls too have courage and determination and they grow into women who make history. Even at her age, Susa White knew the price of her patriotism and she paid it.

Early in the spring of 1774, a man by the name of Carey and his wife farmed land in the eastern section of the town of Windham, Connecticut. One cold, stormy morning he carried a young lamb into his house. The lamb was chilled and almost dead. Carey laid it on the kitchen hearth and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When it showed signs of life, she poured some warm milk into the lamb's mouth and rubbed it tenderly until it licked her hand and bleated in response to her caresses.

Mrs. Carey didn't have much time to care for the lamb because she had to help the other women of the town bake bread for the Sons of Liberty. Mr. Carey suggested that they give the lamb to Parson Stephen White's ten year old daughter, Susannah, Susa for short.

**Susa White Names Her Pet Lamb Nebby**

Susa White's eyes sparkled when she saw the lamb. She declared that she would take the very best care of it and keep it until it was an old sheep. She consulted her father about a name. He suggested that she call the lamb Nebuchadnezzar because some day it would have to eat grass like the Old King of Babylon. Susa thought Nebuchadnezzar a rather large name, but she shortened it to Nebby or Neb. Neb grew by spring leaps and bounds. He followed her around, nibbling either grass or flowers, as suited his taste.

**King George Closes the Port of Boston**

In the spring of 1774, news of the act for closing the port of Boston reached Windham. King George III had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unreserved submission. Boston officials received the Port Act on May 10, 1774, and news of it was sent speedily as possible from town to town and from colony to colony. By the time the stage coach swung onto the road to Hartford, the Port Closing bill edged in black was posted all over the Windham and so was an appeal from the citizens of Boston asking counsel and aid from her sister colonies in their time of trial.

The next day was the Sabbath. Parson Stephen White preached enthusiastically about the Bostonian resistance to the Stamp Act and how Boston had handled the tea question. Parson White exhorted his congregation to do what was in their power for the besieged people of Boston.

**Windham Sends Aid to Besieged Boston**

People didn't fall asleep in church that day. They hung on Parson White's every word. Susa White turned her eyes for a moment for her father's high pulpit toward the door. She caught sight of Neb standing with his front feet on the window sill and chewing his cud. He looked so sleek and handsome. How could she even think of giving him up? She had promised Deacon Carey to keep him until he had grown to a great sheep.

A few days after the church service people flocked to a town meeting to deliberate about what the citizens of Windham would do and when they would do it. The Port Bill would be effective on June 1, 1774, and after that many hundreds of people would need food. A large, enthusiastic crow filled the meeting house to capacity and many young men offered their services to Boston and prepared to depart for that city.

Women and children crowded around, clamoring to help. Some had a few cents to add to the offerings for Boston. Susa's brother Dyer volunteered to go even though he was only 12 years old.

Finally Solomon Huntington, who moderated the meeting, announced that 258 sheep and lambs were listed and ready for delivery. The young men who had volunteered to drive them would be ready to start the next day at noon.

### Susa Makes Her Decision

Susa stationed herself a little way from the front door to wait for her father. At last he came out, talking with one of their neighbors. Susa told her father that she would send Nebby to hungry children of Boston, but she had to talk to Deacon Carey about her promise before she could let Nebby go. Colonel Dyer, who was standing nearby patted Susa's head and said that she was a brave, generous girl.

Susa could only shake her head in reply. She did not speak all of the way home. When they reached their lane, she saw some children who had come to play with Nebby. Running along to the outer gate, she slipped through it and disappeared into the trees.

### Susa Says Goodbye to Nebby

The next day before noon, the farmers came driving in their flocks and the volunteers were ready for the long march. Susa White's lamb Nebby stood out from the flock of 258 sheep. She had carefully washed his white coat for the last time that morning, at the wooden trough beside the well. She had fastened a garland of green leaves around his neck.

The village children followed the flock up the eastern hill. Susa White walked with them, crying silently for Nebby. Then she saw her schoolmate, Sallie Lincoln, biting her lip and saying a cheerful goodbye to her brother.

Susa squared her shoulders and gave Nebby one last hug around the neck. She watched him frisk away with the other lambs, his green leaf garland waving gaily in the spring breeze.

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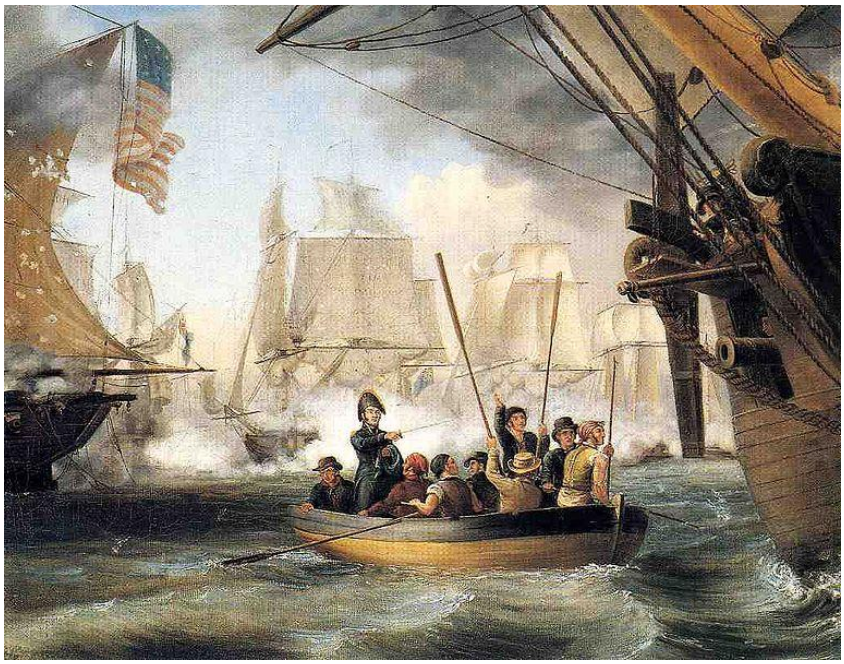
# Chapter Two:  The War of 1812

## James Bird - The Battle of Lake Erie, The Execution, The Ballad



Perry Leaving the Lawrence for the Niagara-Thomas Birch

The story of James Bird began before the Battle of Lake Erie ended in September 1813, and the “Ballad of James Bird” began to be sung shortly after his execution in 1814. For decades after the Battle of Lake Erie, people throughout the hills and dales of Pennsylvania and Ohio sang "The Ballad of James Bird".

**James Bird is a Prisoner on the Niagara**

The brig *Niagara* and the rest of Admiral Perry's fleet returned to Erie, Pennsylvania, after Perry defeated the British fleet. In the early spring of 1814, a sour note marred the victory songs echoing through the streets. James Bird, Edwin or John Rankin, and a sailor named John Davis were taken prisoner on the *Niagara*. The controversy about their fate is still a discordant note in Lake Erie history.

**Lydia Ryall's Version of the James Bird Story**

There are almost as many versions of the James Bird story as there are of the "Ballad of James Bird". In her book, *Sketches and Stories of the Lake Erie Islands*, Lydia J. Ryall says that James was a marine from Kingston, Ohio, and he had fought valiantly on the *Niagara* with Perry in the Battle of Lake Erie.

All of the versions of the James Bird story seem to agree that he did, indeed, fight bravely on Perry's flagship the *Lawrence*.As the ballad describes the story, James Bird is wounded and although Perry implores him to leave the deck and save himself, Bird fights on.

The lyrics of the ballad, according to Laura Sanford, are fraught with emotion, but

nineteenth century ballad singers enjoyed story songs with emotional touches. The emotional touches enhanced the story and the embellishments provided much of the singing fun.

*Ay, behold! a ball has struck him,/See the crimson current flow/"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry/"No," cries Bird, "I will not go"/"Here on board I tuck my station,Ne 'er will Bird his colors fly/I'll stand by you, gallant captain,Til we conquer, lest we die.*

Standing by Oliver Hazard Perry proved to be a fatal mistake for James Bird. Although wounded, James didn't return with the fleet to Erie. Instead, he set out for his home at Kingston, anxious to see his family, friends, and sweetheart. He hired out to a man in his neighborhood and started to work clearing timber. He never thought that he would be considered a deserter. He talked at length to his employer about his experiences under Perry's command. During the conversation he revealed that he had not waited to obtain a formal discharge from Perry's fleet.

Ryall's version of the story has it that Bird's employer also had his eye on Bird's sweetheart and that she had turned aside his advances in favor of James Bird. The employer saw a way to get even with James. He reported him as a deserter.

**Laura Sanford's Version of the James Bird Story**

Laura G. Sanford in her *History of Erie County* tells another version of the story. She says that James Bird belonged to a volunteer company from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and that the company occupied a small blockhouse at the Cascade in Erie. According to Sanford, the men were not used to military discipline and they became impatient with orders. They mutinied by barricading themselves and refusing others admission to the fort. Lieutenant

Brooks of the Marines desperately needed men before the battle, so he told them that he would pardon them if they would enlist with him. He made James Bird a sergeant and put him in charge of a storehouse at the mouth of Mill Creek. Sanford says that he deserted from there.

**Captain Dobbins Tells the James Bird Story**

Two other sources contradict Ryall and Sanford. The Muster Roll of Perry's fleet reveals that James Burd, marine, was wounded on the *Brig Lawrence* in Perry's fleet. Captain W.W. Dobbins in his *History of the Battle of Lake Erie and Reminiscences of the Flagships Lawrence and Niagara*, states that among the wounded was James Bird, sergeant marine.

W.W. Dobbins offers another version of the James Bird story. He wrote that he and his father, Daniel, heard frequent conversations between the officers about Bird. The Dobbins version of the Bird story said that Bird came to Erie with a brigade of volunteers from the Pennsylvania interior. He and a squad of men guarded stores in a small block house at the Cascade where the large vessels were built. Although Bird supervised the stores, he also helped steal them. When the military commander discovered the thefts, the squad mutinied, but the commander arrested and imprisoned the rebels.

Lieutenant Brooks of the marines next appeared on the scene. He perceived that James Bird was a brave man and told him and some others that their offense would be overlooked, "provided they would enlist as marines." They enlisted, and James Bird served bravely on the *Lawrence* was wounded. Then the squadron prepared for the Mackinac expedition and the marines placed Bird and other marines to guard the government stores at Erie. He deserted from there, taking John Rankin, one of the guards with him.This proved to be a fatal mistake for James Bird and paved the way for events that would produce a ballad that would carry his story into history.

**One Shot Away from Rescue**

James Bird and John Rankin were caught while deserting because an Erie boy had spent his vacation at home and rode back toward his school at Washington, Pennsylvania. He passed Bird and Rankin at a tavern near Butler. He had seen the men on duty at the store and he recognized them.

The boy continued on his journey and eventually met Sailing Master Colwell and a group of seamen in wagons. They were on their way to Erie to join the squadron. The boy told them about Rankin and Bird. Sailing Master Colwell disguised a party of men and sent them after Bird and Rankin. They captured Bird and Rankin and brought them to Erie.

**President James Madison Refuses to Pardon James Bird**

The military held a court martial on board the *Niagara,* which was on its way with the squadron to Detroit. John Davis, a sailor who had deserted and committed other offenses,

and James Bird and John Rankin were found guilty and condemned to death.

Some officials tried to have Bird's sentence commuted to imprisonment because of his gallant actions on the *Lawrence* on September 10, 1813. President James Madison refused. He said that Bird "had deserted from off his post while in charge of a guard, in time of war, and therefore, must suffer as an example for others."

**James Bird is Executed Before Word of Perry's Pardon Arrives**

James Bird, John Davis, and John Rankin were executed on board the *Niagara* while it lay at anchor at Erie in October 1814.Legend says that a rider and his horse galloped to Presque Isle Bay where the Niagara rode at anchor. He waved a piece of white paper at the men aboard the *Niagara* and shouted for them not to shoot. The crackle of rifle fire answered him. He had arrived at the *Niagara* with Admiral Perry's pardon for James Bird a minute too late! This part of the story may be just legend, because it would be difficult for Perry to countermand a presidential order, but this version of the story and ballad says that Perry did pardon James Bird, but he was shot before word of the pardon reached the *Niagara.*

**The Ballad of Bird's Farewell**

A ballad called "Bird's Farewell" describes the fate of James Bird and his comrades. Lydia Ryall quotes the entire balled in her *Sketches and Stories of the Lake Erie Islands*. The ballad describes the execution scene this way:

*"Dark and gloomy was the morning/Bird was ordered out to die..".*

The ballad vividly describes Bird kneeling by his coffin and the words overflow with sentiment. "Spare him, his death can do no good," the words cry. Then Bird is shot and his "bosom streams with blood." The language of the ballad may seem overblown and sentimental to modern ears, but the emotions and story telling of the ballad keep James Bird alive.

**Laura Sanford Decries The "Gory" Style of The Ballad**

Laura Sanford concludes her version of the James Bird story by saying, "A ballad on the theme of not less than twenty verses in the "gory" style, rehearsed or rather screeched by a servant girl with a doleful countenance, and made a decided impression on a group of children."

**The Bones and Ballad of James Bird**

Add another historical record to the popular history, the naval record, and the "gory" ballad of James Bird. An item in the *Union City Times*, published in the small town of Union City about twenty miles from Erie, takes up the James Bird story 68 years later. The item, dated March 9, 1882, said that the gale of Wednesday of last week uprooted a tree on Presque Isle, Erie, and the roots dragged up two skeletons.

One of the skeletons was that of James Bird, who had been the subject of cheap,

sensational poetry throughout Pennsylvania for the last 75 years. The story continued that during the War of 1812, James Bird and John Rankin were shot on board the *Niagara* for desertion and were buried on the spot over which the tree grew and flourished.

The newspaper story concluded by saying that "Bird's death was invested with heroic and martyr qualities as he is reported to have fallen with a dozen bullets through him a moment before his pardon arrived."

Servant girls no longer sing the "Ballad of James Bird", but there are still versions of it in folk song books, including Traditional *American Folk Songs from the Anne & Frank Warner Collection, James Bird #17.*

On fog swept mornings on the beaches of Presque Isle, imaginative beach walkers and fishermen say that they can hear the faint strains of:

"*Dark and gloomy was the morning/Bird was ordered out to die..".*

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# Captain Luther Harvey- Soldier, Mariner

River Raisin National Battlefield= Magnus Manske

Captain Luther Harvey created a laundry list of occupations. He was a mail carrier, soldier, tavern keeper, and most of all, a mariner and adventurer. After following an inherited wanderlust where it led him, Captain Harvey selected Monroe, Michigan, as his permanent harbor.

**Luther Harvey Chooses Lake Erie and Soldiering**

Like many other New Englanders, Luther Harvey's family frequently moved around between 1789, the year he was born, and 1810, when he went to Pennsylvania on his own. The family lived in Genessee and Buffalo, New York, where he first became acquainted with Lake Erie. From an early age, Harvey avidly followed the commissary windjammer that sailed up and down the lakes bringing Irish pork from Canada and salt from Onodaga. There were no improved harbors on Lake Erie in the early 1800s and sail boats had to be poled up the Niagara River. An early history notes that "the crew of eight polers refreshed themselves from the tin cup hung from the barrel of Pennsylvania rye in the stern."

In 1810, Luther Harvey moved to Pennsylvania and then to Conneaut, Ohio, with a company of eastern settlers. News that the United States had declared war on Great Britain in the summer of 1812 motivated

Harvey to travel to Cleveland, Ohio. Now 23, Harvey enlisted in the state militia that Ohio governor Jonathan Meigs, Jr., had organized to defend frontier outposts. He served as a private in Captain Clark Parker's company from August 1812 until February 1813, and his company was sent to protect the settlements along the Huron River in Ohio.

Quickly Luther Harvey discovered that garrison duty in the blockhouse on the Huron River didn't provide much adventure, so he decided to change locations. He transferred to the service of Major Lupper, a commissary contractor. The major hired him to carry dispatches around Lake Erie from Cleveland to General Harrison at Fort Meigs, near Toledo, Ohio.

**The River Raisin Militia Is Mustered For Service**

While Luther Harvey served in Captain Parker's militia, the River Raisin militia mustered for service and in the summer of 1812, the militia began to build a military road, later named Jefferson Avenue, that would link Detroit with Ohio. As soon as the River Raisin Militia had completed the road, General William Hull, who commanded the United States forces in the Old Northwest, marched several thousand Ohio volunteers over it to defend Detroit.

General Hull had planned to capture the British Fort Malden in Amherstburg, Ontario, but changed his plans when the Indian allies of the British cut off the flow of supplies.

General Hull tried three times to open the road, but he couldn't break the grip of the Indians and the British. Facing an army of British soldiers and Indians and convinced that he could not prevail, General Hull surrendered his entire army to the British at Detroit on August 16, 1812.

The River Raisin militia reeled from the shock when a British officer arrived in Frenchtown- later Monroe- on August 17, informing them of the surrender of Detroit and ordering them to surrender. The British briefly occupied the settlement, burned its blockhouse, and then departed.

After General Hull surrendered Detroit, President James Madison appointed William Henry Harrison to head the reorganized Army of the Northwest. In January 1813, General William Henry Harrison vowed to recapture Michigan. One of his first moves was to divide his army in half. He led one column to Upper Sandusky and Colonel James Winchester led the other further west to the settlement of Frenchtown on the River Raisin.

**Captain Luther Harvey and "Remember the Raisin**

Captain Luther Harvey enlisted in Captain Parker's militia and served for a year. He discovered that garrison duty in the blockhouse bored him, so he applied for a transfer

and found himself rubbing shoulders and delivering supplies for General William Henry Harrison.

While Captain Luther Harvey hauled supplies between Cleveland and Monroe, the British and Americans fought a fierce battle. By November 1812, a detachment of Canadian militiamen armed with a small cannon were stationed at Frenchtown to monitor the advance of another American army. General James Winchester, an elderly Revolutionary War veteran, commanded this new army which had been recruited in Kentucky in August 1812.

General Winchester sent over 600 men to Frenchtown to fight the British. They arrived on the afternoon of January 18, 1813, and took positions south of the River Raisin. They were reinforced with 100 men from the River Raisin settlement. About 200 Potawatomi Indians and 63 Canadian militiamen faced the American forces.

**"Remember the Raisin"**

The Americans routed the Canadians and the Potawatomi Indians and drove them into the woods about a mile north of the settlement. The Americans set up camp among the homes on the north side of the River Raisin and the British and Indians retreated north of Brownstown, across the Detroit River from the British base at Fort Malden. Arriving with reinforcements and confident from the victory, General Winchester spread his men throughout Frenchtown. He chose an isolated house far from the settlement as his quarters.

Colonel Henry Procter, the commander of the British forces, called out all of his avilable troops- about 500 British soldiers and about 500 Indian warriors under Wyandot chief Roundhead. They hurried across the frozen River Raisin toward Frenchtown. The British and their Indian allies staged a surprise attack on the Americans at Frenchtown at dawn on January 22, 1813.

Chief Roundhead captured General Winchester who had attempted to join his command from his distant quarters and the General surrendered his entire army. The Kentuckians under General Winchester surrendered only after insisting on a promise that the American wounded would be protected from the Indians.

Colonel Procter and his soldiers retreated to Brownstown to avoid what he thought would be a counterattack by General William Henry Harrison. On January 23, 1813, all of the British guards supposedly protecting the wounded Americans left and the Indians returned to the settlement. They plundered homes and the wounded for treasures and killed and scalped between 30 and 60 of the wounded American prisoners, many of them Kentucky volunteers. They set fire to houses and tossed bodies into them.

They claimed the wounded who could walk and marched them to Detroit to ransom them. American newspapers quickly called the battle and its aftermath "The Massacre of the River Raisin." Americans in the west rallied to the battle cry of "Remember the Raisin." Luther Harvey was one of the men who inspected the battlefield and tried to help the

wounded and bury the dead.

**General William Henry Harrison Changes His Plans**

General William Henry Harrison had planned a winter campaign for his Army of the Northwest, but the defeat of Colonel Winchester at Frenchtown forced him to change his plans. Instead, he decided to build Fort Meigs at the Maumee Rapids. Luther Harvey and a few companions delivered messages from Cleveland to General Harrison at Fort Meigs.

In February 1813, Harvey took the job of driving six yoke of oxen hauling flour and other stores from Cleveland to Fort Meigs. Harvey was convinced that the massacre at the River Raisin had frightened General Harrison and he planned to abandon Fort Meigs. Resolutely, Harvey continued to deliver his supplies without spotting any British soldiers or Indians, and his supplies kept the garrison alive the rest of the winter.

**Captain Luther Harvey and Commander Perry**

Captain Harvey delivered supplies for General Harrison and witnessed the Battle of Lake Erie. He settled in Monroe, Michigan, and resumed his voyages on the Great Lakes.

Captain Luther Harvey served in the American militia, delivered supplies to General William Henry Harrison, and helped bury the victims of the River Raisin Massacre. By August 1813, Captain Harvey and his family had completed a circuit of the east and south shore of Lake Erie and were living in Huron, Ohio.

Commander Oliver Hazard Perry had finished building his fleet at Erie, Pennsylvania, and had dropped anchor at Sandusky, Ohio. Harvey decided to visit the fleet. He found a leaky batteau that some Americans had used to flee from Maumee, loaded it with supplies, including butter and roasting ears, and rowed out to the fleet with several farm boys. Perry 's sailors eagerly welcomed this spontaneous supply ship.

**Captain Harvey Watches the Battle of Lake Erie**

After watching the sailors unload his groceries on Perry's flagship the *Lawrence*, Harvey demanded to be taken aboard to meet Perry himself. He chatted with Commander Perry on the deck of the *Lawrence.*The purser paid him well, encouraging him to return soon. Harvey did soon return, but this time to Put-in-Bay, where Perry’s fleet waited in battle formation for the British.

Along with many other observers, Luther Harvey watched the Battle of Lake Erie from a nearby island, possibly Kelly’s or Catawba Island. When the guns stopped, he hurried to the scene of the battle and observed the wreckage of British and American vessels. He saw broken spars, blood-stained mattresses, clothing, and tangled rigging cluttering the water.

Again, Luther Harvey meet Captain Perry and Perry insisted that Harvey pilot a boat load of Kentucky militia across Lake Erie to occupy Fort Malden which the British had

abandoned as soon as Perry won the Battle of Lake Erie. When they reached Fort Malden, the Kentuckians burned the abandoned home of Colonel Elliott, because they blamed him for the murders of their fellow militiamen at Frenchtown.

After he left Fort Malden, Luther Harvey went to Detroit which the British had also abandoned. He said it was a dirty, disagreeable place, but did enjoy watching Jefferson Avenue being plowed the first time for grading.

**The Harvey Family Moves to Frenchtown**

In 1815, Luther Harvey moved his family from Detroit to Frenchtown, bringing him full circle around Lake Erie from Buffalo. One of the first people to come into the abandoned Frenchtown settlement after the battle of the River Raisin, Harvey made Frenchtown his home after that. He opened a tavern as his first business venture in his new home, and he immediately took the lead in community affairs.

The first Fourth of July he spent in Frenchtown, Harvey took part in a patriotic and gruesome exercise. Many of the men and boys of the reviving village spent the day wheeling carts along the banks of the River Raisin, gathering up the bleached bones of the victims of the massacre which had taken place two years before. They found bones as far south as Plum Creek, where the British and Indians had pursued the beaten Kentuckians. They also collected tomahawks, cannon balls, muskets, bayonets, parts of uniforms and other equipment that the Indians had overlooked.

**Captain Luther Harvey Sails Again**

His tavern keeper life soon bored Luther Harvey who was only 26 when he moved to Frenchtown. In 1817, he went back to being a lake captain, and owned and sailed several sailing sloops and schooners . The Detroit Gazette of April 17, 1818, records Captain Harvey as bound for Miami in the schooner *General Brown.*

In 1820, the *Fire Fly*, Capt. Luther Harvey, 2 tons. is listed in the roster of vessels plying the Maumee River. Captain Harvey sailed the Fire Fly, and often voyaged to the then almost unknown harbors of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan in safety. The Detroit Gazette of April 8, 1825 lists the *Fire Fly*, Captain Harvey, from Miami as arriving from Buffalo. In November 1828, the Detroit Gazette has Captain Harvey arriving from Miami in the *Regulator*. For nearly thirty years he sailed the lakes, and so skillfully managed his ships that he very seldom suffered an accident or a loss.

The 1870 census shows Luther Harvey, age 82, from Vermont living in Monroe and his wife, Mary, 73, born in Canada, and keeping house in Monroe. His son and wife and children also lived with him. He died in Monroe on Sunday September 14, 1878, Francis A. Dewey of Cambridge, Michigan, writes in an 1881 memoir that in “his quiet and memorable residence, at the age of eighty-six years, he laid down to sleep his last, long sleep, and then and there was entombed, a pioneer of the lakes and Monroe.”

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# Chapter Three: The Mexican War


Erhard Schieble-Wikimedia Commons

## Henry Laurent Fought to Forget Vena Waldron

In 1846 when the war between the United States and Mexico began, a young man from Pike County, Arkansas, named Henry Laurent and a young neighboring lady, Miss Vena Waldron, became engaged. Gradually Henry heard the guns of war and he felt it his duty to his country to enlist in the Army. He kissed his fiancé goodbye and went off to war. When Henry left, Vena vowed that she would never marry if he didn't return.

## Henry Fights in France and Russia

After Mexico City fell, Henry had a curious conversation with a fellow soldier and a neighbor. A neighbor named Ralph Mitchell came to Henry and told him that he had left Pike County after Henry did and that Vena had died a few days before he left.

Henry took the news of Vena's death to heart. When the troops returned from Mexico in 1848, Henry didn't come home with them. After he left the Army, he went to Cuba and from Cuba he went to Spain, England, Austria, Prussia, and France. When the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871 broke out, he joined the French Army and was seriously wounded at Metz.

After Henry recovered from his wound, the Franco-Prussian war was over and he stayed in France until the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-1878 broke out. Henry went to Russia and joined the Army. While trying to cross the Danube with a detachment of troops, he was shot through the lungs. He was in the hospital for a long time, but he finally recovered.

### Ralph Mitchell Calls on Vena Waldron

Ralph Mitchell took a different path when the Mexican War ended. He returned to Pike County and called on Miss Vena Waldron. He told her that Henry, her fiancé, had strayed from the camp one night and a band of scouts killed him. Vena fell to the floor in a faint. When she regained consciousness, she developed a high fever. For months she tossed on her bed, dreading recovery worse than death. After a long illness, she finally regained her strength.

Ralph Mitchell called frequently on Vena during the time she was ill. One night while the bright moonlight shone of Vena's pale face, Ralph confessed his devotion.

"We have known each other from children and we have lived as neighbors," Ralph told her. "You know me, my father and mother. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Vena told Ralph that she respected and admired him, but she was engaged to Henry Laurent and always would be engaged to him.

"Then I will tantalize you no more. Laurent is not dead. My love for you caused me to deceive him. I told him that you were dead, and with a yell of despair, he left the army. I did this through love," Ralph Mitchell confessed.

## Vena Continues to Wait for Henry

Vena fell ill for a second time and when she recovered she learned that Ralph Mitchell had married a neighboring girl. The American Civil War came and went. Years passed and Vena laid her parents to rest and went to live with her brother. Other brothers grew up and married.

Vena lived in a small house with vines growing in the yard. She sat among them and dreamed. Summer flowed into winter and winter flowed into spring. The birds sang and

the rabbits bounded in the meadows. Old songs and old memories swept Vena's heart, still young and ardent despite her years.

### Henry Finally Comes Home

One evening in October, 1879, Vena sat among the vines in her yard. Her brother had gone to the mill and she sat and dreamed. Then she started. An old man with a long beard and a tottering walk stood in front of the gate. He asked her if Mr. Waldron lived there. She invited him in. He came to the vine covered porch and sank down on a chair. He buried his face in his wrinkled hands.

"Old gentleman, can I do anything for you? You look so weary," Vena said.

"That voice! Vena, don't you know me? Henry has returned! "the old man exclaimed.

Vena fainted and the old man gently lifted the form of the old woman from the floor.

Vena's brother returned. The moon rose and the old lovers walked out into the beautiful, polished peace of the night. They walked along the road, clasping hands. Vena opened a gate and they walked into a fenced in cemetery. They stopped at a grave.

"Bend over, Henry, and see if you can read the inscription," Vena said.

Henry leaned over. Slowly he straightened up. "It is the grave of Ralph Mitchell."Henry and Vena Forgive Ralph Mitchell and Marry

According to the newspaper account written in the sentimental nineteenth century style, Henry and Vena held hands across the grave and prayed, "Great God, we forgive the man who destroyed so many years of our happiness."

A few days later in a little log church not far away, a beaming minister pronounced Henry Laurent and Vena Waldron man and wife.

The nineteenth century newspaper story concludes with another touch of nineteenth century sentimentality, but also with a touch of twenty first century realism: "Their story ends with a timeless truth. 'Nature says their lives will not continue but a few years longer. True sentiment says the few years will be happy ones.'"

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# Two Pennsylvania Soldiers Fight in the Mexican War

They were ordinary soldiers who heard the call of their country and answered. When the fighting was over, they returned home to their ordinary lives.

John Landsrath- A German Immigrant Fights in the Mexican War and the Civil War

John Landsrath was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, on December 3, 1822, a son of Anton and Eliza Landsrath. Anton had been a German soldier who fought at the Battle of Waterloo and afterwards he was given a position as a revenue officer for bravery as a soldier.

Second in a family of five children, John was brought up and educated in Germany. He ran a mercantile business there until 1847, when, along with his brother, he immigrated to America. He settled in Hartford, Connecticut, where he studied the English language for about a year.

In the last part of 1847, he went to Philadelphia and enlisted in Company H, 2nd Dragoons. He served in the Mexican War about a year under Captain Hunter, seeing active combat under General Zachery Taylor. He was discharged at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Missouri, in 1848.

Returning to New York after the Mexican War, John Landsrath worked as a tinner in Buffalo and Dunkirk, New York, and then moved to Jamestown to work in the hardware business for two years. In 1853, he moved to Union City, Pennsylvania, and opened the first hardware store in town.

In 1861, John helped recruit and was made a captain in McLane's regiment of volunteer infantry which went to Pittsburgh and remained there until its three months term had expired.

In 1868, John Landsrath built a large hardware store in Union City, where with his son, John a. Landsrath, he worked as a partner. He carried on the business until 1888, when they sold out.

In addition to his hardware business, John had many other interests. He was a partner in a barrel factory for a number of years and also worked in the oil industry, buying and selling in large lots. He was one of Union City's most enterprising and foremost citizens and did much for the development of the town.

John was married twice. He married first in Germany and his wife died about a year after they married. He was married a second time on May 8, 1851, to Miss Lydia H. Barnham, a native of Chautauqua County, New York. They had four children: John Anton, Grace H., Clement L. and Eliphalet H.

John Landsrath died on February 15, 1899, after an illness of two weeks. He was an honored member of the Presbyterian congregation, who helped to build the church. He was also a member of the Masonic order.

**Marshall W. Lyon, Blacksmith, Soldier**

Marshall W. Lyon was a blacksmith in Union City, Pennsylvania, and one of the town's Mexican War veterans. He was born November 26, 1825, in Ashfield, Massachusetts, the oldest son in the family of twelve children of Marshall and Cloe Lyon. Two brothers, David of Girard, Pennsylvania, and Josiah of Butler, Pennsylvania, were Civil War veterans.

In the fall of 1835, the family came to Erie County, Pennsylvania, and settled in Girard. They bought a farm were Marshall worked until he was 18 years old. Then he signed on as a blacksmith's apprentice to Jacob Van Lown of Girard. After completing his apprenticeship, he went to Cleveland, Ohio, with the intention of settling there and working at his trade.

The Mexican War changed Marshall's plans. In 1846, he enlisted as a soldier in Company G, Regular Infantry to serve in the Mexican War under Captain W. Scott Ketcham. He was sent from Cleveland to Cincinnati by stage and from there down the Mississippi to New Orleans. From New Orleans, the soldiers took a ship for the center of the war in Mexico.

Marshall Lyon was a faithful soldier and served his country well. He suffered the ups and downs of army life, fighting in the main battles, and he was with Winfield Scott when he marched his victorious army into Mexico City. His regiment was under the immediate command of Zachary Taylor. He was mustered out in June 1848.

After the war was over, Marshal returned to Girard and worked as a blacksmith until 1859, when he moved to Spartansburg and worked as a blacksmith there for 21 years. He was married on August 27, 1854, to Miss Cynthia C. Allen. They had four children: Sophia F., Clarence A., electrician, George, deceased, and Marshall A., a painter, decorator, and paper hanger.

In 1872, Marshall Lyon came to Union City and built a blacksmith shop, which he operated for many years. He was a veteran blacksmith as well as a soldier, and he was well and favorably known throughout Erie and Crawford Counties.

# Chapter Four:  The Civil War


The Ruins of Gaines' Mill - National Archives

## William B.  Gray and the 83rd Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry at Gaines' Mill

Clerk of the Session David Wilson entered a terse sentence in the session records of the Union City, Pennsylvania Presbyterian Church in June 1862. He wrote:"Was killed in

battle near Richmond on the 27th day of June 1862- William B. Gray, a member of this church, in the 26th year of his age."

### William B. Gray Enlisted in the 83rd Pennsylvania Volunteers

Some of William B. Gray's personal history can be gleaned from examining previous session records. The record says that in May 1837, Reverend Chamberlain baptized one child for William Gray, a boy christened William Bracken Gray. In October 1854, William made a public profession of his faith, partook of the Lord's Supper and became a member of the Presbyterian Church.

William probably worked with his father on the family farm until he enlisted in Company E of the 83rd Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers at Waterford on September 9, 1861. The farm and factory boys of Northwestern Pennsylvania resolved that the Union had to be preserved at all costs, even at the price of leaving home to fight their countrymen in the tangled woods and swamps of Virginia and the alien countryside of the remainder of the South. Many of them were convinced that the war wouldn't last long. After all, hadn't Mr. Lincoln called for three month volunteers?

By October 1861, the 83rd Regiment had reached its full complement of 1,000 men. Of these, nearly 300 had been members of Colonel John McLane's Three Month's Regiment. The 83rd was mustered into the United States service on September 8, 1861, and departed for Washington on September 16, seven days after William B. Gray enlisted. The 83rd soon earned an excellent reputation for drill and soldierly appearance.

## Friday June 27, 1862 – The Day William B. Gray Died at Gaines' Mill

Less than a year after William B. Gray and his 83rd Regiment left Erie, they found themselves in the thick of what would prove to be one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. The day that William B. Gray and Colonel John McLane died- June 27, 1862- seemed like a day suited more to frittering away than fighting. A Union veteran recalled it: "The morning of Friday, the 27th day of June 1862 broke hot and sultry."

## The Seven Days Campaign Ends a Three Month Union Drive to Capture Richmond

Despite the hot weather, the Union and Confederate armies had determined to fight and fight they did. The battle they fought came to be called the Battle of Gaines' Mill and was part of the Seven Days Campaign which began on June 25, 1862. The Seven Days Campaign ended a three month Union drive to capture Richmond. From June 25 to July 2, 1862, General Robert E. Lee and his army and Major General George B. McClellan and his army fired at each other and marched and maneuvered in the Chickahominy swamps that stretched to the James River. More men were involved in these battles and more casualties resulted from them than in any other campaign in American military history to

this point. The biggest and bloodiest battle of the Seven Days Campaign was Gaines' Mill.

General Robert E. Lee had a combat strength of 56,000 men to Brigadier General Fitz-John Porter's 35,000. The casualty figures were 8,750 Confederate and 6,937 Yankee dead and wounded. Captain Judson states in his regimental history that the position of the Union Army resembled a letter V, occupying both banks of the Chickahominy. The Army's left flank rested a little beyond Fair Oaks, some four or five miles from Richmond. Then the lines extended in a northeasterly direction down to the river at Gaines' Mill, whose position may be called the head of the letter. Then the line ran northwest on the left bank of the river to the vicinity of Mechanicsville. General Fitz-John Porter's entire corps occupied the left bank and constituted the right wing of the army.

## General Robert E. Lee Vows to Defend Richmond

Confederate General Robert E. Lee had spent weeks concentrating his forces and building new levees to help defend Richmond. He brought Stonewall Jackson down from the Shenandoah Valley to Hanover Courthouse. He planned to transfer the main body of his army to the left bank of the Chickahominy and attack the Union forces in front, while Stonewall Jackson with 30,000 men was to hurl them on the Union flank and rear. The Confederates wanted to crush the right wing of the Union Army, to break up the base of the Union supplies at Watt House, and force it to fall back and seek another base on the James or at a greater distance from Richmond.

The Union infantry prepared as best it could to beat off the Confederate attack. Brigadier General Porter had established his headquarters at the Watt House and a little beyond that the Union front line formed along the bottom of the brush-choked swamp. The soldie- formed a second line at the crest of the ravine, and threw up breastworks of knapsacks, logs, and dirt. Open fields stretched beyond the ravine, and Union artillery commanders positioned their guns to stop any Rebel advances across them. The ground on which the battle was fought consisted of rolling hills, broken up into ravines and hollows. Some of it was open country and some was heavily timbered.

The woods extended from the slope of the high ground terminating in the flats from one half to 3/4 of a mile from the river to Gaines' Mill and were about a mile in length. The stream on which the mill stood emptied into the Chickahominy, flowing a little over half way between these woods and Gaines' house. At a point below the mill, a small rivulet branched off and running along the skirts of those woods again emptied into the stream. It was on the banks of the rivulet, in a hollow on the edge of the woods, that the 83rd and 44th New York formed a line of battle.

## The Battle of Gaines’ Mill Ends for William B. Gray

With a roar of guns and the Rebel Yell, Robert E. Lee's, Band his men opened the Battle of Gaines' Mill. The 83rd, according to Captain Judson, had "the hottest corner." He

wrote: "It now became evident that the principal attack was going to be made along the lines of our brigade, for, if they could succeed in crushing us, our left flank would be turned, and the whole corps turned back toward the Pamunky and cut off from the rest of the army."

The men of the 83rd hastily built a breastwork of logs in their corner and held the position which was on the extreme left of the Union Army. Captain Judson saw Colonel McLane standing near the center of the regiment, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading beech. The Colonel told his men that they must hold their position to the last. Inspired by his courage, the men vowed never to be driven from their position. Aided by artillery, the 83rd repelled the Rebels in three ferocious charges, but then the Rebels partially broke through. The men of the 83rd knew that the Rebels wanted to break through the Union lines, sweep down the river bank, secure the bridges, and cut off retreat.

It seemed that the Rebels were successful. The 83rd Regiment was cut off from the rest of the Army and flanked upon the right as well as in front. All the 83rd could do was come out from cover and fight in the open. They came out and stood to it, while men fell thick and fast on all sides. There is no record in the regimental history of when, where and what time William B. Gray fell. It is just noted in the church record that he died on June 27, 1862.

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# C.B. Lower Escapes En Route to Andersonville


Library of Congress

C.B. Lower of the old Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment escaped on his way to Andersonville and traveled through hostile rebel country to reach union lines.

C.B. Lower served in the 23rd Ohio Regiment until April 1862, when he was wounded at Antietam and sent to a New York hospital. He escaped from the hospital and went home to Pennsylvania. Again he enlisted, this time in the Bucktail Regiment. During this tour

of duty he was wounded at Mine Run and the Battle of the Wilderness. He fought heroically Wilderness and was severely wounded. The Rebel Army captured him and took him and some of his companions to Libby Prison in Richmond, Virginia, and after a time they learned that they were to be sent to Andersonville.

## C.B. Lower Escapes from the Rebel Train

Around June 9, 1864, C.B. Lower and 25 other members of the Bucktails schemed to escape from the cars while on the way to Andersonville. They decided to overcome the guards, bind and gag them, and leap from the cars. After leaving Burksville, Virginia, Lower took a spot near the door of the boxcar just beside one of the guards. Then just as C.B. Lowe was about to attack the guard, he got word that the escape attempt had been called off.

C.B. decided to escape anyway. The weather was warm and the guard allowed the box car door to stand open, resting his gun across the door. C.B. caught hold of the gun and thrust it to one side. He leaped into the darkness. Tumbling and rolling, he found himself hurtling down an embankment. He heard the guard yell and then with a rush and a roar the train swept out of sight.

Getting slowly to his feet, C.B. felt himself all over. He was slightly bruised, somewhat scratched and significantly scared. He had broken open the wound he had received at Wilderness.

## C.B. Decides to Travel North to the Union Lines

C.B. was alone and unarmed in the middle of Rebel Country. He looked up at the starry sky and found the North Star. He decided to travel until he had crossed the East Tennessee Railroad and then go west until he reached the New River and follow it down to the Kanawha.

During the next five days and nights, C.B. traveled north as fast as he could, narrowly missing capture many times. On the morning of the sixth day, a woman whose house he had stopped at to get something to eat told him that the Yankees were at Buckhannon, about 25 miles across the Blue Ridge. C.B. pushed ahead, keeping in the woods as much as possible. During the day he passed over the Great Otter Mountain or Big Peak, in the evening about an hour before sundown, he came into a valley. There was nothing between him and the Union General David Hunter’s forces now but the Blue Ridge, which he determined to cross during the night.

## Near Capture in the Valley of the Blue Ridge

In the valley, C.B. Lower saw a log cabin and he asked the woman in the cabin for something to eat. He told her that he was an escaping Union prisoner making his way north. While they were talking, he spotted a Confederate guerilla coming around the corner of

the cabin with a musket in his hand. C.B. surrendered to the guerilla and the woman brought him a piece of corn bread to eat on his journey back to Andersonville.

The woman handed the other piece of corn bread to the Confederate guerilla who stood with his gun lying across his left arm. Just as the guerilla turned his eyes from C.B. and reached out his right hand to take the corn bread, C.B. sprang on his back and with both hands caught hold of his gun.

Reinforcements for the guerrilla came from an unexpected source. As C.B. Lower put it, he found himself "clasped in an embrace which under other circumstances would not have been regarded as a hostile maneuver. The only thing left for me to do was to beat a retreat and take the chances of a shot."

## C.B. Escapes to General David Hunter's Union Lines

Next, C.B. skipped his hand down the gun barrel, cocked the piece, and pulled the trigger, thinking that perhaps he could fire it off and get out of sight before the Rebel guerilla could reload. The gun misfired. "So I bore myself away from those loving embraces and fled," C.B. said.

The Rebel guerrilla followed at some distance calling upon C.B. to halt of he would shoot. C.B. heard the cap snap, but the gun again misfired and in another moment, CB. was over the fence into the woods. C.B. traveled all night and in the morning about daylight came upon General David Hunter's pickets and was soon safely in the Union camp. He went with the army to Lynchburg, back to Charleston and then home to Pennsylvania.

After a short rest, he rejoined his regiment in front of Petersburg, and participated in every battle until Lee surrendered. In the winter of 1865, he received a furlough for meritorious conduct in making his escape from the enemy and not adding another Union statistic to Andersonville.

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# Tod Carter Escapes En Route to Johnson's Island


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Captain Tod Carter, Confederate States Army, captured at Missionary Ridge, was one of the more than 6,100 Confederate prisoners that General Ulysses S. Grant sent north after the battles around Chattanooga, Tennessee. Captain Carter's trip toward Johnson's Island was just the beginning of a southward journey that led him home to Franklin, Tennessee.

**Tod Carter Enlists in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment**

Tod enlisted in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, in a company formed by his older brother Moscow. His brother, Colonel Moscow Branch Carter mailed a letter to Tod from Nashville, Tennessee, on March 4, 1864. The letter gives more details of Tod's capture. It is addressed to Capt. Tod Carter, Prisoner of War, Johnson's Island, Ohio, Block 8, Mess No. 1. After describing the Union occupation of Franklin, Tennessee, Moscow adds, "I have a little piece of news you many never have heard before. After your capture, your horse swam the river, and returned to camp in full rig. The boys thought for a long time you were killed, seeing your horse without you."

But Tod wasn't at Johnson's Island to read his brother Moscow's letter postmarked May 4, 1864. Family tradition said that Tod made a daring escape "while crossing the State of Pennsylvania en route to a northern prison." Riding on a moving train in the darkness of a northern night, Tod pretended to be asleep, with his feet resting in the train window and

his head in his seat companion's lap.

**Tod Escapes from the Train on the Way to Johnson's Island**

When the guard looked the other way, Tod's companion shoved him out the train window! The conductor stopped the train and a search party scattered through the countryside to look for him. A northern farm couple befriended Tod and in disguise, he traveled up the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to Memphis, Tennessee. From Memphis, he traveled to Dalton, Georgia, where his Twentieth Tennessee Regiment still lay encamped.

Seven months later on November 28, 1864, Tod clung to a scrap of tablet paper signed by his commanding officer giving him permission to advance ahead of his brigade to visit his home and family in Franklin, Tennessee, less than twenty five miles away.

At home waited his father, Fountain Branch Carter, 67. His older brother, Colonel Moscow Branch Carter, a prisoner of war at home on parole for about a year, waited. At home waited his four sisters and his beloved sister-in-law, nine nieces and nephews all under twelve years old. At home waited the hams and bacon in the smoke house and the good meals his servants prepared in the kitchen in the yard.

**The Union Army Waits for Tod at His Home in Tennessee**

At home also waited the Union Army. A Union Army of about 24,000 men under General John M. Schofield marched to join the forces of General George H. Thomas at Nashville. It encountered the Confederate Army under General John B. Hood and the battle of Franklin, Tennessee took place the next day, November 30, 1864.

General Cox of the Union army commandeered the Carter House to become the Federal Command post. His family managed to warn Captain Carter away just as he had stopped at the garden gate. Tod's duties as an Assistant Quartermaster were non-combatant, but no power on earth could keep him out of the battle. The Yankees had built breastworks across his father's farm and overrun his home. Worse yet, he feared for the safety of his family in the bombardment.

**Tod and Rosencrantz Lead a Charge Against the Yankees**

Astride his horse, Rosencrantz, Captain Tod Carter dashed through the Yankee works under the guns of the Twentieth Ohio Battery. About five o'clock in the evening, he was leading the charge in the center of Bate's Division when his horse Rosencrantz plunged, throwing Tod over his head. Tod hit the ground and lay very still. He had been mortally wounded about 525 feet southwest of his home. Shortly after midnight the soldiers from both sides left the battlefield, leaving their dead and wounded.

**The Carter Family Finds Tod**

The Carter family and their servants and their neighbors, the Albert Lotz family emerged from the cellar, unharmed and thanking God for their deliverance. Before they could finish their prayers, a Confederate soldier brought the news that Captain Tod Carter lay wounded on the field. His family climbed over the breastworks and trenches carrying

lanterns. Just before daybreak they found Tod, lying on the cold ground, deliriously calling his friend Sgt. Cooper's name. Nearby lay his horse, Rosencranz, gray and powerful even in death.

Nathan Morris, Captain of Litter bearers, a Mr. Lawrence and a Mr. L.M. Bailey of Alabama carried Tod into the debris filled family room wrecked by shot and shell and laid him upon the floor. The regimental surgeon Dr. Deering Roberts probed for the bullet in Tod's head while his young nieces Alice Adelaide McPhail and Lena Carter held a candle and small lamp. Despite the efforts of his family and Dr. Roberts, Tod Carter died on December 2, 1864, at the age of twenty four. He died in the front sitting room across the hall from the room where he was born.

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# Captain Bill Driver and “Old Glory”

Captain Bill Driver handed “Old Glory” to his daughter Mary Jane and said, “Cherish it as I have cherished it for it has been my friend and protector around the world.”

William Driver was born on March 17, 1803, in Salem, Massachusetts, and he died in Nashville, Tennessee in 1886. He lived a life filled with adventure and he deeply loved the Union, enough to defy the members of his family who equally loved the Confederacy. The flag that he called “Old Glory” has been the center of both controversy and unity.

## William Driver Goes to Sea

One Sunday in 1817, fourteen-year-old William Driver was supposed to be on his way to Sunday School in his home town of Salem, Massachusetts. Instead, he went down to the harbor. By sheer determination and persuasion, he talked himself into the position of cabin boy and was on the high seas by nightfall. Eight years later, Bill sailed back into Salem harbor as captain of his own ship, *The Seawood*.

## Captain Driver Acquires "Old Glory"

In 1827, Bill married Martha Silsbee Babbage and they eventually had three children.A version of the story of how Captain Driver acquired his flag goes that the women of Salem including his mother, sewed him a flag with 24 stars . As he was about to sail out of Salem, Massachusetts, harbor, the sailors aboard his ship, the whaler *Charles Doggett*, hoisted the flag to the mast head of his ship. “There goes Old Glory,” Captain Driver exclaimed and from that moment on “Old Glory” accompanied him on all of his voyages.

Captain Driver made his longest voyage in 1831-1832, when he sailed the *Charles Doggett* to the South Pacific. During a port of call at Tahiti, he met some of the descendants of the *H.M.S. Bounty* crew. They had moved to Tahiti from Pitcairn Island where the mutineers who had taken control of the *Bounty* had marooned them. They wanted to leave Tahiti, so they asked Captain Bill Driver to give them passage back to Pitcairn Island. During the return passed, Captain Driver slept on the deck of the *Charles Doggett* so the women and children could sleep in the bunks below. Altogether, “Old Glory" and Captain Driver sailed twice around the world and once around the continent of Australia.

## Captain Driver, His Children, and “Old Glory” Move to Tennessee

In 1837, Captain Driver’s wife Martha died and he quit the sea to take care of his children. He moved to Nashville, Tennessee, where several of his brothers lived, taking

his belongings, his three children and “Old Glory” with him. In 1838, Captain Driver married Sarah Jane Parks in Nashville and eventually they had eight children.

On every patriotic occasion in town, Bill Driver proudly flew Old Glory from his front porch. By 1860, Captain Driver felt that “Old Glory” looked as frayed as he felt on some days. The versions of the story differ as to what he did to revitalize “Old Glory.” One version of the story says that he replaced the original with another flag. Another version says that he had his wife Sarah Jane and his daughter Mary Jane take the flag apart, cut off the raveled and frayed seams, replace the old stars and add new ones to make a total of 34 – the correct number for 1860.

## Captain Driver Remains a Loyal Union Man

When Tennessee seceded from the Union in 1861, Captain Driver remained a loyal Yankee, even though his sons joined the “Boys in Gray.” When Union flags in town were mysteriously torn and burned, Captain Driver decided to protect "Old Glory" and the flag disappeared from his front porch. Confederate troops in Nashville searched the Captain’s house for "Old Glory" several times, but never found it.

Finally, when Brigadier General Nelson's wing of the Union troops marched victoriously into Nashville on February 25, 1862, Captain Driver marched alongside them. He hurried into his house and emerged carrying an old quilt. There, between its folds, nestled "Old Glory". Escorted by Union soldiers Captain Driver marched to the Tennessee Capitol building with "Old Glory" in his arms. He climbed to the dome and triumphantly hoisted his flag to the top.

*The New York Times* story reports that same night a heavy wind came up and Captain Driver took down the original flag the next morning and sent up a new flag in its place. He gave this second flag to the Sixth Ohio Regiment when it left Nashville for home. The soldiers put the flag in the rear of a baggage wagon where a mule discovered it and ate it!

## Despite Differences, "Old Glory" Is the Symbol of All Americans

Captain Bill Driver died in 1886, and he is buried in City Cemetery in Nashville under a marker that he designed himself- a ship’s anchor leaning against a vine covered tree. Captain Driver’s family disputed who owned the original "Old Glory". Family records indicate that Captain Diver's daughter, Mary Jane Roland and her cousin Harriet Ruth Waters Cooke bitterly disputed who possessed the original “Old Glory.” *The New York Times* version of the story says that Harriet Ruth Waters Cooke, a cousin of the family, had the flag and she in turn presented it to the Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts.

Other versions of the story say that Captain Bill Driver gave "Old Glory" to his daughter Mrs. Mary Jane Roland in 1873. In turn, Mary Jane gave "Old Glory" to President Warren G. Harding in 1922. President Harding presented it to the Smithsonian Institution and it remains there today.

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# Violets for Valor: Fate United Bereaved Fathers James Scott and Abraham Lincoln

Catharine Scott Cummings and her father, James Scott, never dreamed that President Abraham Lincoln would touch their lives and that they would be part of his legacy.

Catharine Scott, the daughter of staunch Yankees James and Sarah Scott, of Peterborough, New Hampshire, was born on December 3, 1842. On December 1,1861, she married Major John A. Cummings of the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment and by August 1862, Confederate sympathizers had buried her on the Potomac shores of Maryland.

## Three Wives Journey to Newport News

In July 1862, the Sixth New Hampshire proceeded with other troops to the Peninsula of Virginia and joined General George McClellan in his retreat from the Army of General Robert E. Lee. Lieutenant Colonel Charles Scott was not related to Catharine or her family, but he too, was an officer of the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment and he fell sick with a combination of measles, fever, and black dysentery at Newport News, Virginia. Lieutenant Colonial Charles Scot's wife, Catharine Scott Cummings the wife of Major Cummings, and the wife of Major Dort, arrived safely at Newport News. His wife's cheerful presence and careful nursing restored Lt. Colonel Scott to good enough health to be transferred to Washington.

The Scotts, the Cummings, the Dorts and their child, 254 soldiers, and four officers and crew embarked on the steamer *West Point* on Tuesday, August 11, 1862, to make the voyage down the Potomac from Hampton Roads to Washington, D.C. At Fortress Monroe, the *West Point* took on 17 men, making a total of about 280 people aboard.

About 8 o'clock on the night of Wednesday, August 13, 1862, the steamer *Peabody* collided with the *West Point* near Ragged Point on the Potomac River. Captain J.E.G. Doyle estimated that she would sink in less than ten minutes. The *Peabody* was partially disabled and could only help with the small boats. Altogether, about 73 people were killed and 203 people were rescued.

## The West Point Sinks and the Wives Are Lost

During the confusion, Lt. Colonel Scott, Major Dort, and Major Cummings became separated from their wives. The steamer crew picked up Lt. Colonel Scott from the water, and he launched a desperate effort to find his wife. Soon, he knew that he had no hope of pulling her alive from the water. The *West Point* sank in four fathoms of water about one and one half miles from the Maryland shore. A few planks from her decks were all that floated on the surface of the Potomac.

Although the people along the shore sympathized with the Confederacy, they helped Colonel Scott search for his wife's body. The *LaBelle Mirror*, a small newspaper, later described the scene: "The grey, sullen river refused to give up its dead and the young officer, half frantic with grief, was compelled to go on to Washington."

Within a week, Lt. Colonel Scott received word from Hampton Roads that the body of his wife had been washed ashore and the Confederates who found her body had performed the necessary duties and buried her. Before he could leave to claim her body, the War Department issued orders prohibiting all communication with the Peninsula so that important Union military secrets would not be leaked to the Confederacy. Colonel Scott appealed to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton for leave to return to Virginia to claim his wife's body, and although Secretary Stanton sympathized with Lt. Colonel Scott's situation, he refused permission.

## Soldier Scott Goes Home and Civilian James Scott Goes to Washington

According to the *New York Times* version of the story, Lt. Colonel Scott returned home to Peterborough, New Hampshire, and James Scott, the father of Catharine Cummings, decided to travel to Washington and get the necessary permission to bring back the bodies of his daughter and Mrs. Charles Scott. He arrived in Washington and sought permission from Secretary of War Stanton to ride down the Potomac on a federal transport so he could search for the bodies.

James Scott knew that President Lincoln was spending Sunday at Soldiers Rest, his retreat cottage a few miles outside of Washington D.C. Scott traveled there and approached the President and the President, weighted down with war worries, impatiently refused his request and told him to go to Secretary Stanton.

Dismayed and disheartened, James Scott returned to his hotel room and later a messenger knocked on the door and told him that the President of the United States was waiting below to see him. James Scott hurried downstairs and he and Lincoln talked like fathers about their wives and children. President Lincoln undoubtedly talked about his son Eddie who died in 1850, and Willie who had just died six months ago in February 1862. When the President got up to leave, he told James Scott to go to Secretary Stanton.

## James Scott Brings His Daughter Home

James Scott went to Secretary Stanton again, and Stanton again refused, remarking that President Lincoln was always doing something to demoralize the service. Scott returned to the President and told him what his Secretary of War had said. "Demoralizing the service!" President Lincoln exclaimed."We will see about it."

He wrote a mandatory order to Secretary Stanton, requiring him to furnish a pass, transportation to the scene of the disaster, and all necessary assistance to find the bodies. James Scott finally found himself aboard a federal ship cruising the Maryland shore in the vicinity of the wreck of the *West Point*. He questioned the citizens of the area about where the bodies were buried and finally located them and took them back home to New

Hampshire.

The *La Belle Mirror* concludes its story with a touch of Nineteenth Century sentimentality. "Away up in a New Hampshire church yard there is a certain grave carefully watched and tended by faithful love. But every April time the violets on that mound speak not alone of the womanly sweetness and devotion of her who sleeps below - they are tender and tearful with the memory of the murdered President -- the year round."

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# Sallie - The Civil War Warrior

…"She was buried where she fell, by some of the boys, she…who so long had shared with them the toilsome march and perils of battle…" Soldier, Eleventh Regiment

In May 1861, the Eleventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers enlisted for three months and occupied the fair grounds near West Chester, Pennsylvania. One sunny morning a civilian came to the quarters of First Lieutenant William R. Terry, Company I. The civilian said that he had brought the lieutenant the pup he had promised him. Out of the basket he pulled a little puffy, pug nosed black muzzled dog about four weeks old. She was a brindle bull terrier of a fine breed and could barely toddle on her short and clumsy legs.

## Sallie Becomes a Soldier in the Eleventh Pennsylvania Regiment

Lieutenant Terry took the puppy into his quarters and made her a nest under his bunk. He fed her, cared for her, and named her Sallie. Sallie rapidly adapted to camp life and thrived. She enjoyed milk and soft bread which came in plentiful supply, and the only work she had to do was eat and sleep snugly rolled up in her bed or loll lazily on a blanket. Everyone in camp loved her and petted and played with her.

When the three month term of the Eleventh Regiment had expired, Sallie, as everyone called her, had grown to a respectable size and could well take care of herself. When the Eleventh Regiment reorganized for three years' service, Sallie reenlisted with Company I.

The Eleventh Pennsylvania spent the winter of 1862, doing provost-guard duty at Annapolis, Maryland, drilling, performing fatigue duty at the Naval Academy, and guarding the Annapolis Branch Railroad. Sallie took part in all of these duties, since she was a committed member of the regiment by now. She made new friends throughout the entire company.

## Sallie Recruits the Colonel's Horse and Marches into Battle

Sallie also learned the soldier's life. She knew the roll of the drum at reveille, and was usually one of the first out of quarters to regularly attend the morning roll call. At the squad or company drills she patiently followed the particular soldier she had selected until the drill was over. When the regiment formed for battalion drill, she sought out the Colonel's horse, who soon began to recognize and watch for her. Sallie always led off with the Colonel's horse when the regiment moved and marched to the front line at the dress parade.

On April 10, 1862, the Eleventh left Annapolis for Washington. From Washington, the regiment marched to Manassas Junction, Falmouth, Aquia Creek, and back again by way of Alexandra to Manassas and Thoroughfare Gap, Front Royal and the Shenandoah. Leaving the Shenandoah, the Eleventh Regiment went to Warrentown and Waterloo and down to the Rapidan River. It fought the battle of Cedar Mountain and then participated in Pope's Retreat, Rappahannock and Bull Run.

Sallie joined all of this action, faithfully trotting along in the long and hurried marches by night and day. She came under fire for the first time at Cedar Mountain, stuck close by the colors at Bull Run, and fell back with the regiment to Centreville and Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam.

## From Fredericksburg to Gettysburg

In all of the marches, movements and operations of the Eleventh Regiment – Mine Run, Burnside's advance in front of Fredericksburg again and at Chancellorsville – Sallie shared the fate of her regiment. She stayed with the regiment on the long and rapid march from the front of Fredericksburg to Gettysburg, and went into the first day's fight there.

During the repulse and falling back of the Eleventh's line through Gettysburg, she became separated from her regiment. Being unable or unwilling to pass the rebel lines, she returned to the crest of the hill where the Eleventh had fought. Seeking out the dead and wounded, she stayed with them, licking their wounds or patiently watching by their lifeless bodies.

On the morning of July 4, 1863, Captain Cook of the Twelfth Massachusetts and the Provost Guard came to the hill, searching for stragglers and prisoners. They found Sallie, and Captain Cook took her back with him to the brigade and her own regiment. The soldiers of the Eleventh speculated that she had not been captured or killed by the Rebels because she knew a Rebel uniform from the Yankee blue and would have given the Rebels a wide berth.

## From Wilderness to Hatcher's Run

Through the Wilderness, during the operations at the Weldon Railroad in 1864, the Hickford raid, and the siege of Petersburg, in November 1864, Sallie stayed with the men of the Eleventh, always in her place at the head of the column. She would announce its departure by barking and jumping at the horse of the officer in command until the line fairly started. Then she quietly trotted along, sometimes at the horse's heels, sometimes in the rear, or winding through the legs of the men in the middle of the column.

By now Sallie had grown to a medium size, squarely but handsomely built. Her coat was soft and silky, her chest broad and deep. Her head and ears were small and her eyes a bright hazel, full of fire and intelligence. She was active, quick, and had remarkable powers of endurance.

The night before Hatcher's Run, February 5, 1865, Sallie slept under the tent occupied by four men from Company D of her Eleventh Regiment. At intervals during the night she awoke them with a prolonged and mournful cry. The next day, February 6, 1865, two of the men were killed by Sallie's side on the field at Hatcher's Run and the other two were severely wounded. Sallie too, was killed.

In the close of his official report of the battle of Hatcher's run, the Adjutant General said, "Sallie was killed when the regiment was making its first advance upon the enemy. She

was in line with the file closers when shot. We buried her under the enemy’ s fire.”

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# Logan A. Dyke, Civil War Soldier from Union City, Pennsylvania

Logan Dyke

They were the boys in blue, the fresh-faced, peach-fuzzed young men who marched off to save the Union and came back to pick up their lives as weathered veterans. Logan a. Dyke had been in the thick of it. His service record is peppered with names like Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain and Buzzards Roost. During his long life – he lived to be 102 years, 11 months and 10 days- he often reminisced about his battle experiences.

Dyke was born on a farm in Franklin County, new York. He was the son of school teachers and one of Oberlin College's first graduates. He came to Erie County, Pennsylvania,

when he was very young and attended the public schools there. He also studied bookkeeping and accounting in an Erie commercial school. When the Civil War started, Dyke was living in Harbor Creek, and he, along with hundreds of other young men hurried to enlist.

The Civil War officially began for Dyke on November 23, 1861, when he enlisted as a private in Company F, 111th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. He left Erie in 1861 with 1,000 other soldiers from the area. The newly organized regiment entrained for the state capital at Harrisburg on January 26, 1862, and that spring was transferred to Harper's Ferry where it joined the Army of the Potomac. From that time on, Dyke and his comrades fought in all major battles, including Harper's Ferry, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga,Gettysburg, and Atlanta.

One of the battles Dyke remembered with bayonet sharpness was the Battle of Gettysburg when the 111th Pennsylvania Infantry successful defended Culp's Hill against Confederate attack. He said that from his position on the hill he could see the men of Longstreet's command, led by Pickett and his Virginians, advance upon Cemetery Ridge and meet their doom at the high-water mark and bloody angle. It was during this battle that a bullet creased his cheek. He also remembered that several other attacks made on the 111th Infantry during the war were just as courageous and bloody as the world-famous charge of Pickett's men. Congress cited his outfit for the part that it played in the Battle of Gettysburg.

In 1864, during Sherman's famous "march to the sea" Dyke lost his left arm and nearly lost his life. His company was fighting just outside of Atlanta in the first engagement of the siege at Peach Tree Creek, on July 20, 1864, when he was hit. He received three serious wounds. One bullet raked the top of his head. Another bullet struck his side directly over his heart, but glanced off after hitting his gold fountain pen.

Recalling the event, Dyke said, "I would have been a total casualty if it hadn't been for a gold pen I carried which the bullet struck, glancing off into my arm."

The third wound, the most serious hit, was in his left arm and shoulder where a main artery was severed. An Army surgeon amputated his arm on the battlefield, and the following day, he was moved to Nashville, Tennessee, where the wounded were sheltered temporarily before being taken to Louisville, Kentucky. He was confined to the hospital for eight months and the doctors predicted that he would not survive his wounds.

Altogether, Dyke served in the Army for three years and eight months and was on active duty with his command at the end of the war despite the loss of his arm. When the war

ended in April 1865, Private Dyke had advanced to the rank of sergeant major, the highest non-commissioned rank in the Union Army.

When Logan Dyke came marching home again, he picked up the threads of his civilian life. In 1869, he married Sarah Baer at Pigeon, Michigan. After living on a farm near Wesleyville, Pennsylvania, for ten years, he spent ten years in Kansas, and then moved to Union City in 1898. The Dykes had three children: Ella, E.M. and Fred. After Sarah died in 1919, Dyke moved in with his daughter, Ella, and her husband, D.E. Junkins.

The people of Union City became accustomed to seeing "His erect, spare figure, his soldierly bearing, dignity, and impeccable neatness, his snow-white hair, moustache, and beard, his kindly grey eyes, his cane and empty left sleeve pinned back – all of these made up a picture familiar and loved by all."

On Wednesday, January 28, 1942, Union City citizens celebrated the 100th birthday of Sergeant major Dyke. He received congratulations from President Roosevelt in the White House. Pennsylvania Governor Arthur H. James sent him a congratulatory telegram, as well as Congressman R.L. Rogers, Senator James J. Davis, the adjutant general's office and other national officials. He received handwritten messages of congratulations from friends in all parts of the United States.

Local celebrations were just as noteworthy and festive. Members of the Union City High School band in full uniform serenaded Dyke at his home on Second Avenue at 11 o'clock in the morning. The day's activities climaxed at 6:30 in the evening when about 250 people attended a community banquet in his honor at the Baptist Church. Coleman's Band played his favorite selection, a march called "The Boys in Blue." As they played, Logan Dyke, accompanied by members of his family was escorted to his table in the main dining room.

# Civil War Soldiers From Ecorse, A Small Michigan Town

**P**ascal Odette( the soldier on the left) enlisted in Company H, 14th Michigan Infantry on December 30, 1861, at age 18. He re-enlisted as a Veteran Volunteer on January 4, 1864 at Columbia, South Carolina. On August 7, 186, he was killed on the outskirts of Atlanta, Georgia.

**The 24th Michigan Infantry**

The 24th Michigan Volunteer Infantry was known as the Iron Brigade and it included many volunteers from Wayne County. At least 11 of the company were

Ecorse (Township) men whose names and descendents are still well known in the area. In May 1951, the *Ecorse Advertiser* reported that State Representative Earl Hebert had searched the records in Lansing and found a complete history of both Company F and the 24th Michigan Infantry. Frank X. LeBlanc, a member of one of Ecorse's oldest families requested the information because his father Antoine LeBlanc had volunteered and served with the Iron Brigade.

Antoine Leblanc and the rest of the Iron Brigade recruits left Detroit a week after being mustered into the service. The men made many long marches and on December 12, 1862, crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and during the next three days saw its first action. For three days, Confederate troops constantly fired on the Iron Brigade and suffered heavy casualties.

Its next important engagement was at Port Royal on April 23, 1863, when the regiment made a brilliant attack, capturing a number of prisoners and driving the enemy from their positions.

Shortly after Port Royal, the 24th Infantry entered the Pennsylvania campaign and on July 1, 1863, arrived at Gettysburg, Pa. The regiment immediately went into battle and it was one of the first infantry commands to enter the action in the three day battle. The first order was to charge and the 24th Infantry with the rest of the brigade dashed forward and captured parts of Confederate General Archer's army.

Following this success, the 24th Infantry changed front and formed a line of battle in McPherson's Woods. The Confederates advanced in double lines, their numbers being large enough to overlap and flank the Union forces. They poured a murderous fire into the line of Yankees and forced a retreat to new positions. The ground was covered with dead and wounded. Four color bearers were killed and three wounded in holding the flag aloft.

The 24th Infantry went into this action with 28 officers and 468 men. During the first day of the battle, 22 officers were killed or wounded, 71 enlisted men were killed, and 223 wounded for a total loss of 316.

In all, the 24th Infantry took part in 21 major engagements, finally returning to Springfield, Illinois. While the 24th was in Springfield, it escorted at the funeral of President Abraham Lincoln. It was mustered out of service in Detroit on June 30, 1865, after nearly three years of brilliant service.

**The Goodell Soldiers of Ecorse**

Elijah Goodell fought in the American Revolutionary War on the side of the Americans. Shortly after the Revolution, he and his wife Achsah (Pickert) and their family migrated from the Mohawk Valley in New York to Canada. Then in the 1790s, the British government passed laws requiring all residents of Canada to swear an oath of allegiance to the Crown. Elijah could not swear allegiance to the country that he had fought, so he gathered his family and they traveled to the United States and settled on Grosse Isle.

The Goodells had twelve children – eight sons and four daughters. All of their children came to Michigan Territory with them except Andrew, the oldest son, who remained in the Mohawk Valley where his descendants still live today.

In the early 1800s, Elijah brought his family to the pioneer settlement of Ecorse, because the Federal government had awarded him a land grant for his service in the Revolutionary War. His land was situated between the Detroit River and present day Jefferson Avenue between what is now Salliotte and Benson.

The Goodell‟s log cabin home, one of the largest in Ecorse, served as a social, civic, and religious meeting place. Tradition has it that Reverend Father Gabriel Richard on his monthly visits to the Downriver area, sang mass in the cabins large kitchen. If this story is true, it is remarkable because the Goodells themselves were descendants of Huguenots, early French Protestants who fled religious persecution in their native France in the mid 1500s.

When Elijah died in 1820, he was buried in a small family graveyard on his property by the Detroit River. Eventually his gravestone was moved to Alexander Court between Benson and Goodell, near the spot where he had built his first log cabin home.

Despite his great age, the lettering on Elijah Goodell‟s gravestone records his death in 1820 and that of his son, Sergeant John Goodell who was killed in Amherstburg, Ontario, during the War of 1812.
For many years motorists traveling busy Jefferson Avenue passed his gravestone nestled against an ivy covered fence without knowing that it was there. Most Ecorse residents didn‟t know it was there.

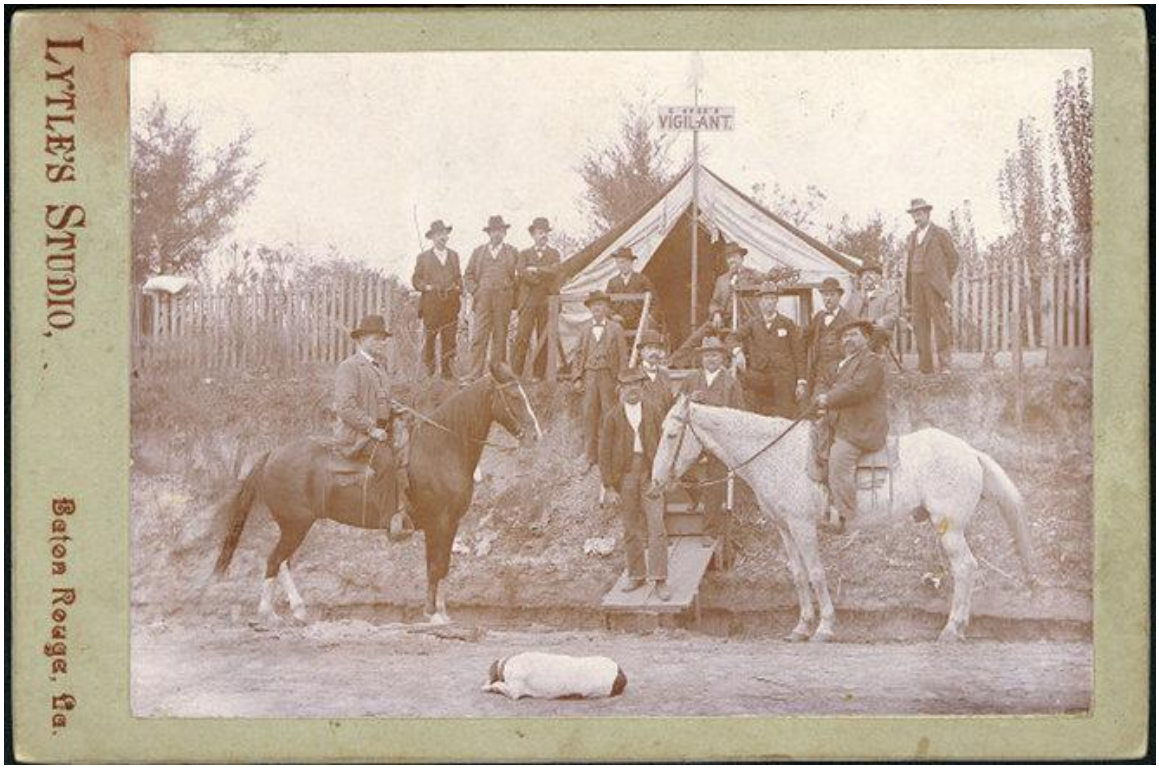
Then in 1973, Elijah‟s descendant Dr. Blanche E. Goodell, retired Wayne State University professor, died. Members of her family honored her request to have the gravestone moved to Detroit‟s historical Elmwood Cemetery.

**Elijah J. Goodell**

Elijah J. Goodell enlisted in Company C of the 5th Michigan Cavalry and enlistment records note that he was 27 years old. He regularly wrote home to his family in Ecorse, Michigan, describing life at camp, on the march, and during battle. He asked his mother and father to send him mustard for colds and medicine for diarrhea. In one letter dated Windmill Point, June 16, 1864, he told hi smother that he didn't want to into a hospital and asked her to send a small bottle of carminative balasam wrapped in paper and some sulphur oil to purge my blood "as I have not taken medicine since I left home."

Elijah J. Goodell is buried in St. Francis Xavier Cemetery and according to his tombstone, he was born in 1832 and died in 1909. The rest of his stone is buried in the ground, but the word "sergeant" is still legible.

# Chapter Five:  The Spanish American War




Yellow Fever Camp, 1897- Lytle's Studio, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

## John Kissinger Volunteers to Get Yellow Fever

Indiana farm boy John Kissinger volunteered to be a human guinea pig in an Army experiment to collect data about Aedes Aegypti, the yellow mosquito.

In the year 1900, Major Walter Reed stood out among the group of surgeons battling to wipe the scourge of yellow fever from the earth.

In the year 1900, John Kissinger was a farm boy in Huntington, Indiana. He was born on

the farm on July 25, 1877, and at 23, a private in the Indiana militia. With his unit, he came within a day's sailing distance of Cuba, but before he could fight in his front lines, the Rough Riders marched up San Juan Hill and the Spanish American War was over. He went home without seeing the enemy and without firing a shot.

## John Kissinger Joins the Army and is Sent to Cuba

One hour after he got home, John enlisted in the regular army, hoping to be sent to the Philippines where there was "real action." But one of his toes didn't work right and John was allowed to transfer to the Hospital Corps.

The Army marked him for Foreign Service and Private Kissinger was happy with this turn of events. Then he discovered that his foreign service wasn't going to be in the Philippines, but right on American's doorstep in Cuba. John landed in Cuba, disappointed, but still willing to cooperate.

## In Cuba, Yellow Fever is the Enemy

At this time in American history, the Army was busy cleaning up Cuba, which was torn by war and ravaged by disease. The campaign was more of a sanitary mission than a war, and the real enemy was yellow fever which killed more men than Spanish bullets.

Army physicians including Walter Reed, Jesse W. Lazear, James Carroll and Aristides Agramonte, had developed certain theories about yellow fever. They were convinced that its deadly germs were carried by a certain kind of mosquito, Aedes Aeypti, that infected humans. If the doctors could prove this, the disease could be controlled by killing the mosquitoes.

## The Doctors Allow the Mosquitoes to Bite Them

Dr. Lazear was the first to make the test. He allowed himself to be bitten by a germ carrying mosquito, contracted yellow fever and died. Dr. Carroll got the fever the same way and was deathly sick, but eventually he recovered.

While he was going about his duties as a hospital orderly, Private Kissinger overheard several doctors saying that they needed to experiment on a human being. All that night, Private Kissinger thought about the conversation he had overheard. The next morning, Private Kissinger went to Dr. Reed and volunteered for the experiment.

## Major Reed Praises Private John Kissinger

Seven days later, Private Kissinger lay in a hospital bed, racked with pain and burning with fever. The inoculation by the yellow fever mosquitoes had taken. In the eight days of his illness, the doctors learned more by studying Private Kissinger than they had discovered in eight years of experimentation. His commanding officer Major Walter Reed said of him, "In my opinion, his exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States."

## John's Health Suffers

Then as far as Kissinger and the doctors knew, he recovered. At any rate, he was registered as “immune from yellow fever by previous attack,” and was sent out to continue working as a hospital orderly. Utilizing the data they had gathered from Private Kissinger, the doctors fought and won the yellow fever mosquito war in Cuba and the soldiers came home.

Private Kissinger took his honorable discharge and settled down again to life on an Indiana farm. But he wasn’t as well as he had been when he went to war. His legs sometimes gave way under him and he was often weak and dizzy. Not strong enough to continue farming, he tried working in factories and restaurants. One day John fell to his knees and he couldn’t get up. Spinal mellitus, brought on by the yellow fever, had paralyzed his legs.

## John Kissinger Receives the Congressional Medal of Honor

This turn of events ended his work in the box factory, but John got around on knee pads made for him by a kindly leather worker and he and his wife took in washings. She also added to the family income by scrubbing floors.

When things looked darkest, friends came to John’s rescue, among them, noted physicians from New York and Baltimore who realized the courageous sacrifice he had made for his country. They loaned him enough money to keep alive and finally succeeded in getting Congressional approval of a $125 a month pension. In 1929, John received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his sacrifice for his country

## Friends Help John and His Family Survive

Through the American Association for Medical Progress, these same friends spearheaded a fund drive that raised $6,000 to buy a home for John and his wife. Hundreds of dollars were contributed by sympathetic school children and by South American women who fully realized the horrors of yellow fever. There was even enough money to buy a cow, which John wanted more than anything else. John and his wife named the little cottage paid for by the fund drive, “Dream House.” He fashioned a wooden, brightly painted Uncle Sam and fastened it to his mailbox with his own hands.

After thirteen years, John gradually regained the use of his legs. He taught himself to stand again and to walk after a fashion, although he had to be careful not to get overly tired. “I’m grateful things are looking better,” he said.

## John Lectures Across the Country

John Kissinger lectured all across the United States and appeared in several motion pictures. His finances improved enough for him to move to Tampa, Florida, where he died on July 13, 1946. To the end of his life, he believed that the sacrifice of his health was worth preventing millions of people from contracting yellow fever.

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# Chapter Six: The Second Battle of Lake Erie, August 1903

Middle Island, Lake Erie – Wikimedia Commons

"Reckless Canadian" and "lawless American fishermen" fought a new battle of Lake Erie and came to a peaceful treaty resolution.

On March 7,1892, the Canadian Dominion government announced from Ottawa that it was placing three new cruisers on Lake Superior and Lake Huron to act as revenue cutters to protect Canadian fisheries from illegal and destructive gill and pound nets. The Government discretely didn't mention illegal American fishing in Canadian waters.

The boundary line on Lake Erie had long been a subject of dispute between American fishermen and Canadian authorities. Canadian maritime officials had seized and taken many American tugs to Canadian ports for alleged violations of the law that prohibited

Americans from fishing in Canadian waters, prompting the *Toledo Blade* to write an editorial about "reckless Canadians."

The boundary between the two countries in mid Lake Erie passed through some of the richest fishing grounds in the Great Lakes. American fisherman had always claimed that the Canadians erroneously marked the boundary and Canadian authorities had always claimed that American fishermen poached on the Canadian side of Lake Erie.

## The Petrel Casts Her Terrifying Shadow

In December 1901, the *Detroit Free Press* featured a story about the Canadian Revenue Cutter *Petrel*, with a headline reading: "The Canadian Revenue Cutter *Petrel*, a Terror to Lawless Fishermen."The *Petrel* was the only Canadian revenue cutter in service on the lakes and she resembled a miniature war vessel equipped with cannon, rifles, cutlasses and revolvers. During the summer on her regular run, she cast her terrifying shadow over lawless fishermen on Lake Erie.

There wasn't much poaching on the upper lakes. According to Captain Dunn, the poaching mostly happened east of Pelee Island and off Long Point near Erie, Pennsylvania, and the *Petrel* had chased many a Yankee fishing tug out of Canadian waters. Her summer headquarters were at Port Stanley. Late in the fall she passed her unoccupied time at Amherstburg and she lay up for the winter at Walkerville, across from Detroit.

## The First Second Battle of Lake Erie

In 1903, the first Second Battle of Lake Erie broke out. The *Petrel* patrolled and kept a constant lookout for poaching American vessels. About noon on August 12, 1903, she came upon the *Silver Spray* fishing on the Canadian side of the Lake Erie and ordered Captain Chris Chau to stop. A strong steel boat, the *Petrel* attempted to ram the American boat. Captain Chau, perhaps remembering the fate of several other American boats including two from Erie, Pennsylvania, that the Canadians had captured and confiscated just the last season, decided to make a run for it. He started ahead at full speed.

## Captain Dunn of the Petrel Fires Full Guns Ahead

When Captain Dunn of the *Petrel* saw the *Silver Spray* speeding off, he opened fire with all the guns he had on board, and about twenty shots struck the *Silver Spray*. One passed through the smokestack into the pilot house where Captain Chau stood at the wheel. Two more bullets struck the pilot house, one landing a few inches from the Captain. It scattered a shower of splinters around his head.

Two shots from the *Petrel's* small deck cannon landed in the water close to the *Silve Spray. T*wo shots landed in the cabin, two in the roof, three in the after hurricane deck and the others in various parts of the vessel. Fred Culver, who was hit in the leg by shot, was the only man injured on the *Silver Spray*.

Although the boundary dispute had been going on for a number of years, the Canadian

cutters had not resorted to warlike measures until the shelling of the Silver Spray. Captain Chau said that he would report the incident to the American State Department at Washington. He insisted that he had not been fishing, but simply looking for some of his nets that had drifted from the American side toward the Canadian shore.

## An Armed Cruiser and Naval Station on the Great Lakes

Two days after the *Petrel and Silver Spray* skirmish, the American State Department reported that several officers had read the press dispatches and researched them for precedents. They didn't find any. They also reported that they had not yet received any telegrams from the Canadian government about the incident, leading them to believe that it wasn't important enough to become an international incident.

A story from Ottawa dated August 13, 1903, sounded more ominous. It said that the Marine Department of the Canadian government was determined to put down American poaching in Canadian Lakes, and the steamer *Petrel* not being fast, enough, "a speedier boat will be put in service at once." By December 1903, the Canadian government had sanctioned building an armed cruiser for the Great Lakes. In turn, the United States seriously considered building a Navy for the Lakes and establishing a Naval station on them.

## Bound to the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909

After talk on both sides of sending armed vessels on the Great Lakes, American and Canadian passions cooled enough for the two nations to sign the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909. The Treaty was designed to settle "in a friendly and informal manner differences and disagreements which were bound arise between the neighborhood nations." It created the International Joint Commission for this common purpose and there have been no more naval battles between "reckless Canadians" and "lawless American fishermen."

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# Chapter Seven: World War I

Carl Schuetto
died at camp Sherman

## Toledo Doughboys Fight World War I and Influenza

On September 19, 1918,Roscoe Vaughan, a 21-year-old Army private reported to the base hospital at Camp Jackson, South Carolina complaining of chills, fever, headache, backache, and a cough. The camp doctor noted that he had influenza and a week later, on September 26, 1918, Roscoe Vaughan died.

## Roscoe Vaughan and Berthold Goetz Develop Influenza

Roscoe Vaughan was one of the 21 million people around the world to die in the influenza pandemic of 1918. His name and story survived because a doctor autopsied his lungs and the tissue samples sat in an Armed Forces Institute of pathology warehouse in Washington D.C. for almost a century before modern scientists tested his tissue samples. In the lung tissue of Roscoe Vaughan doctors found the RNA bearing the genetic code for the worse influenza pandemic in history.

The experiences of a small group of Doughboys from Toledo, Ohio, provide a window toward understanding the impact of Spanish Influenza on the ordinary soldier. Berthold J. Goetz, a soldier from St. Mary's Catholic Church who lived at 1333 Goodale Avenue, in Toledo, Ohio, was also stationed at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, with Roscoe Vaughan.

There is no data to prove that they knew each other, but they had influenza in common. Berthold wrote to George Schramm, head of the Loyola Club at St. Mary's Catholic Church, thanking him for the reading material that he sent. Berthold said that he had been very fortunate so far because he had not been sick a day since he had been at Camp Jackson, although the flu was at Camp Jackson too, with about 2,000 deaths, including Roscoe Vaughan.

### Toledo Doughboys Wait in Camp Sherman

Letters from Andrew Weber of 2025 Wakeman Street in Toledo and Nicolas Kiefer, 1133 Page Street Toledo, in May, 1918, and Clifton Manore of 944 Frederick Street, Toledo in October. 1918, illustrate what a difference five months can make. Andrew wrote to George Schramm that he was sick and tired of his nine-month stay in Camp Sherman in Chillicothe, Ohio, and looked forward to moving on with his unit.

The federal government built the camp, named after General William T. Sherman of Civil War fame, on 2,000 acres of land lying between Mount Logan and Adena. Camp Sherman cost 12.8 million dollars to build and when it was finished, it contained 1,370 buildings, including three theaters, a number of hospital buildings, a laundry, a library, a working farm, a prison for German POWS, and a waste disposal plant. Eventually the camp housed over 40,000 soldiers and four divisions, the 83rd, the 84th, 95th and 96th divisions, were trained at Camp Sherman.

### Honoring Veterans All Year Around

In his letter to George Schramm, Andrew Weber, soldier-like, did not seem to appreciate the amenities that Camp Sherman had to offer. He wrote that "…it is our last day at Camp Sherman and he didn't know where they were going, "but by the time you get this letter I will be on my way. Can't wait till I get there for I am sure sick and tired of this place…!"

Nicholas Kiefer was a Private in Truck Company D, 308th M.S.T. He wrote to George Schramm about the 83rd Division leaving for overseas duty. "They have been going from Camp at a rate of 4 and 5 train loads a day and I expect to be out of here the first of next week some time. They won't tell us the date."

## The Spanish Flu Visits Camp Sherman

In September, 1918, the Spanish Influenza pandemic infected the Camp Sherman. In September, officials reported 1,400 cases and in October the number had quadrupled to over 5,600. Almost 1,200 people died. Officials quarantined the town of Chillicothe to prevent the influenza from spreading, but many people outside of Camp Sherman also contracted the flu and died. City officials used the local Majestic Theater as a morgue and bodies were "piled on the stage like cordwood."

Clifton wrote to George Schramm on October 5, 1918, to apologize for not writing sooner because he had been ill with Spanish Influenza which he noted menaced the entire camp and a good many camps and cities across America. He described the condition of the base hospital at Camp Sherman as "overcrowded" and a good many barracks have been used as emergency hospitals and it is only through the wonderful medical aid that we have here that prevented a calamity as we have the best of doctors and nurses and we are provided with the best of medicines."

Two other St. Mary's soldiers were also influenza victims. Carl Schuette of 720 Michigan Street died at Camp Sherman on October 6, 1918 and Andrew W. Beeley of 814 Noble Street, died at Camp Sherman on October 11, 1918. Private Schuette had been ill with the Spanish influenza for only a few days when he died and his body shipped home. He was the first St. Mary's soldier to die and the Loyola Club went in a group to his house to say the rosary for the repose of his soul. The War Relief Commission sent a delegation of six men to act as Honorary Pall bearers.

## Clifton Manore Survives Until the Armistice

Clifton Manore also survived the Spanish influenza epidemic. On November 12th, 1918, Clifton wrote to George Schramm from Camp Sherman to let him know that he had received the papers from Toledo that George had sent him and telling George that a fellow just out of the hospital really enjoyed such reading. Clifton said that he thought that he would escape the flu but that he finally took his turn. “I’m pleased to say that it is all over with here with only a few cases at the hospital.”

Continuing his letter, Clifton told George Schramm that a good pal of his died of flu at camp and that they had worked together just two days before he died. “I tell you when you see your fellows men die all around you, surely makes you think of the past and everything that has taken place which was not good.”

In his next paragraph, Clifton refers to the November 11, 1918, Armistice that ended World War I, which had been agreed to by the Triple Alliance and Triple Entente counties just a day earlier. Clifton noted that “we had a very noisy camp here last night. Every soldier was out singing, yelling and beating on pans, all pleased over the much-looked for news.”

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# Facing the Firing Squad to Save Humanity

Right or wrong, Paul Savigny had the courage of his convictions

In 1913, the young man came to the old schoolmaster in Montdidier, France, fresh from three years of military service with his regiment. He had excellent letters of recommendation. The old schoolmaster quickly hired him as an assistant instructor.

## Paul Savigny is Caught Up In World War I

Paul Savigny was the young man's name. He was pale from studying late into many nights, but his body was strong from the rigors of soldiering. His black eyes flashed when he talked of thoughts and ideas, but he was quiet, studious and kind. Although he kept very much to himself, his pupils adored him and so did the rest of the villagers. He treated the students with gentleness and humor, but still remained firm enough to inspire their respect and obedience.

Then World War I, called the Great War, came to France. Paul held himself apart from the public meetings, the speeches, and the excitement. The morning of August 3, 1914, when Germany declared war on France, the old schoolmaster asked Paul how he felt about the declaration. Paul met the old schoolmaster's glance with honest eyes. "War is without reason or excuse, a hideous, a shameful thing, and I shall have nothing to do with it!" Paul said.

Paul's words hit the old schoolmaster with the force of a fist. "But you will have to go all the same, when the call for the reserves of your class comes," he said.

Paul smiled. "Nothing will ever force me to take up arms against my fellow men."

The old schoolmaster protested and protested again. He told Paul that the French army would force him to go. He warned Paul that the army would put him in prison or worse if he didn't.

## The Army Promises Paul a Commissary Position

.The old schoolmaster appeared to be correct, for when the call to arms came a few days later, Paul's friends convinced him to report to the recruiting office and receive his orders. Some influential friends in Paris had arranged for Paul to be detailed for clerical work in the commissary department where he wouldn't have to fight. Paul came to the old schoolmaster to say goodbye. He wore his uniform and told the old schoolmaster of his assignment.

## Paul Returns to Montdidier

The following weeks were filled with terror for the old schoolmaster and his fellow Frenchmen. The Germans swept down in their march to Paris. Column after column of duty German troops in gray-green uniforms thundered through Montdidier. The residents of Montdidier kept to their homes and did not resist. Every moment they expected to hear of the fall of Paris and of France. But instead, from the south came the news of the Marne and the Aisne and the German retreat. Everywhere in Montdidier flags and ribbons and cheering and singing crowds celebrated. Troops were welcomed at every house in the city.

One morning the schoolhouse door opened and Paul walked in, dressed in his old black suit. His face looked haggard and drawn and his tan coat was shabby, but his eyes still blazed with spirit. The children shouted with joy and rushed to greet him. Finally, the old schoolmaster let them scamper off shouting the news of Paul's return to everyone they met on the street.

## The Old Schoolmaster Pleads with Paul

Paul told the schoolmaster a grim story. The army had tricked him with the false promise of a clerical position. Instead, his regiment had been ordered to the front and Paul went with the regiment hoping that the army would keep its promise. That night the regiment camped within a mile of the trenches and prepared for battle the next day. Paul decided to come home.

Paul put on his school teaching suit and walked to the schoolhouse. "May I stay with you as of old until they come for me? It will not be long," he said to the old schoolmaster. The old schoolmaster pleaded with Paul. In tears, he warned Paul of the dangers of his position, the contempt and anger he would receive from his fellow citizens. He warned Paul that he would be tried, convicted, and probably shot.

## The Soldiers Come for Paul

Again Paul begged to stay and with tears running down his face, the old schoolmaster agreed. Paul finished the afternoon session and walked around town, greeting people. By night, everyone in town knew that Paul Savigny had left his regiment, put on his civilian clothes, and was again teaching school.

The next morning the soldiers came for him.

Before he left Paul reached up to the top of the blackboard and wrote in his firm, clear hand in French: "War is a wild beast that devours civilization." He shook the schoolmaster's hand and walked firmly through the door, the soldiers behind him.

## Paul Faces the Firing Squad for "the future regeneration of mankind"

The trial was swift and brief. Paul made no excuses or evasions, merely explaining that he would not fight and that when the army did not keep its promise of a clerical position, he left the army and returned to teaching. The court martial found him guilty of cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy and condemned him to be shot.

The soldiers marched Paul to a grave dug close to a wall of a hillside cemetery where it met a country road beyond Montdidier. The soldiers laid eight rifles out in the dusty road. Four were loaded with ball cartridges and four with blanks. Eight ashen reservists, none of whom had ever shot anything bigger than a hare, took up the rifles.

Paul embraced the old schoolmaster. His last words were, “Someday France will know that I died, not as a traitor or coward, but in protest against tyranny and evil and my faith in the future regeneration of mankind.”

At Paul's request, the soldiers did not blindfold him or bind his hands. He faced them, with his head held high, his eyes shining.

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# Verdun Belle Rescues a Shell Shocked World War I Marine's Soul

Wikimedia Commons

Verdun Belle fought in the trenches of Verdun along with French and American soldiers, birthed nine puppies, and saved a shell shocked Philadelphia marine.

Verdun Belle wasn't entirely white like an angel. She had a white coat dotted with large splotches of chocolate brown and brown and silken ears. Her pedigree was a question mark. Her Marine didn't care about her pedigree or her past. Instead, he trusted her with his future.

## Belle Befriends Her Marine

Belle joined the outfit of Marines in a sector near Verdun and chose one of them as her significant human. The young Marine and Belle had long and earnest conversations that both understood completely. Belle slept at his feet or silently kept him company at his listening post. She sat expectantly in front of him when he opened his heavy mess kit which the cook always heaped with her in mind.

Belle was trench broken. She didn't whine or cry when the ground shook from gun fire and the whirr of overhead shells just made her twitch in her sleep. When gas attacks came, the Marine that author Alexander Woollcott wrote hailed from Philadelphia, cut down and twisted a French gas mask for Belle. Once when she was trying to claw it off,

Belle breathed a whiff of poisoned air. After that, she raced for her mask at the first gas alert and wouldn't allow it to be removed until the Marine's pat on the back reassured her that everything was all right.

## Belle's Marine Protects Her Puppies

In the middle of May, Belle introduced the regiment to her nine puppies. Seven of the puppies were alive and eating when orders came for the regiment to speed across France to help stem the German tide north of the Marne.

The Marine found a market basket and packed the puppies into it. He carried the basket for 25 miles down the hot and dusty French highway. When he hitched rides on the back of buses or trucks, he put the basket of squirming puppies in his seat and hung on the tail board. As the regiment neared the battle field, the Marine discarded the basket and put the remaining three puppies inside his shirt.

One night one of the black and white puppies died and the Marine stopped alongside the road to bury the puppy. The road teemed with trucks, ambulances, and dusty gray columns of soldiers moving ahead into the horizon. Occasionally, a herd of cows or a clump of refugees trundling their possessions in wheelbarrows and baby carts passed in the other direction.

The next morning when Belle didn't appear to feed her puppies, the Marine begged a cup of milk from an old Frenchwoman and tried to feed the two puppies with the eye dropper from his kit. The milk splattered on the Marine and on the puppies, with just a few drops landing in their mouths. The wind carried faint sounds of cannon down the valley from the battlefield. Soon the Marine would have to march ahead and Belle hadn't appeared to feed her puppies.

The Marine ran up to the two soldiers sitting in the front seat and blurted out his story. He gave them a pleading look and thrust the puppies into their hands. Then he was gone to join the battle around Chateau Thierry.

## Belle and Her Marine are Reunited

Later that day, the field hospital personnel were pitching tents and setting up kitchens and tables in a deserted farm. In the middle of all the preparations for the battle casualties to come, they worried about what to feed the puppies. They tried corned beef, but the puppies weren't impressed. The first sergeant and a private who had grown up on a farm spent the evening chasing four alarmed cows around a pasture, trying to get milk to feed the puppies. They didn't get any milk.

That evening, a fresh group of Marines trudged by the farm and behind them, tired, but still moving ahead, trotted Belle. Six miles and two days ago, she had lost her Marine, and until she found him again she followed Marines at large. The Marines didn't stop at the farm, but Belle did. She stopped dead in her tracks at the gate, sniffed the air, and she

nraced like a white streak along the drive to a distant tree where the two puppies slept on a pile of discarded dressings.

The first sergeant, the private, and the tired cows were relieved. The mess sergeant was greatly relieved, but the puppies were the most relieved of all as they answered their mess call.

Verdun Belle and her two remaining puppies settled down at the field hospital. The next day artillery fire moved the field hospital down the valley to the shelter of a hillside chateau, with Belle and her puppies riding in the first ambulance.

The hospital personnel pitched tents in a grove of trees beside the house and lined up cots for the expected patients side by side. Wounded soldiers arrived in a steady stream, hour after hour and the medical personnel worked on them day and night. Belle quietly hung around and investigated each ambulance that turned in from the main road and backed up to the door of the receiving tent.

One evening ambulance workers lifted out a young Marine, shell shocked and confused. To the overwhelmed ambulance workers, he was a case number and eventually a name. To Belle, he was her significant human, her own Marine.

Belle licked the dust from his face with her rough pink tongue and the ambulance workers shoved two cots together in the shade of a spreading tree. Belle and her two puppies occupied one cot and the Marine, with his arm thrown out to catch one silken ear, occupied the other.

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# A German U-Boat Sinks the Algonquin and Bombs America into World War I

The American steamship Algonquin was one of the last casualties of Germany's policy of unrestricted submarine warfare that brought American into World War I.

For the United States, the first four months of 1917 were a swift slide down a slippery slope into World War I. In January 1917, Germany resumed its policy of unrestricted submarine warfare that it had abandoned in 1915 after SMU-20 torpedoed the *Lusitania*. Germany's new policy targeted all ships trading with Britain, including the ships of neutral countries like the United States.

## German Foreign Secretary Zimmerman Sends a Telegram

In February 1917, the British intercepted a telegram that came from Arthur Zimmerman, the German Foreign Secretary, to the German Ambassador to Mexico and gave a copy to the American ambassador. Secretary Zimmerman proposed that in case of a war with the United States, Germany and Mexico would become allies. Germany would bankroll Mexico's war with the United States and when Germany and Mexico won, Mexico would reclaim her lost territories of Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico.

The American ambassador reported the contents of the Zimmerman Telegram and American indignation against Germany escalated. The American public grew more incensed when German submarines sank four United States merchant ships and 15 Americans died.

## The Steamship *Algonquin* Leaves New York in February, 1917

The steamship *Algonquin* was one of the first American merchant ships to leave the United States after Germany announced her submarine blockade. On February 20, 1917, she sailed from New York bound for London carrying foodstuffs. The *Algonquin* didn't carry any munitions, she flew the American flag and the flag was also painted on her side. Her cargo was valued at $1,700,000.

Built in 1888 at Glasgow, Scotland, the *Algonquin* was a single screw steamer of 1,086 tons gross, 245 feet long, and 40 feet of beam. She operated between New York and St. Johns, New Brunswick under Canadian ownership and British registry from 1900 to 1916. The *Algonquin* was transferred to the American flag in December 1916, when the American Star Line purchased her.

Departing from New York City, the *Algonquin* safely crossed the Atlantic and had reached a point about 65 miles off of Bishops Rock, a small rock at the westernmost tip of the Isle of Scilly off the coast of Cornwall, when she encountered a German U-boat. The U-boat opened fire on the *Algonquin* from a distance of 4,000 yards, firing about

twenty shells. These failed to sink the steamer, so men from the submarine carrying bombs boarded the *Algonquin* and detonated the bombs to sink her.

The crew of 26 men, eleven of them Americans, put off in small boats and after 27 hours of strenuous rowing landed safely at Penzance on the Cornish coast on March 14, 1917.

## Captain Nordberg Tells His Story

Captain A. Nordberg and his crew arrived in Plymouth, England, on March 15, 1917. He gave eyewitness testimony about the German torpedoing the *Algonquin.* According to Captain Nordberg, on Monday morning, March 12, 1917, he stood on the bridge just after daylight on the mate's watch and he and the mate spotted a submarine that they estimated was about three miles away.

The captain saw the flash of a gun and a shell fell short of the *Algonquin*. "There was no warning. I stopped the engines and then went full speed astern, indicating this by three blasts on the whistle. The submarine kept on firing, the fourth shot throwing a column of water up which drenched me and the man at the wheel. It was a close call."

## Captain Nordberg and Crew Take to the Lifeboats

After four of the shots that the Germans had fired hit the *Algonquin*, the crew took to the boats. According to Captain Nordberg, the submarine approached and with only its periscope showing, circled the steamer several times. The submarine surfaced and some of the Germans boarded the ship and placed bombs aft. The bombs exploded and the *Algonquin* sank within a quarter of an hour.

Captain Nordberg said, "I appealed to the submarine commander for a tow toward land in view of the roughness of the weather, but the German commander gruffly replied. "No, I am too busy."

The crew of the *Algonquin* pulled away in the life boats. None of them were injured by shell fire, but suffered from exposure. All of their personal effects and the ships papers were lost.

## The *London Times* Comments

A story in the March 15, 1917, *London Times* commented on the sinking of the *Algonquin.* "London is past expecting anything but the worst from German submarine commanders, but nevertheless reports of some of the details of the sinking of the American steamer *Algonquin* aroused indignation here today."

According to the survivors, the crew of the submarine which they variously identified as the *U-38* and *U-39,* seemed determined to demolish the lifeboats with their gunfire. They boarded the *Algonquin,* hauled down the American flag and exploded bombs in the ship's hold.

The U boat crew laughed at the *Algonquin's* crew and refused to tow the ship's lifeboats nearer shore. The crew of the *Algonquin* was almost exhausted from 27 hours of strenuous rowing when a British ship rescued them.

## One of the *Algonquin's* Owners Weighs In

On March 14, 1917, John Stephanidis of New York, one of the owners of the *Algonquin*, said that he expected to go to Washington and discuss the sinking of the steamer with President Wilson and Secretary of State Robert Lansing.

## President Wilson Appears Before Congress

Less than a month later, at 8:30 on the evening of April 2, 1917, President Woodrow Wilson appeared before a joint session of Congress asking for a declaration of war against Germany, largely because of its unrestricted submarine warfare. On April 4, 1917, Congress granted Wilson's request and the United States was at war with Germany.

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# Miracle in the Middle of War – The Christmas Truce of 1914

Music unites the hearts of people all over the world, even in wartime. Soldiers in trenches of Europe in World War I sang special Christmas messages to each other across "No Man's Land."

## Trench Warfare

Skilled diplomacy did not prevent World War I. From 1914-1918, the Central Powers – Germany, Austria-Hungary and their allies fought the countries of the Triple Entente-Great Britain, France, and Russia and later the United States. The German army advanced through France, coming within about 43 miles of Paris.

Then at the First Battle of the Marne from September 6-12, 1914, French and British soldiers forced the Germans to retreat from their advance into France. The German Army fell back north of the Aisne River and dug a series of trenches there, establishing a static western front that would last for the next three years. The Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance armies raced each other to the sea and extended their trench systems from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier.

Life and death were intertwined for ordinary soldiers in the trenches. Life presented daily and hourly challenges from rats, lice, trench foot, frogs, and fever. Death walked alongside soldiers in the form of snipers, shell bursts, diseases and being naïve or foolhardy enough to peer over the parapet of the trench into No Man's Land. Historians estimate that more than one third of the Allied casualties on the Western Front occurred in the trenches

## Christmas Eve, 1914

The Christmas Truce of 1914 occurred when men on both sides of the trenches stopped fighting and held spontaneous Christmas celebrations. Men on both sides of the trenches astonished their commanding officers and themselves as well. No official truce was declared, but more than 100,000 British and Germans troops participated in the unofficial truce along the length of the Western Front.

The Truce began with Christmas carols. German troops around Ypres, Belgium, put candlelit Christmas trees on the trench parapets and sang *Stille Nacht – Silent Night*. In the trenches near Ploegstreert Wood at 11:00 p.m., which was midnight in Berlin, Germany, a booming baritone voice began singing *Stille Nacht*. The British and French soldiers listened and then responded with carols of their own. Then they shouted

Christmas greetings to each other.

Gradually men on both sides of the trenches put down their arms and created spontaneous Christmas celebrations. Their officers ordered the men to keep shooting, but the truce spread all up and down the front lines. Men climbed from the trenches to shake hands in "No Man's Land." They shared food packages from home, traded gifts and souvenirs such as buttons and hats, ate and drank together, and played soccer.

## Christmas Day, 1914

On Christmas morning soldiers sang Christmas carols and sign boards dotted the trenches. Since more German soldiers spoke English than English soldiers spoke German, the sign boards were written mostly in English. Sometimes the English was simple, like "You no fight, we no fight."

Men exchanged cigarettes, chocolates, cakes, sausages and the Germans in one sector even rolled out a barrel of beer into the middle of No-Man's land to share with the British and French. The truce also allowed burial parties to safely retrieve recently fallen soldiers and bring them back behind their lines. Both sides held joint services for their fallen comrades.

Bruce Bairnsfather, who fought throughout the war, recalled one of his last memories of the day...." The last I saw was one of my machine gunners, who was a bit of an amateur hairdresser in civil life, cutting the unnaturally long hair of a docile Boche, who was patiently kneeling on the ground whilst the automatic clippers crept up the back of his neck."

In many sectors the Christmas 1914 Truce lasted through Christmas night and in others it lasted until New Year's Day. Although many soldiers observed the truce, it turned out to be fatal decision for some as some soldiers still shot each other.

## Frelinghien, France

At Frelinghien, a village on the border of France and Belgium, "A" Company of 2/Royal Welch Fusiliers, and the MG Company of Jager-Battalion Nr 6, a detachment of Infanterie-RegimentNr.134 played a game of football on Christmas Day, 1914. Ninety-four years later, on November 11, 2008, the regimental descendants of the original players, the men from the 1st Battalion, The royal Welsh Fusiliers, played a return football match with the German Panzergrenadier Battalion 371 after a ceremony dedicating a memorial to the Christmas Truce of 1914. The Germans won, 2-1.

**Legacy of the Christmas 1914 Truce**

The Legacy of the Christmas Truce 1914 in what was then the costliest war in human history has continued in the memories of the soldiers who lived it and in books, movies, songs and plays.

British, German, French and American authors have written books about that Christmas. Christian Carion wrote and directed a 2005 French film *Joyeux Noel*, Merry Christmas, about Christmas Truce 1914. American country music singer Garth Brooks tells the story in his video called *Belleau Wood* and Paul McCartney's song *Pipes of Peace* reenacts the Christmas truce.

It is for the next generations of people singing Stille Nacht/Silent Night to continue the tradition of "Sleep in Heavenly Peace."

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# In 1919, Villagers and Soldiers Helped Rebuild Chateau-Thierry


Project Gutenberg

In February 1919, the guns that echoed across the River Marne and shells that shattered the wooden rooftops and walls of Chateau-Thierry had been silent for eight months. The optimism of peace lured Chateau-Thierry residents back from hiding to rebuild their homes and lives despite the winter cold. The guns of war had scattered the survivors, but they were slowly gathering and returning. A hotel, hastily but thoroughly rebuilt, awaited American pilgrims. In February 1919, the Great War had been over for three months, since the Armistice of November 11, 1918.

## A Historic Town, A Castle, And A Poet's Stone House

Chateau-Thierry nestles in the valley of the Marne River with wooded hills standing like parallel sentinels on each side. The streets of Chateau-Thierry rise in terraces above each other and parallel the River Marne and houses with walled gardens line the main boulevard at river level.

The battlements and walls of the Thirteenth Century Chateau supposedly built for Frankish King Thierry IV soar above the surrounding trees and gardens and the old castle

provides a vantage point to view a panorama of hills, valleys, rivers, towns, and villages below. The stone house where the Seventeenth Century poet and fable writer Jean de La Fontaine was born still stands in Chateau-Thierry.

## Chateau -Thierry , The Last Stop On The Road To Paris

Chateau-Thierry gained another measure of fame when in May through July of 1918, the French and American armies successfully halted the German Spring Offensive and drive toward Paris, only fifty miles away. The Germans bombarded the Chateau Thierry, giving it the distinction of being the farthest point of their Army's 1918 offensive and the Allied Expeditionary Forces under General John J. "Back Jack" Pershing saw some of its first European action at Chateau Thierry.

On May 27, 1918, the Germans attacked the Allied Expeditionary Forces on the Western Front and by May 30, 1918, German troops were shelling Chateau-Thierry. The American and French soldiers prevented the Germans from crossing the Marne River, and the AEF decisively stopped the German offensive. Many young French, British, German, and American soldiers fell at Chateau-Thierry and the Marne. The Marne battlefields stood just west of town and thousands Allied soldiers were buried there.

## Captain Lloyd W. Williams Fights Far Away From Home

Captain Lloyd W. Williams of United States Marine Corps, fought at Chateau-Thierry, to help defeat the German Army. Born in the small town of Berryville, Virginia, on June 5, 1887, Lloyd W. Williams graduated with the Virginia Polytechnic Institute class of 1907, and he eventually joined the Marines.

Between June 1 and 26, 1918, the Fifth Marines helped fight the fierce battle of Belleau Wood, near the Marne River. On June 2, 1918, in the thick of the battle on the defensive line just north of the village of Lucy-le-Bocage, a French officer and his retreating men advised Captain Williams to withdraw. According to H.W. Crocker *in Don't Tread on Me: A 400-Year History of America at War, from Indian Fighting to Terrorist Hunting*, Captain Williams said, "Retreat? Hell, we just got here!"

Nine days later on June 11, 1918, Captain Williams led an assault that scattered the German defenders at Belleau Wood. The assault proved to be a deadly one for the Americans, with only one officer and 16 enlisted men out of 10 officers and 250 men escaping death or battle injury. On June 12, 1918, Captain Williams died, torn by German shrapnel and blinded by mustard gas. Marine officials posthumously promoted Captain Williams to major and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart. He was buried in Bony or Flanders Field, near the Belleau Wood Battlefield.

## The Soldiers Return To Chateau-Thierry

Chateau-Thierry bore the scars of battle. The store buildings on both ends of the bridge across the Marne were had ragged, gouged places in the walls where shells had hit them. Walls and store fronts were bored and chipped from rifle and machine gun bullets. A dozen bullets had pierced the clock in the Chateau Thierry Railroad Station railroad station.

On February 7, 1919, a *Stars and Stripes* story described the German return to Chateau-Thierry, only this time instead of firing machine guns, the Germans, French, and American soldiers wielded hammers as part of the great clatter of rebuilding. They nailed boards on the sides of wrecked shop fronts, and strung telephone and electric light wire. They stiffened walls with concrete and stone and replaced boarded up shop windows with new glass. Slowly, the original inhabitants of the town trickled back.

## Chateau-Thierry Braces For a New Invasion

The people of Chateau-Thierry anticipated a surge of American pilgrims to their village. They managed to open a hotel, completely walled and roofed, and standing out among the wrecked houses like a sentinel on the Chateau-Thierry castle battlements. This first hotel open after the Armistice offered beds with bullet pierced wooden panels, doorknobs gashed with machine gun bullets, and rows of holes in doors and window casings made when the fighting raged from house to house.
Shop owners who had barely finished removing wooden barricades and replacing window panes offered battle souvenirs with the name Chateau-Thierry stamped on them to American visitors.

Day and night every train from Paris deposited its band of pilgrim Americans many of them in uniform. Scores of sailors on leave stopped at Chateau Thierry on their way to the battlefields. Officers and soldiers on short leaves hurried through the streets out toward Belleau Wood and the scarred country toward Fismes and Soissons. Many of them had fought in that territory when the Second and Third Divisions were helping check the last great German Drive on Paris.

Old residents of the town came out and smiled upon all of the new life. They looked forward to the coming of summer and sunshine, and the continuous coming of Americans. Eventually, hotels for tourists arose on foundations that once held townhouses standing in aristocratic seclusion behind iron fences and stone walls.

## Major Williams Travels from Chateau-Thierry, France, to Berryville, Virginia

In 1921, as some of the scars of war were beginning to fade from the buildings of Chateau-Thierry and the minds of the villagers, the family of Major Lloyd Williams arranged for his body to be exhumed from the Flanders Field Cemetery and returned to the United States to be reburied in Green Hill Cemetery in Berryville.

Newspapers, both local and national, followed his casket with stories and pictures as soldiers loaded it on a Navy ship in France. A military honor guard from Quantico Marine Barracks escorted the casket the entire trip. When his casket arrived in New York, General John J. Pershing praised Major Williams and then his casket traveled on a train from New York to Washington D.C. and then Berryville.

On July 21, 1921, hundreds of people welcomed Major Williams home. Legionnaires from Lloyd Williams Post 41 of the American Legion led the funeral procession to the grave in Green Hill Cemetery.

## The United States Marines Adopt A New Motto and Chateau-Thierry Another Tradition

Newspapers throughout America and Europe, including the Stars and Stripes, celebrated the life and death of Major Lloyd Williams. The Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment of the United States Marine Corps earned the title of the most highly decorated battalion in the Marine Corps.

It adopted the reply of Major Lloyd Williams to the French commander “Retreat, hell!” as its motto. Virginia Polytechnic Institute named a building Major Williams Hall to honor Lloyd Williams.

## Other Americans Contributed to Chateau-Thierry

George I. Clopton, a Virginia private in the Sixth United States Marine Corps, Second Division, died near Chateau-Thierry during the 1918 German Spring Offensive and so did Charles S. Richardson, a Virginia Marine sergeant from the Sixth USMC, Second Division.

The two Marines are buried in the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery at Belleau. They didn’t take part in the joint German, French, and American February 1919 rebuilding and renewal of Chateau-Thierry, but they and thousands of other American and French soldiers helped make it possible.

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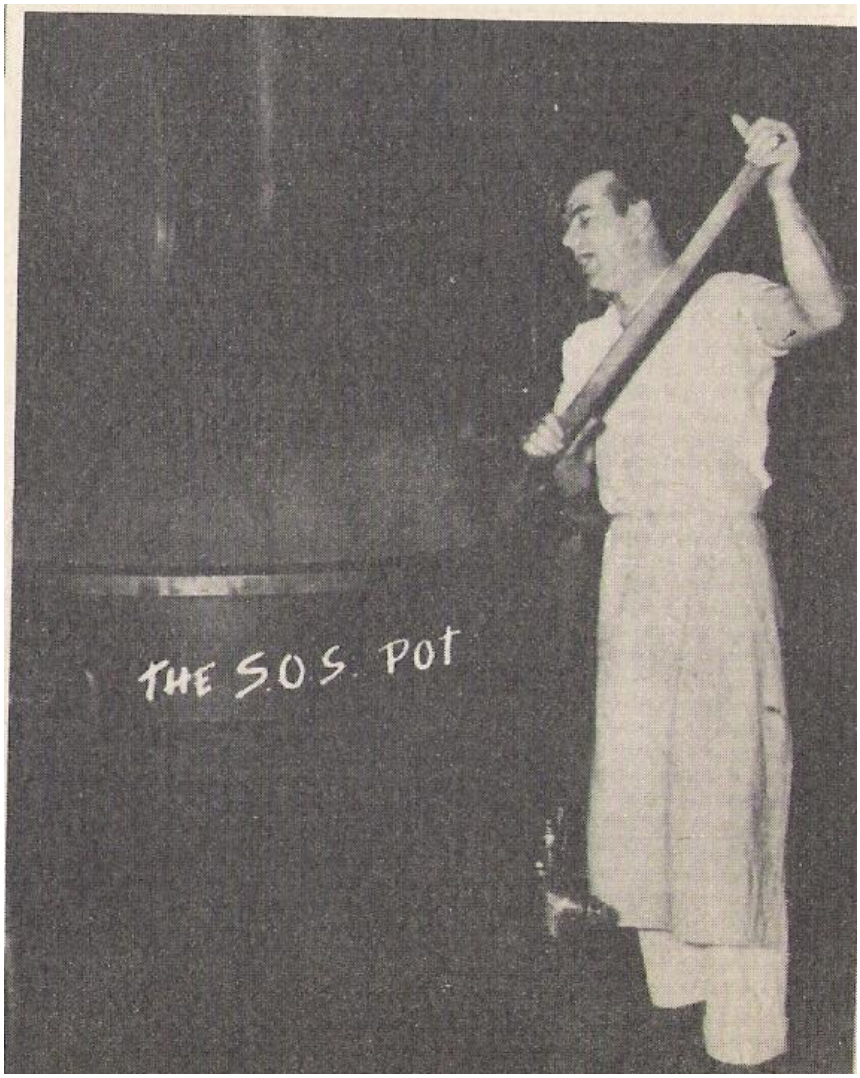
# Sandy Blakeman's World War II


EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY
FOR TOMMAROW IS ONLY A DREAM


THE S.O.S. POT

# Chapter Eight: World War II

**Captain Henry Waskow**

Italian Mountain Campaign, 10th Mountain Division, World War II- Army Center for Military History

Over six decades have come and gone since Captain Henry Waskow died in Italy during the Christmas holidays, 1843. Ernie Pyle wrote that the dead are not just columns of figures. Captain Waskow is still alive, sixty years after his death.

Captain Henry T. Waskow's grave is marked by one of an immense army of 7,861 crosses and stars of David that march in gentle curves over broad green lawns stretching underneath rows of Roman pine trees in The World War II Sicily-Rome American Cemetery.

The Cemetery is located at the north edge of the town of Nettuno, which is immediately east of Anzio, 38 miles south of Rome, Italy. Most of the soldiers died liberating Sicily in July and August 1943, and in the landings in Salerno. They fell in the heavy fighting northward of Salerno in September 1943, and during the Anzio Beach and beachhead expansions from January to May 1944.

If it weren't for Ernie Pyle, no one outside of his immediate family and friends and the men who served with him in the 36th Infantry Division would know Captain Henry Waskow. A war correspondent for Scripps Howard Newspapers, Ernie walked, talked, ate and slept on the battlefields of Europe with the infantry and he happened to be in San Pietro, Italy, when Captain Waskow's men brought his body down from Mount Sammucro. Because of Ernie Pyle, so many visitors ask to see Captain Waskow's grave that the caretaker no longer has to look up its location. He leads the visitors to Plot G Row 6, Grave 33 by well worn memory.

## Henry Waskow of Belton, Texas

In an ironic twist of genealogy and history, Henry Waskow- who believed that the leaders of Nazi Germany were evil and was killed by German soldiers who never saw his face- had a German family tree. He descended from four grandparents who were born in Germany and some of his older brothers and sisters did their school lessons in German.

Born September 24, 1918, in DeWitt County, Texas, Henry Thomas Waskow was the seventh of eight children. His parents were cotton farmers who lived in various Texas towns until they settled in Belton, Texas, when Henry was two years old.
In Belton High School, he served as president of the student council and received top grades, showing a special gift for mathematics. He graduated in 1935 and attended Temple Junior College on a scholarship, often walking back and forth from his parents home and working as a janitor on campus.

## Captain Waskow Fights with the 36th Infantry Division

While he attended college, Henry enlisted in the Texas Army National Guard, in the 143rd Infantry Regiment, 36th Infantry division. His two older brothers, John Otto and August served with him. Henry earned a bachelor's degree from Trinity University in 1939 and turned down a teaching job at Belton High School because he expected to be called for full time military duty.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt activated the 36th infantry division and Henry received his commission as lieutenant on March 14, 1941 and was assigned to Company B, First Battalion, 143rd Regiment. While he served at Camp Edward in Falmouth, Massachusetts, he was promoted to captain and met a dark haired young woman that he loved but never had a chance to marry.

In April 1943, the 36th shipped overseas to Algeria and then Rabat, Morocco and finally landed in Italy as part of Operation Avalanche. Captain Waskow, 25, saw combat for the first time as commander of Company B.

Captain Henry Waskow never asked his men to face dangers that he wouldn't face himself and he took care of their needs, including the time he made sure they had a Turkey for Thanksgiving dinner instead of cold water and chocolate bars in the front lines.

His men felt the same way about him. Riley Tidwell of Gallatin, Texas, served as Captain Waskow's driver and brought his body down Hill 1205, despite the shell fire and frostbite.

In December 1943, Captain Henry T. Waskow and his men of the 36th Infantry Division marched on mountain trails to Mount Sammucro or Hill 1205 near San Pietro. They had fought their way past Naples as part of the Allied push to Rome and now they were fighting the battle for San Pietro to set the stage for the assault on the abbey town of Cassino.

On Tuesday, December 14, 1943, Captain Waskow and his men were on the way up from the tree line to attack a ridge called Hill 730, when the German artillery barrage struck. A shell hit near Captain Waskow and his men and shrapnel caught him in the chest, killing him in seconds.

## Ernie Pyle's Column – "The Death of Captain Waskow

Riley Tidwell, who had served as Captain Waskow's driver and assistant throughout the war, left the Captain's body where he had fallen and hurried down the mountain to report his death. At the bottom of the mountain, he saw a short, thin, man, that he judged too old to be a soldier. The man wore a wool cap, and carried a bag and pocket sized notebook. Tidwell discovered the man's name was Ernie Pyle. Ernie Pyle and Riley Tidwell waited the three days it took to bring Captain Waskow's body down the mountain on the back of a mule.

In his newspaper column, "The Death of Captain Waskow," Ernie Pyle described Riley Tidwell squatting down and and holding Captain Waskow's hand in his own for five minutes and looking intently into the dead face.

"Finally he put the hand down, and then reached up and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of rearranged the tattered edges of his uniform around the wound. And then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight all alone."

Captain Henry Waskow received the Legion of Merit posthumously and also the Purple Heart. His family erected a memorial stone in North Cemetery in Belton near the graves of his mother who died two months after Henry was killed and his father who died in 1957. The Belton Post 4008 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars place flags on Henry's

marker on Memorial Day.

Ernie Pyle published his column, “The Death of Captain Waskow,” on January 10, 1944. Shortly after that, stacks of letters expressing sympathy and good wishes began to arrive in Belton, Texas, addressed to Captain Waskow’s family

The letter that meant the most to them was a letter from Henry Waskow himself. In his last letter home, Henry said in part…Yes, I would have liked to have lived – to live and share the many blessings and good fortunes that my grandparents bestowed upon me…I made my choice, dear ones. I volunteered in the Armed Forces because I thought that I might be able to help this great country of ours in its hours of darkness and need…if I have done that, then I can rest in peace, for I will have done my share to make the world a better place in which to live..”

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# Memories of the Pearl Harbor Attack Haven’t Faded with Time.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor changed the lives of Americans everywhere. Haunting historical images of that day travel across time and space

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, the voice of John Charles Daly from the Columbia Radio Broadcast resembled the measured tones of a solemn minister delivering his Sunday sermon.

“…There is a conviction in official quarters h that Japan has officially cast the die…The Japanese have attacked the American naval base at Pearl Harbor on the island of Oahu on the Hawaiian islands.”

Yet, there is a sense of immediacy because Daly read the news bulletins as soon as they came in.

"…KGMB in Honolulu reports air raids are still on and anti-aircraft fire can be heard in steady bursts."

## President Franklin Delano Roosevelt Spoke the Next Day

The next day, the voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt summarized the situation for history:

"Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by the naval and air forces of the Empire of Japana. The attack was dastardly and unprovoked. Always will we remember the character of the onslaught against us. We will gain the inevitable triumph."

The images of the date which lived in infamy include billowing clouds of smoke and crippled battleships sinking like mortally wounded dinosaurs. The images of Pearl Harbor are men and women somehow surviving the smoke and flames and swarming like ants down the sides of ships to rescue boats. The images are of men surviving to fight again.

One of the images of the day is Dorie Miller, a 22-year-old black mess sergeant second class on the battleship West Virginia. The West Virginia had been heavily hit, and Captain Mervyn S. Bennion, mortally wounded, stood on the signal bridge directing his men.

Dorie Miller had never been trained to fire a machine gun, but he manned a machine gun near his captain while the other men tried to remove Captain Bennion to safety. The men directed a line over the flames from the forward aircraft lookout to rescue ships and tried to convince the captain to leave. Captain Bennion ordered his men to abandon ship, and he was last seen trying to get to his feet. He was alone when he died.

## Ordinary People Hear the News of Pearl Harbor

Images of people in America hearing the news of Pearl Harbor are as diverse as their personalities and lifestyle. Doreen Medenhall of Milwaukee, who later became a WAVE, heard the news on the pantry radio while she was baking cookies. That night she and a date went to a restaurant on North Avenue. Her date wore his civilian clothes instead of his Navy uniform, but she knew that this was probably the last time that he would wear his civilian clothes for a long time. The band played "Elmer's Tune," and the seriousness of the situation made them sit at their table staring at each other. They didn't even dance.

Virginia Witte of Milwaukee remembers that many people didn't realize the full implication of the news at first, but sensed that something life changing had happened that Sunday morning in Hawaii. She eventually joined the WAVES.

Many Americans like Jim Burns and Thomas and Betty Davison of Milwaukee had finished their Sunday dinners and were listening to the football game when the news came over the radio.

"We knew this was war and all we could do was sit around and talk about it for the rest of that Sunday," Tom Davison said. "But the next day, Monday, I went down to the Naval Recruiting office." He spent the war working in the Sturgeon Bay shipyards, and as a United States Customs inspector in El Paso, Texas.

"I knew my brother and I were going go get into it," Jim Burns said. "I was over visiting my parents and I remember thinking how hard this was going to be on them." Jim joined the Navy and served on a minesweeper in the invasions of Sicily, Solerno and Anzio.

## Pearl Harbor Casualties

The sight and sound images add up to staggering loss totals at Pearl Harbor. The Japanese sank or severely damaged five battleships, three destroyers,and the mine layers *Oglala* and the *Utah.* The three battleships *Pennsylvania, Maryland,* and *Tennessee,* and three cruisers, *Helena, Honolulu* and *Raleigh,* and the seaplane tender *Curtiss* and the repair ship *Vestal,* were damaged. The Japanese destroyed 80 naval aircraft of all types, and the Army lost 97 planes on Hickam and Wheeler Fields.

The American Navy and Army did fight back. Navy anti-aircraft shot down 28 Japanese planes and Army pursuit planes shot down over 20, which was about the half the number that hit Pearl Harbor. According to the Navy, the Japanese didn't realize how much damage they had done at Pearl Harbor. If Japan had brought in her fleet behind the 105 planes, she could have captured Hawaii.

The most serious American losses were people – the officers and enlisted men and women of the Navy, Marine Corps and Army. When the Japanese planes finally headed back to their carriers, they left 2,403 dead, 188 destroyed planes and a crippled Pacific Fleet that included 8 damaged or destroyed battleships. Japanese Admiral Yamamoto was reported to have said of the Pearl Harbor attack which he planned, "I can run wild for six months…after that, I have no expectation of success."

After the Pearl Harbor attack, most Americans no longer disagreed about isolationism, neutrality or involvement in World War II. American unity clicked into place.

## The Navy Hospital Ship *Solace*

The Navy Hospital Ship *Solace* was moored next to the battleship *Arizona* at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and immediately sent her motor launches with stretcher parties to the burning *Arizona*. *Solace* personnel helped evacuate the wounded, and pulled men from the water that was covered in burning oil. The *Solace* boat crews made several trips to the *Arizona, West Virginia*, and then to the *Oklahoma*. One story goes that a nurse found a chaplain's cross glinting in the flames on the deck of the burning

*Arizona.*

As President Franklin D. Roosevelt said, we gained "the inevitable triumph," and now the images of infamy are receding into history. Eye and ear witnesses are accumulating mortality along with their memories.

Images of Pearl Harbor include the images of America being caught woefully unprepared yet fighting its way from defeat to victory. The image of the *Arizona* Memorial with both Japanese and American visitors honoring the men entombed inside of it inspires. The image of the Chaplin's cross glinting in the flames from the *Arizona* endures.

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# The Five Sullivan Brothers Stick Together and Answer Pearl  Harbor

The Sullivan brothers never knew that they left a patriotic legacy and inspired the navy to name two destroyers for them for fighting for their country.

The five Sullivan brothers, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan of Waterloo, Iowa, probably never dreamed that their legacy to America would include an enduring example of patriotism, Hollywood movies, two ships named after them, and United Nations Cookies. Had they known, they would have heartily endorsed the idea, because they loved their country, their parents, and their sister Genevieve and her chocolate walnut drop cookies.

## The Sullivans Have a Large Family

Thomas Sullivan and Alleta Abel were married in 1914 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church and they eventually settled down at 98 Adams Street in Waterloo, Iowa. Thomas worked for the Illinois Central Railroad, a steady job that he needed, because soon he and Alleta like the Irish-Catholic families of that generation, had a large family.

George Thomas was born on December 14, 1914; Francis Henry was born on February 18, 1916; Genevieve Marie was born on February 19, 1917; Joseph Eugene was born on August 28, 1918; Madison Abel was born on November 8, 1919; and Albert Leo was born on July 8, 1922. The Sullivan's last child Kathleen Mae was born in April 1931, but died of pneumonia five months after her birth.

## The Sullivan Brothers Join the Navy-Before and After Pearl Harbor

The Depression had America in a tight grip during the 1920s and 1930s and Thomas Sullivan thanked his luck of the Irish that he had a job. Despite the hard times, the Sullivan children managed to have fun, playing baseball and other sports in a lot next door to their house.

A few of the Sullivan boys had to quit high school to help the family survive and they worked at the Rath Meat Packing plant. George and Frank, the two oldest boys, served a hitch in the Navy and returned home to work with their brothers once again. Albert, the youngest son got married first and he and his wife Katherine Mary had a son named James Thomas who was born in February 1941.

During the years when a boy's stomach is bigger than his eyes, the Sullivan boys ate dozens of Genevieve's chocolate walnut drop cookies. Their special boyhood buddy, William Ball, from nearby Fredericksburg, also enjoyed the Genevieve's cookies and some sources say that when they got older, Bill and Genevieve Sullivan kept company.

When Bill grew up, he joined the Navy and was assigned to the Naval Base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. On December 7, 1941, Japanese planes swooped down and bombed the harbor into a boiling inferno. William Ball was one of the hundreds of servicemen killed on the battleship *Arizona* that fateful Sunday morning. His untimely death changed the Sullivan family forever.

### Aletta Sullivan "Cried A Little"

When Joseph, Francis, Albert, Madison, and George Sullivan heard about their friend Bill Ball's death, they marched into the Naval recruiting office together. They wanted to avenge their friend if they could do it together, they told the recruiter. Their motto had always been, "We Stick Together," and they intended to stick together.

The Sullivan's hometown paper, The *Waterloo Iowa Courier* featured a series of stories of about soldiers getting ready to go to war and asked Aletta Sullivan how she felt about all five of her sons going to war together. "I remember I was crying a little," she said.

George Thomas Sullivan summed up the feelings of all of the brothers when he said, "Well I guess our minds are made up, aren't they fellows? And, when we go in we want to go in together. If the worst comes to the worst, why we'll all have gone down together."

## The Sullivan Boys Are Assigned to the Juneau

These words would come back to haunt Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and their daughter Genevieve. Both Gunner's Mate George, 27, and Coxswain Francis Henry, 25, had already served in the Navy for four years. Joseph Eugene, (Red), 23, Madison Abel, 22 and Al-

bert Leo, 19 enlisted and became seamen second class. They insisted that they all be assigned to the same ship as a condition of their enlistment.

The Navy agreed to let the Sullivan brothers enlist together, and on January 3, 1942, the Sullivan brothers were sworn in at Des Moines, Iowa, and left for the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Illinois. The Navy assigned all of the Sullivan brothers to the new $13,000,000 light cruiser, *Juneau*, the first American war ship commissioned in camouflage.

In November 1942, a U.S. Navy task force left New Caledonia to deliver reinforcements and supplies to the Marines at Guadalcanal. On the other side of Guadalcanal the Japanese sent part of their navy to resupply their army. On November 12, American ships and Marine airpower destroyed an attacking group of Japanese aircraft. The light cruiser *Juneau* was one of the American ships.

## Japanese Submarine I-26 Torpedoes the Juneau

On the night of November 12, 1942, the sky in the Solomons was dotted with stars, but there was no moon. It is possible that the five Sullivan brothers munched on some chocolate walnut drop cookies while they waited for action, because Genevieve, their sister, and her mother often sent them cookies from home.

The mood aboard the Juneau was tense, because the Naval fight for Guadalcanal (November 12-15) was about to begin. The *Atlantic* led the battle formation, followed by the *San Francisco, Portland, Helena,* and *Juneau*. Four destroyers provided an escort for the other ships.

Suddenly, guns boomed and shells burst like meteor showers across the black sky. In the fierce fight that followed, the *Juneau* was put out of action when a torpedo exploded in her engine room. The waters around her were covered with oil and crowded with bodies and debris from the ships. The *Helena* was the least damaged ships, and flanked by three surviving destroyers, she led the crippled *San Francisco* and the battered *Juneau* southward into Indispensable Strait on course for the sanctuary of Espiritu Santo.

The *Juneau* had just cleared the channel at 11 a.m. when she was hit by another torpedo fired by Japanese submarine I-26. She was blown skyward “with all of the fury of an erupting volcano.” All but ten of the 700 sailors aboard the ship went down with her or succumbed to sharks.

## No Sullivan Brothers Survive

Eight days after the sinking of the *Juneau*, a PBY Catalina search airplane spotted the survivors and pulled them out of the water. The survivors reported that Frank, Joe, and Matt Sullivan died instantly, Al drowned the next day, and George survived for four or five days.

Gunner's mate Allen Heyn, one of the ten survivors, told of ten days of intense suffering and the men succumbing one by one to the heat, their wounds, and sharks. He recalled that one night George Sullivan decided to take a bath. He took off his clothes and swam around the raft, attracting a shark. George Sullivan disappeared under the waves.

## A Special Navy Envoy Brings Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan Tragic News

The Navy couldn't reveal the loss of the Juneau or other ships for security reasons, but when the Sullivans in Waterloo, Iowa, didn't receive any more letters from the Sullivans in the South Pacific, Thomas and Alleta Sullivan worried.

Even when one of the Juneau survivors wrote to them and told them what happened to their sons,, Tom and Alleta prayed that at least one of their sons had survived. The *Waterloo Daily Courier* ran banner headlines for its story: SULLIVANS MISSING. The *Courier* reporter quoted Aletta Sullivan as saying that she hoped that they may "Show up somewhere someday soon, but if they are gone it will be some comfort to know that they went together, as they wanted, and gave their lives for their country victory."

The five Sullivan brothers were listed as "missing in action in the South Pacific and presumed dead," but almost two months passed before Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were officially notified of their fate. When they finally got the news in mid-January 1943, the tragic message arrived by a special naval envoy.

The Sullivans also received the first of a series of letters from President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

February 1, 1943

Dear Mr. And Mrs. Sullivan:

The knowledge that your five gallant sons are missing in action against the enemy inspires me to write you this personal message. I realize full well there is little I can say to assuage your grief.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I want you to know that the entire nation shares in your sorrow. I offer you the gratitude of our country. We who remain to carry on the fight will maintain a courageous spirit, in the knowledge that such sacrifice is not in vain.

The Navy Department has informed me of the expressed desire of your sons, George Thomas, Francis Henry, Joseph Eugene, Madison Abel, and Albert Leo, to serve in the same ship. I am sure that we all take heart in the knowledge that they fought side by side. As one of your sons wrote, "We will make a team together that can't be beat." It is this spirit which in the end must triumph.

I send you my deepest sympathy in your hour of trial and pray that in Almighty God you will find the comfort and help that only He can bring.

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Mrs. Sullivan said, "I wish everyone here at home would buy all the War Bonds needed to end this war so that other mother's sons can come home."

## The Surviving Sullivans Campaign for the War Effort

After the death of the five Sullivan brothers, the Navy awarded them posthumous Purple Hearts. The Navy statement after *the Juneau* sank stressed that the ship's executive officer repeatedly recommended that the Sullivan brothers not serve together on the same ship, but the brothers had prevailed and stayed together.

Another source states that two of the brothers were going to be transferred when the *Juneau* reached home port. As a result of the Sullivan tragedy, the Navy issued regulations permanently forbidding relatives to serve on the same ship.

In spite of the crushing grief of losing all five of their sons at once, Thomas and Alleta Sullivan vigorously campaigned for the war effort at war plants and ship yards, hoping to help save the lives of other American boys. The loss of all five Sullivan brothers became a focal point for the war effort. Posters and speeches honored their sacrifice. Newspapers and radios covered the story and a national wave of sympathy and patriotism surged over the Sullivan family in Waterloo, Iowa.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt sent a letter of condolence to Tom and Alleta Sullivan and Pope Pius XII sent a silver medal and rosary with a message of condolence. The Iowa Senate and House adopted a formal tribute resolution to the Sullivan Brothers.

## Genevieve Sullivan Enlists in the WAVES And Makes United Nations Cookies

Genevieve Sullivan, a slender, soft voiced young woman with deep blue eyes and brown curly hair, and her parents visited more than 200 manufacturing plants and shipyards. The Industrial Incentive Division, Executive office of the Secretary, Navy Department sponsored their tour. A February 1943, Navy Department Press Release said that the Sullivans..''visited war production plants urging employees to work harder to produce weapons for the Navy so that the war may come to an end sooner." By January 1944, the three Sullivans had spoken to over a million workers in 65 cities and reached millions of others over the radio.

"People ask me how my family can carry on after the tragedy. I answer that we are carrying on for them – for my five brothers and others like them who have died for their country," Genevieve said.

After her enlistment in the WAVES on June 14, 1943, she was sent to Chicago to serve as a recruiter for the WAVES. While stationed there, she made the chocolate walnut drop

cookies that her five brothers had enjoyed so much. The cookies were called United Nations Cookies. This recipe appeared in the *Eagle Magazine* of June 30, 1944.

United Nations Cookies

1 ½ cups sifted flour

½ teaspoon baking soda

¼ teaspoon salt

½ cup shortening

½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed

1 well beaten egg

2 square unsweetened chocolate

½ cup milk

½ cup nutmeats, coarsely cut

1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, adding baking soda, and salt. Sift together three times. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg and chocolate. Add flour alternately with milk; beat until smooth. Add nut meats and vanilla. Drop onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees0 for 10-12 minutes. Makes two dozen cookies.

## The United States Navy Names Two Destroyers *The Sullivans*

The United States Navy honored the Sullivan Brothers by naming two destroyers *USS The Sullivans*. On September 30, 1943, the Navy commissioned *The Sullivans* and Mrs. Alleta Sullivan, mother of the five Sullivan brothers, sponsored and christened the destroyer which served the Navy until its final decommissioning on January 7, 1965. The first *The Sullivans* earned nine Battle Stars during World War II and two more during the Korean War.

Sullivan's son, James, served on board the first USS *The Sullivans*. In 1977, the Navy donated the destroyer *The Sullivans* to the city of Buffalo, New York, as a memorial in the Buffalo and Erie County Naval and Servicemen’s Park.

The Bath Iron Works Company of Bath, Maine, laid down the second *The Sullivans* (DDG-68) on June 14, 1993, and the second *The Sullivans* was launched on August 12, 1995. Kelly Sullivan Loughren, granddaughter of Albert Leo Sullivan, sponsored the

second *The Sullivans*. The ship commissioned on April 19, 1997, at Staten Island, New York, and commanded by Commander Gerard D. Roncolato. The motto of the ship is "We Stick Together."

## The Movie, The Fighting Sullivans, Ancestor of *Saving Private Ryan*

Hollywood contributed heavily to making the Sullivan family a national symbol of heroic sacrifice during World War II when released *The Sullivans*, later titled *The Fighting Sullivans*, in 1944. The film was a biographical war story about the Sullivan family. Edward Doherty, Mary C. McCall, Jr. and Jules Schermer wrote the film and Lloyd Bacon directed it. It was nominated for an Academy Award for Best Story, and 40 years later, inspired in part, the 1998 film, *Saving Private Ryan.*

### Waterloo, Iowa, to Ireland and Back

If a headstone down at Harper's Creek, Iowa, bearing the name of Thomas Sullivan, has the correct date, he is the grandfather of the five boys. He emigrated from Castletownbeare, Co. Cork, Ireland, with his wife Bridget Agnes and his brother Owen in 1849. Thomas, the father of the five Sullivan brothers was born on a farm near Harpers Ferry, Iowa.

The hometown of the five Sullivan brothers,Waterloo, Iowa, named a convention center "The Five Sullivan Brothers Convention Center." The town established an eight acre Sullivan Brothers Memorial Park at fourth and Adams Street, incorporating the family home site. The Park honors the five Sullivan brothers and the remainder of American soldiers who die for freedom all over the world.

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# Nancy Leo - the Only Woman Buried in Luxembourg American Cemetery

Lieutenant Nancy Leo is the only woman buried in Luxembourg American Cemetery and Memorial, and just one of 6,453 soldiers who didn't return to Maryland.

Army nurse Nancy Jane Leo of the 216th General Hospital, is the only woman among the 5,076 soldiers buried in the Luxembourg American Cemetery and Memorial near Hamm, Luxembourg. The journey of 23-year-old 2nd Lieutenant Nancy Leo from her hometown of Cumberland, Maryland, to a grave in a foreign country was a journey often repeated in the World War Two years.

## The Leo Family of Cumberland, Maryland

The United States Federal Census of 1930 showed a young Leo family. The father, Francis Patsy Leo, 37, listed his occupation as a policeman. His wife, Mary E. Leo, 40, stayed at home to care for their children, Angela M., 10, Nancy J., 8, Rosemary, 1, and Richard, six months old.

Nancy and her sisters grew up at 328 Frederick Street in peaceful Cumberland, Maryland, while the world maneuvered itself into another global war. By the time Angela and Nancy had graduated from high school and nursing school, Europe had been at war for two years and the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. Angela and Nancy graduated from Catholic Girls' Central High School. Angela graduated from the Allegheny Hospital School of Nursing Class of 1940, and Nancy graduated with the Class of 1942.

Angela Leo (Lambert) was assigned to the 62 Field Hospital in the European Theater as an operating room nurse. She served from October 1, 1942 until November 27, 1945.

## Nancy Leo Joins the 216th General Hospital

The 216th General Hospital was activated on June 1, 1941, at Camp Forest, Tennessee. When it left the United States on March 21, 1944, Nancy Leo was one of the Army nurses who went with the hospital and landed at Grenock, Scotland, eight days later. From April 1944, until June 1945, the 216th General Hospital operated at Longleat, Warminister, England, and then on June 16, 1945, it embarked for Le Havre, France, arriving on June 17, 1945. Later, the 216th moved to Etretat and then to Verdun.

When Nancy Leo arrived in France, she immediately contacted her sister Angela who was stationed in Paris. On July 23, 1945, Army nurse Angela Leo received a telephone call from her sister Nancy. Nancy was coming to Paris to see her the next day.

## Liberated Paris, France, 1945

Paris in July 1945, almost one year after French and American forces liberated it from the Germans, was a city of chaotic traffic jams and often shoulder to shoulder people. Hunger

and apprehension about another winter without fuel hung like thunder clouds in the summer air.

People were happy to be free of the German occupation, and in the evening crowds often lined the Champs Elysses to watch the activities of the liberating soldiers. The United States military newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, reported on Tuesday, July 24, 1945, that riding around Paris in military vehicles had reached dangerous proportions. Brigadier General Pleas B. Rogers, Paris troop commandant, had assigned members of the 787th Military Police, to take up posts on the Champs Elysses and stop all army vehicles containing women or which "looked as though they were being used for a joy ride."

The *Stars and Stripes* noted that several Army nurses were prevented from delivering gifts to wounded soldiers.

## 1st Lieutenant Angela Leo Writes Sad News to Her Aunt Ruth

Angela Leo waited and waited for her sister to arrive, until finally her telephone rang once again. The military person on the other end informed her that her sister Nancy had been killed and two other nurses injured when the jeep in which they were riding was forced off the road, perhaps by speeding joy riders. Nancy had suffered a severe head injury and died on the way to a Paris hospital. Nancy would have been 24 years old on August 15, 1945.

Angela immediately wrote a letter to her Aunt, Mrs. Ruth Atwell of 36 Emily Street, in Cumberland, giving her the sad news and telling her that a beautiful funeral service was held in Paris and Nancy was buried there. She asked her Aunt Ruth not to tell her mother about Nancy's death until the Army had notified her.

## Mrs. Mary Leo Hears About Nancy's Death From Everyone but the Army

Back in Maryland on Frederick Street, Mrs. Mary Leo, already in mourning over the death of her husband Francis Patsy in 1944, still hadn't heard from the Army about Nancy's death. Then Mrs. Leo's telephone rang. Mrs. Johnson, a resident of Baltimore Avenue in Cumberland, told Mrs. Leo that her son had written home about a beautiful grave he had seen in Paris while riding past a cemetery. The abundance of flowers had attracted his attention, so he had taken a closer look. The grave belonged to 2nd Lieutenant Nancy J. Leo.

Mrs. Leo's sister Ruth also tearfully showed her the letter from her daughter Angela in Paris. Finally, one day came a knock at the door and a Western Union boy stood there holding a telegram. Mary Leo had finally heard from the Army.

Mary Leo's daughter Nancy's grave was later removed from Paris to the Luxembourg American Cemetery and Memorial near Hamm, Luxembourg. Nancy J. Leo lies with her soldier companions who fought for the liberation of France and Belgium as fiercely as she fought for their lives in the 216th General Hospital Unit.

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Stars and Stripes, Germany Edition, Paris, Tuesday, July 24, 1945

Stars and Stripes, Germany Edition, Paris, Friday, July 27, 1945

To Learn More About the 216th General Hospital Unit Read: Nancy Leo's 216th General Hospital Unit Continues to Change After Her Death

# Army Nurse Florence Maliszewski Nursed in War and Peace

The nurses of the army nursing corps are highly deserving of thanks and recognition.

Armed Forces Day which is being observed on Saturday, May 15, 2010, is a day to honor and appreciate the men and women who served in the United States military.

## Army Nurses Earn an Impressive Record of Service

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, fewer than 1,000 nurses served in the United States Army. By the end World War II, over 59,000 Army nurses had served in the Army Nursing Corps.

Over 100 military nurses were captured on Bataan and Corregidor in 1942, and 66 Army nurses and 11 Navy Nurses were imprisoned in Japanese concentration camps for 37 months. Six Army nurses were killed by German bombing and strafing during the battle on Anzio. Altogether over 200 Army nurses died in World War II and many of them are buried in American cemeteries overseas.

Sixteen hundred Army Nurses earned combat decorations including Distinguished Service Medals, Silver Stars, Bronze Stars, Air Medals, Legions of Merit , Commendation Medals and Purple Hearts.

## Army Nurses Nursed in Tents, Trains, Ships, and Airplanes

During World War II, Army Nurses worked in field and evacuation hospitals, on hospital trains and hospital ships, and as flight nurses on medical transport trains. They worked under fire and under the same risk as combat soldiers and several were killed in action.

These skilled and dedicated nurses helped create a high survival rate for wounded soldiers in every theater of the war. Less than four percent of American soldiers receiving medical care or being evacuated from the battle field died from wounds or disease.

## World War II Ignites a Demand for Nurses

World War II ignited a social and economic revolution for American women as war and economic conditions created a voracious demand for their services. Serving in the Army Nurse Corps broadened the horizons and expectations of American women. They were transported from small towns and large cities in America to the world stage and they returned home with a different perspective of the world and their place in it.

By 1944, the increasing demand for nurses motivated the Army to grant its nurses officer's commissions, full retirement benefits, allowances for dependents and equal pay. Free

education to nursing students between 1943 and 1948 was an important government benefit to many nurses.

## Florence Maliszewski Becomes an Army Nurse

Florence Maliszewski especially appreciated the Army's education benefits.

Florence Maliszewski spent her early years in Winona, Minnesota, but the Army Nurses Corp took her to Illinois, Oregon, New Jersey, England, France, and Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

After Florence received her BSN from the College of St. Theresa in Winona, Minnesota, she moved to Great Falls, Montana and taught in a school of nursing. She also taught first aid to civilians and remembers riding around the countryside with a bicycle basket full of supplies.

In July 1943, she enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps, and received her basic military training at Camp White, Oregon, training which included classes, drilling, and infiltration. "Infiltration" included crawling up a hill wearing a full pack under live fire," she says.

## Florence Works and Teaches in France

When she completed basic training, Florence was assigned to the 170th General Hospital at Camp Groot, Illinois, and Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, in September, 1944. In October 1944, her unit arrived in Liverpool, England, after weathering Atlantic storms and zigzagging to avoid Nazi U-boats.

Then the nurses were trucked to Southampton and loaded into boats to cross the English Channel. They eventually landed in Le Mans, France, in a cow pasture. Soldiers and wounded men were housed in pup tents, the weather was damp, causing serious foot fungus problems, and blankets wouldn't dry.

Other residents of the camp were German prisoners of war, who lived behind a barbed wire fence in pup tents. They did the cooking and laundry and helped to construct the camp buildings. A group of captured German women helped to care for the wounded, and supplies were so scarce and they had taken the clothes that they originally wore from dead German soldiers.

Florence worked in the chief nurse's office and one of her projects was creating a procedure book and convincing a G.I. to provide the artwork. She also taught non-commissioned officers about nursing care.

## A Heroic Countess

Another of her vivid memories is of the French countess who lived near the camp in a 13th century castle complete with moat and drawbridge. Her husband, who was one of the first aviators in World War I, had been killed in action. During the War, the countess

had acted several times as a French Paul Revere, warning the villagers when the Germans were approaching. She planted sunflower seeds to mark the spot where she had buried her valuables.

## Florence Becomes Chief Nurse

As time passed, Florence became chief nurse .After spending 1943 and 1944 nursing in France, on December 8, 1945; she was assigned to the 91st General Hospital which was assigned to carry wounded men back to the United States by ship. She arrived in the United States in January, 1946, and was discharged from the Army at Camp Groot, Illinois.

According to Florence American soldiers were fearless, noble, had great zest for life and were warm and friendly. They also had a sense of humor. "The G.I.'s were patient, uncomplaining and grateful," she said.

## Using the G.I. Bill and Pioneering in Gerentology

Using the G.I. Bill, Florence earned has masters degree in nursing science at the University of Chicago. After she graduated she taught administration and nursing at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and did pioneering work in gerentological nursing. Students came from all over the country to take her classes in health care of the aged.

She was a 17 year member and chaplain of the Jane Delano Post for Army Nurses in Milwaukee. Florence feels that being in the Army brought her back to the United States "very service-orientated and with a number of firm friendships."

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# Chips, the Dog Who Bit Ike

Chips was one of the brave dogs who fought in World War II, but true to his training he attacked danger, even though it was friendly danger.

After World War II broke out, the United States Army listed thirty two breeds and crossbreeds of dogs as suitable for military service. Chips, of Pleasantville, New York, was one of the Army's draft choices. He was a mixed breed. His father was a Husky and his mother a cross of collie and German shepherd. He had belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Wren and their children before duty to his country took him from a comfortable home in New York to the beaches of Sicily.

## Private John Rowell and Chips Serve Under Patton

On July 10, 1943, Chips, now of the K-9 Corps, stood beside his handler, Private John Rowell of Arkansas, in a landing boat. They watched the shore of Sicily take shape in the dawn light, just east of Licata on the southern coast of Sicily. Private Rowell heard the fire of machine guns, rifles answering and the explosive bursts of hand grenades. He saw the crimson machine gun tracer bullets and the white gold of flares blazing across the sky.

Chips probably saw different lights than his master, because he was color blind. But he heard the high pitched shrieking of shells, guns and grenades at a frequency much higher than the human ear. He felt the landing boat shudder against the shore and he hit the beach with Private Rowell. He and his master were part of the American Seventh Army under the command of George S. Patton, Jr., and their regiment was the Third Infantry Division. The British Eighth Army lay off the right flank of the American Seventh and the Canadian troops were in the center.

Dawn broke as Chips and the other soldiers crept cautiously up the beach. A peasant's hut stood only a few yards away. Chips was exploring and sniffing the air, when a sudden burst of machine gun fire shattered the silence. Private John Rowell, along with his rifle, bayonet, helmet and hand grenade and fellow soldiers hit the ground. Chips raced for the machine gun nest, snarling. An Italian soldier staggered out of the hut, Chips at his throat. Three other soldiers came right behind him, their hands in the air. Rowell called Chips off before he killed the soldier he had by the neck.

## Captain Edward G. Parr Recommends Chips for Citation

Chips himself was a casualty in the fight inside the hut. One of the Italian soldiers had shot at Chips with a revolver. He had powder burns and a crease across his head where a bullet had grazed him, but his wounds were not serious enough for him to be sent to the rear. He received first aid and stayed at the front lines. That same night, Chips warned

Private Rowell that ten Italians were creeping along a path leading down to the beach. Chip's warning enabled his master to capture the Italians. Captain Edward G. Parr recommended Chips for a citation for "single-handedly eliminating a dangerous machine gun nest and causing the surrender of its crew."

## Thomas Object to Chip's Purple Heart

War Department regulations forbade presenting a medal to an animal, but Major General Lucian K. Truscott Jr., Commander of the Third Division, waived them. Somewhere in Italy, where Chips had been transferred, he was decorated while soldiers stood at rigid attention. Newspaper men in Italy reported that Chips had also been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart.

William Thomas, who was then the national commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, wrote angry letters to the President, the Secretary of War, and the Adjutant General of the United States Army. The Purple Heart had been instituted by General George Washington for humans, not dogs, Thomas complained. Congress debated the subject for three months. Some said heroism was heroism, no matter who performed it. Others said a special model of the Purple Heart should be awarded to animals as the British did. Finally, Congress decided that no more decorations were to be given to non-humans, though, in the case of animal acts of bravery, "appropriate citations may be published in unit general orders."

No matter what Congress said, Chips was the first dog hero of World War II. He served in the French Moroccan and Sicilian campaigns, in Italy, France, Germany and Central Europe. He stood a twelve hour guard watch over President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill while they conferred at Casa Blanca.

In Italy, Chips bit General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The General had stooped to pet Chips. Chips had been trained to attack strangers, so he attacked. How was he supposed to know that Ike was an American general?

In 1945, Chips went home and didn't bite any more generals!

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# Five French Boys Canoe the English Channel

Free French General Charles de Gaulle urged the French people to fight on, and five young French boys in an occupied coastal village in France took him at his word.

After France had signed the Armistice with Germany in 1940, French citizens of strategically important towns on the English Channel lived under German occupation. Free French General Charles de Gaulle urged the French people to fight on, and five young French boys in an occupied coastal village in France took him at his word.

## The Boys Repair Two Canoes and Collect Provisions

Pierre, 19, Jean, 17, Reynolde, 16, Guy, 16, and Christian, 17, were afraid that the Nazis would conscript them for the German Army so they decided that they would escape to England to fight with the Free French. By September of 1941, the boys had made their plans. Christian collected maps, charts, navigation instruments and navigation data.

Jean and Pierre acquired one canoe. Reynolde and Guy managed to buy another canoe for only 300 francs because it had a huge hole in it. It took the boys six weeks to make the canoes seaworthy, but they managed to work on them right under the noses of their parents and the Nazis.

The boys collected food and water and waited for calm seas. On the night of September 16, 1941, their preparations and opportunity converged and the boys decided that this was the time to move. At 9 pm., an hour after curfew, they sneaked out of their bedroom windows. Each of them pinned the same message on his pillow, “Chers Parents, I have gone to join General de Gaulle.”

## Setting Sail on the English Channel

Gathering on the beach, the five boys suddenly dropped to the ground and lay flat behind a sand dune. They listened to a Nazi patrol pass. Then they quickly dragged the two canoes to the water’s edge and stowed everything away. Climbing into the canoes, three of them in Pierre’s big Canadian canoe and two of them in the other, they pushed off into a small stream that led to the English Channel. They set their course by the compass that belonged to Pierre’s grandfather.

Once the boys reached the channel, they tried their canoes together and raised the sails. For hours the boys rowed and bailed water from the canoes. At daybreak, they pulled down the sails for fear they might be spotted. Suddenly, they heard an airplane engine. A Spitfire circled around them within 50 feet of the water, but then it disappeared. Much later, Pierre spotted a motorboat on the horizon that he thought the Spitfire had sent to look for the canoes. By now the canoes sat right in the middle of the sunset rays and it would be difficult to spot from the air.

The Channel got rougher and the boys got colder. Since Raynald had been paddling steady for twenty hours he was exhausted, and he and Pierre changed places. In the dim light, Pierre saw Christian pick a soggy packet from the bottom of the canoe. Christian answered Pierre's unspoken question. "These are some of my books. I was going to take my baccalaureate (college) test next month, but I've just escaped in time!"

## The Boys Beach the Canoes and Meet A Scotsman Wearing a Kilt

Pierre peered in front of him. Rocks rimmed the coast ahead. The canoes were fragile and the waves and rocks could easily break them to pieces. Pierre also felt certain that the beach was mined. The boys paddled until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and then pulled the canoes around on the side and clutched the slippery rocks with numbed fingers. One by one they heaved themselves out of the canoes. They all laughed weakly, because as soon as each of them had stepped on the rocks his legs gave away and he folded into a helpless heap. Cliff, sea, and rocks all whirled around in a wild jig.

Finally, the boys fell asleep. The sun beating down on their backs woke them up. They looked around and discovered that they were about half a mile offshore on a long tongue of rock. Clutching their French flag, the boys scrambled over the rocks. Suddenly, they heard a gruff voice shout, "Halt!"

They gaped at a woman with a very short skirt holding a rifle. Pierre knew that the British were expecting an invasion from Germany, but didn't think that tough women in short skirts would be guarding the coast. Pierre approached the woman. He shouted back to the others, "It's a Scotsman in a kilt!"

## The French Boys Train for the Free French Army

They five French boys had arrived at Eastbourne in England, but the Scotsman spoke perfect French. He soon realized that the boys were not Nazis and he took them to a cottage where the occupants gave the refugee boys a spot of tea. Then two police cars came along and took them French boys to the police station. Pierre, the curly-haired 19 year old leader told their story, but no one revealed their last names or where they were from for the sake of relatives still living in France. Then the boys took hot baths, received dry clothes, and had a good rest before they went off to London.

After they arrived in London, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill toasted them. Later Prime Minister Churchill and General Charles de Gaulle assured Christian that he could take his "Bache" in London. He may have escape from the Nazis in France, but he had not escape from his exams!

The five French boys were enrolled in the Free French Cadet School in Malvern, England, to train with fifty other boys. After they completed their training, they joined the Free French Forces. About 150 French boys had already been trained at Malvern and served in General de Gaulle's Free French Army.

Someone asked Christian what the French people thought of the RAF bombings of

occupied France and the French casualties from the bombings. Christian shrugged, “You can’t make an omelet without breaking eggs,” he said.\

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# Pistol Head – Cocker Spaniel Combat Veteran

Pistol Head, a red cocker spaniel, returned from 48 combat missions in the South Pacific. Mrs. Eileen Willis had sent for him, but could he readjust to civilian life?

Pistol Head, a 2 1/2 year old red cocker spaniel, had been best buddies with his master Lieutenant Colonel Solomon Theodore Willis, Jr. since he was a puppy. He didn't reckon time in human terms, but he recognized that time made many changes in his dog years. His master had married Eileen in October 1940. On July 27, 1943, Michael Lee Willis had joined the family in their Brooklyn apartment. By October 1943, Lt. Colonel Willis and Pistol Head were on their way to the South Pacific to fight in the Seventh Bomber Command.

## The Seventh Bomber Command

Pearl Harbor had decimated the Seventh Bomber Command, formerly the Hawaiian Air Force, but it recovered enough to fight in the turning point battle of Midway in June 1942. After Midway, the Seventh spent exhausting months of patrol and search missions in the South Pacific. After bases were established on tiny Pacific Islands, the Seventh began a program of long range bombing of the Gilberts and Marshalls. After the Gilberts and Marshalls were taken, the Seventh targeted the Carolinas, the Marianas, Iowa Jima and the Bonins. Eventually, parts of the Seventh bombed Japan.

The perils of these missions included small targets, uncertain weather, and engine failure guaranteeing certain death. The Seventh used fighters, medium bombers, bombed day and night, sunk enemy shipping and mined enemy waters. The Seventh was the first air force to take on Japan and the first to suffer casualties from Japan. It fought Japan longer than any other air force.

## Lt. Colonel Willis and Pistol Head Fly B-25s

The B-25s first went into action over the Marshalls, flying almost entirely at lower level. They were dangerous missions with intense enemy opposition and many planes returned heavily damaged. To add to the problems, propeller control brackets on the B-25s had a bad habit of breaking. To fix this, the mechanics added stronger metal plates, and fastened the broken parts to them. Many of these makeshift parts held for the rest of their combat missions and were not replaced until the planes arrived in Oahu.

The plane called 891, "Lofty's Wolf Pack," or "Hello Moe," was a classic example of the tough B-25s. With 84 missions, it was the veteran of the group. Originally the plane belonged to Major William K. Pfingst, a squadron commander, who flew the first missions in the "Wolf Pack." Then Lt. Colonel Solomon Theodore (Ted) Willis took over the squadron and renamed 891 "Hello Mo."

Lt. Colonel Willis flew some of the most extraordinary B-25 missions a B-25 ever endured in "Hello Mo." His maneuvers and tactics over Japanese harbors and air strips made Lt. Colonel Willis the most talked about pilot in the Bomber Command. After one

busy afternoon over Ponape, Colonel Willis flew “Hello Mo” home and learned that Tokyo Rose had frantically called him “a suicidal maniac.”

## Lt. Willis Doesn't Return From His 51st Mission

Lt. Colonel Willis and Pistol Head chalked up forty-eight combat missions against the Japanese before Pistol Head was grounded. On June 22, 1944, Colonel Solomon Theodore Willis failed to return from his 51st bombing mission.

Pistol Head mourned deeply. He refused to eat and he no longer wagged his tail. The members of the Seventh Bomber Command tried in vain to give him new reason for living, but they couldn’t.

The best the Seventh could do for Pistol Head was give him an honorable discharge and send him home. The airmen of the Seventh put Pistol Head aboard a United Airlines plane.

## "Any Consideration Shown to Pistol Head Will Be Greatly Appreciated"

Air Force Sgt. Arthur Braunston of Oyster Bay, New York, brought Pistol Head to San Francisco. He said Pistol Head had seen action on so many flights that he could recognize the difference between enemy and friendly planes and he could distinguished the difference in the sound of a Japanese or American plane.

“He had a different bark for the enemy planes and ours and he was so good that his spotting was a legend out there,” Sgt. Braunston said.

A small cardboard tag on Pistol Head’s collar said: “This little fellow was a pal of the late Lieutenant Colonel Willis, killed in action. He has flown 48 combat missions and is being returned to Mrs. Willis. Any consideration shown to Pistol Head will be greatly appreciated by all of us.” The tag was signed, “The Seventh Bomber Command.”

There were six stops before he reached La Guardia Field. Stewardess Betty Bittner reported that Pistol Head became alert and lively while the plane was in flight. ‘He seemed to be happy at flying,” she said.

## Pistol Head Comes Home

The airplane landed at La Guardia Field and Miss Ann Schultz, a friend of Mrs. Eileen Willis, took the leash from the stewardess. Pistol Head pulled her toward the exit. He seemed to know that he was getting closer to home. Miss Schulz hailed a taxicab and gave the driver the Brooklyn address. Pistol Head sat on the edge of the taxi’s backseat.

Pistol Head pulled Miss Schultz up the walk and Mrs. Eileen B. Willis, looking thin and pale, stood in the doorway to greet him.

Mrs. Eileen B. Willis hugged Pistol Head and he barked and wagged his tail. The barking woke up one year old Michael Lee Willis who just celebrated his birthday the day before. He looked at Pistol Head and laughed.

Mrs. Willis smiled. “I guess he is just an average cocker spaniel, but he always loved to fly, and since he was a puppy he always went up on flights with my husband.”

It was July 28, 1944, and Pistol Head had finally come home.

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# Jim Burns and Yard Minesweeper #62

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, soldier Jim Burns joined the United States Navy in December 1942, and by Christmas of 1943, he found himself serving on a minesweeper.

In 1922, when he was just a young boy, Jim Burns almost drowned in Lake Michigan. He was nautically decked out in a crisp new sailor suit and his cousin had taken him for a walk along the Manitowoc, Wisconsin pier when suddenly he fell in. “They even rescued my sailor hat,” he recalls with a chuckle.

The day before he left for the Navy in December 1942, Jim went down to the Milwaukee lagoon to feed the ducks. Over the next three years, he continued to have mostly hazardous, but a few not so hazardous adventures on the ocean, including smuggling a dog named Belvidere aboard his minesweeper.

## Jim Graduates from Great Lakes Naval Base and Sonar School

After his graduation from basic training at Great Lakes Naval Training Base in Grand Lakes, Illinois, the Navy sent Jim to Sonar School in Key West, Florida. For about eight weeks, he learned how to operate sonar and earned his first stripe. His next port was Norfolk, Virginia, where a new ship equipped with brand new sonar came to pick him up.

## Yard Minesweeper #62 is Ready for Action

The ship, yard Minesweeper # 62, was fitted out to act as a destroyer because the Navy was still drastically short of ships and equipment. The mine sweeper had a small draft which allowed it to come close to shore to sweep out mines that the Germans had set to destroy landing troops. It had two racks in the rear which were loaded with depth charges and a “K” gun, located on each side of the ship, with a depth charge attached to each.

Jim’s job was to man the sonar and when he spotted what he thought might be an enemy submarine to call out its bearings. Then the attack team on the sweeper would trace the submarine’s path on a large map.

Sweeping mines was hazardous work and in Jim’s words “the minesweepers and their crews were considered expendable.”

## Sweeping Mines is Complicated and Hazardous Work

The sweeper had what were called paraveins behind it which were placed on an angle from the stern of the ship. About six minesweepers worked together at one time, with each sweeper’s paraveins at an angle. The mines were anchored on cables extending below the water and a heavy metal plane determined their depth in the water. The cables had cutters like big jaws attached to them. The explosive charge was located inside the cutters. The minesweeper’s cable went against the mine chain and into the jaws, the jaws cut the chain, and the mine popped up and floated away. Or, the mine exploded on contact.

## Capturing Submarines and Heading to the Mediterranean

Yard Minesweeper #62 headed for the Mediterranean Sea to rendezvous with a convoy, but it was forced to put in at Bermuda for sonar repairs. Here, the Navy tested the sonar by capturing its own submarines for practice runs. Eventually, the sonar was repaired and the minesweeper joined a convoy going to the Mediterranean. It traveled for 22 days on a zigzag course to avoid detection and attack by German submarines.

Jim explains, "I received my second stripe when our minesweeper was acting as an escort for a large convoy of ships and I detected an enemy submarine off the island of Pantelleria on the way to Gibraltar."

## Sweeping Mines in Italy and France

The Navy put the minesweepers in the Mediterranean to help in the invasion of Sicily, Solerno Beachhead and sweeping mines for invasion forces at Anzio Beachhead. When Yard Minesweeper #62 wasn't on invasions it visited different ports to clear minefields that the Germans had planted. One of the places it cleared heavy minefields for the French was off Corsica so the French could get ready for the invasion of Elba.

Jim's minesweeper swept out harbors on the outside of Toulon, France, within the sight of the scuttled French fleet and he earned his third stripe for his minesweeping off the coast of France.

Then the Navy sent him to Key West, Florida to learn how to repair sonar in preparation for going to the Pacific. After sixteen weeks of maintenance training on sonar equipment, he earned the rank of an instructor in the Navy Sonar School until his discharge in 1945.

## Returning Home and Flashbacks

After he came back home to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Jim remembers many nights when he woke up with jumping nerves and in a cold sweat because he thought he was still on the minesweeper and there had been a general quarters alert for combat.

"It's something you never really get over. You just learn to live with it. But I'd do it all over again for my country," he said.

Jim came home as a 1st class Petty officer and earned four Battle Stars and a Navy Commendation for his minesweeping work.

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# Reverend Ernest Norquist Marches Up Bataan

Reverend Ernest Norquist described his draft status in 1941 as “being under the threat of Selective Service” he decided to enlist in the Army so he could choose where he could go and his choice was the Philippines. After he became a medic, he served as a ward man at Fort William McKinley, about seven miles from Manila.

## The Japanese Land in the Philippines

Within days after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the Japanese started landing in the Philippines and casualties began to pour in. Reverend Norquist recalls “toward Christmas we knew we were going to evacuate. Oh the way back from church I remember that we passed a convent run by some American sisters who gave us coca and compassion.”

## The American Forces Move to Corregidor

On December 29, Reverend Norquist and his unit moved to the Middleside Hospital on Corregidor, which is a tiny island at the entrance to Manila Bay. There was a Middleside, Topside, and Bottomside hospital and a trolley car running between them. The entire fortress at Corregidor was designed to protect the Bataan Peninsula and was comprised of one main tunnel hewn out of solid rock and several laterals.

Reverend Norquist was one of the eight medics who worked on casualties while the bombing went on around them. He remembers one time when the hospital was being bombed. He had been about to eat a piece of butterscotch pie, went downstairs for shelter and eventually returned to the table. He couldn’t eat the pie because it was full of plaster.

## The American Garrison Surrenders

The American Army continued to fight on Corregidor, but it was decimated by malaria and ran out of water. The last American garrison surrendered on May 7, 1942, after surviving 53 air raids. General Jonathan Wainwright, the Army’s commander at Corregidor, announced the surrender.

Reverend Norquist recalls, “I felt an infinite sadness when the General surrendered and all of us put up the American flag and saluted it. We cried at the white flag of surrender, because I think we all knew that we wouldn’t see the American flag again until we were freed.”

## Marching up the Bataan Peninsula

The next step for Reverend Norquist and many of the men were marching up the Bataan Peninsula as part of the infamous “Death March.” By now, Bataan was a swarming mass of bewildered Japanese, Filipino and American men. Japanese intelligence estimates of the number of prisoners were far too low. There were actually about 78,000 U.S. troops, 6,000 civilian employees who had been rushed to Bataan to build defenses, and 26,000

civilians.

The Japanese had been expecting only about 40,000 people. The captured men had to walk long distances on foot under a tropical sun. Sick and wounded men were killed by guards at the roadside, hundreds at a time. More than 7,000 of these prisoners died on the Bataan Death March. One third were American, and two-thirds Filipinos.

Reverend Norquist was nearly killed as well. He fell behind and sat down. As he put it, "I saw two Japanese soldiers coming toward me in a very business-like manner and I got up quickly."

## Billebub Prison and Cabana Taiwan

One of the initial stops for Reverend Norquist was Billlebub Prison in Manila for a few weeks and then to Cabana Taiwan, where the prisoners were placed in barracks that had been occupied by the Filipino Army. Here, Reverend Norquist continued to put his medic training to work. He remembers what he calls, "death parades," where men who had died were carried out on window slats or shutters torn off the building. The death parades diminished when the Swedish Red Cross ship Gripsholm brought supplies to the camp.

In the 26 months that he spent at Cabana Taiwan, Reverend Norquist helped build an airport that was never used, became acclimated to POW life, and became more and more certin that he would become a minister if he survived. He saw the examples of the Army chaplains and a Filipino priest who risked their lives to help the prisoners and felt that the church might be a calling for him.

In 1944, the Japanese moved the prisoners from the Philippines to Japan on a ship called the *Noto Maru.* From Tokyo they were taken to Omari Prison Camp which was located on a tiny island. Reverend Norquist vividly recalls incidents of prison camp life. The men were amazingly resourceful. They improvised musical instruments and formed an orchestra. They put on play including Shakespeare, and they even had a school.

## Major Watanabe Was Not Widely Mourned

He especially remembers a Major Watanabe, who was a sadist and beat people at the slightest pretext. He hit Reverend Norquist and knocked him out. The Major was so hated that someone finally put some flux from a dysentery victim in his food and he contracted dysentery and he died. According to Reverend Norquist, the Major was not widely mourned.

The turning point in the war seemed to Reverend Norquist to come in 1944. There were bombing raids and fire storms, with huge areas of Tokyo being burned. "I felt a great sadness for the Japanese people," he said.

Once again the prisoners were moved, this time north to Wakasennin, a place of temples, tori gates, and windows of mother of pearl. Here they worked in a pig iron factory and on farms.

## Liberation Day Finally Comes

Finally, the day of liberation came. All of the prisoners were brought out to the parade ground. Reverend Norquist remembers exactly what the British soldier who made the announcement said, “Gentlemen the day for which we have long awaited has at last arrived. You are free men.” The prisoners cheered an immense hip hip horray.

The Japanese commander made a speech next and said he hoped that everyone would get home safely. The men were warned not to go into the Japanese village and were dismissed. Immediately they went into the Japanese village. A little Japanese girl about six years old handed Reverend Norquist a doll. A Japanese man brought out a family album and insisted that he choose some pictures to keep.

## Reverend Norquist Encounters General Wainwright on His Honeymoon

Because of the influence of the war time chaplains, Reverend Norquist decided to become a minister. “Religion had a validity,” he said. After the war, he studied for the ministry in Lund, Sweden and was ordained in the Presbyterian Church. He retired from Bethany Presbyterian Church after 17 years as pastor and served as interim pastor at the First Presbyterian Church of Horicon, Wisconsin.

Reverend Norquist had another encounter with General Wainwright, this time at the Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Michigan. He and his wife Jeanette were on their honeymoon at the hotel and he discovered that General Wainwright had quarters on the eighth floor. “I tried to get in to see him, but his orderly wouldn’t admit me. Then I heard him ask, “Is that one of my boys?”

“I said, ‘yes sir,’ and he came out and spent half an hour with me. He really cared about the ordinary soldier.”

The Norquists had five daughters, all talented artists, musicians and teachers, and a son, John, who served as the mayor of Milwaukee in the 1980s.

## He Couldn't Hate the Japanese People

In Reverend Norquist’s opinion, he learned two important principles from his POW experience. The first was that war transformed most people’s lives. It was the biggest thing that ever happened to them and helped them transcend themselves.

The second principle was you can’t put people of different cultures together and have them hate each other all of the time. He said, “When I wanted to get bitt'er and hate the Japanese, I would remember them sitting around a campfire singing a hauntingly beautiful song called “The Moon Over a Ruined Castle". I couldn’t hate them,” he said.

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# Christmas Eve, 1942- A Sailor Considers Going AWOL to Milwaukee


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Recording veteran's stories is an important addition to the historical record,and listening to them lets veterans know that their sacrifices are appreciated.

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## The Sailor Longs to Extend His Leave in Milwaukee

It was Christmas Eve, 1942. He stared at the Chicago and North Western Railroad tracks running near Great Lakes Naval Base and imagined following them the 95 miles to Milwaukee, Wisconsin.. A month after Pearl Harbor, the Navy announced an expansion in its recruitment capacity to 45,000 men and by the end of 1942, about 75,000 were training at Great Lake Naval Base. Over the course of World War II, the Great Lakes Naval Base supplied about a million men, more than a third of all of the personnel serving in the United States Navy. The sailor was one of the men in training at Great Lakes.

### Honoring Veterans All Year Around

It wouldn't be hard to go AWOL and return home for an extended visit. It had been so hard to leave his family the day before Christmas. He didn't understand why he had to be back before Christmas. His mother had cried and even his father had tears in his eyes. His leave had been far too short.

From the Chicago and North Western Depot at the Milwaukee lake front it was only about another two miles home. Through a misty haze of home sicknesses, he visualized the house on the corner of 58th and Chambers Streets. His cocker spaniel, Bing, would be in the window, waiting and watching for him. His mother had told him that Bing rarely left the living room picture window.

## The Sailor Has Family Reasons for An Extended Leave

The sailor's brother was already on the Battleship *Texas*, and even though his mother and father were carefully cheerful in their letters, he knew that they were worried about both of their sons. When his father had come to see him off at the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Depot, he had let the tears run unashamedly down his cheeks. In his own youth, the sailor's father had tried to volunteer with the troops chasing Poncho Villa, but over indulgence in the bribery beer and the fact that his wife was already pregnant with their oldest son, had kept him from serving.

Four years later, he, the youngest son, had been born in Milwaukee. He loved Lake Michigan, even when he fell off the break wall as a boy and nearly drowned before a fisherman rescued him. Now he was going far beyond Lake Michigan. The Navy had told him he was going to the Mediterranean and that he could not go home for Christmas.

## The Sailor Would Have An Easy Time Going AWOL

It wouldn't take much to go AWOL. All he had to do was jump on the train and he'd be home in less than an hour and a half. Bing would rush from the window and greet him with tail wagging and a tongue dripping shower. With tears of joy in her eyes, his mother would ask him to go to the attic and get the special Christmas box. In it she kept the ornaments that he had made for her every year since he had been a small boy. With surprisingly gentle big hands, he had fashioned a church and other small buildings out of Paper Mache and animals out of cardboard. He had rigged up electric lights for the buildings and even made a manger scene.

What would his mother do this year with both of her sons gone? Would she set up the manger scene and the church anyway? If he started for home right now, he would get there in time to go downtown shopping with her for last minute decorations. His mother loved to go into the stores at Christmas time, because she thought Christmas brought out the magic buried in people's hearts the rest of the year.

His mother loved the Christmas lights, the decorated Christmas trees and the carols. She loved the Christmas cooking and baking and basting and tasting and even the Christmas clutter and constant vigilance it took to keep Bing from biting a certain blue light on the Christmas tree. He ignored all of the other lights, but the blue one which he tried to attack

and destroy. The sailor laughed, thinking of the yearly battle between his mother and Bing.

## A Christmas When the Sailor's Father Wouldn’t Let Him Go AWOL

The sailor remembered another Christmas tree that had been damaged when he and his brother and cousin were in their early teens. They had received pop guns for Christmas, the kind with corks that made satisfying thunks when they hit their targets. Before any of them realized it, the ornaments on the Christmas tree had become their targets. Before any of them realized it, at least one third of the ornaments had ended up in shattered colored pieces under the tree. His brother had finally stopped the shooting frenzy by reminding him that their parents would be home soon.

Like good soldiers, they tried to cover their tracks. They swept up all of the glittering, colorful glass and rearranged the remaining ornaments on the tree. He had thought about making new ornaments to cover the painfully obvious bare spots, but there wasn't time. His father had noticed the steep decline in the ornament population immediately and figured out its cause. He had confiscated the pop guns and ordered him and his brother to make or buy new ornaments. The sailor hadn't been able to go AWOL then!

## This Christmas the Sailor Could Go AWOL

Close by, the sailor heard the whistle of the train and his feet started walking toward the depot. He knew that if he went home again, the day would light up for his mother and father. Bing would even abandon his post by the blue light. He would be in a normal world for a few more hours, before he had to re-enter this twisted, strange, war-world.

He stood rooted to the spot and listened to the train whistle, the same whistle that his mother and father and Bing would soon hear in Milwaukee. As much as his mind and heart told him to go, something held him back. There was something inside him that his parents had instilled there - a hard, often barren something they called "doing the right thing." He called it responsibility. Sometimes he cursed it, but he had it. He felt responsible to his country, so he turned around and headed back for the barracks.

## The Sailor Earns His Stripes In the Mediterranean

The sailor took special training and passed his sonar exams. The United States Navy assigned minesweepers to sweep mines ahead of the invasion forces at Anzio Beachhead and Sicily. When his minesweeper wasn’t taking part in invasions, it visited different Italian and French ports to clear mine fields that the Germans had planted. The sailor earned his third stripe for minesweeping off the coast of France.

## No More AWOL Ears and Minds

Tthe sailor would have gone AWOL  even if he had known that he would end up on a minesweeper, one of the most dangerous places to be in a war. He still would have listened to the whistle from outside the train just as he listened to the sonar from inside his mine sweeper as he searched for mines.

This sailor's story is just one of the thousands that need to be told before death stills his voice. More people and government organizations in America are realizing the historical significance and importance of veteran's stories and the importance of listening to an individual voice like the sailors.

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Veterans History Project

Take a Veteran To School Day

# Charles Wedel's Submarine Service in World War II

The Manitowoc Shipbuilding Company made submarines during World War Ii and helped the United States win the war. Charles Wedel served on several of them.

Submarines during World War II comprised only two percent of the United States Navy, but managed to sink 55 percent of all Japanese ships sunk by the Armed Forces. Over fifty U.S. submarines were lost and over 3,506 men gave their lives for their country on U.S. submarines. Four of the lost ships – the Tobalo, Golet, Kete and Lagarto – were built in Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

## Charles Wedel Receives Submarine Training

Motor Machinist Mate 2/C Charles Wedel of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, embarked on most of his World War II cruises without even knowing where he was going until he was at sea. Then the ship's captain would open the sealed orders and inform the crew where the submarine was headed. Unlike much of the Navy, the Submarine Service was voluntary and Charles explained his reasons for volunteering: "Either I come back all in one piece or not at all."

In 1942, after he graduated from Submarine School in New Haven, Connecticut, the Navy sent Charles to Great Lakes Naval Training base in Illinois to go to machinist mate school. The machinist mate's job was to make sure the engines on the submarine were always in running condition and the auxiliary equipment worked.

## Charles Serves on Six Manitowoc Submarines

Charles served on six of the submarines built in Manitowoc for the United States Navy: The U.S.S. Icefish, the U.S.S. Sablefish, the U.S.S. Tautog, the U.S.S.Conger, the U.S.S. Sardia and the U.S.S. Cobia.

Each of the 28 submarines built in Manitowoc was named after a fish and any of them carried their own emblems. Generally, each Manitowoc submarine weighed 1,526 tons on top of the water and displaced 2,424 tons of water. Their dimensions were 311 feet by 27 feet by 15 feet. They usually carried 118,000 gallons of fuel, used diesels on the surface and electric engines under water. For weapons they used anti-aircraft guns, a 3-5 inch deck gun, six torpedo tubes in the bow, and four aft. They carried 24 torpedoes on long cruises.

## Sideways Submarine Launchings Effective but Undignified

But before the Manitowoc submarines could fight the Germans and Japanese, they had to be launched and the topography of the Manitowoc River made this difficult. The Manitowoc River is shallow and too narrow for the traditional "down the ways" launch. In the past, the Manitowoc Shipbuilding Company had managed to overcome this drawback by constantly dredging the river, but they had never before launched a submarine.

A submarine sideways launch posed an entirely new set of complications. What about a broadside launch? Traditional ships had been launched broadside into the river, but never a submarine. These were un-traditional times. The workers made a model basin of the Manitowoc River, a twelve foot submarine model, and practiced broadside launching.

The launching of the first completed submarine, The Peto, occurred on April 30, 1942, when she flopped sideways into the Manitowoc River. A submarine commander called the sideways launch "effective but most undignified."

## Charles Becomes a Submarine Crew Member

An unforeseen benefit of the "most undignified" sideways launch soon became apparent. The sideways launch allowed submarines to be built on a level keel, so that torpedo tubes, intake valves and periscopes could be lined up with extraordinary accuracy. This benefit helped make the Manitowoc submarines the best in the American fleet and eventually defeated the German and Japanese Navies.

The submarine crews usually consisted of 80-85 men and officers. Charles remembers layers and layers of canned good stacked in the men's sleeping department that they walked over until they ate their way through the layers. He also recalls that the showers of the enlisted men were filled with potatoes, but since they could take a shower only once a week, they usually ate the potatoes faster than the water could get them.

## The Manitowoc Submarines Set Records

The U.S.S. Icefish served in the Southwest Pacific from the Hawaiian Islands to Southwest Australia. It spent the daylight hours submerged, surfacing only after dark to recharge it its engines and to escape the danger of enemy detection. Charles recalls that the Icefish sank six Japanese ships and did pick up survivors. These survivors were handcuffed to a skid and marched back and forth to the mess and other functions until the Icefish returned to port.

Charles and the other Manitowoc submarine crews accumulated an amazing record with just 17 Manitowoc submarines sinking 130 Japanese ships and a total of 486,000 tons of Japanese shipping. The Manitowoc Shipbuilding Company built a total of 28 submarines, the 19th and 20th being cancelled as the sea war wound down. Four of the submarines, the Robalo, Golet, Kete and Lagarto were lost at sea. Many of the submarines remained

active after World War II, and the Hardhead and the Jallao remained in the fleet until 1973. During the Falklands War, Argentina used the Lamprey and Macabi for parts.

## Manitowoc Submarines were "the Finest of All"

Richard Ward Peterson, the first commanding officer of the U.S.S. Icefish, summarized the vital role and dangerous missions of Charles and his submarine mates when he said that the first patrol of the Icefish almost turned out to be her last. He said in his first patrol report that because of Japanese attacks and depth charges "all hands were thankful that we were in such a fine, sturdy ship. It is no secret that the finest submarines ever built were the U.S., World War II submarines and it is my own personal opinion after many years experience that the Manitowoc submarines were the finest of all."

After surviving the World War II Submarine Service, Charles Wedel spent twenty more years in the Navy, finally retiring with the rank of Chief Petty Officer, the highest enlisted rank in the Navy.

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# Chapter Nine: Korea, “The Forgotten War”

Soldiers in Korea- National Archives

## Jerry Emer Remembers Smitty's Last Day in Korea

Korean War veteran Jerry Emer of Milwaukee recalled the day that his medic friend Doyle Smith, “Smitty” died in Korea while fighting for Hill 174.

War in Korea was a grueling, back breaking, feet tiring deadly business. Survival was measured in seconds and by chance instead of days and design.

**Jerry Emer Fights with the 5th Cavalry on Hill 174**

In a series of letters Jerry Emer wrote to author Don Knox, who used them in his oral history of the Korean War, he details the actions of I Company, 3rd Battalion, 5th Cavalry on Hill 174. The time span is from September 10 to 20, 1950. Rumor had it that the 3rd Battalion was going to move to a pretty hot spot and they climbed aboard trucks to move to the Hill 174 area. The convoy skirted part of Taegue and headed north a few miles. The men were got off the trucks. They headed up the hill in a long column, listening to the ka-rumph of artillery fire and the occasional rattle of small arms from the North Korean held

hill.

The next day the company sent out some re-con patrols and the following day the company went into a typical Korean farm village close to the front lines. Jerry and the other men filled their canteens at a well and some of the male Korean villagers talked with the company's Katusas, which is what the South Koreans integrated into American units were called. They seemed to greatly fear and detest the In-Min-gun, or Communist Army of North Korea.

After some skirmishing with the enemy and I Company's withdrawal from Hill 174, the orders came through for I Company to attack and re occupy it. On September 15, 1950, everyone in Jerry's company was supplied with extra bandoliers and grenades. Company I was supposed to assemble for the attack at the foot of Hill 203. At the base of this hill was a small grove of trees and some weapon carriers, jeeps, and heavy mortars.

## Jerry Emer Helps a Wounded Katusa

The platoons had to move along certain paths to get to this assembly area from Hill 232, Jerry was sent with Lt. Toomey and his runner to a long ditch running parallel to a small apple orchard. Lt. Toomey instructed Jerry to watch for his platoon and point out what path it was to follow. He had just finished speaking when a loud whoosh made everyone flatten out on the ground. A 120 mm shell exploded about five yards from the ditch. Pieces of trees, dirt and chunks of sod rained down on the backs of the soldiers. Within a few seconds, two more shells exploded.

A Katusa came running by and Jerry shouted and pointed. Then with a whoosh, bam, another shell exploded. The Katusa was thrown into the ditch a few yards from Jerry, terribly hurt. He whimpered and as Jerry crawled over to him, he saw that the Katusa had a large ugly tear near the elbow on his right arm.

The shrapnel had set off several clips in his cartridge belt. This had torn away much of his fatigue shirt and there was an irregular gaping red maw of a wound from the bottom of the rib cage diagonally down to his hip. The web cartridge belt was smoking and the ragged torn fatigue shirt also. Jerry tore off the smoldering belt and threw it away. The Katusa's first aid pouch had been destroyed by shrapnel, so Jerry took his bandages out and tried to bandage the Katusa's profusely bleeding arm wound. The Katusa tried to tell him something, but Jerry couldn't understand him.

## Medic Doyle Smith Comes to Help the Wounded Katusa

"Where's the medic, where's Smitty?" Jerry shouted to a Sergeant Woods.

"He's not far behind me, just a couple of guys behind me!" Woods shouted back.

Finally, with immense relief, Jerry saw the skinny figure of Medic Doyle Smith running down the slope. In just the few weeks they had known each other, Jerry and Doyle Smith

had become close buddies. He thought that Smitty was as American as apple pie, down to his name – Smith. Smitty was from a typically American small town, Grayville, Illinois, in the Midwestern cornbelt. He even looked American. He was a wiry, 140 pound, 5'10", sandy haired 19 year old. He had told Jerry about his Japanese girl friend and her family and showed him photographs of her.

"Over here! Over here, Smitty!" Jerry yelled.

Smitty reached Jerry and took over. The Korean was still mumbling and whimpering.

"No use wasting a bandage on that side wound. He's dying," Smitty said. "I'll give him a shot of morphine."

In a few seconds the Kutusa stopped whimpering. He mumbled a few more words and then his eyes became glassy.

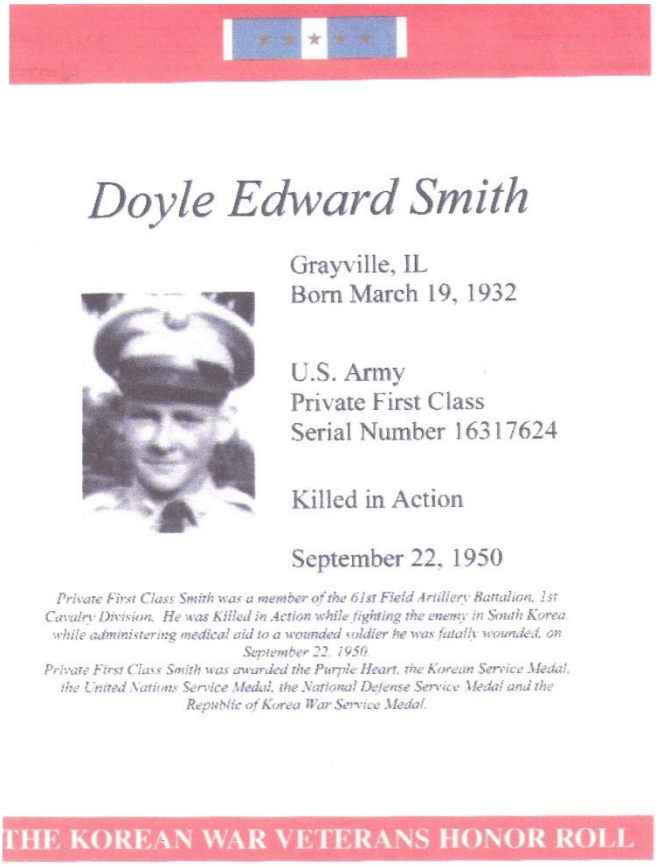
### Medic Doyle Smith is Killed

Smitty said, "Okay, let's go. I'm the last of the 2nd platoon."

They climbed out of the ditch and started moving. After an air strike on the hill and a short artillery preparation, the order came to move out. As they entered the rice paddies, the men were urged to keep in a skirmish line. The paddies were very soft because of the heavy rains that had fallen earlier in the month. The soldiers were loaded down with extra ammunition and grenades and they sank into the stinking mud with every step. By this time of the day the sun shone brightly and the temperature had climbed to 90 degrees with humidity. The men were all panting and gasping for air and drenched with sweat. Then they started getting hit with a barrage of 120 mm mortar fire. Soon cries of "I'm hit," and "medic, medic," came from every point of the compass.

After he had helped so many other men, medic Doyle Smith got hit. Lt. Brian acted as Smitty's medic, but Smitty died of his wounds.

## Veteran Doyle Smith's Name Is Finally Added to Illinois Korean War Memorial




After 60 years, and through the efforts of many people, Medic Doyle Smith's name finally appears on the Korean War Memorial in White County, Illinois.

March 19, 2011 would have been Pvt. Doyle Edward Smith's 79th birthday. An important part of his story unfolded in September, 2010 when his name was finally added to the Korean War Veterans Monument in White County, Illinois.

On September 22, 2010, Pvt. Doyle E. Smith's name was inscribed on the monument at Veterans Memorial Park in Carmi, Illinois, that lists the White County War dead for the past one hundred years.

## Doyle Smith and His Friend Charlie Linder Join The Army from Grayville, Illinois

Doyle Smith was born in the small town of Grayville, located in southern Illinois on the Wabash River. At least one other soldier, James Meredith Helm who was an admiral in the Spanish American War, was born in Grayville and joined the United States Naval

Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, just as Doyle Smith and his best friend Charlie Linder joined the Army together from Grayville.

In a September 2010 story from the Carmi Times, Charlie Linder told reporter Braden Willis that he left first and he never saw his friend Doyle again. "He wasn't even 18 years old," Charlie said. Doyle lied about his age to enlist so the service records say that he was born in 1931, although he really was born in 1932. Charlie enlisted in the Army for three years and was sent to Korea at the same time as Doyle, but he said, "I didn't find out he'd been killed until I got home."

Aaron D. Smith of rural Grayville was Doyle Smith's grandfather. Nedra Wolf, Doyle's cousin, also born and raised in Grayville, was just 9 years old when Doyle died in Korea. She has clear and fond memories of Doyle Smith. She said that his mother moved to Seattle, but Doyle stayed in Grayville with her father and she and Doyle managed to get into quite a bit of mischief. "I loved every minute of it," she said.

## Doyle Smith is Killed In Action In Korea

The official Army account of Doyle Edward Smith's death states that he was a member of the Sixty-First Field Artillery Battalion, First Cavalry Division, and that he was killed in action in South Korea on September 22, 1950. Doyle Smith -the men called him Smitty- was a medic and the story has it that he was treating a wounded soldier when he was fatally wounded.

Jerry Emer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one of Smitty's close friends, belonged to I Company, Third Battalion, Fifth Cavalry which was involved in fighting on Hill 174. In a series of letters Jerry wrote to author Don Knox, he tells the story of his encounters with Smitty. Jerry and a South Korean soldier had been wounded and lay bleeding in a ditch. Jerry watched several soldiers run by and then he shouted to a Sgt. Woods that he knew. "Where's the medic? Where's Smitty?"

Sgt. Woods assured Jerry that Smitty was just a few soldiers behind him and finally to his immense relief, Jerry spotted the skinny figure of Medic Doyle Smith running down the slope. According to Jerry, in the few short weeks they had known each other, he and Doyle Smith had become close friends. Jerry thought Smitty was one hundred percent American down to his last name – Smith.

To Jerry's way of thinking, Smitty even looked American. Jerry remembered him as a wiry, 140 pound, 5 foot 10 inch, sandy haired, 19 year old Midwesterner. Smitty told Jerry about his Japanese girlfriend and showed him pictures of the girl and her family.

Now Smitty reached Jerry and the wounded South Korean. He gave the South Korean a shot of morphine and in a few seconds the Korean's eyes became glassy and he died.

Smitty and Jerry both climbed out of the ditch and started moving. About 100 yards ahead, they reached a group of other soldiers. After an air strike on Hill 174, and a short artillery barrage, the order came to move out. The officers urged the soldiers to keep in a

skirmish line. Loaded down with extra ammunition and grenades and their heavy packs, the soldiers sank into the soft, stinking mud of the rice paddies. The temperature climbed to 90 degrees and the humidity climbed as well. Soon the soldiers panted and gasped for air.

Then the North Koreans hit them with a barrage of 120 mm mortar fire. Smitty answered endless cries of "Medic! "Medic!"

After he had treated so many soldiers, Smitty himself got hit. Lt. Brian acted as his medic, but Smitty died of his wounds.

The Army posthumously awarded Doyle Edward Smith the Purple Heart. He also was awarded the Korean Service Medal, the United Nations Service Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, and the Republic of Korea War Service Medal.

## After 60 Years, Doyle Smith's Name is Added to Korean War Memorial

Doyle Smith was buried in Veteran's Memorial Cemetery in Seattle, Washington, near his mother, Mrs. W.E. Baun. For nearly sixty years his name wasn't on the Korean Veteran's Memorial in White County, Illinois, but then his sister Ruthie Sexton of Phoenix, Arizona researched Doyle's history.

She contacted Sue Cullison of Albion, Illinois, who is a family tree researcher. Sue documented that Doyle Smith was a native of White County, killed in action in Korea on September 22, 1950, but his name had been left off the monument at Veterans Park. Sue contacted White County VFW Post 3851 officials and they met with Carmi Mayor David Port about adding Doyle's name to the monument.

In September 2010, Doyle Smith's best friend Charlie Linder, and a group of his relatives and friends congregated at the Korean War Veterans Monument in Carmi along with Carmi American Legion members from American Legion Post 224 and Sue Cullison. They all honored Doyle Smith's name on the Korean War Memorial just as Doyle Smith had honored his county with his life.

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Interview: Korean War Veteran Jerry Emer. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

# Douglas Johnson Milwaukee Marine


Marine Douglas Johnson went from fighting on Saipan, translating Japanese on Nagasaki, and fighting in Korea to a productive civilian life in Milwaukee.

In his Marine Corps career, Milwaukee Marine Douglas Johnson went from fighting the Japanese to interpreting their language to Americans. He moved from machine gunning on Saipan to machine gunning in the mountain passes of Korea and finally to a more peaceful life in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

## Douglas Johnson Fights on Saipan

It was December 1943, when Doug enlisted in the Marines in Milwaukee and he was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 6th Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Division. Seventeen year old Douglas went from boot camp directly to advance infantry training and machine gun school in Camp Pendleton, California. From Camp Pendleton, Doug was shipped across the Pacific to Saipan. He described Saipan as a “combination of Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, and a little bit of Sicily thrown in.”

The fighting on Saipan was different than Iwo Jima. Doug and his battalion arrived late in the campaign and were involved in the mopping up. There were still several thousand Japanese soldiers on the island, Japanese who were fanatical fighters. The Marines took very few prisoners because the Japanese soldiers fought to the bitter end. Some jumped off the steep cliffs on the island or blew themselves up with hand grenades rather than fall into the hands of American soldiers.

Diseases on Saipan were equally as lethal to American soldiers as Japanese bullets. Soldiers got dengue fever, jungle fever, malaria, parasites, funguses, insect bites. The

average daily temperate on Saipan was 100 degrees, with extremely high humidity. Almost every walking surface on the island was made up of jagged coral that cut shoes

and clothes like a razor. “It was hard on the body,” says Doug with considerable understatement.

## Douglas Moves on to Okinawa and Nagasaki

While he was still on Saipan, Doug participated in a mission to Okinawa which was a rehearsal for the future attack by American forces. In 1945, after the Americans took Okinawa, Doug and his unit were retrained for projected landings on Japan proper. His unit was put aboard a ship which pulled into the docks of Nagasaki shortly after the atomic bomb had been dropped. “The port area was still intact, but the city was flattened. I walked over ground zero,” he says quietly.

The Marines were in Nagasaki for a couple of weeks doing clean ups, although Doug adds that the Japanese did most of the cleaning up. He had by this time, learned to speak Japanese and acted as an interpreter between the Americans and Japanese. Eventually he became attached to the Australian Air Force, helping with the Japanese situations and interpreting.

Early in 1947, Doug re-enlisted in the Marines and immediately was assigned to sea school in Norfolk, Virginia. After graduating from sea school, was assigned to Marine Detachment aboard the *U.S.S. Wisconsin.* The major part of Doug’s duties included training classes of midshipmen from the Naval Academy on guns. For the next three years, he continued to do gun training cruises and was involved in Navy personnel training and Navy landing parties.

## Douglas and his Old Regiment Fight in Korea

When the North Korean Communists invaded South Korea on June 25, 1950, Doug rejoined the same regiment he had served in during World War II. As he traveled from Camp Le June, North Carolina across the country to California, he picked up Marine Corps reservists to build up his company to combat strength.

As their troop ship left California, Doug trained his recruits in rifle firing off the fantail of the ship. Their first stop was Inchon, and then on to capture Seoul. The next months were a maze of pulling back, advancing, reboarding ship and navigating the Korean Peninsula. The men landed again, relieved the South Koreans on the lines and pushed toward Chosin Reservoir. Now the situation became perilous for the Americans. Fighting what President Harry Truman called a “police action,” American and other United Nations troops had driven the North Koreans across the 38th Parallel, their southern border.

At this point, Communist China sent large masses of Chinese “volunteers” into the battle, supported by Russian advisers and equipment. There were between 500,000 and 600,000 Communist Chinese troops and 6,000 American Marines backed up by a few Australians and New Zealanders fighting. The Chinese Communist troops pushed the entire American 8th Army all of the way back to the 38th Parallel. The Marines were ordered to hold the mountain passes at the Chosin Reservoir. The Chinese overran many American positions and some companies were wiped out.

## Douglas Johnson is Wounded in Korea

At dawn on December 7, 1950, Doug was moving along a road near Koto'ri when he walked into a Chinese ambush set up at a river. He was hit in the face and head with a hand grenade and a piece of shrapnel went through his right eye. That night, Doug walked into Koto'ri and was treated at an aid station. He was flown out of the area on a Piper Cub and transferred to a hospital ship at Han Hung harbor. From Korea, Doug went to a naval hospital in Japan.

After he recuperated from his wound, Doug arrived back in Korea in time to take part in the spring offensive of 1951 and helped in the American effort to fight their way back up north. Then power and politicians in the outside world changed the direction of the fighting in Korea. During his term of office, President Truman limited the fighting to Korea proper. When General Dwight D. Eisenhower ran for president, he pledged to do something about the Korean stalemate and he kept his promise by ending the war with a truce a few months after his inauguration in 1953.

## Douglas Johnson Becomes a Career Marine

After he returned home from Korea, Doug decided he was a career marine. He served a two to three year tour of duty at the Marine Barracks in Philadelphia. Then he was assigned to the recruiting school at Paris Island, South Carolina where he graduated fourth in his class. The top ten people in the class had their choice of where they would be assigned to duty and Doug chose Milwaukee. Eventually he served as recruiter for Jefferson and Waukesha counties as well.

He joked about his "then "pictures from the Marines, "The Japanese seemed to respect moustaches and I thought it gave me some dignity, so I kept it during the time I was in Japan."

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# Chapter Ten: Vietnam

On April 30, 2010, Vietnam and the United States held different ceremonies to mark the same milestone – the end of the war in Vietnam

The veteran's department of the town of North Attleboro, Massachusetts hosted a ceremony on Friday, April 30, 2010, to mark the 35th anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War. The ceremony took place at the Vietnam Memorial in Burrows Park at 5:30 p.m.

## Celebrations in Ho Chi Minh City

On Friday, April 30, 2010, in Ho Chi Minh City, a world and time zones away, North Vietnamese tanks once again smashed through the gates of the former Presidential Palace and the South Vietnamese government fled in a realistic enactment of the 35th anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War.

A crowd of about 50,000 joyful people waved red and gold communist flags featuring corporate logos and flags flapping from their poles advertising the virtues of American and European goods in Ho Chi Minh City. Ho Chi Minh City was once known as Saigon.

### Patriotic Songs and Ho Chi Minh Quotes

A larger than life sized poster of Ho Chi Minh, founder of the Vietnam revolution, towered above the parade route. Patriotic songs, some of them adapted to a thumping disco beat, accented the parade and almost drowned out the joyful shouts of people in the former Saigon greeting the troops.

Most of the people attending the parade were war veterans, communist party members and guests. Government officials sealed off the parade route from ordinary people because of security concerns, and police carefully monitored the foreign media. In their speeches, communists officials often cited Ho Chi Minh's quote, "There is nothing more precious than independence and freedom."

### The United States and Vietnam are Trading Partners

The fall of Saigon signified the official end of the Vietnam War and the end of the United States campaign against communism in Southeast Asia. About 58,000 Americans and over three million Vietnamese people died in the War. In the last decade, foreign investment and trade has escalated Vietnam's growth and the United States has become Vietnam's main trading partner in recent years.

## Anniversary Observances in the United States

Ceremonies in America didn't feature many reenactments of America's combat role in Vietnam and the fall of Saigon to the North Vietnamese. Scattered ceremonies took place across the United States, including the one in North Attleboro, Massachusetts. The United States ended its combat role in Vietnam in 1973 and Saigon fell to the North Vietnamese Army in 1975.

## American Reactions to Vietnam

American reactions to losing the Vietnam war didn't transform into massive recriminations and a massive wave of McCarthy style anti-Communism. Instead for years it seemed that a majority of Americans just wanted to forget the country's longest and most devastating war and only defeat in war. Interest in the Vietnam War revived in the 1980s when Hollywood and Vietnam veterans produced numerous films and books about the war. Political scientist, diplomat, and historian George R. Kennan described the Vietnam War as "the most disastrous of all America's undertakings over the whole two hundred years of its history."

## Legacies of the Vietnam War

The economic, political, and personal legacies of the Vietnam War are still being felt in the United States. Many historians believe that President Lyndon B. Johnson's decision to simultaneously finance the Great Society and a major war without supporting taxation produced the double digit inflation and federal debt that eroded the United States economy and the American standard of living from the late 1960s to the 1990s. The Vietnam War cost the United States an estimated $167 billion.

The political cost that the United States paid for the Vietnam War was just as high. The war eroded the faith of many Americans in their government and leaders and produced generations of cynicism and suspicion toward authority. After the Vietnam War, many Americans did not respect or trust public institutions. For years Americans scorned the American military, which gradually did rebound into a respected organization.

## American Foreign Policy Changes

American foreign policy drastically changed because of the Vietnam War. Democrats and Republicans were no longer unified in supporting American foreign policy. In 1973 the Democratic majority in Congress passed the 1973 War Powers Resolution that prohibited the president from sending United States troops into combat for over 90 days before congressional consent. Congress began to emphasize the limits of American power and wariness of becoming mired in another decades long foreign war. America and its Congress turned more isolationist than interventionist. In the 25 years after Vietnam, American for-

eign policy stressed using military force only as a last resort, only where there was strong public support, and only when a quick, inexpensive victory seemed possible.

## The Personal Cost of Vietnam

Americans paid a heavy personal price for Vietnam. During and immediately after the war, veterans were not given welcome home parades. Many were spit at and called "baby killers." Almost nothing was done to help veterans and their families readjust to civilian life. Many of the films and television programs and books portrayed Vietnam War veterans as psychotic killers, executioners, and drug addicted. The dedication of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington D.C. in 1982, itself an object of intense emotion and controversy, helped Americans acknowledge that most soldiers had been good and honorable soldiers in a bad war.

Today more people visit the Vietnam Veterans Memorial than any other site in Washington D.C. A moving Vietnam War Memorial tours the country and there are a virtual memorials on the Internet. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial and the ceremonies on the 35th anniversary of the end of the war are reminders that too many people on both sides died. It covers words like glory, patriotism, and moral certainty with the stark black granite reflecting panels that hold the names of lives and contributions to humanity forever lost.

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For a Personal Perspective read:Vietnam and the United States Observe 35th Anniversary of War- Personal Perspective

# Dickey Chapelle, Pioneer Journalist and War Correspondent

Dickey Chapelle- Wikimedia Commons

Dickey Chapelle earned the title of one of the first female war correspondents through firsthand experience. She took combat pictures on a ridge at Iwo Jima with bullets whizzing around her. She crashed in a Jeep under mortar fire in Cuba. She survived torture and threats of hanging in a Communist prison in Hungary. She parachuted into Viet Cong territory and returned with stories and pictures. She jumped with paratroopers, traveled with troops, and lived the life of a soldier to get the best possible stories and photographs from the front lines. At a time when pioneering women journalists were not socially or politically accepted, she took pictures and wrote dispatches that brought the people back home to the front lines of war and its heavy price.

She was known for her tenacity and willingness to do anything to get the story, and many nations accepted her into their military units, including rebel groups in Algeria, Cuba, Hungary and South Vietnam. Chapelle even took up parachuting at the age of 40 to cover guerilla conflicts in inhospitable terrain. She became the first female reporter to win Pentagon approval to jump with American troops in Vietnam.

Dickey Chapelle covered wars and rebellions for publications including *Look Magazine, Life Magazine, Reader's Digest* and the *National Geographic*. In all of her service she never demanded special treatment because of her gender. Men sometimes did their best to keep her out of danger, but she managed to find it. While covering the rebels in Algeria,

she learned to survive on a diet of half a dozen dates a day, to sleep on a rock, and to urinate only once a day to prevent dehydration. She could do 50 pushups. An admiring Marine Corps commander in Vietnam said, “In fatigues and helmet you couldn’t tell her from one of the troops, and she could keep up front with the best of them.”

By all accounts, Chapelle could also endure punishment as well or better than men. During the Hungarian Revolution, she slipped over the Hungarian border without a visa and the Communists caught her and threw her into a cold, grimy jail for seven weeks. By starving and brainwashing her, the Communists tried to force her to admit that she was guilty of espionage. She never broke. Later, Dickey wrote that “the old rules still held good in this as in any other conflict between human beings. If you fought hard enough, whatever was left of you afterward would not be found stripped of honor.”

Some of the most popular magazines of the time including *Reader’s Digest, National Geographic, Look*, and *the Saturday Evening Post* commissioned Chapelle for assignments and featured her work. She won the George Polk Award in 1962 for her coverage of the Vietnam War. She also received the United States Marine Corps Combat Correspondents Association’s Distinguished Service Award. The Women’s Press Club said that Dickey Chapelle was: “The kind of reporter all women in journalism openly or secretly aspire to be. She was always where the action was.”

Then on November 7, 1965, while covering a Marine operation near Chu Lai for the *National Observer* and radio station WOR, Dickey Chapelle stepped on a land mine and was fatally wounded. Chapelle was the first female war correspondent to be killed in Vietnam and the first American female reporter to be killed in action. The Marines admired her so much that when her body was repatriated to her hometown of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, she had an honor guard of six Marines and she was given a full Marine burial.

## Dickey Chapelle Is Buried in Forest Home Cemetery in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

A story in the Milwaukee Journal dated Saturday, November 13, 1965, records her burial on Friday, November 12, 1965, in her family plot at Forest Home Cemetery. Journal reporter David G. Meissner put it, “Flanked in full dress, the ashes of the former Shorewood correspondent-photographer were buried in a family plot at Forest Home Cemetery.” Dickey Chapelle’s body had been cremated in San Francisco earlier in the week.

Reverend John W. Cyrus, pastor of the First Unitarian Church gave her funeral oration at the church and conducted the graveside service. Reverend Cyrus said that Dickey Chapelle’s life had swung between two poles. Her family where there were strong pacifistic tendencies and on whom she deeply depended was one pole. The other pole was the far distant place where danger was. He said her life “was action, doing, working,

talking, traveling." Of her reporting in Vietnam, he said, "She was interested in the victims of war, the men who fought it…She believed in her side…This was her war."

During the church and graveside services, cameras clicked and reporters wrote in their notebooks. Delmar Lipp, a senior editor at the *National Observer*, the paper that Dickey Chapelle was on assignment for when she died, was there. She had worked for *The National Geographic Magazine* and a representative from the magazine was there. SSgt. Albert P. Miville, leader of the Marine platoon that Chapelle had been covering when she died, attended the ceremonies. Major Robert Morrisey, special assistant to the Marine Corps commandant, came from Washington. Sgt. J.M. Folk, of the Marine barracks at the Great Lakes Illinois Naval Training Station, blew taps at the windswept gravesite. Members of the Marine Corps recruiting office in Milwaukee acted as ushers and honor guard during the service.

## Georgette Louise Meyer Becomes Dickey Meyer and Goes to MIT

Dickey Chapelle's story began in the upscale Milwaukee suburb of Shorewood, Wisconsin, expanded to cover the world, and then ended back in Milwaukee at her grave in Forest Home Cemetery . She was born Georgette Louis Meyer in 1919, into an accepting and encouraging family. According to her biographer, Roberta Ostroff, Georgette's family continued to be supportive and good naturedly perplexed by her intelligence, imagination and fierce individuality**.**

Dickey talked about her father in her autobiography published in 1962, called *What's a Woman Doing Here?* " He often had taken me along on his calls at building construction projects. He would tell me to follow him as he walked across the high boards and roof beams. I was always frightened, but I never could bring myself to admit it so I did as he told me. I thought he'd never notice but one day he said kindly, "You won't fall. I promise, if you don't look down. Look ahead." I've since applied his advice to logs over rivers, ropes over chasms, cargo nets down ship sides, parachutes, front line, and assorted abstractions and it hasn't let me down yet. "

Throughout her childhood in Milwaukee, Georgette Meyer's appearance- she grew to be only about five feet tall and extremely nearsighted- lagged behind her spirit. Airplanes, machinery, and adventure fascinated her and she quickly became a tomboy. According to her autobiography, she didn't rebel against her family, but she did wear unfashionable enough clothes and had boyish enough manners to be the object of her high school classmate's jokes.

As she explained in her autobiography "I may have contributed somewhat to my difficulties. At fifteen, I was not much over five feet tall, weighed 153 pounds, was shaped like a straight-sided box and usually wore corduroy skirts, boys' shirts and snow boots to school. But tomboys were no novelty in suburban Milwaukee. When I was a high school freshmen, we must have had at least eleven of them in my class because I remember the soccer team on which I naturally played fullback trounced the sophomore girls and then

challenged the boys. The dean of women, in a seizure of uttered sanity, banned the game. But we knew we could have won it…"

Despite the ridicule, precocious and industrious Georgette Meyer graduated as valedictorian of her high school class at age 16 with the highest grade point average ever earned at her high school. She won an aeronautical engineering scholarship to Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT).

Georgette spent three semesters at MIT, but she didn't attend too many classes. Instead, she visited the Boston Airport, the Boston Navy Yard, and the nearby Coast Guard base. By her second semester, she realized that she wanted something more than the life of an engineer. She had discovered two new passions – flying and sex. Thirty years later searchers found an unpublished article entitled *In Defense of Necking, by a Coed who has done It, Aged 16.* This probably was Dickey Chapelle's first story written as all of them to come would be written, only after firsthand experience and a thoroughly researched knowledge of the subject. She also changed her name to Dickey after she met Admiral Richard E. Byrd, her favorite Antarctic explorer.

Moving off campus, Dickey met more boys and sold an article about the Coast Guard to the *Boston Traveler* newspaper. She didn't make it past the first semester of her sophomore year at MIT, because she lost her scholarship and the Depression made it difficult to find a job and finance her college education. She decided that she'd rather fly airplanes than build them and she dropped out of school.

Back in Milwaukee, Dickey traded secretarial work for flying lessons at a Milwaukee airfield. She had the opportunity to get to know the rough and tumble barnstormers of the time. Air shows provided welcome and affordable entertainment during the Depression all across the American heartland. Dickey also worked for the *Milwaukee Journal* and wrote articles and books about aviation.

By the summer of 1938, Dickey's mother had become concerned enough about her personal relationship with a pilot to send her to live with her own mother and father in Coral Gables, Florida.

## Dickey Meyer Moves to New York and Marries Tony Chapelle

Dickey hung around the airfields in Florida and wrote stories about air shows and planes. One of her stories produced an offer from Transcontinental and Western Airlines (TWA) to work in its publicity department. In 1938, Dickey moved to New York to write press releases for TWA.

In 1940, at age 21 she enrolled in the photography class of TWA's publicity photographer, Tony Chapelle. Tony Chapelle had been a pioneering aerial photographer of World War I, and he lived and breathed airplanes and cameras.

He was also charming, twice Dickey's age, and married. The fact that he was married and had a son didn't stop Tony Chapelle from proposing to Dickey Meyer and she and Tony were married in Milwaukee. Chapelle remained married to his first wife six full years after he married Dickey.

Dickey loved airplanes- she earned her pilot's license at age 21- and cameras as well and she quickly learned as much about them as she could from Tony. Later, she credited her husband with planting the essential seeds of her career in photojournalism.

Tony Chapelle believed that, "If you were a real photographer you were on the spot where things happened before they happened."

His wife and student learned her lessons well. A good photographer was out front, the first person to arrive no matter the price. This idea shaped the rest of Dickey Chapelle's illustrious career.

## Dickey Chapelle Begins Her Photography Career in World War II

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941 brought America into World War II, Tony Chapelle volunteered for the military and orders came through for him to teach photography in Panama. Dickey set her heart on accompanying her husband to Panama, so she coaxed an assignment from *Look Magazine* to cover U.S. Army Jungle Training there. She arrived in Panama with camera and notebook intact after a rough voyage and with her reporting and photography skills honed to new levels.

Dickey flew from Pearl Harbor to U.S. Navy Headquarters on Guam. Colonel H.B. Miller, a public relations officer there, had insisted that female reporters could go no farther than Guam after their stories. Dickey for all practical purposes camped out in Colonel Miller's office, politely insisting that she would go "as far forward as you will let me."

Giving in to Dickey's contagious enthusiasm, Colonel Miller finally assigned her to a hospital ship, the *Samaritan*, bound for Iwo Jima. Dickey Chapelle was the first woman correspondent to report on the bloody battle for Iwo Jima and she was the first and youngest female combat photographer in the Pacific Theater. She made friends with countless Marines, listened to their stories, and photographed their pain and their hope. One Marine gave her his eight inch K-Bar fighting knife, a souvenir that she carried to every "bayonet border of the world."

Then came Okinawa, even bloodier than Iwo Jima. As the Japanese launched waves of kamikaze attacks, Dickey evaded restrictions and reached the combat zone, at one point advancing hundreds of yards in front of the line. Military authorities decided to chase her down. Weeks later when they found the tiny figure in a helmet and filthy fatigues, she shouldered a heavy pack and looked like just any other Marine. Over her career, she formed deep bonds with the soldiers fighting on the front lines.

Learning from a few early disasters, the brilliant, self confident Dickey Chapelle began to make a name for herself. She wasn't a great photographer, but she compensated for her artistic shortcomings with determination and undeniable courage. She took thousands of gripping war pictures—many of wounded and dying men. It was as if she had a compulsion to make the home front aware of the miseries and the sacrifice of war, of the "eternal, incredible, appalling, macabre, irreverent, joyous gestures of love for life, made by the wounded."

Bill Garrett, her editor at *National Geographic* after the war said, "She wasn't that good, and she had to hustle to keep the work coming, but she would stick with a story two or three months while another reporter would stay two days. And she would bring back the facts, no matter how long it would take."

Chapelle also wrote two books for the U.S. government, titled *Needed: Women in Government Service and Needed: Women in Aviation.* The books stressed that the government needed women for the war effort and issues surrounding gender bias.

## Dickey Visits the Old Warsaw Ghetto

After World War II, Dickey and her husband Tony Chapelle spent five years documenting the devastation caused by World War II. In her autobiography, *What's A Woman Doing Here?* Dickey Chapelle recalled a scene in the old Warsaw ghetto in Poland. She came upon a sturdy Jesuit priest surrounded by ragged orphans. These orphans had been traumatized while watching their parents and neighbors die while fighting against some of Hitler's crack troops.

Dickey had just come into the children's mess hall to photograph them drinking American powdered milk from tin cups. She had expected them to answer the pathetic question that Polish children asked, "How far down may I drink?" Warsaw youngsters knew there would never be enough to eat in the world again.

These children didn't ask the question. Some groaned, and a few grimaced but they didn't smile and they didn't speak. They didn't react until Dickey used her first flash bulb and then a dozen of them screamed and cried. A flashing light meant gunfire and someone close to them dying. Dickey said that she almost sobbed to the priest. "I'm so sorry, Father. I didn't think. I'll go at once."

The priest straightened himself, ignoring the noises from the tiny strained throats and said to Dickey with the accent and attitude of an infantry sergeant, "You will go nowhere. Take another picture."

Dickey took another picture and again terror struck the children, but there were fewer noises this time.

The priest ordered Dickey to keep taking pictures until he told her to stop and she did so. After ten of what Dickey described as "the most sickening moments of my life," the room

remained quiet, even when a bulb flashed. The priest relaxed and smiled at Dickey. "I am sorry if I have been using you, daughter, but you are the first stranger these children have seen since the fighting ended. I thought it was time they learned that strangers and lights do not always mean bloodshed. I could never teach them about flashbulbs because I have none for my own little camera."

Dickey ended her story by reporting that the set of photographs she made that day under the priest's orders were given by the Quakers to the United Nations and they became part of the photographic files of many relief agencies, because the naked faces so plainly told of fear and want. The last time she heard of them being used was in 1959 during the observance of World Refugee Year, when larger-than-life enlargements were exhibited in London.

## Dickey Goes to Hungary, Algeria, Lebanon, India, Turkey and Cuba

The Chapelle's work as a photographic team ended early in 1953. Soon after that, as Dickey put it,"We came to what I guess is called the parting of the ways both personally and professionally. We were separated in 1955 and our marriage dissolved the following summer. We had been married fifteen years."

Dickey Chapelle appeared in the front lines of every armed conflict that erupted after World War II from the Hungarian Revolution, Algeria, Lebanon, India, Turkey, and Cuba. In Algeria, she learned to live like a soldier. In 1956-1957 while photographing Hungarian refugees, she was imprisoned and tortured for seven weeks in a Communists prison in Hungary. Her captors tried to torture her into confessing to espionage, but she didn't break. At the age of 40 she learned to parachute so that she could remain in front of the competition. If there was no war to cover, Dickey went to places in the world where people were hurting, hungry, oppressed, hopeless. She later learned to jump with paratroopers, and usually travelled with troops. This led to frequent awards, and earned the respect of both the military and journalistic community

In 1958, the Research Institute of America assigned Dickey to cover the Communist Revolution in Cuba as an anti-communist photojournalist. She interviewed Fidel Castro, and found herself being quite sympathetic to him despite his Communist ideology.

## Beirut, Lebanon, 1958

In 1958, Dickey Chapelle went to Lebanon with the Marines.

There has been political and religious unrest in Lebanon for most of its history, stemming from the long standing Israeli-Arab-Christian-Moslem disagreements. After World War II, Lebanon became an independent state and the various political and religious factions co-existing within its small borders tried to achieve a balance of power. In the mid 1950s, Lebanon attempted to mediate between the Arab and Christian world. This attempted failed and in May 1958, unknown perpetrators assassinated the editor of the Beirut newspaper *Al Telegraf*. The assassination sparked riots that eventually led to the burning of the United States Information Agency in reaction of Lebanese President Chamoun's sympathy with the Western powers. By late may 1958, Chaumon had requested the United States to stand by to aid them if necessary.

On July 14, 1958, young King Faisal of Iraq was murdered and the Iraqi Premier Nuri Said was killed while attempting to get away. The revolt that followed ignited the fires in the Middle East. Chamoun appealed to the United States and Britain to intervene. United States President Dwight Eisenhower gave the order to send in the Marines. Dickey Chapelle landed with the third wave of the assault force. In 1958, Marines were supposed to have 24 hours warning before they had to land so they could position themselves. President Eisenhower gave them half that time.

They got the landing order because they were the only force close enough to land within 24 hours. They were ordered to land on Red Beach near the Beirut International Airport and seize and control it. The Marines didn't know whether or not they would face opposition. Their landing situation wasn't exactly what they had anticipated.

Red Beach was four miles from the heart of Beirut. Bikini-wearing sunbathers, Khalde villagers and the beach workmen who dropped their tools and ran to the site to watch the landing witnessed the Marine assault on Red Beach.

Dickey Chapelle was in the third wave of the assault force as it landed. She later wrote, "The real thing here didn't look much different from a rehearsal except for the hazard offered by Arab families sun-bathing on the sand." She recalled the final sentence of the operations order to Marines, "You will make every effort in this assault not to disturb the swimmers on the beach…" a juxtaposition of ideas that surely had not occurred in Marine history."

She noted in her autobiography, *What's A Woman Doing Here*? that the next night she spent flat on her stomach in a hole in the ground near the top of a hill they called Irene.

The hill overlooked the main runway of the Beirut International Airport which was the prize piece of real estate in the Middle East at the moment, since the Russians couldn't send "volunteers" to Lebanon unopposed as long as the field was defended by United States Marines.

Dickey Chapelle noted that "crisscrosses of blue and amber runway lights stabbed up impertinently from the field through the tense quiet of the Marines' outer line, a row of holes thirty steps apart extending in a giant arc which embraced the Lebanese capital city, airport and all." She reported that there were four people in the hole on the line, each resting flat with their boots pointed inward. Each of the people were assigned to watch in a different direction since they knew and hoped that not too many other people did that the line didn't have much depth and there was no direction that was safe from infiltration.

The hole belonged to Lieutenant Tom Akers, the leader of the second platoon of Indian Company, 3f Battalion 6th Marines. He was 23 years old and from San Francisco. Lieutenant Akers was so lanky that almost every man in his command outweighed him, but he could outreach most of them. In a stage whisper, he repeated the order of the day from Brigadier General Sidney S. Wade, the Commander of Marines in Lebanon.

Chapelle had combat experience in WWII and Korea so she was astounded at the order that had been given to Brigadier General Sidney S. Wade, commander of Marines in Lebanon.

"All of us had considered it the most extraordinary order to a moving assault force we could imagine, and historically I later learned we were right to be astounded," she recalled. "It was, 'You will not shoot unless you are being shot at and then only at a clear target."

After the Marine invasion, retiring President Chamoun said, "Your Marines...they acted like angels," which Chapelle jokingly said dealt a heavy blow to Marines' reputation. The Marines suffered no casualties during the four month 1958 operation.

## Dickey Chapelle Goes to Vietnam

Vietnam turned out to be the final chapter in Dickey Chapelle's career. She had covered wars, the aftermath of wars, rebellions and invasions. She had already won the prestigious George Polk Award from the Overseas Press Club and worked for the big magazines and relief agencies. She had proven herself to be a fighter and a patriot, but her outspoken manner and venturesome temperament made it difficult for her to maintain a steady paycheck position.

Drawing on her Cuban experiences and despite her sympathy for Castro, she entered the lecture circuit as a strident and vociferous critic of communism. Dickey decried

American complacency and expressed her uncompromising views and these factors often made her unwelcome in both military and civilian circles. In 1961, Dickey Chapelle left the United States for Vietnam. She left alone, as the first American female journalist searching for the biggest story of her already stellar career.

Vietnam had a tumultuous history. France colonized Vietnam in the middle to late 19th century and during World War II, Imperial Japan expelled the French and occupied Vietnam although they retained French administrators during the occupation. After World War II, France attempted to reestablish its colonial rule, but lost the First Indochina War. The Geneva Accords partitioned Vietnam, with a promise of a democratic election that would reunite the country.

Instead of peacefully reuniting Vietnam, the partition provoked the Vietnam War. The People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union supported North Vietnam and the United States supported South Vietnam. American involvement on the side of the South gradually escalated and the war dragged on for twenty years. After millions of Vietnamese deaths, the war ended with the fall of Saigon to North Vietnam in April 1975

Dickey Chapelle was one of the many reporters and photographers who covered the Vietnam war and one of the few who observed first hand and understood the situation in Vietnam. In the early 1960s, she traveled to Laos and observed clandestine American CIA operatives in combat there. She believed that Americans back home didn't have any idea what was about to happen in Southeast Asia and she couldn't get anyone to buy her dispatches and photographs.

An outspoken anti-Communist, Dickey boldly expressed her anti-Communist views at the beginning for the war. Her stories from the early 1960s praised the American military advisors who were already fighting and dying in South Vietnam and Father Nguyen Lac Hoa and the Sea Swallows, an anticommunist militia. Over 7,500 American women served in the military in Vietnam. Thousands more women experienced Vietnam first hand as civilian Service Club personnel, Red Cross workers and journalists. Sixty two women died. Dickey insisted upon being with the troops at the front collecting stories first hand. Her work showed the stark realities of war. Many of her photographs and articles were marked "lost," or censored by the United States Defense and State Departments to keep up American morale and hide the full and brutal involvement of the United States in the War in Vietnam.

Dickey Chapelle was a different breed of reporter from the official, credentialed press crops in Vietnam in the early 1960s. She was used to digging for the story until she uncovered it and she ate and slept in the mud with the soldiers. When officials told her that a story didn't exist, she proved that it did. That's exactly what she did in Vietnam.

While on assignment for *National Geographic Magazine* in 1962, Dickey photographed a United States Marine , uniformed and combat ready in the door of a helicopter, surrounded by South Vietnamese soldiers. It was the first published photograph of an American in combat in Vietnam. She received an award from the Overseas Press Club in 1962 for her article and photographs that appeared in *National Geographic.* Chapelle's article was the first one published in the United States that showed American soldiers fighting in Southeast Asia. The photograph of the combat Marine won the 1963 Press Photographer's Association "Photograph of the Year."

One of her photographs, a 1960 shot of a Vietnamese Airborne officer executing a "suspected" Communist prisoner, anticipated the Eddie Adam's photo of "Guerrilla Dies" by six years. Adams won the Pulitzer Prize for the famous photograph of the police chief pulling the trigger of his pistol against his bound North Vietnamese captive's head in 1968.

During the last few years of her life, many of Dickey Chapelle's photographs and stories were considered too sensitive to publish because of their realistic portrayal of the deception and death in Vietnam. In 1965, she convinced her editors to send her back to Vietnam. Dickey had to be in the front lines. Her spirit and intellect demanded it.

## Dickey Chapelle's Pearls and Pink Flowers

On November 4, 1965, photo journalist Dickey Chapelle, who was embedded with the American Marines reporting for the *National Observer* and WOR-RKO radio, was on jungle patrol with a Marine unit near the Song Tra Bong River near Chu Lai, in South Vietnam. Suddenly, the lieutenant in front of Chapelle tripped a booby trap consisting of a nylon fishing line attached to an M-26 hand grenade wedged beneath an 81-mm mortar round. The soldier who tripped the wire, walking point, was not seriously injured. The explosion threw Dickey who walked right behind him at the front of the squad, twenty-one feet into the air. Shrapnel slit her carotid artery, mortally wounding her.

Associated Press photographer Henri Huet photographed Chapelle as she lay dying. Marine Corps Chaplain John Monamara of Boston administered the last rites to Chapelle as an American Marine and a South Vietnamese soldier carrying M-14 rifles watched. The famous photograph showed blood pooling in the dirt near her head and a small pearl earring gleaming in her left earlobe. Her pearl earrings as well as her Australian bush hat were a signature part of Chapelle's uniform. The Australian bush hat lay nearby. The tiny bouquet of pink flowers that she had tucked into it earlier contrasted with the red blood and the white pearl earrings.

Henri Huet's photograph of Chapelle's death became famous. He himself would die in a February 1971 with fellow photographers Larry Burrows, Kent Potter and Keisaburo Shimamoto, when North Vietnamese shot down their helicopter over Laos.

In the rescue helicopter on the way to the base hospital, Dickey Chapelle looked into the face of a corpsman. “I guess it was bound to happen,” she said.

Those were the last words she spoke.

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# Remembered Despite the Blank Name Plates

Ecorse Advertiser

These soldier's stories began over a half century ago in Ecorse, Michigan, and ended in Vietnam in the late 1960s, and early 1970s. Yet, they live on.

Lewis Roy Kirby, Joe D. Johnson, Jr., Martee Bradley, Jr., Jaime Villalobos, Philip Leonard Tank, Charles William Kinney, Thomas William Bickford, Charles Louis Tank and Floyd Richardson, Jr. are remembered on the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington D.C. and by their family, friends, and communities.

Until July 4 weekend 2009, their names were inscribed on a Vietnam War Memorial on a monument in Dingell Park overlooking the Detroit River in Ecorse, Michigan. Now the memorial is blank because vandals stripped the nameplates and ornaments to sell them.

The monuments of their lives aren't blank and their stories aren't blank. Ecorse is a small city about eight miles from Detroit, Michigan, one of the communities that line the Detroit River between Detroit and Monroe, Michigan. Ecorse contributed these soldiers to the Vietnam War vastly out of proportion to its small size. These soldiers contributed their lives.

## Lewis Roy Kirby- 1966

Ecorse soldier Lewis Roy Kirby of the 14th Infantry, 25 Division was killed in combat with small arms fire on November 19, 1966 in Vietnam. He was the first Vietnam War casualty from Ecorse.

Lewis, the son of James Kirby of Labadie Court, Ecorse, attended Ecorse High School for one year and Lincoln Park High School for two years. He enlisted in 1964 and received his boot training at Fort Knox and then more training in Georgia and Hawaii

before he went to Vietnam. He was killed in Kontum Province in South Vietnam on November 19, 1966.

His father James Kirby was on a hunting trip in northern Michigan when the American Legion Post at Lake City, Michigan located him and informed him of the death of his son.

Funeral services and burial were held from the Leonard Funeral Home in Bellaire, Michigan, where his mother Wanda was buried in 1959. Besides his father, a brother Joseph of northern Michigan survived Lewis who was 19 years old when he was killed.

## Joe D Johnson, Jr.- 1967

U.S. Army Private First Class Joe D. Johnson, Jr., 20, of Sixteenth Street in Ecorse was the second Ecorse soldier killed in Vietnam. He died on January 2, 1967, when he was hit by fragments from a Viet Cong mine inTay Ninh Province, South Vietnam.

He was a member of Company A, 196th Infantry in the Second Battalion. Drafted into the Army in May 1966, he entered Fort Knox, Kentucky for his boot training. He obtained his advanced training at Camp Polk, Louisiana. He left for Vietnam December 3, 1966.

Joe Johnson Jr. graduated from Ecorse High School with the class of January 1966. He was a member of the baseball and basketball teams, varsity football, and also spent two years as a member of the Ecorse High School Choir. He was employed at the Ford Motor Company and was a member of the Union Second Baptist Church in River Rouge.

His parents, three brothers, a sister, and a grandmother survived Joe. He was buried with military honors at Union, South Carolina.

## Martee Bradley, Jr. - 1968

Martee Bradley, Jr. was born on August 8,1948, in Ecorse, Michigan. He played first trombone in the Ecorse High School Band during his high school years. He graduated in 1967 and was drafted into the Army in March of 1968. He took basic and advanced training and spent a summer home on leave before going to Vietnam.

Martee was a specialist fourth class in the 2nd Infantry, 1st Infantry Division and began his Vietnam tour of duty on August 8, 1968 in Binh Duong Province, South Vietnam. He was killed on December 8, 1968.

On December 11, 1968, Mr. and Mrs. Martee Bradley of 18th Street in Ecorse received word that their son Martee Bradley, Jr. had been killed in Vietnam. On December 9th, the Army had informed them that he was missing in action.

## Jaime Villalobos - 1968

Jaime Villalobos was born on October 30, 1940, and grew up in Ecorse. He began his tour of duty in Vietnam on February 14, 1968, and was killed in Thua Thien Province on May 25, 1968. He promoted to staff sergeant posthumously.

His wife and five children survived Sgt. Villalobos. His ten year old daughter Belinda

Villalobos accepted the Bronze Star for her father from Major General Shelton E. Lollis, Commanding General U.S. Army Tank Automotive Command, (TACOM), Warren.

## Philip Leonard Tank- 1968

Philip Tank , born on November 27, 1947, grew up in Ecorse and graduated from St. Francis Xavier High School in June 1965. He attended Northern Michigan University at Marquette before joining the Army in January 1968.

He began his Vietnam tour of duty as a private first class of the 1st Battalion, 2nd Infantry, 1st Infantry Division of the Army on July 4, 1968.

On September 12, 1968, Philip was killed in Binh Long Province South Vietnam, by gun or small arms fire. His body was shipped home and on September 26, 1968, a funeral Mass was sung at St. Francis Xavier Church. He was buried at Michigan Memorial Park, Flat Rock, with full military honors.

## Charles William Kinney - 1968

Private First Class Charles William Kinney was born October 25,1948, in Ecorse. Charles was a soldier in the 101st Airborn Division, United States Army. He began his tour of duty in Vietnam in December 1967, and was killed in Thua Thein Province in South Vietnam, on May 3, 1968. He was 19 and married when he died.

.Philip Leonard and Charles Louis Tank were members of the Tank family of Ecorse, Michigan which featured several generations of championship rowers for the Ecorse Boat Club. According to his cousin, Rodney Tank, Charles didn't have time to establish any rowing records before he went to Vietnam, but he intended to continue the family tradition.

## Charles Louis Tank - 1969

Charles Louis Tank, a cousin of Philip Leonard Tank, volunteered to fight in Vietnam with the 23 Artillery Group II Field Force, United States Army and arrived there in March of 1969. Born on September 14, 1943, he grew up in Ecorse, Michigan, and graduated from St. Francis High School.

In a 2009 interview, his cousin Rodney Tank, also a Vietnam veteran, said that Charles loved and believed in America and wanted to fight for his country. "Everybody loved him and it was a terrible loss when he died after only a month in Vietnam," Rodney said.

Charles Louis Tank arrived in Tay Ninh Province, South Vietnam in March, 1969 and he was killed on April 19, 1969. He received a posthumous promotion to corporal.

## Thomas Wayne Bickford - 1971

Thomas Wayne Bickford was born on November 2, 1950 in Lincoln Park, Michigan, but he and his wife Brenda lived in Ecorse. He was a Specialist 5 in C TRP, the 16th Cavalry, 1st Aviation BDE, USAV. He began his second tour of duty in Vietnam in June 1971 and was killed in Ba Xugen Province in South Vietnam on July 11, 1971.

Sp5 Bickford was in a helicopter which blew up in mid-air as the result of enemy gunfire. He began his second tour of duty in Vietnam on June 1. He was a 1969 graduate of Lincoln Park High School and entered the Army in February of that year. He was sent to Vietnam in January 1970 and was returned to the United States in December 1970.

A military funeral service was held July 20, 1971, at Ecorse Baptist Temple.

## Floyd Richardson, Jr.- 1971

Floyd Richardson, Jr., was born in Ecorse, Michigan on November 13, 1948.

He was a 1968 graduate of Ecorse High School and became a Specialist Fourth Class , 1st Signal, BDE, in the United States Army.He started his tour of duty in Vietnam in November 1970, and was killed in Quang Nam Province on February 2, 1971.

Twenty two year old Floyd Richardson was buried at Westlawn Cemetery following military funeral services on February 13, 1971 at Mt. Zion Baptist Church.

## They Have Much in Common

These soldiers all had different lives, different birthdays, different races, different families. They had Ecorse, Michigan, their home town in common-memories like Frankie's Pizza, the best Pizza place in the world, the park by the Detroit River where they took their girls to watch the submarine races, and Ecorse and St. Francis High Schools.

They took home town memories with them to Vietnam - tree lined streets, the smell of burning leaves in the fall, ice fishing in the winter, the usual hometown things.

## Hometown Heroes

A story in the Ecorse Advertiser of May 20, 1973, revealed how their home town responded to their sacrifice. The story says that following the traditional Memorial Day waterside services in Dingell Park at the foot of Southfield in Ecorse, representatives of veteran's organizations dedicated a memorial to six Ecorse men who were killed in

Vietnam.

They are: Sp 4 Lewis Roy Kirby; Sgt. Jamie Villalobos; Sp 4 Martee Bradley, Jr.; Pfc. Philip Tank, Pfc. Charles Tank and Sp 4 Floyd Richardson.

Also honored was Sgt. Gary LaBohn of South Lyons who is missing in Action. LaBohn was adopted by members of Ecorse VFW Post 5709 who have long been active in the POW-MIA program.

Members of the VFW and American Legion Posts 272, 319 and Dumas and the Peter Reeves Women's Relief Corp attended the dedication that was made by Denise Rebhahn, president of the VFW Junior Girls Unit. Chaplain Terri Vasquez closed the ceremony with a prayer for the souls of the departed comrades and for the safe return of Sgt. LaBohn.

## Fourth of July Weekend, 2009

A story dated Ecorse, Michigan, July 8, 2009, continues the story of the monument. The story said that police were looking for vandals who stripped several Vietnam War memorial statues in Dingell Park overlooking the Detroit River over the Fourth of July weekend. The thieves stripped the names and letters off the memorial which stood beside the Detroit River since 1973. Police said that they believed the bronze nameplate and letters were stolen to be sold as scrap metal.

Lester Pegouske, a Vietnam veteran from Ecorse said, "This is terrible. The monument has sat there for 40 years now some guys come and do this for a few bucks. It's disgraceful."

## Fourth of July Celebrations in Ecorse, Michigan, 2010-2011

Vietnam veterans and community residents will attend the Waterfront festivities in Dingell Park. There is a movement afoot in Ecorse to replace the bronze nameplates although it is uncertain if the replacement will be there by the Fourth of July celebrations. Rodney Tank said that "he was all choked up inside" about the vandalized memorial and the people whose names on the plate "deserve to be remembered."

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# Chapter Eleven: Other Soldiers

## Sigrid Schultz Outsmarts Hermann Goering

## The Chicago Tribune's Ace Woman Reporter Beats Him at His Own Game

Sigrid Schultz worked in Berlin as the Chicago Tribune's first female Bureau Chief in Central Europe and reported the growth of the Nazi state with insider's knowledge.

Sigrid Schultz's china doll appearance hid the razor sharp mind that she needed to conceal her animosity for the new Nazi regime in Germany and present a friendly enough face and attitude to get accurate, inside information for her newspaper stories.

Sigrid had an insider's understanding of the workings of the Nazi machine. Although she had been born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893, Sigrid's father who was a well known portrait painter opened a studio in Paris. Sigrid graduated from the Sorbonne in 1914, and then she joined her parents in Berlin where they had settled. They remained in Berlin throughout World War I, protected by their American citizenship, and Sigrid studied history and international law at Berlin University

In 1919, the Berlin office of the *Chicago Tribune* hired Sigrid as an interpreter, a job that suited her well since she spoke English, French, Dutch, German, and Polish. Her command of the German language helped her report German politics from an insider's perspective. In 1926, the *Tribune* made her its Bureau Chief for Central Europe, the first time a media organization had ever promoted a woman to such a position.

### Sigrid Interviews Hitler Several Times and Documents Nazi Germany

Although Nazism repelled Sigrid, she cultivated her connection with World War I ace pilot Captain Hermann Goering. She made such a good impression that Goering introduced her to Hitler. Sigrid joined the small group of correspondents who interviewed Hitler several times in the early 1930s. Her intimate knowledge of Germany's leaders helped her accurately report their goals as Nazi Germany became a looming threat to world peace.

Berlin had changed since Sigrid had first come to Germany. Now it was hard to stroll down the Unter den Linden without running into goose stepping, saluting soldiers. Neighbors who had been once been friendly would no longer speak to Sigrid because her anti-Nazi views were well known. Eventually Hermann Goering decided to eliminate Sigrid Schultz.

## Goering Plots to Eliminate Sigrid

One day while Sigrid was at her office, a man arrived at the apartment that she and her mother shared with a large sealed envelope . He handed it to her mother with the instructions that Fraulein Schultz was to open it when she returned that evening. Frau Schultz phoned Sigrid and Sigrid rushed home. She took one look at the design for an airplane engine inside the envelope and burned it to ashes in the fireplace.

On her way back to her office she passed a man she knew heading toward her apartment with two criminal types behind him. She planted herself squarely in their path and told them that it would be a waste of time to continue because she had already burned the envelope. Then she flagged down a taxi and loudly ordered the driver to take her to the American embassy.

## Sigrid Confronts Goering

Sigrid decided that the time had come to protest directly to Goering. In April 1935,she approached him at a luncheon that the Foreign Press Association gave to honor him and his new bride, Emmy Sonnemann.. Goering scowled down the long banquet table and said that it was time that reporters began respecting the new Germany instead of constantly writing about concentration camps, which were needed to teach discipline to people who had forgotten about it during the days of the weak Weimar Republic.

Ignoring his belligerent speech, Sigrid spoke quietly about the agents that he had sent to trap her and told him that she had informed the American embassy. Goering lost his temper. He called Sigrid Schultz the “Dragon Lady from Chicago,” and he said that she didn’t have enough respect for the authority of the state since she was from “the crime ridden city of Chicago.”

## Mutual Broadcaster and "John Dickson"

In 1938, Sigrid began to report for the Mutual Broadcasting System as well as the *Chicago Tribune*. During 1938 and 1939, Sigrid filed some of her dispatches under an assumed name so she could continue to work in Germany without being jailed or expelled. Many of her stories were published in the *Tribune’s* weekly magazine under the fictitious name of “John Dickson.”

She also filed her dispatches outside of Germany, usually from Olso or Copenhagen with false datelines. Her articles reported the German government attacks on churches, and exposed the concentration camps and the persecution of the Jews. Under her Dickson byline, Sigrid forecast the Munich Agreement, and the 1939 non-aggression pact between

German and the Soviet Union. Sigrid's colleague William L. Shirer wrote that "No other American correspondent in Berlin knew so much of what was going on behind the scenes as did Sigrid Schultz."

## Normany, Buchenwald, and Beyond

During the first year of World War II, Sigrid reported the progress of the German Army, but she couldn't travel to the front because she was a woman. After she was injured in an Allied air raid on Berlin, she went to Spain where she caught typhus. She returned to the United States in early 1941 and spent the next three years convalescing from the disease. During her convalescence, Sigrid wrote a book about Germany titled *Germany Will Try It Again* and lectured nationwide about her 25 years in Germany.

Finally returning to Europe in 1944, Sigrid landed in Normandy with the United States Army, and reported the liberation of France and the conquest of Germany. She was one of the first journalists to visit Buchenwald and covered the Nuremberg trials.

Back in the United States Sigrid continued reporting and wrote several books. She died in 1980 before she could complete her history of Anti-Semitism in Germany.

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# Per Jacobsen, Norwegian Resistance Fighter

When the Nazis invaded their country in 1940, Norwegians had to decide whether to resist the occupation or to collaborate with them. Per Jacobsen quickly made his choice. The Nazi Blitzkrieg machine invaded Norway on April 9, 1940, and Hitler planned to capture King Haakon VII and the Norwegian Government in order to force the country to surrender. The Royal Family, the Government, and most members of the Storting, the Norwegian Parliament, were able to escape the Germans and set up a government in exile in London.

## Per Jacobsen Chooses Quickly as a Skating Spin

Per Jacobsen knew what he would do before he heard the sound of jack boots on the cobblestone streets of Oslo. Per was born in Kristiana, Norway, on March 23, 1911. He studied economics and auditing, and in 1931 and again in 1932, he was the Norwegian champion in figure skating. Some Norwegians like Vidkun Quisling collaborated with the Nazi occupiers. Others like Per and Max Manus joined the Norwegian Resistance.

At the beginning of the war, Per fought for Norway in the battles in the Oppland District of Norway and after the Nazis invaded Norway, he joined the Resistance movement. He played an important part in the escape of Max Manus, a Norwegian Resistance fighter who knew too many secrets to be tortured by the Nazis. Per helped Max escape from Nazi custody at Ulleval Hospital in Oslo in February 1941. He smuggled in a fish line which was used to pull up a rope for climbing out of the window. He also organized car transportation for Max.

## Per Proves Himself an Idealist

For a time, Per belonged to an intelligence group called Skylark A, and after the Nazis infiltrated it, Per started working with the underground newspapers. The Nazis soon arrested him and imprisoned him from March 18 to April 1, 1941 “for having opposed a German decree.” He was arrested for the second time on June 18 and the Nazis locked him up in Mollergata 19, a notorious Nazi prison in Oslo.

In his memoir book *Det Demrer en Dag*, Knut Haukelid, a soldier of the Norwegian resistance, described Jacobsen as the most indefatigable idealist he met during the early war years.

## Hitler's "Night and Fog Decree"

On December 7, 1941, the same day that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and four days before Hitler declared war on the United States, Hitler signed the Nacht und Nebel, or "Night and Fog" decree. Hitler commanded Armed Forces High Command Chief

Wilhelm Keitel to implement the decree. "Night and Fog" resulted in the kidnapping and forced disappearance of many of the resistance fighters and political activists throughout

the Nazi occupied territories of Western Europe. Anyone that the Nazis deemed a danger to the state could be executed or vanish into the "Night and Fog" of Germany.

The decree was designed to punish Nazi opponents in occupied countries, intimidate local populations, and deny families and friends all knowledge of what happened to those unlucky enough to be caught up in the Nazi "Night and Fog."

## The Nazis Create Natzweiler-Struthof

The Nazis established a special concentration and extermination camp for "Night and Fog" prisoners called Natzweiler-Struthof, which was located in the Vosges Mountains about 32 miles from Strasbourg. It was the only concentration camp that the Nazis operated on French soil, although there were temporary camps like the one at Drancy.

The camp held a crematorium and a gas chamber outside the main camp which was not used for mass exterminations. The Nazis murdered some Jews and Gypsies in the crematorium to provide 'anatomical specimens' for Dr. August Hirt at the Medical School of Strasbourg University in Strasbourg. Strenuous work, medical experiments, poor nutrition and mistreatment by the SS guards resulted in an estimated 25,000 deaths

There were about fifty subordinate sub camps in the Natzweiler-Struthof system, located in Alsace and Lorraine as well as in the adjoining German provinces of Baden and Wurttemberg. By the fall of 1944, there were about 7,000 prisoners in the main camp and more than 20,000 in the sub camps.

Natzweiler-Struthof operated between May 21, 1941, and the beginning of September 1944, when the SS evacuated the camp to Dachau. Over the three years the camp existed, the total number or prisoners reached an estimated 52,000 people coming from countries like Poland, the Soviet Union, the Netherlands, France, Germany, and Norway. The camp was liberated on November 23, 1944.

## Per Jacobsen Is a Silent Hero

Per Jacobsen was imprisoned at Grini Concentration Camp from August 7, 1942, to July 29, 1943. He was shipped to Germany on July 29, 1943, and sent directly to the Nacht und Nebel camp Natzweiler. He died there in June, 1944.

In his book published after World War II entitled,*Det Vil Heist Ga Godt*, Max Manus described Per Jacobsen as a "grand companion, and an ardent idealist, one of the silent heros that undertook the biggest efforts."

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# Love, War, and Fighting in the French Resistance

Andree Borrel- French Archives

*On a September night in 1942, two female SEO agents parachuted into occupied France near the Loire River. Andree Borrel's mission led her to Paris and finally to prison.*

Andree Borrel turned twenty-one in November of a disastrous year in French history. On June 22, 1940, following the decisive German victory in the Battle of France, France signed an Armistice with Nazi Germany. The Armistice established a German occupation zone in northern France and left the southern part of the country to the government of Marshal Henri Petain and the Vichy regime.

## Andree Borrel Faces Difficult Choices

A month after France signed the Armistice with Germany, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, started the Special Operations Executive (SOE) agency with the goal of aiding partisans and resistance fighters in France and other occupied countries. Major Maurice Buckmaster led the F section of the SOE which operated in France, and the majority of women agents served in the French section.

These two events transformed the ordinary lives of Andree Raymonde Borrel and millions of other people into dramas of good and evil, life and death.

Born on November 18, 1919, on the outskirts of Paris, Andree left school at age fourteen to become a dressmaker. In 1933, Andree moved to Paris where she worked in several different shops. Although she worked in traditional female occupations, Andree's sister described her as a tomboy because she enjoyed cycling, hiking, and climbing. When World War II broke out in 1939, Andree and her mother moved to Toulon on the Mediterranean Coast, where she trained with the Red Cross and worked in Beaucaire Hospital, treating wounded French Army soldiers.

## Andree and Maurice Operate the PAT Underground

Andree met Maurice Dufour, a resistance fighter, and in July 1941, she helped him organize and operate the first escape network from France. This underground railroad network called the Pat O'Leary or PAT escape line, ran from the Belgian border to the Spanish frontier. From August 1941 to December 1941, Andree Borrel and Maurice Dufour, now lovers, hid allied escapees in a villa at one of the last safe houses before the difficult Pyrenees Mountains crossing. In December 1941, English courier Harold 'Paul' Cole apparently betrayed many of the conductors on the northern PAT lines after he was arrested in Lille.

Ponzan Vidal, a Spanish anarchist, led an escape party over the Pyrenees and Andree and Maurice Dufor made their way to England. Andree arrived in London in April 1942, and on May 15 she joined the British SOE and the French sector recruited Lise de Baissac. M15 whisked Maurice Dufor away to a safe house and he and Andree never saw each other again.

## Parachuting Into France

Just before 9 o'clock on the night of September 24, 1942, Pilot Officer R. P. Wilkin flew Whitley bomber Z9428 based near Cambridge on a mission called Operation ARTIST. His mission was to drop Andree Borrel, 23, and Lise de Baissac, 37, near the River Loire in Nazi occupied France. Since Andree jumped out of the bomber ahead of Lise, she was the first female agent of the SEO to be parachuted into Occupied France during World War II.

Andree and Lise safely landed in a meadow surrounded on three sides by oak trees, near the village of Boisrenard, close to the town of Mer. Lise de Baissac, code name Odile, was assigned to the Poitiers area where she accomplished her mission and returned safely to England in August 1943.

Andree, code name Denise, was assigned to be a courier for Francis Suttill's new PROSPER circuit in Paris.

Andree showed Francis Suttill around the city she knew and loved so well, and he soon relized that Andree was tough, self reliant, and absolutely reliable. He told his Special Operations Executive in London that she "has a perfect understanding of security and an imperturbable calmness. Thank you very much for having sent her to me. She is the best of all of us."

## Betrayal, Night and Fog, and Natzweiler-Struthof

Despite her youth, Andree became second in command of the network in 1943. On June 24, 1943, Andree Borrel and PROSPER radio operator Gilbert Norman were arested in Paris and Francis Suttill in Normandy. Henri Dericourt, code name Gilbert, their French air movements officer, allegedly was a double agent and betrayed them.

In May 1944, the Nazis transferred Andree from the notorious Fresnes prison near Paris

where she had spent a year to the civilian women's prison at Karlsruhle, Germany.On July 6, 1944, the Nazis transported SOE agents Vera Leigh, Sonya Olschanezky, Diana Rowden, and Andree Borrel to the concentration camp at Natzweiler-Struthof, the only extermination camp in France.

Like so many other captured agents, the four women were classified under the "Nacht and Nable", night and fog, directive which meant that they were to disappear without a trace.

Pat O'Leary and SOE agent Brian Stonehouse who were inmates of Natzweiler-Struthof witnessed the arrival of the four women who were paraded through the camp. That night Dr. Heinrich Plaza and Dr. Werner Rohde administered supposedly lethal injections of phenol to the four SOE agents and their bodies were cremated in the camp oven.

## Fighting Bravely to the Last

Witnesses later testified that Andrée was still conscious as she was dragged to the ovens to be cremated. Fighting to the last, she scratched her executioner’s face. Andree Borrel was 24 years old.

The French government awarded Andree Borrel the Croix de Guerre to recognize her heroic sacrifice for her country. In 1975, a plague was placed in the Natzweiler-Struthof crematorim to honor the memory of the four British SOE agents. In 1985, Brian Stonehouse painted a poignant picture of the four executed agents which hangs in the Special Forces Club in London, England.

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# Chapter Twelve:: Gold Star Mothers Celebrate Mother's Day and Veterans Day

Gold Star Mothers at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Veterans Day, November 11, 1925
Library of Congress

## Honoring Veterans All Year Around

Living through a war hoping and praying that a father, son, a brother, sister or daughter will survive it is just as traumatic as fighting in one.

Grace Darling Seibold discovered this painful truth when her son George Vaughn Seibold, 23, volunteered to fight in World War I. George Seibold was assigned to the British Royal Flying Corps, 148 Aero Squadron and he left with his squadron for combat duty in France.

## Grace Darling Seibold Loses A Son in World War I

Suddenly, Grace Seibold and her family stopped receiving letters from George. Clinging to the hope that her son might have been injured and sent home to America without any identification, Grace Seibold kept visiting hospitalized veterans in Washington D.C. She helped ease the pain, trauma, and loneliness of many returning veterans who were shell shocked and otherwise indelibly marked by war.

Then on October 11, 1918, George Siebold's wife who lived in Chicago received a box marked "Effects of deceased officer First Lt. George Vaughn Seibold." On November 4, 1918, the Seibolds received a confirmation from a family member in Paris that George had died.

On Sunday, December 15, 1918, Lieutenant Seibold's obituary appeared in the *Washington Star* newspaper. It said that he had been a member of the 148 U.S. Aero squadron and he died in an aerial fight on August 26, 1918. His body was never identified.

## Grace Darling Seibold Organizes the American Gold Star Mothers, Inc.

Grace Seibold continued to work in the hospital and she reached out in friendship to other mothers who had lost their sons in the military service. She organized a group of these mothers so that they could comfort each other and care for the veterans confined in government hospitals far from their homes. They named their organization The Gold Star Mothers, after the Gold Star that families put in their windows to honor soldiers who had been killed.

On January 5, 1929, after years of planning, American Gold Star Mothers, Inc., a non-profit, non-denominational, non-political organization, was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia. The organization is composed of mothers who have lost a son or daughter in war.

## Alleta Sullivan Writes to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt During World War II

In January 1943, Mrs. Alleta Sullivan wrote to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt about some disturbing rumors that were circulating around Waterloo, Iowa. Her five sons-George T., Francis Henry, Joseph E., Madison A. and Albert L. Sullivan- had joined the Navy in January 1942, and they all were assigned to the U.S.S. Juneau. Another mother from Waterloo had come and told Mrs. Sullivan that her son had written that all of the Sullivans had gone down with the Juneau.

Mrs. Sullivan told President Roosevelt that she was to christen the U.S.S. Tawasa on February 12, 1943 at Portland, Oregon, and that her daughter Genevieve and her husband were going with her. She wrote, "If anything has happened to my five sons, I will still christen the ship as it was their wish that I do so. I hated to bother you, but it has worried me so that I wanted to know if it was true. So please tell me. It was hard to give five sons all at once to the Navy, but I am proud of my boys that they can serve and help protect their country."

The five Sullivan brothers were among the casualties when the U.S.S. Juneau sank on November 13, 1942.

## Vietnam-"Finally, He's Home"

Four days before Mother's Day on May 10, 1967, a seven man American reconnaissance team was pinned down in a fire fight on Hill 665 near the Laotian border. Four American soldiers were killed and the helicopter that rescued the three survivors couldn't land to retrieve their bodies because it was too dangerous.

In January 2005, a Marine Corps band played Taps as the remains of Marine Sgt. James Neil Tycz,22, of Milwaukee, Marine Second Lieutenant Heinz Ahlmeyer Jr., 23, of Pearl River, New York, and U.S. Navy corpsman Malcolm Miller, 20, of Tampa, Florida were laid to rest with military honors in Arlington National Cemetery.

Marine Lance Corporal Samuel Sharp, Jr., 20, of San Jose, California, had been buried the month before alongside his family in California, but he was honored with his three comrades at Arlington National Cemetery. His mother, Irene Sharp, said that the day of the ceremonies at Arlington was not a sad day. "It's been a relief to me," she said. "No tears shed. Finally, he's home."

## September 11, 2001- Memorial Service is "Tremendous"

Fifty-seven year old Lieutenant Colonel Dean E. Mattson from Luck, Wisconsin, had served more than 35 years in the Army and was planning to retire in December 2001. His mother Bernice Mattson had recently celebrated her eighty fifth birthday and Lt. Mattson and his brothers had planned an eighty fifth birthday party for her. "He was going to walk in surprise me at my birthday party," she said.

Lt. Colonel Mattson served as the executive officer for the Army Information Management Support Center in the Office of the Administrative Assistant to the Secretary of the Army. When American Airlines Flight 77 crashed into the Pentagon, Lt. Colonel Mattson was one of the 125 people in the Pentagon who were killed. Lt. Mattson is buried in Arlington National Cemetery, not far from the Pentagon.

Bernice Mattson said that a September 2001 memorial service in his hometown of Luck, Wisconsin, was "tremendous."

## Operation Iraqi Freedom- "I'm Going to Visit My Son Today"

Private First Class Michael A. Arciola, 20, of Elmsford, New York, died in Al Ramadi, Iraq on February 15, 2005, from small arms fire. He served in the 1st Battalion, 503rd Infantry Regiment, Second Infantry Division.

Teresa Arciola, Michael's mother, often drives six hours to visit him at Arlington National Cemetery. She sits and reads his some of his favorite childhood books to him.

## Gold Star Mothers on Mother's Day, Veterans Day, and Every Day

"We stand tall and proud by honoring our children, assisting our veterans, supporting our nation, and healing with each other."

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